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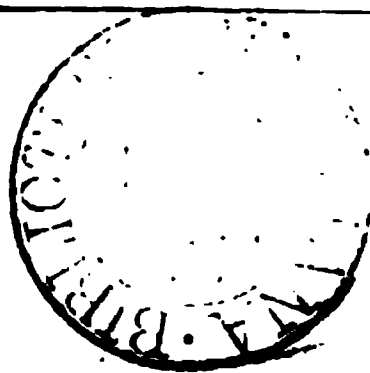


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ART. I.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

A Short Guide through Dublin, containing Practical Directions for the easy Perambulation of the City, and for the Inspection of its Public Buildings, Institutions, and Establishments; abridged from the Original Work. By Richard Starratt, Esq., A.M., T.C.D. Dublin : Browne and Nolan, 1851.

VARIOUS important works, published in the present century, have familiarized the world with the annals of Paris, London, and Edinburgh. Although the literary antiquaries of those cities have been actively employed in placing their local history, in an attractive form, before the public, no attempt has hitherto been made amongst us to emulate the labors of the authors of “*Les Rues de Paris*,” or the “*Handbook of London*,” by producing a work of similar character on the Irish metropolis. To render such a production of value and importance, a considerable amount of investigation should be combined with an accurate knowledge of the general history of the country, and an acquaintance with subjects relative to which information is most difficult to be acquired at the present day. Such are details of the various important events of which the metropolis of a nation necessarily becomes the scene, illustrations of the state of society at divers epochs, accounts of localities once the favored resort of the people of past generations, but now converted to far different uses; notices of places in the city distinguished by their connexion with eminent natives; together with many other matters of

more than local interest, which, although generally unrecorded by contemporary authors and subsequent compilers, still serve more forcibly to illustrate the literary and social progress of a country than the elaborate treatises of philosophic historians. The acknowledged difficulty of obtaining accurate information on such points has evidently obstructed the production of any important contribution to the history of the streets of Dublin. Hence, those writers who have even incidentally touched on this subject, instead of relying on the result of patient research among our manuscript and printed documents, especially the ephemeral and rare publications of the ancient local press, have in general based their statements on the credit of tradition, which, although a valuable adjunct to more stable testimony, is too frequently delusive to command the implicit confidence of the accurate investigator. In the present and subsequent papers we trust to demonstrate how far documentary evidence may be brought together from various authentic though obscure sources, to illustrate a department of our local history which has been hitherto suffered to remain a total blank. It is not, however, our intention to confine ourselves to an arid and meagre catalogue of names and dates. As far as practicable, we propose to enter on the details of many literary and historic points, connected with the various localities of the city, which have been either totally omitted or superficially treated of by former writers.

To illustrate our remarks on this subject, we have selected a portion of the metropolis, which, from its present appearance, would at first appear likely to afford but a small proportion of interesting recollections.

Stretching in a semicircular line from the hill, on a portion of which the Castle of Dublin is erected, stands Fishamble-street, so called from having been the locality where fish was anciently exposed for sale to the citizens. So early as the year 1356, we find the Government prohibiting, under penalty of imprisonment, the sale of fish anywhere in the city except in the shambles, and at a proper hour of the day. The forestalling of fish was carried to such an extent at this period that the citizens were obliged to pay exorbitantly for it on fast days. To remedy the evil, the King appointed four commissioners to supervise the various harbours from Holmpatrick to Dublin, and to take special care that all fish was forwarded for sale direct to the fish shambles; they

were, moreover, empowered to enter the houses of suspected forestallers, and to imprison such as were thereof found guilty, in the Castle of Dublin. In the reign of Richard the Second the street was styled "vicus piscatorius." A portion of it appears, however, to have borne the name of "Both-street," as, in 1421, we find mention of "le Fyshamels," near the Church of St. John, Bothstret. Early in the seventeenth century it was called "Fish-street," and at that period the buildings on the west side did not extend, towards Skinner-row, beyond the Church of St. John. At the north end of Fishamble-street, in the city wall, on the Wood-quay, stood Fyan's Castle, so called from that family which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries held high offices in the city. In the seventeenth century this castle was known as Proutefort's Castle, and was used as a state prison so late as the reign of Charles II.

The lower portion of the present line of street, extending to the Wood-quay, was anciently called St. Tullock's-lane, from the Church of St. Olave, corruptly styled St. Tullock, which stood close to it at the end of Fishamble-street. A writer in the year 1587 mentions St. Tullock's as then converted to profane uses, and adds, that—

"In this church, in old time, the familie of the Fitz Simons was for the most part buried. The paroch was meared from the Crane castell to the fish shambles, called the Cockhill, with Preston his innes, and the lanes thereto adjoining, which scope is now united to Saint John, his paroch."

A fanatical Dublin author of the seventeenth century, who endeavoured to prove that Oliver Cromwell was a "succourer of Romish clergymen," furnishes us with the following anecdote :—

"In August, 1649, Oliver Cromwell came with his army into Ireland, and brought over with him one Netterville, a Romish priest, supposed to be a Jesuit, who at his first coming to Dublin obtained a billet to quarter on Matthew Nulty, merchant tailor, then living in Fishamble-street, near the Conduit whereon the Pillory* then stood, signed by Oliver's own hand.

* The pillory of the city, anciently stood between Werburgh-street and Fishamble-street. Sir James Ware, auditor-general and father of the learned writer of the same name, died suddenly as he was walking through Fishamble-street, in the year 1632. The Irish House of Commons, in 1634, "ordered one William Gowran, who had affronted a member of their House, to be carried immediately to the sheriffs of Dublin, who were required to cause him to be presently whipped in Fishamble-

Nulty wanting convenience in his then dwelling-house, furnished a room in an empty house of his next adjoining for Mr. Netterville; where he had not lodged many days, but Nathaniel Foulks (captain of the city militia, who lived at the Horse-shoe in Castle-street) came to Nulty, and challenged him for entertaining a priest who daily said Mass in his house. Nulty (being surprised at this news) declared it was more than he knew; and therefore he speedily acquainted Netterville with what the captain said; whereto he replied, 'I am so, and my Lord General knows it; and tell all the town of it, and that I am here, and will say Mass every day.' This Netterville was Oliver Cromwell's great companion, and dined frequently with him. He was of the family of Lord Netterville of Ireland, a great scholar, and delighted much in music."

Here, as early as the reign of Charles I., was the "London Tavern."* In 1667 we find it described in an official docu-

street, being the place where the offence was committed." The "facetious Tom Echlin," a noted Dublin wit of the early part of the last century, was the son of a basket-maker of Fishamble-street.

The late James Clarence Mangan, whose poetical talents and unfortunate career are well known, was born in this street in the year 1803.

* The "London Tavern" appears to have been destroyed by a fire which broke out in 1729, in the "London Entry" between Castle-street and Fishamble-street, the greater part of the houses in these two streets, as well as in Copper-alley, close to the back of the "London Entry," being then built of timber or "cage-work."

The iron gate of the passage through which the judges entered the old Four Courts of Dublin, stood about ten yards from the present west corner of Fishamble-street, in Skinner's-row, now called Christ Church-place. The widening of the upper part of the west side of Fishamble-street and the adjacent alterations, totally obliterated this passage, which was known as "Hell." The following description of it appeared in a Dublin periodical twenty years ago:—

"I remember, instead of turning to the right down Parliament-street, going, in my youth, straightforward under the Exchange and up Cork-hill, to the old Four Courts, adjoining Christ Church cathedral. I remember what an immense crowd of cars, carriages, noddies, and sedan chairs beset our way as we struggled on between Latouche's and Gleadowe's Banks in Castle-street—what a labour it was to urge on our way through Skinner-row—I remember looking up to the old cage-work wooden house that stood at the corner of Castle-street and Werburgh-street, and wondering why, as it overhung so much, it did not fall down—and then turning down Fishamble-street, and approaching the Four Courts, that then existed, through what properly was denominated Christ Church Yard, but which popularly was called *Hell*. This was certainly a very profane and unseemly soubriquet, to give to a place that adjoined a Cathedral whose name was Christ Church; and my young mind, when I first entered there, was struck with its unseemliness. Yes; and more especially, when over the arched entrance there was pointed out to me the very image of the devil, carved in oak, and not unlike one of those hideous black figures that are still in Thomas-street, hung over Tobacconists' doors. This locale of *Hell*, and this representation of his satanic majesty, were famous in those days even beyond the walls of

ment, as "a timber house slated, a base court, a back building more backward, and a small garden in Fishamble-street." In this tavern, Joseph Damer, the noted usurer, kept his office till his death in 1720. In a contemporary elegy we are told:—

"He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He dined and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refused his pelf,
He used them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal, the Irish nation
Were forced to owe to him their obligation.
Oh! London Tavern thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot."

This man's history is curious, and although his wealth has been long proverbial in Ireland, little is known of the remark-

Dublin. I remember well, on returning to my native town after my first visit to Dublin, being asked by all my playfellows, had I been in *Hell*, and had I seen the devil. Its fame even reached Scotland, and Burns the Poet, in his story of 'Death and Doctor Hornbook,' alludes to it when he says—

'But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell
Is just as true as the dell's in hell,
Or Dublin city.'

As *Hell* has not now any local habitation in our city, neither has the devil—but I can assure you, reader, that there are relics preserved of this very statue to this day; some of it was made into much esteemed snuff-boxes—and I am told there is one antiquarian in our city, who possesses the head and horns, and who prizes the relic as the most valuable in his museum. At any rate, *Hell* to me, in those days, was a most attractive place, and often did I go hither, for the yard was full of shops where toys, and fireworks, and kites, and all the playthings that engage the youthful fancy, were exposed for sale. But *Hell* was not only attractive to little boys, but also to bearded men: for here were comfortable lodgings for single men, and I remember reading in a journal of the day, an advertisement, intimating that there were 'To be let, furnished apartments in *Hell*. N.B. They are well suited to a lawyer.' Here were also sundry taverns and snuggeries, where the counsellor would cosher with the attorney—where the prebendary and the canon of the cathedral could meet and make merry—here the old stagers, the seniors of the Currans, the Yelvertons, and the Bully Egans, would enjoy the concomitants of good fellowship—there Prime Sergeant Malone, dark Phil Tisdall, and prior still to them, the noted Sir Toby Butler, cracked their jokes and their marrow bones, toasted away claret and tossed repartee, until they died, as other men die and are forgotten."

able individual who accumulated "Damer's estate." Born in 1630, he early entered the service of the Parliament, and was advanced to the command of a troop of horse by the Protector, who selected him on two occasions to transact secret negotiations with Cardinal Mazarin. On Cromwell's death, Damer retired to his friend Lockhart, then the English ambassador at the court of France, and was present at the marriage of Louis XIV. Not thinking it safe to reside in England after the Restoration, owing to his former connection with Cromwell, he sold some of his lands in the counties of Somerset and Dorset, and taking advantage of the cheapness of land in Ireland, he purchased large estates in this country. "His whole conduct," says a writer of the last century, "shows his great abilities and resolution, and so extremely happy was he in constitution, that he never felt any sickness till three days before his death, 6th July, 1720, at the great age of ninety-one years."

Dying unmarried, he bequeathed his property in Ireland to John, the eldest son of his brother George. It has since passed into the Portarlington family, and would probably never have appeared in the Court for the Sale of Incumbered Estates, if Damer's heirs had observed the injunctions of their wise relative, who particularly desired that they should always reside on the lands which he left them in Ireland.

The Church of St. John is noticed in the Records so far back as 1186; it was originally dedicated to St. John the Baptist, but was subsequently transferred to the Evangelist of the same name. Having fallen to decay, it was rebuilt, in the sixteenth century, by Arnold Ussher. In the seventeenth century this church was the burial place of the Anglesey family. The body of John Atherton, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, was buried, "according to his desire, in the remotest or obscurest part of the yard belonging to St. John's Church," after his execution on the fifth of December, 1640.

In the early part of the last century, certain of the Guilds of the city used to assemble here on the festivals of their patrons, whence, having heard a sermon preached for the occasion, they marched in procession to dine at some public tavern.

Parliamentary grants were made, in the years 1767-1771, for the re-edification of this church, in the course of which all traces of antiquity were obliterated.

Close to the church,* in a recess named "Deanery Court," stands the house of the Deans of Christ Church. This stately mansion, a fine specimen of the Dublin buildings of the early part of the eighteenth century, has long since been abandoned

* A school of great reputation was kept in this street by John Gast, D.D., who became curate of St. John's in 1744. While officiating here, he published his Grecian history, a work highly approved of and recommended by the University of Dublin. In 1761, he was removed from St. John's to the parish of Arklow, to which was added the Archdeaconry of Glendalough and the parish of Newcastle. He exchanged Arklow for the parish of St. Nicholas Without in 1775, and died in the year 1788. Gast was of French extraction: his father, Daniel Gast, was a Huguenot physician of Saintonge, in Guienne, which he left in 1684, owing to the persecution, and settled in Dublin with his wife, Elizabeth Grenoilleau, who was a near relative of the great Montesquieu, author of "*L'Esprit des Lois*." Near St. John's church, was the school of Ninian Wallis, M.A., author of a work, published in 1707, entitled "*Britannia Concors*, a discourse in Latin, both prose and verse, concerning the advantages of the British union, for the security of the Protestant interest in Ireland."

Saul's Court, in Fishamble-street, takes its name from Lawrence Saul, a wealthy Roman Catholic distiller, who resided there at the sign of the "Golden Key," in the early part of the last century. The family of Saul or Sall was located near Cashel early in the seventeenth century. James Sall, a learned jesuit, during the wars of 1642, protected and hospitably entertained Dr. Samuel Pulein, subsequently Archbishop of Tuam, who, during the Protectorate, discovered Dr. Sall preaching in England, under the disguise of a Puritan shoe-maker. Andrew Sall, a Jesuit "of the fourth vow," was professor in the Irish College of Salamanca, and afterwards at Pampeluna, Placentia, and Tudela. He was appointed Superior of his Order in 1673, and in 1674 publicly embraced the Protestant religion in Dublin. Sall, who is said to have been the first Irish Jesuit who renounced the Roman Catholic faith, obtained considerable preferment in the Established Church, and died in 1682, leaving behind him many controversial works. He was the intimate friend of Nicholas French, the celebrated titular Bishop of Ferns, who lamented his defalcation in a work entitled "*The Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall*," 1674. "I loved the man dearly," says French, "for his amiable nature and excellent parts, and esteemed him both a pious person and learned, and so did all that knew him."

In the penal times, when persecution kept up a kindly feeling of mutual dependence among the Irish Roman Catholic families, a young lady, named Toole, retired, about the year 1759, to Lawrence Saul's house, to avoid being compelled by her friends to conform to the Established Church. Saul was prosecuted; the Lord Chancellor declared to him from the bench, that the law did not presume, that an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom. Charles O'Connor, of Balenagare, on this occasion wrote to Saul, and recommended him and others to call a meeting of the Roman Catholic Committee, for the purpose of making a tender of their service and allegiance to government. Saul, who was then far advanced in life, thought such a proceeding useless, and addressed a pathetic letter to O'Connor, explaining his reasons for not following his friends advice. "Since there is not," said he, "the least prospect of

as a residence by the dignitaries for whom it was erected. It is, however, a singular fact, that in this house, in 1742, died Thomas Morecraft, who has been immortalized in the "Spectator" under the name of "Will Wimble." In 1770 the Exchequer Office was removed from Castle-street to this building, which, after passing through various changes, was in 1842 converted into a parochial school by the Rev. E. S. Abbott.

such a relaxation of the penal laws, as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this house of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land, where freedom and security of property can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying, that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last, to take flight from a country, where I have not the least expectation of encouragement, to enable me to carry on my manufactures, to any considerable extent? 'Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!'—But how I will be able to bear, at this time of life, when nature is far advanced in its decline, and my constitution, by constant exercise of mind, very much impaired, the fatal necessity of quitting for ever, friends, relatives, an ancient patrimony, my natale solum, to retire perhaps to some dreary inauspicious clime, there to play the school-boy again, to learn the language, laws, and institutions of the country; to make new friends and acquaintances; in short, to begin the world anew. How this separation, I say, from every thing dear in this sublunary world, would afflict me, I cannot say, but with an agitated and throbbing heart. But when religion dictates, and prudence points out the only way, to preserve posterity from temptation and perdition, I feel this consideration predominating over all others. I am resolved, as soon as possible, to sell out, and to expatriate; and I must content myself with the melancholy satisfaction, of treasuring up in my memory, the kindnesses and affection of my friends."

Saul soon after quitted his native land and retired to France, where he died in 1768. This is but one of the innumerable cases of individual suffering during the penal times when, exasperated by the short-sighted policy of bigoted religionists, many of the bravest and wealthiest of Ireland's sons

"resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose, which at home, they had sigh'd for in vain."

Early in the present century, a suite of rooms in Saul's-court was occupied by the "Gaelic Society." This body was founded in December 1806, for the preservation and publication of ancient Irish historical and literary documents, which it was proposed to effect by the subscriptions of members. The principal persons connected with the movement were Theophilus O'Flanagan, of Trinity College, Dublin, an excellent classical scholar; Denis Taaffe, author of the History of Ireland, written as a continuation to Keating, and published in four volumes; Edward O'Reilly, compiler of the most complete Irish Dictionary yet published; William Halliday, author of a "Grammar of the Gaelic language," published in 1808, and translator of the first portion of Keating's History of Ireland; Rev. Paul O'Brien, author of an Irish Grammar; and Patrick Lynch, author of a Life of St. Patrick, and of a short Grammar of the Irish language.

The Gaelic Society was only able to affect the publication of a single

The large house on the immediate right of the entrance into "Deanery Court" was, towards the middle of the last century, the residence of an apothecary named Johnson, whose two sons, Robert and William, were successively elevated to the Irish Bench. To keep pace with their advancement, the old man, in his sixtieth year, took out a degree and practised as a physician. Robert Johnson, called to the Irish Bar in 1779, early became a Parliamentary supporter of government, whence he obtained several lucrative sinecures, in allusion to which, during the debates in the Irish House of Commons, Curran was wont to style him "the learned barrack-master." The support which he gave the ministers in carrying the measure of the Legislative Union, procured him the rank of Justice of the Common Pleas in the year 1800, which he held till 1805, when he became "the subject of prosecution for a seditious libel, under the strange circumstance of his holding, at the time, a seat upon the Bench, and of there being," says Lord Cloncurry, "absolutely no evidence of his authorship beyond a sort of general conviction that he was a likely person to do an act of the kind. The article alleged to be libellous was an attack upon Lord Hardwicke, in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was published in 'Cobbett's Register' under the signature of Juverna, and was, in fact, composed by the Judge. Never-

volume, which was edited by their Secretary, O'Flanagan, and contained, among other interesting documents, the ancient historic tale of the "Death of the Children of Usnagh," which furnished Moore with the subject of his ballad—

"Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin."

Another portion of the same book supplied the theme of the no less exquisite poem:—

"Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water."

"Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach," says Moore, "upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with the liberal encouragement they so well merit."

Justice, however, obliges us to add, that O'Flanagan was comparatively ignorant of the more obscure Celtic dialects; necessitous circumstances unhappily induced him to accommodate his interpretation of certain ancient Irish documents to suit the purposes of Vallancey and other theorists of his day. Although the Gaelic Society published but a single volume, it called forth the talents of scholars who achieved much when we consider the spirit of their time; they therefore demand our respect for having exerted themselves for the preservation of Irish literature at a period when it was generally neglected.

theless, the manuscript, although sworn by a crown-witness to be in Mr. Johnson's handwriting, was actually written by his daughter. This circumstance he might have proved; but as he could not do so without compromising his amanuensis, the jury were obliged to return a verdict of guilty. Between the termination of the trial, however, and the time for pronouncing judgment, there was a change of ministry, as a result of which a *nolle prosequi* was entered, in the year 1806, and Mr. Johnson was allowed to retire from the Bench with a pension. The manuscript of the obnoxious article was given up by Mr. Cobbett, in order that he might escape the consequences of a verdict of guilty found against himself for the publication." Curran's last speech at the Bar was made on this occasion in defence of his former parliamentary opponent, and in it he introduced the brilliant episode, addressed to Lord Avonmore, recalling the recollection of the meetings of the "Monks of the Screw," of which celebrated fraternity Johnson had been *Sacristan*.

In 1828 appeared a remarkable pamphlet, published at Paris, dedicated "to all the blockheads, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, in the service of His Britannic Majesty," and entitled, "A Commentary upon the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, in which the moral and physical force of Ireland to support national independence, is discussed and examined, from authentic documents, by Colonel Philip Roche Fermoy." This was immediately recognized as the production of Johnson, and in it the author supported and applauded the very doctrines which thirty years before he had violently assailed in the Irish House of Commons. The work created a great sensation at the eventful period of its appearance, as it supplied the deficiency of Tone's book, and completely refuted the arguments adduced, at the time of the Union, to show Ireland's incompetence for separate independence. We are told that "those who hitherto had been the constant asserters of the overwhelming power of England and the comparative feebleness of Ireland, were startled at the novelty and daring of its views, and the force of its arguments and conclusions." The promised second part never appeared, and Johnson died in 1833, aged 85 years. During the latter part of his life he had resided at his seat, called the "Derries," in the Queen's County.

Barrington describes him as "a well-read, entertaining man,

extremely acute, an excellent writer, and a trustworthy, agreeable companion ; but there was something tart in his look and address, and he was neither good-natured in his manner nor gentlemanly in his appearance, which circumstances altogether, combined with his public habits to render him extremely unpopular." Lord Cloncurry tells us, that "the ex-judge had a most unprofessional turn for military affairs, in connexion with which he held some theories that would probably startle modern professors of the art of war. Among them was a notion, which he lost no opportunity of putting forward, that pikes and arrows were much better weapons than muskets and bayonets ; and he prided himself greatly upon the invention of a pike provided with a hollow staff capable of containing arrows, and having a leg to support the weapon, and side-braces to unite it with others, so as to form a *chevaux-de-frise*."

"Indeed the camp," says a late writer, "rather than the courts, seems to have been the sphere in which his inclinations would have induced him to distinguish himself ; and even in his mode of dress his military taste was remarkable, as he constantly wore a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, a close black stock, and a foraging cap, while a firm and rapid tread, resembling a quick step, gave to his figure more the air of a general officer than an ex-judge."

"In person, Mr. Johnson was slight, and rather below the middle stature—his countenance expressive of habitual thought, and rather severe in its expression, except when lighted up by the good humour which usually animated it, when he found himself in the society of those whom he liked to meet, then, too, his conversation abounded with anecdote and profound observations, characterised by the epigrammatic style in which they were delivered. The times through which he had lived abounded with interest, and these he was wont to recal with such identity of description, that the illustrious individuals connected with them seemed to live again in the vividness of his sketches."

"From the spirit and tendency of his latter acts, and the evident sincerity which dictated them, we can," adds the same writer, "arrive at no other conclusion than that the old man, impressed with the consciousness of the positive evil which he contributed to do to his countrymen during the period of his public life, devoted the little strength he could command, in the solitude of his latter days, to instruct them

how to extricate themselves from its continuance : a mode of restitution, however, inadequate to the injury, yet demonstrating, at least, the contrition from which it sprung."

In Fishamble-street, in the seventeenth century, stood the "Fleece Tavern," the locality of which is still indicated by "Fleece-alley," on the west side of the street, which, in the last century, was chiefly inhabited by velvet weavers, many of whom were renowned for the beauty and richness of their fabrics.

On the same side of the street is situated "Molesworth's-court," which takes its name from the family of De Moldesworth, or Molesworth. Robert Molesworth served, in the station of captain, under his brother Guy, throughout the Irish wars of 1642 :—

"After this Kingdom of Ireland was delivered up by the Marquis of Ormond to the Parliament of England, he became an adventurer for carrying on the war, in order to reduce it to their obedience, by making three several subscriptions, two of £600 each, and one of £300, for which he had allotted 2,500 acres of land, Irish measure, in the baronies of Moghergallin and Lune, in the county of Meath. He afterwards became a very eminent merchant in the city of Dublin, and in high confidence with the Government, then presiding in Ireland; by whom, 25 May 1653, he was appointed, with others, to take subscriptions within the city and division of Dublin, for the relief of the poor thereof; and 7 December that year, the Surveyors of the Revenue and Stores were ordered to contract with him for so much cloth, as should be sufficient for a thousand tents, with the other materials necessary for making up the same, after the usual proportions. Also, the inconveniences attending the public, and the many sufferings and losses of the merchants, by the want of stationed ships to serve all public occasions on the coast, being very great, the commissioners sought to redress them; and to that end, in 1654, agreed with Mr. Molesworth for the victualling, from time to time, such ships at Dublin, as should be designed for that service, with provisions of all sorts, both for quality and price, as the victuallers did the Protector's ships in England; the Commissioners having often experienced the greatest want of ships of force here to arise from their frequent retiring to Chester, Liverpool, or elsewhere, to victual, where they generally lay for a long time, pretending the want of wind to come from thence: to prevent which they took that course for their present victual on any emergent occasions, and he contracted with them to supply 200 men aboard the *Wren* Pink, the *Greyhound*, and other frigates, appointed for guard of the Irish coast."

Here, in 1656, was born his son, Robert Molesworth, Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Denmark in 1692, one

of the earliest advocates of civil and religious liberty, and the friend and associate of Locke, Shaftesbury, and Molyneux. He was author of the celebrated "Account of Denmark," first published in 1694, in which year it went through three editions, and has since been translated into most of the European languages. "Lord Molesworth's Account of the Revolution in Denmark," says Horace Walpole, "totally overturned the constitution of that country, and is one of our standard books."

John Harding, publisher of the "Dublin News Letter," dwelt in Molesworth-court, early in the last century. From his press, in the year 1724, issued the famous "Drapier's Letters," "strong in argument, and brilliant in humour, but unequalled in the address with which these arguments were selected, and that humour applied."

Swift's design in publishing the letters, which appeared under the signature of "M. B. Drapier," was to avert the ruin with which Ireland was threatened by the English ministers, who, for the sake of enriching a courtesan, and with the design of insidiously undermining the liberty of this kingdom, endeavoured to oblige the people of Ireland to receive, as current copper coin, the base* money manufactured by William Wood, a Staffordshire hardware-man.

In the year 1722, the Duchess of Kendal, one of the mistresses of George I., obtained, through Lord Sunderland, who had been deeply concerned in the infamous South Sea bubble, an exclusive patent, under the Great Seal of England, for coining halfpence and farthings, for Irish circulation, to the amount of £100,800. This patent, surreptitiously obtained, she sold to William Wood, brother-in-law to a Dublin ironmonger. Wood, relying on the influence of his patroness, coined the halfpence of such base metal that,

* Among the many political verses circulated on this occasion, is the "Irish Cry, a new song on Wood's halfpence," printed by Harding:—

" The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing ;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin,
Which nobody can deny.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer ; and this man, and that man, and all men.

Now God bless the Drapier, who open'd our eyes !
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise :
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise."

"in truth," wrote Archbishop King, "if they should pass on us they would sink the kingdom." He had, however, taken the precaution to send a few specimen coins of good metal for assay at the London mint, over which Sir Isaac Newton then presided.

"Progressive steps," says a learned writer, "had been making, for the space of near eighty years, to reduce this ancient kingdom into the condition of a conquered province, bound by the acts of the British parliament, wherein it is doubtful whether she had a friend, but certain that she had no representative : during this period of time, she 'was subjected to a commercial slavery, which left neither her credit, her commodities, nor her havens at her own disposal ; and how long the civil and domestic freedom of her people might be spared, was a question which seemed to depend on the moderation of those who usurped the right of being her legislators.' Ireland had still, however, been permitted to retain the outward insignia of national legislation, and sovereign power ; but, on this occasion it was attempted to wrest from her even these small remnants of sovereignty ; the right of coinage, that peculiar attribute of regal power, was granted in farm to an ordinary contractor, without consent, nay even in despite of the Irish Parliament and Privy Council ; such disregard of common forms, added to the disrespectful and uncereimonious manner in which it was exercised by the patentee, argued such a contempt of decency, as fully justified the people of Ireland in apprehending consequences still more fatal and more arbitrary. To the speculative apprehension of future dangers, there was superadded, upon this occasion, the actual experience of past calamities ; during the several intestine wars with which that unhappy kingdom had been, for upwards of a century, distracted, there were no evils of which she felt so sensibly the smart, as those which arose from corruption in the current coin ; for those measures, which mistaken policy or imperious necessity had suggested, excuses were to be found in the ignorance of the projectors, or the calamities of the times ; but now that war was ended, and that she began to cultivate the blessings of peace, she felt it hard that the stream of commerce should be defiled by this corruption in the medium of exchange : she thought it high time too, that the office of dictator, assumed during the late period of anarchy, by the British nation, should be laid

aside, and was preparing to assert her claim to her place among nations, and to determine, according to her natural rights, such matters as exclusively concerned her own interests, of which she held herself to be the most competent judge, and was therefore justly offended when she discovered, that the right of deciding upon so important a case had been superceded, and one which she had frequently, during the years immediately preceding, exercised, to prevent the attempts of private self-interested individuals."

The influence, however, of the English government was so strenuously exerted, and the general ignorance relative to the ruinous nature of the patent so great, that the Irish people were on the point of receiving the spurious coin when, from the press of John Harding, of Molesworth's Court, issued

"A Letter to the Tradesmen, Shopkeepers, Farmers, and Country People in general, of the Kingdom of Ireland, concerning the brass Halfpence coined by one William Wood, hard-wareman, with a Design to have them pass in this Kingdom. Wherein is shown the Power of his Patent, the Value of his Halfpence, and how far every Person may be obliged to take the same in Payments, and how to behave himself in Case such an Attempt should be made by Wood or any other Person. (Very proper to be kept in every Family.) By M. B. Drapier. 1724."

This was followed by a second letter, dated 4th August, 1724, in the conclusion of which the Drapier says, "I must tell you in particular, Mr. Harding, that you are much to blame. Several hundred persons have inquired at your house for my 'Letter to the Shopkeepers,' &c., and you had none to sell them. Pray keep yourself provided with that letter, and with this; you have got very well by the former: but I did not then write for your sake, any more than I do now. Pray advertise both in every newspaper; and let it not be your fault or mine if our countrymen will not take warning. I desire you likewise to sell them as cheap as you can." Never were any pamphlets better calculated to achieve their purpose. The assumed character of a Dublin shopkeeper is admirably sustained throughout; and, without descending to vulgarity, the writer's meaning is couched in such plain terms, that the dullest peasant could not fail to understand it thoroughly. The Irish people now saw that they stood on the brink of a dangerous precipice. "At the sound of the Drapier's trumpet," says Lord Orrery, "a spirit arose among the people, that, in

the eastern phrase, was like unto a tempest in the day of the whirlwind. Every person of every rank, party, and denomination, was convinced, that the admission of Wood's copper must prove fatal to the commonwealth. The papist, the fanatic, the tory, the whig, all listed themselves volunteers under the banners of M. B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to serve the common cause."*

The Drapier's third letter, in answer to the report of the Committee of the English Privy Council, effected a change in the British cabinet, and the accomplished Earl of Carteret was dispatched as Governor of Ireland, in the hope that his influence would induce the acceptance of the base coin. In this letter the Drapier tells his readers :—

"I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken might have worthily employed a much better pen: but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All the assistance I had were some informations from an eminent person; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions, and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And, I may say, for Wood's honour as well as my own, that he resembles Goliath in many circumstances, very applicable to the present purpose; for Goliath 'had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass; and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders.' In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass; and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliath's condition of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood: if he prevail against us, then shall we be his servants; but if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition, he shall never be a servant of mine: for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop."

On the 23rd of October, 1724, the day after Lord Carteret had been sworn into office, the Drapier's fourth

* This is alluded to in the poem entitled "Prometheus":—

"A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings."

letter, issued from Molesworth's-court. The time had now arrived for asserting the great question of the independence of Ireland. "It was now obvious," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the true point of difference between the two countries might safely be brought before the public." Swift, therefore, hazarded this appeal "to the whole People of Ireland," "in order," as he tells them, "to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised among you; and to let you see, that by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England." "This gives me an opportunity," continues the Dean, "of explaining, to those who are ignorant, another point, which has often swelled in my breast. Those who come over hither to us from England, and some weak people among ourselves, whenever in discourse we make mention of liberty and property, shake their heads, and tells us, that 'Ireland is a depending kingdom;' as if they would seem, by this phrase to intend that the people of Ireland are in some state of slavery or dependence different from those of England; whereas, a depending kingdom is a modern term of art, unknown, as I have heard to all ancient civilians and writers upon government; and Ireland is, on the contrary, called in some statutes 'an imperial crown,' as held only from God;* which is as high a style as any kingdom is capable of receiving. Therefore, by this expression, 'a depending kingdom,' there is no more to be understood, than that, by a statute made here in the thirty-third year of Henry VIII., the king, and his successors, are to be kings imperial of this realm, as united and knit to the imperial crown of England. I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes, without finding any law that makes Ireland depend upon England, any more than

* This passage seems to have suggested Goold's protest against the Union at the meeting of the Irish Bar in William-street, in 1799. "There are," said he, "40,000 British troops in Ireland, and with 40,000 bayonets at my breast, the minister shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled by the visible and unerring demonstrations of nature to assert, that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, comes direct from heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of nature never intended that Ireland should be a province."

England does upon Ireland. We have indeed obliged ourselves to have the same king with them; and consequently they are obliged to have the same king with us. For the law was made by our own Parliament; and our ancestors then were not such fools (whatever they were in the preceding reign*) to bring themselves under I know not what dependence, which is now talked of, without any ground of law, reason, or common sense. Let whoever thinks otherwise, I, M. B. Drapier, desire to be excepted; for I declare, next under God, I depend only on the king, my sovereign, and on the laws of my own country."

A proclamation was immediately issued offering three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author of this "wicked and malicious pamphlet, containing several seditious and scandalous passages, highly reflecting upon his majesty and his ministers, and tending to alienate his good subjects of England and Ireland from each other." The Archbishop of Dublin, and three other honest members of the government, could not be prevailed on to join in this prosecution of the writer, who had saved the country from the brink of ruin; and, although the reward offered was five times greater than had ever, at any time, been given for discovery of the most atrocious felony, no person was found to impeach the Drapier.

Harding, the printer, was cast into prison, and a prosecution directed against him at the instance of the Crown; the bill was ignored by the Grand Jury, despite the illegal violence and intimidation used by the corrupt Judge Whitshed, who gratified his resentment by unconstitutionally dismissing the Jurors, for which he was loaded with the execrations of his fellow-citizens,† and attacked by the satires of Swift and his partizans in so fierce a manner that his death ensued shortly after. The next Grand Juries of the county and city of Dublin, presented all such persons as should attempt to impose Wood's coin upon the kingdom as enemies of His Majesty's government, and acknowledged, "with all just gratitude, the services of

* This alludes to the act called Poyning's law, passed at Drogheda in the reign of Henry VII. which, although originally intended solely to limit the powers of the parliament of the English Pale, was subsequently wrested into a pretext for asserting the dependence of Ireland upon England. Its repeal was effected by Grattan and the Volunteers.

† One of the most popular of the ballads sung in Dublin on this occasion was "an excellent new song upon the declarations of the several

such patriots, as had been eminently zealous, in detecting this fraudulent imposition, and preventing the passing of this base coin." The struggle was terminated in September, 1725, by government relinquishing all further attempts at enforcing Wood's patent. "The Irish nation, as soon as they were disengaged from this warm contest, 'turned their eyes with one consent on the man, by whose unbending fortitude and preeminent talents, this triumph was accomplished;' to the importance of the victory the tribute of praise was not unsuited, it was neither moderate nor transitory; 'acclamations and vows for his prosperity attended his footsteps wheresoever he passed; he became the idol of the people of

corporations of the city of Dublin against Wood's halfpence," and commencing,

"O Dublin is a fine town."

In it the following verses occur :—

"In full assembly all did meet
Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
To save the sinking nation.

The brewers met within their hall,
And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
They want so many grains.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Wood an inch
We know he'd take an ell.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vert,
Take money stamp on leather.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.

And that if Wood were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.

The bakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our bread.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Wood has got a rope."

Ireland to a degree of devotion, that in the most superstitious country scarce any idol ever obtained; a club was formed in honour of the liberator of Ireland, the drapier's head* became a favorite sign; his portrait was engraved, woven upon handkerchiefs, and struck upon medals, to perpetuate a fame which has long outlived such transient records: when he visited a town, the corporation or civil magistrates received him with honours which would have gratified a sovereign prince; even the representative of majesty found it difficult to govern, but through the influence of the Dean of St. Patrick's."

Archdeacon Coxe, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Macaulay, Mrs. Mary Howitt, who claims descent from the "coiner of raps," and all other English writers who have treated of this question, have given their readers to understand that Swift's representations relative to the nefarious designs of Wood and his partizans were totally unfounded. On this, as on most other points of Irish history, the English authors are in error; and in reply to Mr. Macaulay's remarks on the "absurd outcry" raised by the intended victims of dishonest projectors, we may well say with the Drapier, that "those who have used power to cramp liberty, have gone so far as to resent even the liberty of complaining: although a man upon the rack was never known to be refused the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit." "We have been treated in this whole affair," writes the author of the treatise "De Origine Mali," "and in every step of it with the utmost contempt; endeavoured to be imposed on as fools and children, as if we had not common understanding or knew when we were abused." Sir Walter Scott's account of this matter is as full of misrepresentations as the

* The "Drapier's head" was as popular a sign in Dublin as Sir Isaac Newton's in London, or Prince Eugene's in Brussels. This is alluded to in the poem entitled "Drapier's Hill":—

—"when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper
This hill may keep the name of Drapier."

Many of these signs were in existence down to the time of the Volunteers; the name of "Drapier" was also given to many ships belonging to the port of Dublin.

other portions of his annotations to Swift's works which he so incompetently edited. "It cannot be supposed," says he, "that Swift really considered Wood's project, simply, and abstractedly, as of a ruinous or even dangerous tendency. There was, doubtless, a risk of abuse; but, setting that apart, the supply of copper money which it provided was advantageous and even necessary to Ireland." The latter statement is strangely at variance with the declaration of the Irish Commissioners of Revenue, who explicitly stated, in 1722, that "there did not appear the least want of such small species of coin for change." "I confess it is to me a matter of surprize," observes a learned writer, who has triumphantly vindicated the "Drapier" from his libellous assailants, "that the editor of Swift's works should not have been roused to make some investigation into the merits of a case which so deeply involved the credit of his author; it might, I think, have occurred to the most superficial observer, that the sense of a whole nation, unequivocally pronounced, and confirmed by the declarations of its legislative and executive authorities, as it was not a capricious vote, passed suddenly, or carried by acclamation, but a principle adopted from full conviction of its truth, and steadily persevered in, through several succeeding years. It was not a party measure, entered into by a few factious demagogues, for the purpose of vexatiously harassing the government, but a unanimous resolution of the kingdom, supported by many members of the administration, maintained by the warmest friends to the reigning family, and countenanced by zealous favourers of the ministers themselves. If the circumstantial statements contained in the Drapier's Letters be untrue, if Swift could coolly assert deliberate falsehoods, or be influenced by such motives as are attributed to him by his biographer, instead of the character of a zealous and true patriot, he would better merit that of a factious and corrupt partizan. In his life, and in the introduction which has been prefixed to this (Scott's) edition of those admirable letters, are passages which have a tendency to mislead rather than instruct the reader."

In the Drapier's last letter, to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Molesworth, dated "from my shop in St. Francis-street, December 24, 1724," the Dean, in his assumed character, addresses Harding, the printer, as follows, shewing the low state to which freedom of opinion was reduced by

those who had at the Revolution put themselves forward as the advocates of civil and religious liberty :—

“ When I sent you my former papers, I cannot say I intended you either good or hurt; and yet you have happened, through my means, to receive both. I pray God deliver you from any more of the latter, and increase the former. Your trade, particularly in this kingdom, is of all others the most unfortunately circumstantiated; for as you deal in the most worthless kind of trash, the penny productions of pennyless scriblers, so you often venture your liberty and sometimes your lives, for the purchase of half-a-crown, and, by your own ignorance, are punished for other men's actions. I am afraid, you, in particular, think you have reason to complain of me, for your own and your wife's confinement in prison, to your great expense as well as hardship, and for a prosecution still depending. But I will tell you, Mr. Harding, how that matter stands. Since the press hath lain under so strict an inspection, those who have a mind to inform the world are become so cautious, as to keep themselves, if possible, out of the way of danger. My custom, therefore, is to dictate to a 'prentice, who can write in a feigned hand, and what is written we send to your house by a black-guard* boy. But at the same time I do assure you, upon my reputation, that I never did send you any thing, for which I thought you could possibly be called to an account: and you will be my witness, that I always desired you, by a letter, to take some good advice before you ventured to print, because I knew the dexterity of dealers in the law, at finding out something to fasten on, where no evil is meant.

* A name generally applied at this period to shoe-blacks and messengers who plied for hire. A contemporary Dublin song mentions

“ The little black guard who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes.”

The manuscript of Drapier's letters was transcribed by Swift's butler, Robert Blakeley, and conveyed in a private manner to Molesworth-court. “ On the evening of that day in which the proclamation was issued, Blakely went abroad without leave, and there was reason to fear that he had betrayed his master for the reward, nevertheless the Dean ordered the doors to be locked at the accustomed hour; Blakely returned home the next day, and although he expressed much sorrow for the offence, the Dean, who remained inexorable, ordered him to put off his livery and leave the house; but, when the term of the information had expired, he was restored to his place. Some time after, Blakely was called up hastily by the Dean, who commanded him to strip off his livery, to put on his own clothes, and come up to him again; although astonished at this proceeding, he knew it was in vain to expostulate, and therefore did as he was ordered; as soon as he returned the Dean ordered the other servants to be called up likewise; he then began by announcing that Robert Blakely was no longer his servant; all supposed, therefore that he was ignominiously discharged; but to their surprise Swift announced him to be virger of St. Patrick's cathedral, a place worth, at that time, about £30 or £40 per annum, which he declared was conferred upon him as a reward for his fidelity.”

I am told, indeed, that you did accordingly consult several very able persons, and even some who afterwards appeared against you; to which I can only answer, that you must either change your advisers, or determine to print nothing that comes from a Drapier. I desire you will send the inclosed letter, directed 'To my Lord Viscount Molesworth, at his house at Brackdenstown, near Swords;' but I would have it sent printed, for the convenience of his Lordship's reading, because the counterfeit hand of my 'prentice is not very legible. And, if you think fit to publish it, I would have you first get it read over by some notable lawyer. I am assured you will find enough of them who are friends to the Drapier, and will do it without a fee, which I am afraid you can ill afford after all your expenses. For although I have taken so much care, that I think it impossible to find a topic out of the following papers for sending you again to prison, yet I will not venture to be your guarantee."

John Harding, the humble instrument of the saviour of his country, died* from the effects of the treatment inflicted on him by the government officials. His widow, Sarah Harding, was ordered by the House of Lords to be taken into custody, in October, 1725, for having printed a poem named "Wisdom's Defeat." This production, commenting on some circumstances connected with the passing of the address to the king from the House of Lords, was by them declared to be "base, scandalous, and malicious, highly reflecting upon the honour of their House, and the Peerage of this Kingdom." The sheriffs of the city of Dublin were ordered to direct "the said scandalous pamphlet to be burnt by the hands of the

* His fate has been chronicled in the poem entitled "Harding's Resurrection from Hell upon Earth," which tells us that

"He's brought to such a wretched pass
He'd almost take the English brass."

Among the various productions of his press may be mentioned an edition in quarto of the "History of the Lives and Reigns of the kings of Scotland from Fergus the first king, continued to the commencement of the union of the two kingdoms." This work, published in 1722, and dedicated to Lady Mountjoy, is a very creditable specimen of typography. A contemporary Dublin song, unknown to Swift's editors, and entitled "A Poem to the whole people of Ireland, relating to M. B. Drapier, by A. R. Hosier, printed on the Blind Key by Elizabeth Sadleir, 1726," contains some particulars relative to Harding's fate:—

"To hearten him the Drapier sent to him in jail,
To tell him, he'd quickly get home to his wife;
But scarce could he find one to stand for his bail.
Which struck to his heart, and deprived him of life.

But, now for the widow; if some good man wou'd preach,
In her favour, a sermon, scarce one in the town;
But freely (in order to help her) wou'd reach,
Some, sixpence, a shilling, and some, half-a-crown."

common hangman ; and that they see the same done to-morrow, between the hours of twelve and one, before the gate of the Parliament House, and also before the Tholsel of the said city." The persecuted distributrix of political satire survived her imprisonment, and, in 1728, published the "Intelligencer," a journal, conducted by Swift and Dr. Sheridan.

Cornelius Kelly, the best swordsman of his day, dwelt in Fishamble-street, in the early part of the last century. To him we indirectly owe Goldsmith's charming play of "She stoops to conquer;" the plot of which was suggested to the author by an occurrence, narrated as follows, by the Rev. J. Graham, of Lifford, at the meeting held at Ballymahon, in 1826 :—

"The scene of his celebrated comedy, *The Mistakes of a Night*, was laid in the town of Ardagh, in this immediate neighbourhood, as related in Otridge's splendid edition of his works, and confirmed to me by the late Sir Thomas Fetherston, Baronet, a short time before his death. Some friend had given the young poet a present of a guinea on his going from his mother's residence in this town, to a school in Edgeworthstown, where, it appears, he finished his education, of which he received the rudiments from the Reverend Mr. Hughes, vicar of this parish. He had diverted himself on the way the whole day, by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until the fall of night, when he found himself a mile or two out of his direct road, in the middle of the street of Ardagh. Here he inquired for the best house in the place, meaning an inn ; but being wilfully misunderstood by a wag, a fencing master, of the name of Kelly, who boasted of having been the instructor of the celebrated Marquis of Granby, he was directed to the large old-fashioned residence of Sir Ralph Fetherston, the landlord of the town, where he was shown into the parlour, when he found the hospitable master of the house sitting by a good fire. His mistake was immediately perceived by Sir Ralph, who, being a man of humour, and well acquainted with the poet's family, encouraged him in the deception. Goldsmith ordered a good supper, invited his host and the family to partake of it, treated them with a bottle or two of wine, and at going to bed ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast ; nor was it till his departure, when he called for the bill, that he discovered that while he imagined that he was at an inn, he had been hospitably entertained in a private family of the first rank in the country."

In Fishamble-street, till the year 1753, was the residence of Counsellor James Grattan. He claims our notice as father of

"The gallant man, who led the van of
The Irish Volunteers:"

whose baptism is recorded in the registry of St. John's Church, on the 3rd of July, 1746. It is a curious coincidence that Henry Grattan* should have been born in the street whence issued the Drapier's letters, asserting those principles of Irish independence which he was destined to establish on a grander and more comprehensive scale than could have been anticipated by his father's friend, "M. B. Drapier;" whose memory he did not forget to apostrophize when, backed by eighty thousand armed volunteers, he rose in the Irish House of Commons, on the memorable 16th of April, 1782.

"I am now," said he, "to address a free people: ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation."—"I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your

* His father was one of the seven sons of Dr. Patrick Grattan, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin," a venerable and well beloved clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education: and at the same time, says an eminent Irish divine, "as I have often heard the old Bishop of Clogher declare, kept hospitality beyond both the lords who lived on either side of him; tho' both reputed hospitable. One of these brothers was an eminent physician, another an eminent merchant, who died Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin: the youngest was first a fellow of the college of Dublin, and after master of the great free School at Enniskillen. The eldest was a justice of the peace, who lived reputably upon his patrimony in the country. The three other brothers were clergymen of good characters, and competently provided for in the church. Two of them Swift found in his cathedral; nothing was more natural than that he should cultivate an acquaintance with them. A set of men, as generally acquainted, and as much beloved, as any one family in the nation. Nay to such a degree, that some of the most considerable men in the church desired, and thought it a favour to be adopted by them, and admitted *Grattans*."—"The Grattans had a little house, and their cousin Jackson another, near the city; where they cultivated good humour, and cheerfulness, with their trees, and fruits, and sallets: (for they were all well skilled in gardening and planting) and kept hospitality, after the example of their fathers. The opinion which Swift had of the Grattans will best be judged of by the following little memoir:—When Lord Carteret came to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, Swift asked him, Pray, my Lord, have you the honour to be acquainted with the Grattans? Upon my Lord's answering that he had not that honour, Then, pray, my Lord, take care to obtain it, it is of great consequence: the Grattans, my Lord, can raise ten thousand men." A Dublin wit of the last century has chronicled their hospitality in a poem commencing:—

"My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest!"

genius has prevailed ! Ireland is now a nation ! in that character I hail her ! and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*. She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression ; nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits, and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war."

The General Post Office of Dublin stood in Fishamble-street until the early part of the eighteenth century.

Post houses were first established throughout the chief towns of Ireland in the reign of Charles II. A writer in 1673 makes the following observations on this subject :—

"Though Dublin is not seated in the best and most convenient place, that is, the middle, yet it is seated in the second best, that is, over against the middle of Ireland ; and directly opposite to the nearest passage into England, being Holyhead, twelve hours sail with a prosperous gale of wind, and about twenty leagues distant from this place. The first affords it an excellent conveniency for all manner of business to be transacted to and from this city (as well by water as land) into all parts of the kingdom, with as little delay as possibly may be. The other a rare advantage for the maintenance of traffic and commerce with England, and all other parts of the world, especially with the city of London, from whence (upon the least notice given) merchantable goods are soon despatched hither, or into any other parts of this realm, as occasion requires ; and that with far more speed than formerly, by reason of the late erecting of post houses in all the principal towns and cities of this kingdom, which accommodates all persons with the conveniency of keeping good correspondency (by way of letters, and that most commonly twice a week) with any, even the remotest part of Ireland, at the charge of eight pence or twelve pence, which could not formerly be brought to pass under ten or twenty shillings, and that sometimes with so slow a despatch, as gave occasion many times of no small prejudice to the party concerned. All these conveniencies and advantages have so far contributed to the present splendour and great increase of this city, as that it now (1673) may be justly conceived to be grown (within this fifty or sixty years) twice as large, and for handsomeness of building, beyond all compare, of what it might any way pretend unto in any former age."

During the Irish wars of the Revolution, the letters were despatched to the camp of General Ginckell from the General Post Office at Dublin, on the nights of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. After the removal of the Post Office, the

buildings were converted to various uses. A newspaper* called the "Flying Post," was published in the "Old Post Office Yard" in 1709; and subsequently a noted school was kept in the same locality by the Rev. Thomas Benson, D.D.,

* The following extract from a local journal of 1708, exhibits the spirit in which newspaper controversy was then conducted :—

"Satan correcting Sin : Or an answer to a horse-heel rubber : who, in the late war in this kingdom was a Gassoone that followed the camp, tho, now sets up for an author and printer. As to this Irish Newsmonger, or Paris Gazeteer-Gelder, he has and daily continues to impose on the publick by false and sham News, for which he hath been lately indicted at the Quarter Sessions in this city : He is a tool to the Papists by keeping them in heart, and hopes of great matters; for he stuffs his Intelligence with false stories out of the Paris and A-la-main Gazettes. He, in his lying Intelligence of February last, said the Lord Galway was dead, which is as false as himself. Nay, that poor empty animal had the impudence to publish an elegy on the death of his Lordship, who is still alive. In short, that Billingsgate scribbler has imposed more on this city in one month, than he can make amends for in twenty years; but 'tis hoped we shall not be troubled with him quarter that time."

The following document connected with this locality, and now for the first time printed, illustrates the manner in which "elegies" and "dying speeches" were concocted in the early part of the eighteenth century :—

"The Examination of the Revd. Mr. Edwd. Harris of Fishamble-street, taken before the Honble Wm. Caulfield, Esqr., one of the Justices of his Majesties Court of King's Bench.

Who, being duly examined, sayth that on Thursday morning last, being the 24th instant, Cornelius Carter, a printer who lives in Fishamble-street, sent one Sweeny, a servant of his, to this Examt, to desire him to write an Elegy on Col. Henry Lutrell, deceased, that the Examnt. made answer hee could not, being an intire stranger to the life and actions of the said Col. Henry Luttrell, but that if the said Carter would send this Examt. a history of the life and actions of the said Lutrell, he, this Examt, would make an Elegy; that in some short time after the said Sweeny brought a written paper to this Examt. as from the said Carter, to the effect and purport following, vizt., that Henry Lutrell and Symon were brothers, that Symon alwaies stood firm to King James's cause, went to France with him and died there; that Henry forsook his master, and betrayed a pass near Aghrim, that he was afterwards tried at Limbrick, that Tyrconnell and Sarsfield were of the Court Marshall; that he abused them on his tryal and called them cow-boys; that he had 500 per annum from King William for his good services, and his brother's estate; that he kept several misses, and disinherited a sonne by a former miss, but left him £8,000; that he declared on his death-bed, he was married to his last miss, and left her £300 per annum; that he made Lord Cadogan his executor with others; that he was to be hanged or shott, but was reprieved by the suddaine surrender, from that time till Tuesday the 22d of October, 1717. This Exmt. further sayth, that upon the receipt of the said paper, and at the desire of the said Carter, he, this Examt, did compose an Elegy on ye said Col. Henry Lutrell, and sent the same to the said Carter; that the said Carter, as soon as he heard that Col. Lutrell was shott, desired this Examt. in case the said Lutrell died, to make an Elegy on him; and after the said Lutrell died, desired this

from whom many distinguished men received their education ; among them may be mentioned the Right Hon. George Ponsonby, the uncompromising and eloquent parliamentary opponent of the corrupt Union faction, and subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1806. The "Crown Tavern" and the "Post Office Coffee House" also stood in this street. Opposite to the former, was the office of the "Dublin Mercury," a newspaper published in 1705 ; while the latter, having been closed in 1703, was tenanted by Cornelius Carter, the publisher of a large number of tracts and broadsides, which frequently brought him into trouble,

In Fishamble-street was the residence of Sir Francis Annesley, who was created a Baronet in 1620, being the second in Ireland on whom that title was conferred. In 1628 he was advanced to the dignity of Baron of Mount Norris, by which name he is better known in history. During the Earl of Strafford's administration he was tried by a council of war, and condemned to death for an unguarded expression uttered in the presence chamber of the Castle. The King's letter, in 1636, informs us that "it hath been held fit to cause his study door to be sealed up by the Committee, who have the cognizance of that business ; and it is likewise conceived that

Examt alsoe to make the said Elegy. Sayth that upon the receipt of said paper from the said Carter, this Examt. delivered the same to two of his scholars, and ordered them to make a copy of verses on the said Lutrell, which they accordingly did ; but the said verses which the scholars made, being soe balde and virrulent, this Examt thought them not fitt to be printed, and thereupon this Examt made the said Elegy. Sayth he never made any Elegy before, but one upon the late Bishop of Derry, and never got a penny for writing either ; or for teaching the said Carter's sonne, who is at schoole, with this Examt. The Examt. further sayth that on Thursday night, the 24th instant, he went to Carter's owne house, to see if the said Elegys were printing ; and saw the said Carter at the press working off the said Elegys himself, and further sayth not.

Edwd. Harris.

Capt. cor me 30^o die Octobris.

1717

W. CAULFIELD.

100^l to prosecute next terme in
Banco Regis."

Carter appears to have been a victim to prosecutions against the press : in 1721 he was attached for printing the Lord Lieutenant's speech to Parliament, and in 1727 he and his wife were imprisoned for publishing some false intelligence relative to Gibraltar.

An account of Colonel Henry Luttrell, and of the circumstances connected with his death, shall be given in our notice of the locality where the assassination was perpetrated.

the view and perusal of his papers may be of use." He remained a close prisoner in the Castle, until a royal pardon was granted to him in 1637. His son, Arthur, afterwards Earl of Anglesey, was born in Fishamble-street in 1614, and baptized in St. John's Church. He became a member of the Oxford Parliament in 1643, was deputed as Commissioner into Ulster in 1645, under the great seal of England, and was the chief of the party to whom the Marquis of Ormond surrendered Dublin in 1647. In 1670 he was chosen president of the new council of state, having had a considerable share in bringing about the Restoration, for which, in 1661, he was rewarded with the title of Earl of Anglesey. So great was his influence at that time that he is said to have declined the post of Prime Minister of England. He sat in judgment on the regicides, and was one of the three commissioners appointed to report concerning the settlement of Ireland: after which, in 1673, he was advanced to the great office of Lord Privy Seal, and died in 1686. Our limits will not here permit us to enter into an examination of his literary controversy with the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Castlehaven. Several of his writings are extant; but his history of the affairs of Ireland, during his own times, is supposed to have been destroyed, as it revealed unpleasant facts; Anglesey, through life, having been noted for boldly expressing his manly and liberal sentiments. He was the first nobleman in Great Britain who formed a large library, which he did at great expense, intending that it should remain in his family; it was, however, sold by auction soon after his death. This sale was rendered remarkable by the discovery in the Earl's collection of his autograph note in a copy of the *EIKON BASILIKE*, asserting that book to be the composition of Dr. Gauden; a statement which has caused much literary disputation, and is not yet finally settled.

In the last century, a large cage-work house, then known as the "Bull's-Head Tavern," on the west side of Fishamble-street, was traditionally said to have been the residence of Lord Anglesey. The Bull's-Head Tavern, kept by Pattin, was one of the most noted in Dublin. Early in the eighteenth century, a club for the cultivation of music,* known as the "Bull's-Head Society," was formed

* The citizens of Dublin have been long famed for their musical taste. In 1711, the celebrated Nicolini came to our city under the patronage

here, and held its meetings on every Friday evening ; the subscription was an English crown each, and after performing a concert, the members concluded the night with " catch sing-

of the second Duke of Ormond. The Parliament being then sitting and the town thronged with nobility, he was followed by crowded audiences. The " Tatler" and Colley Cibber—no mean judges—have been lavish in their praise of the acting and voice of Nicolini, who was engaged at the then enormous sum of eight hundred guineas a year by our countryman, Owen Sweeny, manager of the first regular Italian Operas performed in England. As Nicolini's visit to Dublin has not been mentioned by any writer on music, we are unable to determine whether he was attended with a full Italian company or not. An Opera had been sung for the first time, entirely in Italian, in London in 1710. Previous to which the foreign performers sung in Italian, while the subordinate characters acted their parts in English. In 1713, the famous trumpeter Jacob Twisleton, came to Dublin, and, having been patronized by the Lords Justices, became much in fashion and played at concerts, the theatre, and the balls of the nobility, large numbers of whom then resided in Dublin. His performance, we are told, consisted of a medley of his voice and the music of the trumpet. Party spirit at this time ran high in Dublin, and an industrious member of the Whig party in the House of Commons discovered that Twisleton had been one of King James's State trumpeters, that he had come to England with the Duke d'Aumont, and that he had also been engaged by the Duke of Orleans, and had performed at the Opera in Paris. His greatest crime was, however, that of having, during his travels, played before the Chevalier de St. George, on which charge the unfortunate musician was committed to Newgate in December 1713. In the following February, he was released for want of evidence, giving bail for a year, at the expiration of which we conclude that he left the kingdom. Sir Constantine Phipps, one of the Lords Justices, was regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous Tory, and the permission which he gave Twisleton to play in public was one of the many charges brought forward against him by his political opponents. A satirical writer of the day represents Phipps as answering this charge in the following manner—"I freely own, that not knowing of what vast consequence the religion of a player, a fiddler, or a trumpeter is to the Protestant interest of this kingdom, I, together with my Lord Archbishop of Tuam (John Vesey), did give leave to Twisleton to mention in his bills that the concert of music was by our commands. I did, likewise, hear his performance at the Play-house ; but having no good ear for musick, I could not distinguish his religion by his sounding." Dr. Benjamin Pratt, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, (1710—1717) was an ardent cultivator of the classic music of Italy, which country he visited, as did also Tom Rossengrave, the accomplished organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Dr. John Eclin, the friend of Swift, was " as compleat a man, and as fine a gentleman, as any of his age. Besides his skill in polite literature, and that of his own profession (divinity) he was highly distinguished for mathematical learning : and had a thorough knowledge and fine taste, in that branch of it, which treats of music." Swift, not being a musician himself, used to consult Dr. Eclin, on all matters connected with the affairs of the choir of the Cathedral. Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer in 1741, author of the well known song of " Bumper Squire Jones," and Garrett Wellesley, father of the composer

ing, mutual friendship and harmony." The series of musical performances for each year was regulated by a Committee. The annual dinner of the Society was held in December, the

of "Here in cool grot," were famed for their musical tastes. To these individuals, together with Kane O'Hara, and Laurence Whyte, an excellent mathematician and author of some poems of merit, may, we believe, be traced the foundation of the Musical Society of Dublin, early in the eighteenth century. Mrs. Sterling, the original Irish Polly in the Beggar's Opera, was a most accomplished singer; and Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was so well received in Dublin that he finally settled there. Pope, in his verses on Southern, styles Ireland, "the mother of sweet singers;" much of the time of Dr. Arne, composer of "Rule Britannia," was, as we shall hereafter see, passed in Dublin. In a future paper we shall give some account of Geminiani, Castruccio, Dubourg, and other eminent foreign musicians of the last century connected with our city.

The Musical Society of Dublin held their annual concert in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the feast of St. Cecilia. This is alluded to in the following verse:—

"Grave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,
That you, who know music no more than an ass;
That you, who so lately were writing of Draplers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear."

The allusion in the last line is explained by a sermon preached in 1731, by Dr. Thomas Sheridan—himself an inveterate musician—before the Musical Society, from which we learn that an attempt was made about that time, by the puritanical portion of the community, to abolish instrumental music in churches. They were, however, unsuccessful; and on the following anniversary St. Cecilia was commemorated with more grandeur than before. Purcell's *Te Deum* and Corelli's *Concerto* were performed, and a sermon suitable to the occasion preached by Dr. Sheridan.

An unique copy of an original hand-bill of one of these performances, now before us, bears the following title—"The Power of Music, a Song in honour of St. Cecilia's Day. Occasionally published on the grand assembly of the Musical Society, at St. Patrick's Church, this twenty third day of November, 1730. Dublin: Printed by Richard Dickson, and sold at the Globe Coffee-house on Essex-bridge, 1730."

In the Dean's "Exhortation, addressed to the Sub-Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's Cathedral," in 1741, he says, "I do hereby require and request the very reverend sub-dean not to permit any of the vicars-choral, choristers, or organists, to attend or assist at any public musical performances, without my consent, or his consent, with the consent of the chapter first obtained. And whereas it hath been reported that I gave a license to certain vicars to assist at a club of fiddlers in Fishamble-street, I do hereby declare that I remember no such license to have been ever signed or sealed by me; and that if ever such pretended license should be produced, I do hereby annul and vacate the said license. Intreating my said sub-dean and chapter to punish such vicars as shall ever appear there, as songsters, fiddlers, pipers, trumpeters, drummers, drum-majors, or in any sonal quality, according to the flagitious aggravation

season for their entertainments closed in May; and the proceeds were allocated to various laudable purposes. Sometimes they were given to the Dublin Society for premiums, but more generally a Committee was appointed to visit the various gaols of the city and compound for the liberation of the distressed incarcerated debtors, large numbers of whom were thus restored to liberty; for the same charitable object, plays were occasionally performed under the superintendence of the Society.

In the "Bull's-Head" Tavern, early in the eighteenth century, the anniversary dinners and banquets of the various guilds and public bodies of the city were generally held. On such occasions, a congratulatory poem was usually presented to the assembled parties. Many of these documents contain much curious local information, but being of an exceedingly perishable nature, very few of them have been preserved. We have now before us one of those papers printed in red ink, on a large sheet of paper, bearing the following title: "A Poem in honour of the Loyal Society of Journeymen Shoemakers, who are to dine at the Bull's Head in Fishamble-Street, on Tuesday, October the 28th, 1726. Being the anniversary of St. Crispin. Written by R. Ashton, S.M., a member of the Society. John Blackwood, Master, Thomas Ashton and William Richardson, Stewards."

Robert Ashton, it may be here observed, was author of a large quantity of fugitive verses on various local topics; he also wrote the well known play of the "Battle of Aughrim or the fall of Monsieur St. Ruth," relative to the author of which, former writers, and even the Rev. Mr. Graham, by whom it has been lately republished, possessed no information.

The "Bull's Head" Tavern was also much frequented at

of their respective disobedience, rebellion, perfidy, and ingratitude. I require my said sub-dean to proceed to the extremity of expulsion, if the said vicars should be found ungovernable, impenitent, or self-sufficient, especially Taberner, Phipps, and Church, who, as I am informed, have, in violation of my sub-dean's and chapter's order in December last, at the instance of some obscure persons unknown, presumed to sing and fiddle at the club above mentioned."

From an early period, a band of musicians was attached to the court of the Lord Lieutenant; they were presided over by the "Supervisor of the State Music;" and, down to a short time before the Union, a musical ode was always performed at the Castle, on the birth days of the King and Queen.

this period by the Irish Free-Masons, whose history is as yet total blank, and such it should not be allowed to remain, for in the last century the philanthropic brethren of the "Craft" extended the generous hand of charity to the friendless, and drove penury and distress from the hearths of their afflicted brethren. James King, Viscount Kingston, who had been the Grand Master in England* in 1729, was in 1730 the first who filled the office of Grand Master of the Irish Free-Masons; and in 1731, at the Bull's-head Tavern, on Tuesday the 6th of April, he was again unanimously chosen and declared Grand Master for the ensuing year. Their Records further informs us, that

"On Wednesday, 7th of July, 1731, was held a Grand Lodge in ample form. When the Right Worshipful and Right Honourable the Lord Kingston was installed and proclaimed aloud, Grand Master of Masons in Ireland, and was most cheerfully congratulated and saluted in the ancient and proper manner: His Lordship was pleased to appoint Nicholas Nettirvill, Lord Viscount Nettirvill, his Deputy. The Grand Lodge (as is their ancient practice in Ireland) chose the Honourable William Ponsonby, and Dillon Pollard Hampson, Esqrs., for Grand Wardens, who were all declared, congratulated, and saluted.

"Tuesday 7th of December, 1731. Grand Lodge in ample form. When the Right Worshipful and Right Honourable the Grand Master took the chair, attended by his Deputy and the Grand Wardens, the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Southwell, Sir Seymour Pile, Bart., Henry Plunket, and Wentworth Harman, Esqrs.; with many other brethren of distinction. The journal of the House, and several rules and orders for the better regulation thereof being read, his Lordship was pleased to signify his concurrence thereto, by signing them with his name."

The "Lodge-hall" of the Grand Lodge was held in Fishamble-street in the year 1768, when the Earl of Cavan was elected Grand Master. The following were the contemporary officers of the Lodge: George Hart, Deputy Grand Master; John Latouche, Senior Warden; John Jones, Senior Warden; Holt Waring, Grand Treasurer; and Major Charles Vallancey (afterwards editor of the "Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis"), Grand Secretary. As the Dublin Free-Masons subsequently transferred their meetings to another locality where we shall, in a future paper, encounter them,

* Another Irish nobleman, the Earl of Inchiquin, was Grand Master of the English Free Masons in 1727.

we must here postpone our further notice of their proceedings.

The Members of the Bull's-Head Musical Society having raised sufficient funds by subscriptions, decided on erecting a hall for the performance of their concerts. This building was executed under the superintendence of Richard Castles, architect of Leinster House and other elegant edifices. On Friday the second of October, 1741, the Music Hall was opened for the first time, with a concert "for the entertainment of the members of the Charitable and Musical Society." A ball was held in it on the next night, and fashionable "assemblies" were continued there on every Saturday evening during the season, which commenced in October, and terminated in June. At this period, Dublin, owing to the presence of the resident nobility and gentry, and the numbers of people attracted to the seat of government, was one of the most brilliant and gay capitals in Europe. The citizens were noted for their attachment to classic music, and for the profuse splendour of their entertainments. "As to pleasure," writes a French tourist in 1734, "every entertainment which has the authority of fashion in England prevails here, and some it may be, in a yet greater degree."

"There is hardly a family of any account in the kingdom which does not spend the winter evenings in gaming. The ladies are rather fond of this amusement than the men. Dancing, that pretty innocent house diversion, hardly yields to that vice in their eyes. The gentry are not so fond of hunting and fishing as the English and other nations. Though there is no country in the world abounds with more, or perhaps, with so much game of all sorts, whether for the hound, the gun, or the rod, as Ireland; witness their well-furnished tables, which for variety of good dishes, far surpass those of their neighbours, and are equalled only by the Germans and Poles. The empire of letters is farther extended than you imagine. There is classic ground out of Italy. The better to form a judgment of the taste of this people, in matters of learning, I have passed some hours in a bookseller's shop, whereof there is a great many in the capital (Dublin). I found there is no city in Europe (*ceteris paribus*) where there are so many good pieces printed, and so few bad. They do not believe this, but it is because they do not know what is done in other places. Printing and books are cheaper here than in London, but dearer than in Holland, and near a par with France. English editions are sold at the same rate as in London. But the prices of foreign books are exorbitant, and pass all bounds, the prime cost whereof in Holland,

whether they be bought new, or at auctions, is very moderate, and a mere trifle. Coffee-houses here are much frequented; they have the best English papers, the Amsterdam Gazette, and three good newspapers, taken out of the English; of their own. After the four capitals of Europe, Paris, London, Rome, and Amsterdam, Dublin, I think, may take place. It is a very large, populous, and well-built city. It stands on near as much ground as Amsterdam, and would take an oval wall of six miles and a-half to encompass it. According to the manuscript account (taken in 1733) of all the several baronies and counties in the Kingdom of Ireland, as the same were returned, and are now remaining in his Majesty's Surveyor General's office, there are 12,000 houses in Dublin, which at the rate of ten persons to a house makes the number of inhabitants amount to 120,000. The river Liffey, over which there are five stone bridges, runs through the middle of the city, ships of good burthen come up to the lowermost bridge, and unload at the Custom House-quay; from this bridge there is a noble view down the river, which is always full of vessels; and in winter evenings, when all the lamps are lighted, you have three long vistas, resembling fireworks, both up and down the river, and before your face as you pass the bridge from the old town. The outlets of Dublin into fine fields, the banks of the river, a royal park, the sea shore, &c. are very beautiful, and in this, far exceed London, and indeed most other Cities in Europe, which I have seen."

"One would think Apollo, the God of Music, had taken a large stride from the Continent over England to this island. The whole nation are great lovers of this high entertainment. A stranger is agreeably surprised to find almost in every house he enters, Italian airs saluting his ears. Corelli is a name in more mouths than many of their Viceroys. Why may not we attribute the humane and gentle dispositions of the inhabitants to the refinements and powers of that divine art? The harp, which you know is the arms of Ireland, wrought greater achievements in the hands of the Israelite king."

Scarcely had the building of the Music Hall* been completed, when Handel, disgusted with the insensibility of the English aristocracy to the excellence of his compositions, resolved to try his fortune among the music-loving people of

* A writer of the last century, quoting from authentic manuscripts, tells us, that "from the bowed part of Fishamble-street, near the place where the Music-hall at present stands, to Castle-street, formerly extended a lane called Cow-lane, which is now (1763) totally shut up by buildings, and the large elegant structure at the corner of Fishamble-street and Castle-street, now inhabited by Mr. Bond, tobaccoist, built by Sir Daniel Bellingham, the first lord mayor of Dublin, and wherein he kept his mayoralty in 1665, was erected across that lane, which in the mayoralty of Nicholas Weston in 1598 was set to farm by the city to John Weston, and many houses built on it, and almost as many contests had for the property of the ground in the courts of law."

Dublin. Pope alludes to his Oratorios in the following lines, apostrophizing the Goddess of English dulness :—

“ Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove’s own thunders follow Mars’s drums ;
Arrest him, Empress ! or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th’ Hibernian shore.”

The following was the first public announcement of the intended proceedings of the great German :—

“ At the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, on Wednesday next, being the 23rd day of December, (1741). Mr. Handel’s Musical Entertainments will be opened, in which will be performed *L’Allegro il Penseroso, il Moderato*, with two Concertos for several instruments, and a Concerto on the Organ. To begin at 7 o’Clock. Tickets for that night will be delivered to the Subscribers (by sending their Subscription Ticket), on Tuesday and Wednesday next, at the place of Performance, from 9 o’Clock in the Morning till 3 in the afternoon ; and attendance will be given this Day and on Monday next, at Mr. Handel’s House in Abby-street near Liffey-street, from 9 o’Clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon, in order to receive the Subscription Money, at which time each Subscriber will have a Ticket delivered to him, which entitles him to three Tickets each night, either for ladies or gentlemem.

“ N.B. Subscriptions are likewise taken in at the same place. Books may be had at the said place, Price, a British Sixpence.”

The composer’s merit was immediately recognized by the Dublin critics, and his entertainment was at once patronized by the Viceregal court :—

“ By their Graces the Duke and Dutchess of Devonshire’s Special Command.

AT the new MUSICK HALL in FISHAMBLE-STREET.

To-morrow being the 20th day of January (1742), will be performed *Acis and Galatea* ; to which will be added, an ODE for *St. Cecilia’s Day*, written by *Dryden*, and newly set to music by *Mr. Handel*. With several Concertos on the Organ and other instruments. The Tickets will be delivered to the Subscribers (by sending their Subscription Ticket) this Day and To-morrow at the said Hall, from 10 of the Clock in the Morning till 3 in the Afternoon, and no person will be admitted without a Subscriber’s Ticket. To begin at 7 o’Clock. Gentlemen and Ladies are desired to order their Coaches and Chairs to come down Fishamble-street, which will prevent a great deal of inconveniences that happened the night before.

“ N.B. There is another convenient passage for chairs made since the last night. There is a convenient room hired as an addition

to a former place for the footmen ; it is hoped the ladies will order them to attend there till called for."

Considerable doubts have been expressed in opposition to Dr. Burney's statement, that the "Messiah" was first performed in Dublin, where it was rehearsed in Passion-week, 1742, as appears from the following:—

"At the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, on Wednesday next, being the 7th of April, will be performed an Oratorio called *ESTHER*, with several concertos on the Organ, being the last time of Mr. Handel's Subscription Performance. On Thursday next, being the 8th Instant, at the Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, will be the Rehearsal of Mr. Handel's new grand Sacred Oratorio, called the *MESSIAH*, in which the Gentlemen of the Choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some Concertos on the organ by Mr. Handel. The Doors will open at Eleven, and no Person will be admitted without a Rehearsal Ticket, which is given gratis with the Ticket for the Performance, when paid for.

"Tickets to be had at the Musick Hall, and at Mr. Neal's in Christ Church Yard, at half-a-guinea each.

"For the conveniency of the ready emptying the house, no chairs will be admitted in waiting but hazard chairs at the new passage* in Copper Alley."

* This entrance, although long closed, is still discernible in Copper alley, which takes its name from the copper money there coined, and distributed by the Lady Alice Fenton, widow of Sir Geoffrey Fenton. A portion of the ground on which Copper-alley is built was formerly known as Preston's Inns.

In 1610, we find from an official document that Sir Geoffrey's only son, William Fenton, was in possession of "the old house or toft called Preston's Inns, with all the barns, backsides, and places thereto belonging, upon which are now (1610) built certain houses or tenements near Alderman John Forster's ground ; with an orchard or garden on the south of the said house, in the tenure of Lady Alice Fenton, widow, two gardens near the same, extending to Croker-lane, west to the land of St. John's church and Castle street, south, and to street near Isod's tower, east, upon which gardens several houses were lately built by Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Knight, deceased, now called Ladyrents, otherwise Copper rowe, together with the street between the said houses, extending to the street near Dame's-gate, in the tenure of the said Lady Fenton." In 1619 Sir William Fenton, Knight, held also "the twelve messuages or tenements and gardens in Copper-alley, as also the street or lane called Copper-alley, together with a straight passage or lane under William Hampton's house, leading from Copper-alley to Scarlet-lane," now Upper Exchange-street. Sir Geoffrey Fenton was a writer of considerable merit, and Secretary of State and Privy Counsellor to Elizabeth and James I. in Ireland, till his death in 1608. His wife, Alice, "whose religious and charitable courteous life was an example to her sex," was the daughter of Robert Weston, one of the Lords Justices and Chancellor of Ireland from 1567 to his death in 1573 ; and we are told, that he was "so learned, judicious, and upright in the course of judicature, as in all the time of that

The fate of the "Messiah" was at once decided. A contemporary Dublin critic tells us, that,

"Yesterday morning at the Music Hall in Fishamble-street, there was a public Rehearsal of the Messiah, Mr. Handel's new Sacred Oratorio, which in the opinion of the best Judges, far surpasses any thing of that nature, which has been performed in this or any other kingdom. This elegant entertainment was conducted in the

employment, he never made order or decree that was questioned or reversed." The Lady Katherine, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, became the wife in 1609 of Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork. Her effigy, with those of her parents, husband, and children, is preserved in the "Boyle monument" in St. Patrick's Cathedral. A writer of the seventeenth century tells us, that on the 22nd of October, 1641, previous to the intended seizure of Dublin by the Irish, "The conspirators, being many of them arrived within the city, and having that day met at the Lion Tavern, near Copper-alley, and there turning the Drawer out of the room, ordered their affairs together, drunk healths upon their knees to the happy success of the next morning's work."

At the sign of the Royal Arms in Copper-alley was the printing-office of Andrew Crooke, the King's printer-general in Ireland, from 1693 to 1727, when he was succeeded in office by George Grierson, the first of that family who held the appointment, and of whom, together with his learned wife Constantia, an account shall be given in the proper place.

In Copper-alley was the establishment of Samuel Powell, one of our most eminent Dublin printers. Among the works published by him while resident here, we may mention "A Brief Discourse in Vindication of the Antiquity of Ireland: collected out of many authentic Irish histories and chronicles, and out of foreign learned authors. Dublin: Printed by S. Powell, at the sign of the Printing Press in Copper-alley, for the Author, 1717," as some hitherto unknown circumstances connected with it, when coupled with the treatment of Twistleton, the musician, before mentioned, serve to exhibit the amount of liberty introduced into this country by the revolution of 1688. The writer of of this work, a learned Irish historiographer, Hugh Mac Curtin, of the ancient clan of that name, who had long been chroniclers to the O'Briens of Thomond, presuming on the immunities of the Republic of Letters, commented severely on the absurdly ignorant calumnies put forward by Sir Richard Cox in his "Hibernia Anglicana," or History of Ireland, published some years before. Sir Richard, who had advanced himself, by his zeal for the Hanoverian party, from the position of the son of a regicide trooper to the rank of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, committed the over zealous Mac Curtin to gaol for having dared to impugn his unfounded statements relative to the barbarity of the old Irish. This conclusive manner of settling historical points, and the experience of the horrors of the most loathsome gaol in Dublin, deterred the antiquary of the County Clare from publishing the concluding portion of his vindication of the antiquity of his country.

Towards the middle of the last century, Copper-alley was noted for its eating-houses, one of the most frequented of which was the "Union Tavern." In 1766, "The Copper-alley Gazette" was occasionally published, and contained a satirical account of the proceedings of the politicians of the day, under feigned names.

most regular manner, and to the entire satisfaction of the most crowded and polite assembly."

On the 13th of April, the "Messiah" was produced at the Music Hall, which Handel considered to be one of the best constructed edifices of the kind in Europe. More than seven hundred persons were present, and the sum collected for charity on the occasion amounted to nearly four hundred pounds. "On Tuesday last," says an eye witness,

"Mr. Handel's Sacred Grand Oratorio, the MESSIAH was performed in the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street. The best Judges allow it to be the most finished piece of music. Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience. The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestick, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear. It is but justice to Mr. Handel, that the world should know, he generously gave the money arising from this performance to be equally shared by the Society for relieving prisoners, the Charitable Infirmary, and Mercer's Hospital, and that the gentlemen of the choirs, Mr. Dubourg, and Mrs. Cibber, who all performed their parts to admiration, acted also on the same disinterested principle, satisfied with the deserved applause of the publick, and the conscious pleasure of promoting such useful and extensive charity."

Handel's success was now complete: the enthusiasm of the people of Dublin was unbounded. The Music Hall could not contain the numbers of gentry and nobility of the highest rank who sought admittance; to remedy this, in some measure, the ladies consented to lay aside their hoops during their presence at "Mr. Handel's entertainment."

His last concert here was given on the 3d of June, 1742:—

"At the particular desire of several of the Nobility and Gentry, on Thursday next, being the 3d day of June (1742), at the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, will be performed Mr. *Handel's* new Grand Sacred Oratorio, called MESSIAH, with Concertos on the Organ. The Rehearsal will be on Tuesday the 1st of June, at Twelve, and the Performance at Seven in the evening. In order to keep the Room as cool as possible, a Pane of Glass will be removed from the Top of each of the Windows.

N.B.—This will be the last Performance of Mr. Handel's during his stay in this Kingdom."

Handel left Dublin, loaded with honors, on the 15th of August, 1742. The people of London, aroused from their former apathy, and rebuked by the enthusiastic approbation given to Handel by the musical critics of Dublin, at length

discerned the talents of the composer, and yielded a tardy approval to his immortal productions.

The present condition of Dublin forms a melancholy contrast to the gaiety and wealth of the city in the year 1742. Large numbers of the nobility and gentry, at that period, resident in or near the metropolis, vied with each other in their displays of magnificent hospitality. The most eminent performers of the age then found it their interest to seek the Dublin stage. Handel, as we have seen, gave his entertainments at the Music Hall; David Garrick, Mrs. Woffington, and Giffard were performing at Smock-Alley, to houses crowded to suffocation; while Quinn and the inimitable Mrs. Cibber drew immense numbers to Aungier-street Theatre. When to those eminent names we add that of the celebrated composer, Thomas Augustine Arne,* it must be admitted that

* The room of the "Philharmonic Society" was in Fishamble-street, opposite the church. The following is the programme of one of the concerts held there in 1742:—

"At the particular Desire of several Persons of Quality, for the Benefit of Mrs. Arne, at the Great Room in Fishamble-street, on Wednesday next, being the 21st of this instant July, will be performed a **GRAND ENTERTAINMENT OF MUSICK**. To be divided into three Interludes. Wherein several favourite Songs and Duettos will be performed by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber, viz.—In the first Interlude (after an Overture of Mr. Handel's), A Scene from Mr. Arne's Opera of Rosamond, by Mrs. Arne. O beauteous Queen, from Mr. Handel's Oratorio of Esther, by Mrs. Cibber. Non Chiamarmi, from an Opera of Sig. Hasse's, by Mrs. Arne; and a Duetto of Mr. Handel's in Saul, by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber. In the second Interlude (after an Overture of Mr. Arne's), Lascia cadermi in Volto, a Song of Farinelli's singing by Mrs. Arne. Chi scherza colle Rose, from Mr. Handel's Opera of Hymen, by Mrs. Cibber. Vo folcindo, a Song of Sig. Vinci's, by Mrs. Arne. Vadoe vivo, a Duetto of Mr. Handel's in Faramond, by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber. In the third Interlude (after an Overture of Mr. Arne's,) O Peace thou fairest Child of Heaven, from Mr. Arne's Masque of Alfred, by Mrs. Arne. Un Guardo solo, from Mr. Handel's Opera of Hymen, by Mrs. Cibber. (By particular Desire) Sweet Bird, from Mr. Handel's Allegro, by Mrs. Arne; and Per le Porte del Tormento, a favourite Duetto of Mr. Handel's in Sosarmes, by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber. To begin precisely at seven o'Clock."

Mrs. Arne, on those occasions, was usually accompanied by the performance of her husband on the violin, and "between the acts of his serenatas, operas and other musical performances, he introduced comic interludes (after the Italian manner), amongst which were Tom Thumb, the original burlesque opera, composed by him; the Dragon of Wantley; Miss Lucy in town, &c., intended to give relief to that grave attention necessary to be kept up in serious performances, which he began in January 1743." The following is a list of some of the performances of

Dublin well merited the character, which it then enjoyed, of being one of the gayest and most intellectual cities of Europe. In the midst of all this pleasure, the claims of the afflicted were not forgotten. The present generation, with its boasted advances in morality and civilization, would do well to emulate the philanthropic munificence of those ages which are generally depicted by ignorant moralizers, as distinguished only by vice and sensuality.

After Handel's departure entertainments of various kinds continued to be performed in the Hall. A company of the best singers ever heard in Dublin, who appeared here in 1743, under the management of Dr. Arne, were engaged for Aungier-street Theatre, where Arne produced his new setting of "Comus," which was received with unbounded applause.

A minute recapitulation of the various purposes for which the Music Hall was used would probably possess but little attractions for the generality of readers, we shall therefore confine ourselves to the mention of some of the principal events in its history.

In 1750, the annual subscription of the members amounted to three hundred pounds, for which sum they engaged Lampe, the composer, Pasquali, the eminent violinist, and a host of other accomplished musicians, who formed a part of the "Smock Alley" company.

The concerts of the Charitable Musical Society for the relief of poor debtors were generally performed at the Music Hall. The cost of a ticket was half a guinea, which entitled the holder to be present likewise at the rehearsals which took place at twelve o'clock in the day. A vast amount of good was effected by this society. From its formation to the year 1750 its ex-

the Philharmonic Society for the year 1744:—"Solomon, a serenata; Esther; Athalia; Acis and Galatea; Israel in Egypt; Alexander's feast, by Handel; Solomon; Lockman's ode on St. Cecilia's day; David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan; Hart's Pindarick ode by Boyce, &c."

Lectures on philosophy and other subjects were frequently delivered at the Philharmonic Room, so early as 1749; the usual hour, at that period, for their commencement was six p.m. Among other performances here may be noticed the following, the original of which is extant:—

"Solomon's Temple: an Oratorio. The words by Mr. James Eyre Weeks. The music composed by Mr. Richard Broadway, Organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, as it was performed at the Philharmonic Room in Fishamble-street, for the benefit of sick and distressed Free-Masons."

ertions released nearly twelve hundred prisoners, whose debts and fees exceeded nine thousand pounds; in addition to which, a certain sum was presented to each debtor on his liberation. The annual average of prisoners thus relieved amounted to one hundred and sixty.

In 1751, Neale, the music-publisher of Christ Church Yard, who, in conjunction with Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Walker, was the manager of many fashionable entertainments, added a "very elegant additional room" to the Music Hall. The balls, at this period generally styled "Ridottos," were carried on by subscriptions; a few particulars of which may be interesting. For admission to a series of four of these balls, a gentleman paid three guineas, which entitled him to tickets for two ladies and himself, for each night. A single ticket for a lady cost one crown, and for a gentleman, half a guinea. The interior of the Hall was on those occasions lighted by wax candles; the doors opened at 7, p.m.; the "Beaufets," at ten, and the supper-room, at eleven o'clock.

Annual concerts were held here, for the benefit of the Musical Academy, founded in 1757. In four years, by loans of small sums, of about four pounds each, this society relieved nearly thirteen hundred distressed families.

Here, in 1757, to a distinguished and learned auditory, Thomas Sheridan delivered his oration demonstrating the importance of making the then neglected study of the English language an indispensable portion of education,* and proposed the establishment of a public school for the youth of Ireland. This oration, as we shall see in a future paper, led to the formation of the "Hibernian Society." Sheridan's public discourses on the cultivation of the English language, delivered at Oxford and Cambridge, were received with great applause, although his rational principles as to its cultivation are not yet fully recognized by any collegiate body. Breslau, the famous conjurer, exhibited his feats here in 1768, and in the same year the "Mecklenburgh Musical Society," assisted by the choirs of both Cathedrals, gave concerts here, patronized by Lord and

* "An oration pronounced before a numerous body of the nobility and gentry, assembled at the Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, on Tuesday the 6th of this instant December, and now first published at their unanimous desire. By Thomas Sheridan, A.M. Dublin: Printed for M. Williamson, Bookseller in Dame-street, over against Sycamore-alley, 1757," 8vo. pp. 32.

Lady Townshend, for the benefit of the poor confined debtors in the different prisons. Sheridan also at the same period delivered a course of evening lectures here on the art of reading. The "Constitutional Free Debating Society" began to hold their meetings in the Music Hall, in the year 1771; the debates began at eight in the evening, and generally terminated at ten. The speaker stood, while addressing the meeting, and any member who broke silence was liable to expulsion. Crowds of the most fashionable persons attended to hear the orations; and seats were provided in the orchestra for the ladies. The number of members exceeded eight hundred; a medal, value four guineas, was awarded every fourth evening to the author of the speech most highly approved. On the Tuesday evening, preceding the disposal of the medal, the Society decided on six questions to be argued on the night of speaking for the prize, these six questions were written and ballotted for, and whichever was drawn became the subject of debate. Attempts were made by Lord Townshend to suppress these meetings, but without success. One of its most prominent members was Henry Lucas, a son of the celebrated Tribune. All topics connected with politics and government were argued here with the greatest freedom. Some idea of the degree of liberty which they claimed for their debates may be gathered from the following question, which formed the subject of a night's declamations:—"Whether removing Lord Townshend from the government of Ireland would not be a speedy way for redressing our grievances?" After a short discussion, this question was resolved in the affirmative.

Towards the close of the year 1771, a second society, on the same principles, called the "Ciceronian Society," held their meetings at the Music Hall.

Ridotto Balls were held here in 1773 and 1774. The rooms were elegantly fitted up, and decorated with transparent paintings by Roberts and Tresham. On these occasions, the carriages and chairs entered Fishamble-street from Castle-street, the chairs turned down Copper-alley to the door of admittance there. In going away, the carriages went from the Music Hall to Smock-alley, and the chairs, through Copper-alley to the upper Blind Quay. Subscription Balls under the management of the chief of the Irish nobility continued to be held here for many years. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, however, complained that the great and incessant clamor made

by the chairmen and servants, at the breaking up of those assemblies, totally deprived them of sleep. The Hall was also used for other purposes; in 1773, a public procession of the chief Roman Catholics of Dublin was made from it to the castle, to present an address to Lord Harcourt. On this occasion it was remarked that there was not a single hired coach in the entire eighty which formed the procession.

In 1774, John Walker, author of the "Pronouncing Dictionary," who for some time kept school in Dublin, delivered a course of lectures on English pronunciation, in the "Supper room" of the Music Hall.

The first masked ball held in Ireland took place here on the 19th of April, 1776. The following contemporary account of one of these entertainments, given at the Music Hall on the eve of St. Patrick's day, 1778, may interest our readers:—

"About twelve at night the company began to assemble; and at two, the rooms were quite full, upwards of seven hundred persons being present. The motley groupe afforded much entertainment; they displayed a variety of taste, elegance, and splendour, in their dresses, and were supported with a fund of wit, humour and vivacity. The following were the most conspicuous characters:—The Duke of Leinster appeared as a fruit-woman, who changed her oranges for shamrocks, as Patrick's day advanced—and afterwards a physician—both of which characters were well supported. Mr. Gardiner, as an old woman, carrying her father in a basket, and her child in her arms. This was considered as one of the best and most laughable Masks in the room. Mr. Gardiner, at supper, was in a black domino. Mr. Sackville Hamilton, a French Governante, well dressed and inimitably supported. Mr. Burgh and Mr. O'Reilly, as Hussars. Mr. Yelverton, a Methodist preacher, characteristical, masked with judgment. Counsellor Doyle, a friar, well supported. Lord Ely, a hermit. Lord Glerawly, a side-board of plate. Counsellor Day, a cook maid, very well supported. Lord Jocelyn, a house maid. Counsellor Caldbeck, a sailor. Mr. Handcock, half abbé, half officer—a very laughable character. Mr. Hunter, a French soldier. Mr. Coote, a battle axe guard. Captain Southwell, a rifle-man. Mr. Boswell, as Douglas. Mr. Finlay, senior, a huge fashionable lady. Mr. Finlay, junior, an American Warrior. Mr. Eyres, St. Patrick, with a piper. Sir Richard Johnston, in the character of Pan, allowed to be an excellent mask, though he neither sung nor played the bag-pipes. Mr. Robert Alexander, the Great Mogul. Lord Antrim, a Highlander. Mr. Lyster, a Judge in his robes, a very good mask and very humorous. Mr. Marsden, a most excellent miller. Captain French, first as Diana Trapes, which afforded much entertainment—and afterwards in the character of Tancred. elegantly dressed. Sir Vesey Colclough, a sweep-chimney. Mr. Rowley, 'Isaac,' in the 'Duenna.' Mr. Scriven, a Bussora. Mr. Wilson, in the character

of an old poet, repeating and distributing humorous verses. Mr. W. Finey, in the character of a magician. Mr. Byrne of Cabin-teely, Pam, or the Knave of Clubs, very picturesque. Mr. Baggs, in the character of 'Linco.' Mr. Mossom, Zanga. Mr. Knox, as a female gipsy. Mr. Geale, as a grand Signior. Mr. Penrose, as Tycho. Mr. Bellingham, a Sailor. Mr. James Cavendish, as Mercury. Mr. M'Clean, a Dutchman. Sir Michael Cromie, a Sailor. Surgeon Doyle, a good piper. Captain Barber, a butterfly-catcher. Mr. Broughill, a malefactor going to an Auto da Fe. Mr. Archdall personated the man with the charity-box on Essex-bridge, and collected £5 9s. 10d. for the confined debtors. An excellent Harlequin who was metamorphosed to a Shylock. Mr. Pollock as Diego, the curious stranger of Strasbourg, from the promontory of noses, as mentioned in Tristram Shandy's tale of Slawkenbergius. The gravity, courtesy, and humour which Sterne so happily contrasted in his description of Diego, was well supported by this mask, and on his nose, which was a nose indeed, there appeared the following inscription, 'This nose hath been the making of me.' His dress was a Spanish habit, and crimson satin breeches with silver fringe. Among the female characters which deserve to be mentioned, were—Mrs. Gardiner in the character of Sestina the Opera singer, a most inimitable mask; she sung one of Sestina's songs. Lady Ely, as a wash-woman. Mrs. F. Flood, a child and doll. Mrs. Crofton, a young miss, well dressed and characteristical. Miss Gardiner as a Florentine peasant. Miss Graham, a female savage, and afterwards a dancer. The two Miss Normans, witches. Miss Evans and Miss Saunders two Dianas. Miss Beston as a nun. Mrs. Trench as a house-maid. Miss Blakey and Miss Whaley as Night. Miss O'Connor, Night. Miss Stewart, an Indian Princess, with a great quantity of jewels. From seven o'clock in the evening till twelve at night, the following houses were open to receive masks: Lord Roden's, Mr. Rowley's, Mr. Aylmer's, Mr. Kilpatrick's, Mr. Latouche's, Lady Arabella Denny's, and Counsellor Davis.' At these several houses the masks were entertained with wine and cakes, and among the rest there was an inimitable old beggarman, who excited charity in the breasts of the compassionate; he was dressed in a rug cadow, and liberally supplied with viands from the fair hands of Nuns, Dianas, and Vestals. He was accompanied by Jobson with a Nell, two characters supported with remarkable vivacity and well dressed. The decorations of the rooms were admirable, and formed a suite, the effect of which, as to convenience, singularity, and ingenuity was exceedingly pleasing. The company did not begin to retire until five, and it was half an hour after eight before the rooms were entirely cleared."

In 1780, the first Irish State Lottery was drawn at the Music Hall. Balls and masquerades continued to be held there till 1782, when the floor of the "Grove room"* sud-

* The apartments called the "Grove rooms" stand on the left of the stage forming, at present, the scene and green rooms. The upper "Grove room," above referred to, was generally used as a wardrobe

denly gave way, wounding many people who were assembled in it at a meeting relative to the election of a member of Parliament for the city of Dublin. This accident and the entertainments at the Rotunda turned the stream of pleasure from the Music Hall, which was taken by the Honorable Society of King's Inns, who finding the building not suited for their purposes, subsequently relinquished it. In 1793 it became a private theatre under the management of the Earl of Westmeath and Frederick E. Jones, afterwards lessee of the Dublin Theatre Royal.

J. D. Herbert, an artist and amateur, who performed here, has given the following account of the circumstances which led to the Music Hall having been selected for this purpose :—

“Jones told me of a notion he had conceived of getting up a private theatre on an elegant and extensive plan, that would require premises of great space ; and asked me if I could direct him to any building that might suit his purpose. I mentioned Fishamble-street. He observed, there would be a good subscription from persons of the first rank, and he should feel obliged if I would accompany him to view it. I accordingly attended him, and on our way I pointed out the great advantage of having a shell, so appropriate for his plan, that he could decorate it as he wished, but that must not be made known until he got it into his possession ; and that I thought it might be had a bargain, from its having been some time on hands with the proprietor. We arrived, and found the owner at home. Saw the house and all its appurtenances. We inquired the lowest terms. It was to be let by lease at £80 per annum.—Mr. Jones, in a hasty manner, decried its value, and said £60 was enough, and he would give no more ; his offer was as hastily rejected ; and he turned on his heel and went away. I spoke to the proprietor civilly, and excused Mr. Jones on the score of incompetency to estimate its true value ; and I added, that I would advise him to agree to the rent of £80, and if I should succeed, we would return. I then followed Mr. Jones, pointed out the necessity of securing it, for, should the owner learn who were to be the performers, double that sum would not be taken. I advised him to return, and let me write a few lines of agreement, have it signed, and I should witness, and give earnest, to all of which he consented, and the next day he got posses-

while the building was a private theatre. The original entrance (now closed) to the pit was by a flight of steep steps. When lotteries were held at the Music Hall it was usual to place the large mahogany wheel (whence the numbers were drawn by two boys from the Blue coat hospital) at the box entrance, the public not being then admitted to the interior of the edifice. On these occasions, Fishamble-street was always densely thronged by the expectant votaries of the blind goddess.

sion, then set men to work to make the house perfectly secure to receive an audience. Lord Westmeath induced Valdre, an Italian artist, to direct the ornamental parts, to paint the ceiling and proscenium, also some capital scenes. I added my mite, and painted two figures, Tragedy and Comedy, for the front, also a chamber of portraits for the School for Scandal. When finished, so splendid, tasteful, and beautiful a theatre, for the size, could not be found, I may say, in the three kingdoms: indeed, I never saw anything comparable with it on the Continent. The subscribers now thronged, the first men in the land, and from these were selected the performers, who were for the greater part worthy of the house. The *dramatis personæ* were as follows:—Captain Ashe, Mr. Charles Powel Leslie, Mr. Cromwell Price, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Westenra, Mr. Humphrey Butler, Col. Robert Howard, Mr. Thomas Goold, Mr. M'Clintock, Mr. Allen M'Clean, Mr. J. Crampton, Col. Edward Nugent, Col. Barry, Lord Westmeath, Sir Charles Vernon, Mr. Frederick Falkner, Sir Edward Denny, Mr. Wandesford Butler, and Mr. Hamy Stewart, &c."

A contemporary has left us the following correct description of the internal arrangement of this theatre:—

"The interior of the house formed an ellipse, and was divided into three compartments—pit, boxes, and lattices, which were without division. The seats were covered with rich scarlet, and fringe to match, while a stuffed hand-rail carried round gave them the form of couches, and rendered them particularly agreeable for any attitude of repose or attention. The pilastres which supported the front of the boxes were cased with mirror, and displayed various figures on a white ground, relieved with gold. The festoons were fringed with gold, and drawn up with golden cords and tassels. The ceiling was exquisitely painted. In the front was a drop curtain, on which was depicted an azure sky with fleeting clouds, from the centre of which was Apollo's lyre emerging in vivid glory; on each side were the figures of Tragedy and Comedy, appearing, between the pillars in perspective, to support a rich freeze and cornice; in the centre was the appropriate motto, 'For our Friends.' The stage and scenery were equally brilliant; and that nothing might be wanting to complete the costume, servants in rich and costly liveries attended on the stage and in the box rooms, to accommodate the company. The orchestra was filled with amateurs and professors. The male characters were performed by gentlemen subscribers, but the female by public actresses engaged for the purpose. In effect, every thing that could contribute to the splendour and elegance of the ornament, the excellence of the performance, and the decorum of the company, was scrupulously attended to. The house opened for the first time on the 6th of March, 1793, with the Beggar's Opera and the Irish Widow."*—"Among the performers, Captain Ashe and

* The parts in these plays were allotted as follows:—

BEGGAR'S OPERA. Capt Macheath—Capt. Ashe. Peach'em—Capt.

Lord Westmeath were particularly distinguished. His Lordship's performance of Father Luke, in the Poor Soldier, was considered a masterpiece, and gained for the noble representative the celebrity of having his portrait in that character exhibited in all the print-shops and magazines of the day. The audience were always distinguished by rank and fashion, but by the rules of the theatre, were almost entirely females, no gentleman who was not a subscriber being on any account admitted."

This company continued their performances here till 1796. The Music Hall has been occasionally used in the present century for various entertainments, on a scale very different to the style in which they were conducted before the Union.

A few paces to the south of Fishamble-street, stands the street of St. Werburgh, the early history of which is connected with the final destruction of the Danish power in Dublin.

On the festival of Saint Matthew, the Apostle, in the year 1170, when the "town of the ford of hurdles"* was treacherously taken by the Irish and their Anglo-Norman allies, Asculph Mac Torcall, its Danish governor, and "many of the citizens, in little ships and boats, that then lay ready in the harbour, with the best of their goods, made their escape to the Orkney Islands." The old chronicler tells us, that:—

Browne. Lockit—Capt. Stewart. Mat-o'-the-Mint—Mr. H. Butler. The Gang—Lord Thurles, Mr. W. Butler, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Rochfort, Lord Cunningham, Mr. Whaley, Mr. Talbot. Filch—Mr. Howard. Lucy—Mrs. Garvey. Mrs. Peach'em—Diana Trapes. Mrs. Slammekin—Mrs. Dawson. Women—Mrs. Wells, Miss Atkins, Miss Kingston, Miss O'Reilly. Polly—Mrs. Mahon.

THE IRISH WIDOW. Whittle—Mr. Howard. Sir Patrick O'Neil—Mr. Nugent. Nephew—Capt. Witherington. Bates—Mr. Holmes. Thomas—Capt. Browne. Kecksey—Capt. Stewart. The Irish Widow—Mrs. Garvey. The following were the dramatis personæ in "THE RIVALS," as performed here in 1793: Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Lyster. Captain Absolute, Captain Ashe. Falkland, Mr. Witherington. Bob Acres, Mr. Howard. Fag, Mr. Humphrey Butler. Coachman, Mr. Vernon of Clontarf. Jacob Gawkey, Capt. Hamilton. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. F. Jones. Women: Miss Campion, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Garvey.

* "The Irish name of Dublin is *Duile atá cliaic* or the 'Town of the Ford of Hurdles,' and the name of that part of the river Liffey on which it is built, *Duibh-linn* (*Duibh-linn*) or the 'Black Water.' The Book of *Dinn Seanchus* informs us," says Dr. O'Donovan, "that this ford across the river was called *Ath-cliaic*, or the Ford of Hurdles, from hurdles of small twigs which the men of Leinster, in the reign of their king *Mesgeidhra*, placed across the river, for the purpose of conveying the sheep of *Athirne Ailgeasach* to *Dun-Edair*, a fortress on the hill of Howth, where many of the young warriors of Ulster were then stationed."

"At this time about the feast of Pentecost or Whitsuntide, Hasculphus, who was sometime the chiefe ruler of Dublin, sought, by all the waies he could, how he might be revenged for the reproch and shame which he had received when the citie of Dublin was taken, and he then driven to flie to his ship, and to save himselfe. This man had been in Norwaie, and in the North Islands to seeke for some helpe and aid; and having obtained the same he came about the feast of Pentecost, with threescore ships well appointed, and full fraughted with lustie men of warre unto the coasts of Dublin, minding to assaile the citie and hoping to recover the same. And without anie delaeings he landed and unshipped his men, who were guided and conducted under a capteine named John Wood or John Mad, for so the word Wood meaneth. They were all mightie men of warre, and well appointed after the Danish manner, being harnessed with good brigandines, iacks, and shirts of male; their shields, bucklers, and targets were round, and coloured red, and bound about with iron: and as they were in armor, so in minds also they were as iron strong and mightie. These men being set in battell arraie, and in good order, doo march onwards towards the east gate of the citie of Dublin, there minding to give th' assault, and with force to make entrie. Miles Cogan then warden of the citie, a man verie valiant and lustie, although his men and people were verie few, and as it were but a handfull in respect of the others: yet boldlie giveth the adventure and onset upon his enimies: but when he saw his owne small number not to be able to resist nor withstand so great force, and they still pressing and inforcing upon him, he was driven to retire backe with all his companie, and with the losse of manie of his men, and of them one being verie well armed, yet was his thigh cut off cleane at a stroke with a Galloglasse axe. But Richard Cogan, brother unto Miles, understanding how hardlie the matter passed and had sped with his brother, suddenlie and secretlie with a few men issueth out at the south posterne* or gate of the citie, and stealing upon the

* The Norman romance tells us that Richard de Cogan, with thirty horsemen, issued "pur la dute del occident," and attacked the Danes, shouting,

"Férés, chevalers vaillant;"

and, continues the romance:—

"Mult fu grant la melle
E li hu e la crié."

Miles de Cogan then sallied from the city, crying

"Férez, baruns alosez!
Ferez, vassals, hastiviment;
N'esparnlez icel gent!"

Cambrensis makes no mention of Gilmeholmoc, the prince who assisted the Anglo-Normans on this occasion. He probably thought proper to give the entire merit of the action to his countrymen, but in this, as in every other case, the strangers were assisted by large bodies of natives; a fact which has been studiously kept concealed. The chivalric compact said by the Norman rhymer to have been entered into by

backs of his enimies, maketh a great shout, and therewith sharpelie giveth the onset upon them. At which suddaine chance they were so dismaied, that albeit some fighting before, and some behind, the case was doubtfull, and the event uncerteine: yet at length they fled and ran awaie, and the most part of them were slaine, and namelie John Wood, whom with others John of Ridensford tooke and killed. Hasculphus fleeing to his ships was so sharpelie pursued, that upon the sands he was taken, but saved; and for the greater honour of the victorie was carried backe alive into the citie as a captive, where he was sometime the chief ruler and governor: and there hee was kept till he should compound for his ransome."

The "south posterne," through which Richard de Cogan sallied on this occasion, stood in the city wall, at the end of Werburgh-street, and was known as the "Pole Gate," being one of the gates of the town. It is said to have acquired the name of Pole or Pool from a confluence of water which settled in this hollow, and was often troublesome to passengers, till a bridge was thrown over it, which was repaired in 1544, by Nicholas Stanihurst, and known as the "Poule gate bridge." In latter times the gate was called St. Werburgh's gate, and in the early part of the seventeenth century, it was still standing at the end of Werburgh's-street, which it divided from St. Bridget's or Bride's-street."

Near the "Pole gate" and close to the city wall stood, in very remote times, the church of St. Martin, the vestiges of which were scarcely visible in the early part of the sixteenth century. Not far from its site was erected the Church of St. Werburgh, whence the street takes its name. The earliest notice of this edifice is to be found in a document of the twelfth century, in which it is mentioned among the parochial churches of Dublin. It had originally two chapels annexed; one called our Ladie's chapel, the other named St. Martin's, from the old church. St. Werburgh,* who is commemorated on the 3d of

the De Cogans with prince Gilmeholmoc was, no doubt, introduced to give colouring to the picture, as it cannot be supposed that the Anglo Normans alone, amounting only to three hundred and thirty, were able to repulse a body of well armed Scandinavians numbering nine or ten thousand "lustie men of warre." The whole account we at present possess of the Anglo-Norman invasion and establishment in Ireland, is evidently romantic: the original documents and rolls must be carefully examined before the history of this period can be set in a true light.

A description of the Galloglasse, above referred to, will be found in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. page 644.

* Among the many ecclesiastical establishments wrested from the Irish by the Anglo-Normans, under the authority of the Popes, was the cathe-

February, was daughter of Wulfer, King of Mercia, and said to be descended from "four kynges of the lande of England and of the riall bloode of Fraunce." She was considered the patron of Chester, to which her shrine was brought in 875, and her intercession is said frequently to have preserved that town from fire, enemies, and plague. Her body, which, according to her panegyrist, was "magnified with miracles next to our Ladie," after having remained perfect for two hundred years after death, miraculously resolved itself into dust, to prevent its being polluted by the Pagan Danes. Part of St. Werburgh's shrine now forms the Bishop's throne in the Cathedral of Chester. In the year 1301, on the night of St. Colum's festival, a great part of the city of Dublin, together with St. Werburgh's Church, was accidentally burned down. The cure of this parish has since the time of Archbishop Henri de Loundres, always been filled by the Chancellor of the Cathedral of St. Patrick. In a valuation made in the thirty-eighth year of King Henry VIII. we are told that the tithes and oblations of the Rectory or Chapel of St. Werburgh are of no value, beyond the alterages, which are assigned to the curate and repair of the Chancel.

Nicholas Walsh was minister of St. Werburgh's from 1571 to 1577, when he was appointed Bishop of Ossory. He, with his friend John Kearney, Treasurer of St. Patrick's, was the first who introduced Irish types into Ireland; Queen Elizabeth at her own expense provided a printing press and a fount of Irish letters, "in hope that God in mercy would raise up some to translate the New Testament into their mother tongue." They also obtained an order that the prayers should be printed in that character and language, and a church set apart in the chief town of every diocese, where they were to be read, and a sermon preached to the common people. In 1607, James Ussher, afterwards Primate of Ireland, a divine and scholar of European reputation, was

dral of Down, whence the secular native canons were expelled by Sir John de Courcy, who introduced in their place English Benedictine monks from St. Werburgh's in Chester. St. Werburgh's name is still associated with a spring in Fingal, known as "Saint Werburgh's well." Her legend has been published under the following title:—"Here begynneth the holy lyfe and history of saynt Werburge, very frutefull for all christen people to rede." Imprynted by Richarde Pynson, prynter to the Kynge's noble grace, 1521.

appointed to this Church. His successor here was William Chappel, who had been John Milton's tutor at Cambridge, and who, according to Symmonds, was the reputed author of the celebrated "Whole Duty of Man:" he was afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Cork and Ross. The titular Bishop of Down and Connor, who died in 1628 during his imprisonment in the Castle, on a charge of conspiring with foreign powers against the government, was buried in this churchyard at four in the morning, before the citizens were astir.

"St. Warburr's," says a writer in 1635, "is a kind of cathedral;* herein preacheth judicious Dr. Hoile about ten in

* Next to the church, and almost on the site of the present passage into the female school, stood Blue Boar-alley, so called from a sign at its entrance; it ran to the rere of Daly's tavern, in which, down to the year 1818, the principal Orange lodges of Dublin used to hold their meetings. Next to this, from an early period, was located the "Main Guard" of the city, referred to in the following extracts from the original unpublished official record of the proceedings of the Courts Martial, in Dublin, during the Protectorate.

"Att a Court Martiall held at the Castell 19^o Martii, 1651."

"James Lutrill Informant; Evan Jones Defdt, soldier under Captn. Hewlett:—

"This day the Defdt being convicted for stealing the Iron and sockett of a pump worth 5s. of the informant's goods, ordered, that he shall ride the wooden horse at the maine garde, with two musketts att each heele, with the iron and sockett att his necke and inscription on his breaste for one hower." "Symon Donelan Informant. Thomas Worthen and Thomas Kardell Defdts. 2 Julii, 1652. The Defendants being accused for the violent taking of 5s. in money and 8s. worth of goods from the Informant and others in protection, and thereof founde guilty, it was ordered, that they should be whipt from the main guard to ye Gallows and backward againe to ye sd guard, each of them to receive 40 lashes, being first dismounted and reduced as foote souldiers into Captn Woodcock's Company."

The station of the Main Guard appears to have been afterwards used as a watch-house, but the vestiges of its original use were preserved in the name of "Gun-alley," situated next the watch-house, and in which, at the commencement of the present century, the parish engines were kept. "Blue Boar-alley" and "Gun-alley" have been entirely erased by the erection of the modern parish schools on their site.

The Goldsmith's Hall was held till late in the last century in the house nearly opposite to Hoey's-court: it was the general place so early as 1742, for holding auctions of plate and valuables. In this Hall was the office of the Assay master and receiver of the duties upon plate.

The "Yellow Lion" Tavern was also in Werburgh-street; in it we find a lodge of Free Masons meeting so early as 1725. Here also was the "Cock Ale-house," over which, in 1746, William Kelly, the fencing master, kept his school. He was the son of Cornelius Kelly, of whom we have before spoken. John Bowes, the Solicitor-General, and after-

the morning, and three in the afternoon; a most zealous preacher, and general scholar in all manner of learning, a mere cynic." Dr. Hoyle, the friend of Ussher, and the "tutor and chamber fellow" of Sir James Ware, was elected Professor of Divinity in, and Fellow of, Trinity College, Dublin; he sat in the Assembly of Divines, witnessed against Laud, and in 1648 was appointed master of University College, Oxford. In the seventeenth century St. Werburgh's church was the burial place of many of the chief Anglo-Irish families: the gallant Sir Arthur Blundell, who had served in Elizabeth's wars, and commanded the troops sent from Ireland to assist Charles I. at Carlisle, was interred here in 1650; as was also in 1666, Sir James Ware, Auditor General, confessedly the ablest Anglo-Irish antiquary of his time. "He was buried," says his biographer, "in the Church of St. Werburgh, in the city of Dublin, in a vault belonging to his family, without either stone or monumental inscription. But he had taken care in his life time to erect a monument for himself by his labours more lasting than any mouldering materials." To the disgrace of the literary classes of Dublin, no memorial marks the resting place of one of the most distinguished scholars ever produced by their city. Ware's fame was not

wards, in 1756, Lord Chancellor, resided in Werburgh-street from 1730 to 1742; and here in 1782 died Edward Worth, one of the most eminent physicians of his day in Ireland. Being suspected of Jacobitism, he was satirized under the name of "Sooterkin," in a poem published in 1706, and accused of being an atheist. Dr. Worth was the greatest and most "curious" book collector of his time. He left his library, valued at £5000, to Stevens' Hospital (where it is still preserved), together with £100 for fitting it up, and a legacy of £1000. One thousand volumes of his collection were left by him to Trinity College, Dublin, with an annuity of ten pounds for a yearly oration in praise of Academic learning. He also bequeathed £120 per annum, for ever, to Merton College, Oxford, where he had received his education. The remainder of his immense property devolved to Edward Worth of Rathfarnham, a distant relative.

In Werburgh-street, towards the middle of the last century, resided Edmond Dillon, an apothecary and the most expert player at hurling of his time. To him was apprenticed William O'Reilly, who afterwards became one of the best comedians of his day. On his death, in 1791, his funeral was attended to the churchyard of St. James, with the largest concourse of people seen for many years; so deep was the regret of the citizens of Dublin at losing their favorite actor, who, it may be observed, was nephew to the famous Count O'Reilly of Spain.

confined to Ireland; his writings are well known and esteemed on the Continent, and their high merit was recognized, even at the time of their publication, by Bochart, Selden, and Sir Robert Cotton. In 1672, Edward Wetenhall was curate of St. Werburgh's. He was appointed Bishop of Cork and Ross in 1678, and of Kilmore in 1699. A noted controversialist he wrote against Baxter, Stillingfleet, and William Penn; and attacked Sherlock in a treatise entitled—"The Antiapology of the melancholy Stander by," 4to, 1693. He also wrote "The Wish: being the tenth satire of Juvenal, paraphrastically rendered in Pindarick verse," published at Dublin in 1675, and dedicated to Murrough, Lord Viscount Blessington. Wetenhall was the author of the well known Greek and Latin Grammars which have gone through innumerable editions, and are still in use. William King, subsequently Archbishop of Dublin, and author of the celebrated treatise, "De origine mali," was minister here from 1679 to 1688. In King James's time, Pierce Butler, Viscount Galmoy, a distinguished soldier, was, "for some insolent or ill actions committed by him in these days in the Parish Church of St. Werburgh's, Dublin, ordered to do penance in the said church, but it was remitted for some certain mulct to be given for the use of the poor of that Parish." "This," says a contemporary, "I saw publicly performed at a vestry in the said church."

Samuel Foley, who succeeded Dr. King, was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor in 1694, in which year he published, in the "Philosophical Transactions," the first account given to the public of the Giant's Causeway. "Good John" Stearne, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's, officiated here from 1702 to 1706. He was distinguished by his munificence to our literary establishments, his splendid collections of books and manuscripts, and his unbounded charity to the poor, as well as by his profuse hospitality; for Dean John's "beef and claret" were long famous in Dublin. Edward Synge was for six years minister of this parish, "preaching almost constantly to crowded congregations:" owing to his zeal for the House of Hanover, he was promoted in 1714 to the Bishopric of Raphoe, and in 1716 to the See of Tuam. His theological works are highly esteemed, and have been published in four volumes. He incurred much censure for some expressions used in a sermon at St. Werburgh's, on Sunday, 3d October, 1714: a

contemporary manuscript in our possession states, "that it was publickly said in the City that the Doctor was preaching a new religion;" he accordingly printed the obnoxious sermon, as he says himself, "to put a stop to the false and altogether groundless reports that had been spread abroad concerning it." Dr. Synge, it has been remarked, was the son of one Bishop, the nephew of another, and the father of two Bishops, namely, Nicholas, Bishop of Killaloe, and Edward, Bishop of Elphin, commonly called "Proud Ned."

In this church, in the last century, the charity sermons for relief of the surviving soldiers who had fought for King William III. were generally preached. The ungrateful manner in which those men were treated by the party who owed its ascendancy to their exertions, has been noticed by a late Presbyterian writer:—

"Instead of being in any wise rewarded, they did not even receive the amount of pay which was acknowledged by parliament to be justly due to them. In 1691 the officers and men of both garrisons constituted Colonel Hugh Hamill of Lifford, their agent and trustee, and authorized him to make the necessary applications to the crown and to parliament for their arrears. Seven years afterwards he resigned this office, and his brother, William Hamill, who resided principally in England, was appointed in his room. He used every effort in his power on behalf of his employers, but without success; and in 1714 he published a statement of his proceedings and a strong appeal to the public, entitled 'A Memorial by William Hamill, Gent., agent and trustee for the officers and soldiers of the two late garrisons of Londonderry and Enniskilling in Ireland, their relicts and representatives. Dedicated to his principals.' Lond. 1714, 8vo. pp. 40. This effort in their favour met with no better success; and he was again compelled to lay their hard case before the nation in a second publication with this sarcastic and significant title, 'A view of the danger and folly of being public-spirited and sincerely loving one's country, in the deplorable case of the Londonderry and Enniskilling regiments; being a true and faithful account of their unparalleled services and sufferings at and since the Revolution. To which is added the particular case of William Hamill, Gent. their agent.' Lond. 1721, 4to. pp. 74. From this work it appears that, after two and thirty years tedious and fruitless negotiations, the following arrears were still due to the eight regiments that formed the garrison of Derry during the siege:—Baker's regiment, £16,274. 9s. 8d; Mitchelburn's, £9,541. 16s.; Walker's, £10,188. 13s. 6d.; Munroe's, £8,360. 2s.; Crofton's, £7,750. 11s. 6d.; Hamill's, £8,969. 13s. 6d; Lane's, £8,360. 2s.; Murray's, £5,312. 9s. 6d.; making a total of £74,757. 17s. 8d., not a farthing of which appears to have been ever paid."

Although recent researches among original documents have proved that the garrison of Derry* vastly exceeded the number of its besiegers, and that the history of other events of these wars has been equally falsified, no palliation is to be found for the shameful manner which the Irish Williamite officers and soldiers were defrauded by their employers.

In 1715, we learn from official authority that the parish church of St. Werburgh's was "so decayed and ruinous, that the parishioners could not with safety assemble therein for the performance of Divine Service, and likewise, so small in extent, that great numbers of the conformable inhabitants were forced either to neglect the public worship of Almighty God or repair to other parish churches," and as the parishioners were mostly shop-keepers and tradesmen who paid "great and heavy rents," the king granted the plot of ground on which the Council Chamber formerly stood, towards the rebuilding of

* The account hitherto received of the siege of Derry in 1689 is now proved by incontestable evidence to be totally false. When that town was besieged, the number of its armed garrison amounted to 12,000 men, exclusive of 20,000 inhabitants; yet, although aided by an English fleet of 30 sail, they allowed themselves to be blockaded for three months by a miserably provided force of 6,000 Jacobites, who were unable to make any regular attack on the place, and obliged to divide their men to oppose the Enniskilleners. The Williamites, who deserved merit for their services in these wars, were deprived of their just recompense by the fraudulent and mendacious representations of the Rev. Colonel George Walker, who arrogated all the merit to himself, and while the foreign soldiers were fully paid, Colonel Mitchelburne and other Irishmen, deserving well of the Prince of Orange, were allowed to die of starvation.

Another gross misrepresentation still exists with regard to Colonel Lundy, Governor of Derry. "The real facts connected with Lundy's conduct in the North, and afterwards in London, are, that he appeared before a Parliamentary Committee, where, on examination, he alleged, as the cause of his want of success, that he could not get the Ulster Williamites to stand before the Irish; and, moreover, he offered to submit to a trial in Derry itself, for whatever could be alleged against him. But a Committee of the principal Williamites—on which was, amongst others, his reverend calumniator, and the self-assumed military Governor of Derry, Walker—gave it as their opinion, that it was not expedient such a trial should take place. Yet this Lundy, whom the Ulster Williamites evidently would not dare to try, because they could not find him guilty of any thing, but not being able to resist the Irish in the field with a set of runaways, has been annually burned in effigy ever since by the Derry Orangemen, as a traitor." For further remarks on the falsification of the history of the Irish wars of the Revolution, as demonstrated by the researches of Mr. O'Callaghan, the reader is referred to the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., 452, 462.

the church, which was executed in 1718, from the design of Isaac Wills, one of our most eminent architects, although totally unknown to former authors who undertook to write on the antiquities of Dublin. The lower part of the new church was the same as at present; the upper story consisted of a lofty octagonal tower, adorned with Ionic pilasters, and crowned with a dome and cross. Of the clergymen connected with this church in the last century we may mention the Rev. Patrick Delany (1730–to 1734), the intimate friend of Swift, author of the *Treatise on Polygamy*, and esteemed the best Dublin preacher of his day. John Blachford (1744–1748), father of Mrs. Tighe, authoress of “*Psyche*;” Sir Philip Hoby, Bart. (1748–1766); during his ministry, in the year 1754, an accidental fire occurred in the church and burned its roof, galleries, organ, seats, and windows, leaving nothing but the stone work and bells. The church was again rebuilt, and a steeple erected with the funds bequeathed by Hoby, and by a contribution from the Archbishop of Dublin.

Hoby, who was advanced to the Archdeaconry of Ardfert, likewise left a sum of money to purchase an organ,* which

* Thomas Carter, organist of St. Werburgh's, was the composer of the air “Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me.” He also composed the celebrated hunting song, “Ye Sportsmen give ear;” and one of the most popular airs in “*Love in a Village*.” Henry Dodwell, whose “immense learning” has been eulogized by Gibbon, was born in St. Werburgh's parish in 1641. Garrick's rival, Spranger Barry, the great tragedian, was also a native of this parish.

Hoey's Alley or Court, off Werburgh-street, was built early in the seventeenth century on the site of St. Austin's-lane. About the period of the Restoration, this court was the residence of the chief lawyers of Dublin.

Jonathan Swift, afterwards the Dean of St. Patrick's, was born on the 30th of November, 1667, at No. 9, in Hoey's court, the residence of his uncle, Counsellor Godwin Swift. Although regarded by his relatives in early life as an incumbrance, this court must have been his chief resort from the period of his return from the Kilkenny school in 1682, to enter Trinity College, until his departure for England in 1688. It is much to be regretted that no inscription or monument exists to indicate the birth-place of the man who possessed “a genius equally suited to politics and to letters, a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language.” Robert Marshall, third Sergeant of the Exchequer, resided here from 1738 to 1741. In 1753, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Marshall was the friend of Swift's Vanessa. On her death she bequeathed her entire property to him and George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, with a request that they would publish the correspondence which had

was built by Millar of College-street, and first publicly performed on in June, 1768, in which year the building of the steeple was completed. Richard Woodward was minister here from 1772 to 1778, when he obtained the See of Cloyne. He acquired considerable notoriety by his pamphlet reflecting on the principles of Roman Catholics, which was vigorously assailed and exposed by the able and facetious Arthur O'Leary. We have shown that a clergyman of St. Werburgh's was the first who introduced Irish types into this kingdom, and endeavoured to instruct the natives in their own language; it was reserved for his successor, Woodward, to advocate the extirpation of the Celtic tongue on the plea that it was not fashionable in England. For this absurd proposition he was held up to merited ridicule by O'Leary, who asked "whether it would not be easier for one parson to study Irish than for a whole parish to learn the English language." The Capuchin had the best of the controversy, and Bishop Woodward was forced to admit that his opponent represented matters strongly and eloquently, and that, "Shakespeare like, he was well acquainted with the avenues of the human heart."

On the 3rd of May, 1787, the annual commemoration of Handel was held in St. Werburgh's church. "A more elegant or brilliant auditory," says a contemporary, "never appeared to honour the memory of that great musical genius"

"The church could with difficulty accommodate the numbers—the pews and galleries were filled in a short time. Seats were fixed on each side of the centre aisle—even these were insufficient, and many were obliged to stand during the whole of the performance. The dispositions made were very well conceived. The performers, whose numbers were very great (about 300), but whose execution was still greater, were placed in an orchestra, extremely extensive, projecting before the organ on a temporary gallery built for the purpose, and gradually arising on each side to the roof of the church.

passed between her and the Dean. They did not comply with this request, and Berkeley is said to have destroyed the original letters; copies were, however, preserved by Marshall, and they were first published in 1825. William Ruxton, Surgeon-General, resided in Hoey's Court till his death in 1783. The Guild of Glovers or fraternity of blessed Mary the Virgin, founded by Patent of Edward IV. in 1475, and the Corporation of Brewers, or "Guild of St. Andrew's," had their public halls here till late in the last century. On the north side of Hoey's Court, stood Eades's tavern, closed about 1813.

The following were the principal instrumental performers :—

Conductor, Mr. Doyle. Organist, Mr. Cogan. Principal First Violins, Messrs. Weichsell, Neale, O'Reilly. Principal Second Violins, Messrs. Fitzgerald, Beatty, Rivers. Principal Tenors, Sir Hercules Langrishe, Messrs. Quin, French, Wood. Principal Violincellos, Baron Dillon, Mr. Ashworth, Lord Delvin, Rev. Mr. Quin. Flutes, Messrs. Ash, and Black. Hautboys, Mr. Cook, Rev. Mr. Sandys.

A throne, very superb in its construction, was prepared for the Duke of Rutland, the Lord Lieutenant, opposite the grand entrance door. About one o'clock his Grace entered, attended by his suite, and shortly after the performance began. To particularize any one instrumental performer would be doing injustice to the rest ; bewildered amidst such a display of excellence, the judgment is at a loss on which to bestow the wreath, all were perfect in their line, and perhaps all deserve it. In the vocal performance, however, we must be more particular. It was often the subject of regret that the vocal abilities of our fair countrywomen were confined to a sphere rather circumscribed—that custom had placed a bar against their exercise in public. The present case, we are happy to find, furnishes an exception to it. Lady Portarlington, Mrs. Stopford, and Miss Margram delighted the audience with their vocal powers. In the first act Mrs. Stopford executed the song, 'He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd' admirably. Lady Portarlington was equally happy in the second act, song, 'He was rejected and despised of men,' and Miss Margram was enchanting in the recitative, 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart,' and the airs, &c., that followed. In fine, the performance went off with great eclat. It is not enough to say, that it was excellent—an idea of it may be conceived by those who feel the fervor of harmony, but it is absolutely indescribable. The whole presented a scene of resplendence, which was not a little heightened by the beauty and elegance of the ladies, and the general satisfaction that sat on every face, gave an additional zest to the harmony. His Grace the Lord Lieutenant's throne had a perfect command of the orchestra, in the centre of which, exactly under the conductor of the band, was placed a likeness of Handel himself, esteemed a very good one."

In June, 1798, the corpse of the gallant but ill-starred Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald was conveyed from the gaol of Newgate, and entombed in the vaults of this church, immediately under the chancel, where it still lies.

"The dear remains," writes the incomparable Lady Louisa Conolly "were deposited by Mr. Bourne* in St. Werburgh's

* Rev. Richard Bourne was minister of Werburgh's from 1781 to 1810, when he was advanced to the Deanery of Tuam. The reason for selecting Werburgh's church as the temporary burial place of "Lord Edward" is not very obvious. Tradition states that many of the Fitz-Geralds were buried here in ancient days, which is partially confirmed by the

church, until the times would permit of their being removed to the family vault at Kildare. I ordered every thing upon that occasion that appeared to me to be right, considering all the heart-breaking circumstances belonging to that event; and I was guided by the feelings which I am persuaded our beloved angel would have had upon the same occasion, had he been to direct for *me*, as it fell to my lot to do for *him*. I well knew that to run the smallest risk of shedding *one drop of blood*, by any riot intervening upon that mournful occasion, would be the thing of all others that would vex him most; and knowing also how much he despised all outward show, I submitted to what I thought prudence required. The impertinence and neglect (in Mr. Cook's office) of orders (not-

fact of a large stone monument, apparently of the fifteenth century, having stood in the old church. It represents a knight and his lady in the usual recumbent position: on the knight's shield is a cross in saltire, the arms of the Geraldines. This monument, with some other old pieces of sculpture formerly in the interior of the edifice, is now built into a portion of the south wall of the church.

The original parish school-house, still standing on the North side of the churchyard, at present forms part of the warehouse of Messrs Sykes and Hull, army clothiers. The boys of this school in the last century were clad in an attire exactly similar to that of the "Blue Coat Hospital," whence Blue Boar-alley was sometimes styled Blue Coat-alley.

James Southwell, "Batchelor, born in the Parish of St. Werburgh's," who died in 1729, aged 88 years; bequeathed £1250 to purchase £62. 10s. for ever, for certain purposes, among which were the following:—To a Lecturer to read prayers and preach a sermon, every second Wednesday, £20. Bread for the poor, after the sermon, 3s. 6d. each night, £4 6s. 8d. Candles in dark nights at lecture, £1 0s. 0d. Coals for poor roomkeepers, £4 3s. 4d. To bind a Parish boy apprentice to a trade, £3. He also bequeathed £45 for a clock, £386 for a ring of bells, and £20 to twenty poor widows. Southwell is said to have been a silk merchant who resided on Cork-hill, near the site of the present Exchange. The Lecture is still regularly preached, and the allowance distributed to the poor. In 1760 Dr. Thomas Leland, author of the History of Ireland, the "Life of Philip Macedon," and of "Sermons on various subjects," 3 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1768, was Southwell's lecturer in St. Werburgh's Church.

"A new and mournful elegy, on the lamentable death of the famous usurer, James Southwell, who died raving mad, on Sunday, January the 19th, 1728-9," printed by John Durneen, next door to the Waly's head in Patrick's-street," contains several particulars relative to Southwell, and concludes as follows:—

" Rejoyce St. Werburgh's, toll your knells,
To you he's left a ring of bells;
A fine new ring, that when your steeple,
Is higher built—to call the people;
Blew-boys, rejoyce! and eke ye poor,
By him ye've got now something more,
And but ye legatees complain,
To whom he left his old jack chain."

withstanding Lord Castlereagh had arranged everything as I wished it) had nearly caused what I had taken such pains to avoid. However, happily, nothing happened." "A guard," says Lord Henry Fitz-Gerald, "was to have attended at Newgate, the night of my poor brother's burial, in order to provide against all interruption from the different guards and patrols in the streets:—it never arrived, which caused the funeral to be several times stopped in its way, so that the burial did not take place till near two in the morning, and the people attending obliged to stay in the church until a pass could be procured to enlarge them."

In 1841, the remains of Major Sirr, the assassin of "Lord Edward," were deposited in this churchyard: the spot is marked out in the East corner by a broken flag with a short inscription, and shaded by a melancholy tree. The stone does not explicitly state that the town Major of '98 was buried under it, and appears to have been originally placed over the corpse of his father who preceded him in that office, and was also distinguished by his bad character; a fact unknown to the biographers of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald. A more infamous tool than Henry Charles Sirr, was probably never employed by any government; the bare relation of his atrocities would far exceed the wildest fiction which ever emanated from the brain of the most morbid romancist.

The horrors of Continental cruelties and secret tortures, depicted in the most terrible pages of Lewis, Radcliffe, or Ainsworth, dwindle into insignificance when contrasted with the perpetrations of Sirr and his blood-stained associates, during the Irish reign of terror. "It was at that sad crisis," says Curran, "that the defendant, from an obscure individual, started into notice and consequence. It is in the hotbed of public calamity, that such portentous and inauspicious products are accelerated without being matured. From being a town-major, a name scarcely legible in the list of public incumbrances, he became at once invested with all the real powers of the most absolute authority. The life and liberty of every man seemed to be given up to his disposal."

On an upright slab in the middle of St. Werburgh's churchyard is to be seen an epitaph on John Edwin, one of the actors of Crow-street theatre, who died in 1805, from chagrin at the illiberal criticism of the anonymous author of the "Familiar Epistles on the present state of the Irish Stage." The writer

of those "Epistles," we may remark, gained considerable notoriety in the year 1849, by his vituperative attack on the greatest English essayist of the present day, who, however, did not allow himself to be "snuffed out by an article."

The steeple of this church, 160 feet in height, terminating with a gilt ball and vane, formed one of the chief ornaments of Dublin from whatever side it was viewed, but having been found in a dangerous condition, it was removed in 1810 by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, although Mr. Johnson, the late eminent architect, offered to secure it in a permanent manner. The same iconoclastical body, in 1836, had the tower of the church taken down, and unhung the bells, which are still preserved in the vestibule.

Before the Castle chapel was rebuilt, St. Werburgh's church was one of the most fashionable in Dublin, it was regularly attended by the Lord Lieutenant and his suite, and was always densely thronged. The state seat is still to be seen, in front of the organ.

It is difficult now to determine at what exact period theatrical representations were first introduced into Dublin. An ancient custom, we are told, "prevailed for a long time in the city always against the great festivals of the year to invite the Lord Deputy, the nobility, and other persons of quality and rank to an entertainment, in which they first diverted them with *stage plays*, and then regaled them with a splendid banquet. The several corporations also upon their patron's days, held themselves obliged to the like observances, which were for a long time very strictly kept up and practised." In the accounts of the cathedral of St. Patrick, for the year 1509, we find *iiis. id.* charged for Thomas Mayowe, *ludenti* cum *vii. luminibus* at Christmas and Candlemas, and *ivs. viid.* for the *Players* "with the great and the small angel and the dragon at Whitsuntide." These were, however, but representations of the nature of miracle plays. The first notice we have of a regular dramatic piece performed in Dublin is to be found in a writer of the early part of the last century, who tells us, that "Mr. Ogilby the Master of the Revels in this Kingdom (who had it from proper authority) informed Mr. Ashbury, that plays had been often acted in the Castle of Dublin when Blount, Lord Mountjoy, was Lord Lieutenant here in the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. And Mr. Ashbury saw a bill for wax-tapers, dated the 7th day of

September, 1601 (Queen Elizabeth's Birth Day), for the play of Gorboduc* done at the Castle, one and twenty shillings and two groats." "But it is to be supposed," adds the same author, "they were gentlemen of the Court that were the

* This, according to the highest authority, is "the earliest extant piece in English that can with any fitness be called a tragedy. Its correct, if not its most ancient title, is 'The tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex,' but it only bears it in the second edition of 1571, while it is called 'The tragedy of Gorboduc,' in the copies of 1565 and 1590."

The following particulars may serve to give an idea of the internal arrangements of the Theatres, at the close of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century. Public Theatres were open to the sky except the Stage and Boxes or "Rooms." The Stage, covered on great occasions with mats, but in general strewn with rushes, was provided with trap-doors, pulleys, &c. Moveable scenery began to be used about 1636; previous to its adoption it was customary to affix a board in a conspicuous part of the Theatre, on which was indicated, in large letters, the place intended to be represented. The musicians played between the acts, and are supposed to have been placed in a box or "room" at the side of the stage: the present position of the orchestra, between the audience and the stage, was first introduced from France after the Restoration. The place where the spectators stood was uncovered, and called the "yard." There were also "twopenny galleries" and boxes, the admission to the latter was one shilling.

Several young gallants, to make themselves conspicuous, used to gain admission through the "Tiring Room," and having hired three-legged stools for sixpence or a shilling, they sat on the stage, attended by their pages, whose office was to keep their masters' pipes filled with tobacco. The curtain, composed of arras and worsted, until the middle of the seventeenth century, opened in the centre, running upon a rod. Besides the curtain in front, there were other curtains at the back of the stage, called "traverses," which, when drawn, served to make another and an inner apartment, when such was required by the business of the play. Private theatres, of which class the one in Werburgh-street probably was, were of smaller dimensions than the public play-houses, and entirely roofed in from the weather; the performances being by candle or torch light, although in the day time. They had pits furnished with seats; the visitors had a right to sit upon the stage, and the boxes or rooms were enclosed or locked.

The usual hour for dinner, at this period, was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three: the Prologue was spoken by an actor in a black cloak, after a trumpet had been thrice sounded; between the acts several tunes were played by the musicians. After the conclusion of the play, the more cheerfully to dismiss the spectators, a "jig" was performed. This is supposed to have been "a ludicrous composition in rhyme, sung or said, by the clown, accompanied by dancing and playing upon the pipe or tabor." On a conspicuous part of the outside of the theatre was placed a sign; a flag was hoisted on the top to give notice of the performance, and was lowered at the conclusion of the entertainment. Play-bills were used at this time, but they are supposed not to have contained the names of the actors. The audiences of the old theatres amused themselves with reading, playing at cards, drinking, and

actors on this occasion." The late J. C. Walker, an excellent Italian scholar but a shallow Irish antiquary, questioned the authenticity of this statement, because he was unable to discover the bill referred to. Ashbury, however, would scarcely have descended to an unprofitable forgery, and he may have had an opportunity of seeing the document, spoken of, in private hands or in some of the offices of the Government with which he was connected for nearly sixty years. It must also be recollected that the fire of 1711 destroyed many original papers which had survived the troubled times of the Revolution.

The "Black Book" of the King's Inns contains an entry in Hilary term 1630 of a payment of two pounds to the "Players for the grand day:" we have no means, at present, of deciding whether this performance was of a theatrical or musical nature. In 1633 John Ogilby came to Dublin in the train of the Viscount Wentworth, by whom he was occasionally employed as an amanuensis; while here he began his translation of Esop's Fables, a version still in repute, and also wrote the poem called the "Character of a Trooper," esteemed a very witty production at the time. By the favor of the Lord Deputy and the influence of his friends, Ogilby was enabled to build a "little theatre" in Werburgh-street. The time was peculiarly favorable for such an undertaking. In 1634 a Parliament, the first for nineteen years, was held in Dublin, and the number of Peers who sat in it amounted to above fifty. The splendour of the Court of Dublin during the Vice-Royalty of Strafford far exceeded anything before known in the city. "Other Deputies," says the Earl in 1633, "kept never an horse in their stables, put up the King's pay for their troop and company in a manner clear into their purses, infinitely to his Majesty's disservice in the example; I have threescore good horse in mine, which

smoking, before or during the performances. Fruit was sold in the theatre, and the cracking of nuts, to the great annoyance of the performers, was one of the chief amusements. Ben Jonson speaks of

———"the vulgar sort
Of nut-crackers, who only come for sight:"

and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," we are told of

———"fellows, that at ordinaries dare eat
Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a play, and crack
More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels."

will stand me in twelve hundred pounds a year, and a guard of fifty Foot waiting on his Majesty's Deputy every Sunday, personable men and well appointed. Other Deputies have kept their tables for thirty pounds a week: Upon my faith it stands me (besides my stable) in threescore and ten pounds when it is at least." The author of the "*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*," writing from Dublin during Strafford's Vice-gerency, says, "Here is a most splendid Court kept at the Castle, and except that of the Vice-roy of Naples, I have not seen the like in Christendom; and in one point of grandezza, the Lord Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can confer honours, and dub knights, which that Vice-roy cannot, or any other I know of. Traffick encreaseth here wonderfully, with all kind of bravery and buildings."

A tourist who had travelled through Holland, the United Provinces, England and Scotland, tells us in 1635, that "Dublin is beyond all exception the fairest, richest, best built city he had met with (except York and Newcastle); it is far beyond Edenborough; only one street in Edenborough (the great long street) surpasseth any street here. Here is the Lord Deputy resident in the Castle, and the state and council of the Kingdom," "This city of Dublin," continues the same author, "is extending his bounds and limits very far; much additions of building lately, and some of these very fair, stately and complete buildings; every commodity is grown very dear. You must pay also for an horse hire 1s. 6d. a day. There are various commodities cried in Dublin as in London, which it doth more resemble than any other town I have seen in the King of England's dominions."

Besides the many noblemen who sojourned at this period in Dublin, we find some distinguished men among the lawyers many of the most eminent of whom were then Roman Catholics. Of the disciples of Themis the following may be noticed:—Patrick Darcy, author of the "*Argument*" delivered before the Irish House of Commons in 1641, and afterwards member of the Supreme Council of Kilkenny. Sir Audley Mervin, distinguished both as a soldier and a lawyer, who had the hardihood, in 1640, to impeach Sir Richard Bolton, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Derry, Sir Edward Lowther, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir George Radcliffe. Sir James Barry, Second Baron of the Ex-

chequer and founder of the house of Santry ; we are indebted to him for his excellent report on "The Case of Tenures," 1637. Sir Richard Bolton, Lord Chancellor, who in 1628 published the second edition of the Irish Statutes. Sir Richard Beling, the friend of Shirley, an accomplished scholar, author of the sixth book usually appended to Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and of some elegantly written Latin historical works. He was afterwards Secretary to the Confederation of Kilkenny, and, as their ambassador to the Pope, "brought back with him a fatal present in the person of the Nuncio Rinuccini." Literature was also beginning at this time to progress in Dublin. Dr. James Ussher and Sir James Ware, the auditor general, were now employed in publishing their works on our history and antiquities which spread the fame of Ireland through Europe, and which are even to this day in high esteem with the learned. The foregoing particulars may serve to give an idea of the state of our town at the time when a theatre was opened in it for the first time.* St. Werburgh's street must have presented a picturesque appearance during

* An Act of Parliament, passed at Dublin 1635—6, "for the erecting of Houses of Correction and for the punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, sturdy Beggars, and other lewde and idle persons," contains a reference to strolling players, and gives an account of the various impostors at the time in Ireland. The Egyptians mentioned in it are the Gypsies, whose appearance in Ireland at this early period has not been noticed before.

"And be it further enacted by the authoritie aforesaid, That all persons, calling themselves Schollers, going about begging, all idle persons going about in any Countrey, either begging, or using any subtile craft, or unlawfull games or playes, or faigning themselves to have knowledge in Phisiognomie, Palmestry, or other like crafty Science, or pretending that they can tell Destinies, or such other like phantasticall imaginations, all persons that be, or utter themselves to be Proctors, Procurers, Patent-Gatherers, or Collectors for Gaoles, Prisons, or Hospitals: All Fencers, Beare-wards, Common-players of Enter-ludes, and Minstrels wandring abroad; all Juglers, all wandring persons, and common labourers, being persons able in body, using loytering, and refusing to worke for such reasonable wages, as is taxed and commonly given in such parts, where such persons doe, or shall happen to abide or dwell, not having living otherwise to maintaine themselves, all persons delivered out of Gaoles, that beg for their Fees, otherwise trawaile begging, all such as shall wander abroad, pretending loss by fire or otherwise, all such as wandring pretend themselves to bee Egyptians, or wander in the habite, forme, or attire of counterfeit Egyptians, shall be taken, adjudged, and deemed Roagues, Vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such punishments, as are appointed by a statute made 33 of King Henry the eight."

the hours which immediately preceded and followed the theatrical performances. At these times it was doubtless thronged with numbers of gallants, with their long and curling locks, their peaked beards and their small up-turned moustaches, and clad in "doublets of silk, satin or velvet, with large loose sleeves, slashed up the front; the collar covered by a falling band of the richest point lace, with that peculiar edging now called Vandyke; a short cloak worn carelessly on one shoulder; the long breeches, fringed or pointed, meeting the tops of the wide boots, which were also ruffled with lace or lawn. A broad-leafed Flemish beaver hat, with a rich hat-band and plume of feathers, set on one side the head, and a Spanish rapier, hung from a most magnificent baldrick or sword belt, worn sash-wise over the right shoulder."

The excess to which luxury in dress was carried in Dublin about this period, called forth the interference of the legislature, and in 1634 it was ordered by the Irish House of Commons, that "the proposition made against the excessive wearing of bone lace, and of gold and silver lace, shall be referred to the consideration of the Committee of Grievances, to consider what persons and degrees are fit to use the same, and how, for to report their opinion thereon to the House."

In 1637, Ogilby's friend, James Shirley, came to Dublin, and appears to have taken considerable interest in the Werburgh-street theatre, where his tragi-comedy of the "Royal Master" was performed as well as at the Castle, in the presence of the Earl of Strafford, "on New Year's Day at night." His plays of "The Doubtful Heir," first styled "Rosania, or Love's Victory," "St. Patrick for Ireland," and the "Constant Maid," were likewise written for, and first performed at the theatre in Werburgh's-street. About the same period, several of the plays of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher and Middleton, were also acted there.

The following was the Prologue spoken to one of Fletcher's plays in Werburgh's-street at this time:—

"I am come to say, you must, or like the Play,
Or forfeit, gentlemen, your wits to day.
'Tis Fletcher's Comedy: if after this,
Detraction have but so much breath to hiss,
An English poet bid me tell you, when
He shall salute his native shores again,
He will report your stories, all this while
False, and that you have serpents in this isle.

For your own sakes, though th' actors should not hit,
Be, or seem, wise enough to like the wit."

The interval between the Parliament of 1635 and that of 1639, appears to have deprived the theatre of some of its best supporters, in the persons of the members of the Houses of Peers and Commons: this is evident from the following address of the players :—

" We are sorry, gentlemen, that with all pains
To invite you hither, the wide house contains
No more. Call you this term? if the courts were
So thin, I think 'twould make your lawyers swear,
And curse men's charity, on whose want they thrive,
Whilst we by it woo to be kept alive.
I'll tell you what a poet says: two year
He has liv'd in Dublin, yet he knows not where
To find the city: he observ'd each gate;
It could not run through them, they are too strait.
When he did live in England, he heard say,
That here were men lov'd wit and a good play;
That here were gentlemen, and lords; a few
Here bold to say, there were some ladies too:
This he believ'd, and though they are not found
Above, who knows what may be under ground?
But they do not appear, and missing these,
He says he'll not believe your Chronicles
Hereafter, nor the maps, since all this while,
Dublin's invisible, and not Brasil;*

* This is, we believe, the first notice in an English writer of "that enchanted island called O'Brasil, and in Irish Beg-ara, or the lesser Aran, set down in cards of navigation," and which is said occasionally to appear on the West Coast of Ireland. "Whether it be," says an old writer, "reall and firm land, kept hidden by speciall ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evill spirits, is more than our judgments can sound out." A curious and rare tract, entitled "O Brazile, or the Enchanted Island, being a perfect relation of the late Discovery, and wonderful Disinchantment of an Island on the North of Ireland." London: 1675, has been reprinted by Mr. Hardiman. On this subject the late Gerald Griffin wrote a ballad entitled, "Hy Brasail—The Isle of the Blest," of which the following is the first verse:

" On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest.
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away."

None of our bibliographers appear to have been acquainted with a tract entitled, "A Voyage to O'Brasael: or, the sub-marine Island. Giving

And all that men can talk, he'll think to be
 A fiction now above all poetry.
 But stay, you think he's angry ; no, he pray'd
 Me tell you, he recants what he has said ;
 He's pleas'd, so you shall be, yes, and confess
 We have a way 'bove wit of man to please ;
 For though we should despair to purchase it
 By wit of man, this is a Woman's wit."

"Woman's Wit," here referred to, is supposed to have been Middleton's Comedy of "No wit: No help like a Woman's," which was not printed till 1657. The ensuing prologue shows that Werburgh's-street theatre was, as usual at the time in England, occasionally used as a place for bear-baiting and cudgelling:—

"Are there no more? and can the Muses' sphere
 At such a time as this, so thin appear?
 We did expect a session, and a train
 So large, to make the benches crack again.
 There was no summons, sure: yes, I did see
 The writs abroad, and men with half an eye
 Might read on every post, this day would sit
 Phœbus himself and the whole court of wit.
 There is a fault, Oh give me leave to say!
 You are not kind, not to yourselves, this day;
 When for the pleasure of your ear would come
 Fletcher's dear shade to make Elysium
 Here, where each soul those learned groves might see,
 And all the sweets are fam'd in poesy.
 Were there a pageant, now on foot, or some
 Strange monster from Peru or Afric come,
 Men would throng to it; any drum will bring
 (That beats a bloodless prize or cudgelling)
 Spectators *hither*; nay the bears invite
 Audience, and bag-pipes can do more than wit.
 'Tis pity; but awake, brave souls, awake,
 Throw off these heavy chains for your own sake:
 Oh do not grieve the ghost of him, whose pen
 Had once the virtue to make statues men,
 And men turn statues! less could not befit
 Their justice, and the wonder of his wit.
 Stoop, when you touch the laurels of the dead;
 Be wise, and crown again the poet's head."

a brief Description of the Country; and a short Account of the Customs, Manners, Government, Law, and Religion of the Inhabitants. By Manus O'Donnell. Faithfully translated out of the original Irish," 8vo. Dublin: 1752. For a notice of the Irish manuscript known as the "Book of O'Brazil," see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. 449.

In a Prologue to a play called "the General," acted about the same time in Werburgh-street, but now lost, having never been printed, we find the actors threatening a withdrawal to the country :—

" There are some soldiers then, though but a few,
Will see the ' General' before they go ;
You're welcome. Players have suffer'd since you came,
And wounded too in fortunes and in fame :
Your drums and trumpets carried all the town
Into the fields, and left them here to moan
Their own sad tragedy, for want of men
Enough to kill 'em. Strange ! the benches then
Were all the grave spectators, but that here
Some cruel gentlemen in your hangings were.
O dreadful word *vacation* ! But they mean
To be reveng'd upon 't, and change their scene
Awhile to th' country, leave the town to blush,
Not in ten days to see one cloak of plush.
I do but think how some, like ghosts, will walk
For money surely hidden, while the talk
O' th' city will be, would the term* were come !
Though law came with it, we would make it room,
And own our faces in the shop again,
And for a time hope to converse with men,
To trust, and thank 'em too. This is a curse
For their not seeing plays, or something worse :
But to you, gentlemen, whom we have no art
To multiply, welcome, with all my heart.
The General should have a guard ; but we
Conceive no danger in this company :
But if you fear a plot from us, alas !
Here are so few, I think the play may pass."

Shirley returned to England in 1638. His coming to Ireland has never been accounted for : it is not, however, improbable that he had relations here. We find Sir George Shirley, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in Ireland from 1620 to 1649 : and Sir John Tracy, created by Charles I. Viscount of Rathcool, in the county of Dublin, was connected by marriage with the Shirleys of Sussex, whence the poet is supposed to have sprung. The most eminent dramatic critic and antiquary of the present day tells us, that both " Shirley's tragedies and comedies will bear comparison with those of any of Shak-

* " Playhouses were most frequented in term time, for then the town was fullest, and then it was that new plays were often brought out."

speare's contemporaries." He is justly regarded as the last of the old English school of dramatists; and it is not improbable that he may have, while in Ireland, composed some plays with which we are unacquainted, and which, like others acted at Ogilby's theatre, are now lost. George, Earl of Kildare, "Baron of Ophalie, and Premier Earl of the Kingdom of Ireland," appears to have been a patron of Shirley; to him he dedicated his "Royal Master." "It was my happiness," says the poet, "being a stranger in this kingdom, to kiss your lordship's hands, to which your nobleness, and my own ambition encouraged me; nor was it without justice to your name, to tender the first fruits of my observance to your lordship, whom this island acknowledgeth her first native ornament and top branch of honour."

In 1639, "Landgartha, a tragi-comedy," was presented in the "new theatre in Dublin," with great applause. This play was founded on the conquest of Frollo, King of Sweden, by Regner, King of Denmark, with the repudiation of Regner's Queen, Landgartha. The scene was laid in Suevia or Suethland; and the prologue was spoken by an Amazon, with a battle-axe in her hand. Henry Burnell, of the old Anglo-Norman family of that name, was the author of "Landgartha;" he also wrote some other plays, which, having never been published, are not now accessible. Owing to the disturbed state of the country, the theatre in Werburgh-street was closed by order of the Puritanic Lords Justices, in the year 1641, and Ogilby* joined the royalist party, as the actors in England did on the breaking out of the civil wars. We are told, that among other dangers, he narrowly escaped being blown up by an explosion of gunpowder at Rathfarnham castle, shortly after this period. His time, however, cannot have been mis-spent in that stately mansion built by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor and the first Provost of Trinity College, when we recollect that its governor, just returned from Oxford, was Dudley Loftus, one of the most eminent linguists of the seventeenth century, and who

* All former writers who have written on the Dublin theatres tell us that John Ogilby was appointed Master of the Revels in Ireland in the reign of Charles I. This, however, is but one of their many errors resulting from the neglect of examining original documents, which show that he did not obtain that appointment till after the Restoration.

was able to translate twenty different languages into English before he had attained his majority. His father, at the commencement of the disturbances of 1641, procured a garrison to be placed in his castle at Rathfarnham, and Dudley, appointed governor, is said to have done good service in defending Dublin from the incursions of the mountaineers. The gunpowder explosion was, doubtless, the result of some of the young governor's practical jokes;—for, although admitted to be one of the most profound Oriental scholars and jurists of his day, he was all through life distinguished by his love of raillery and levity. “This,” says an old writer, “gave occasion to a great but free spoken Prelate, who was well acquainted with him, to say, ‘that he never knew so much learning in the keeping of a fool.’”

In ancient times, and so early as the first part of the fifteenth century, a passage existed from Werburgh-street, nearly opposite the church, to Nicholas-street, and was called from its position 'Hynd-street. It was also known as “Vicus Sutorum” or the Shoemaker's-street, and St. Verberosse's or Saint Werburgh's lane. This passage was built over about the year 1580, and at its termination in Werburgh-street stood, in the seventeenth century, the Four Courts Marshalsea. This was probably the military prison during the time of the Commonwealth, mentioned in the following extracts from the original record of the proceedings of the Courts martial, in Dublin, now for the first time printed, from the authentic manuscript documents, signed by the President and the other officers.

“Att a Court Martiall held in the Castle of Dublin, 3^o Maii, 1652.

“Thomas Powell, being accused for mutinous speeches by him uttered against his superiour officer, and for departing from his colours without license, and thereof found guilty by his owne confession, it was ordered, that he shall be led on Wednesday next from the martialsees to ye Gallowes with a rope about his necke, where he is for the space of an hower to stand upon a stoole with ye said rope tyed about his necke to the Gallowes, having an inscription upon his brest denoting that he suffers punishment for mutinous words spoken against his superiour officer, and for deserting from his colours.

“Major Manwaring. Informant, John Walker, Defendant, 21 Junii, 1652.

“The Defdt being accused for stealing his comrade's coate which he confessed, the Court therefor upon his owne confession pronounced him guilty, and being tryed by the last article of Administration of Justice, it was decreed that he shall be carried from the marshalseys to ye

Gallows with a rope about his necke, by which he is to be drawne up soe high to ye Gallows as to stand on tip toes, in which posture he is to receive twenty lashes, this evening at ye tyme of Parade, this same punishment to be twice more inflicted on him at such tyme as the president shall appoint."

The Marshalsea* having been removed from this locality, a "fair house" was built in its place, and inhabited by Crofts,

* On the West side of the street stands Derby or Darby-square, an oblong piece of ground, about 80 feet in length, surrounded by houses, the number of which originally was twelve. These appear to have been built by one Darby who, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was waiter in Dick's Great Coffee House in Skinner Row. "I went to Dick's," says an English writer in 1699, "after calling for a dish of coffee, my questions were, 'Where is Darby?' (he is Dick's servant, but as honest a lad as lives in Dublin); 'Is there a Packet come from England?'" Darby himself subsequently owned a Coffee House in Skinner Row, and we find that Mr. Thomas Connor died in 1729, "who married the widow Darby, owner of Darby Square." The "Square" became the residence of many of the chief lawyers and attorneys during the first half of the eighteenth century. In it was held the Registry office as early as 1741, the Examiner's office of the Court of Chancery till 1744, and the office of the masters in Chancery was kept there till 1744. At the entrance from Werburgh's-street was the shop of Samuel Dalton, bookseller and publisher, from 1730 to 1741. In the year 1785, a portion of the pavement of the square suddenly gave way and disclosed a cavern, forty feet deep, containing a great quantity of coffins and bones. The oldest inhabitants, at the time, had no idea that there was any vault or cavern in the place. Darby Square was probably built on a portion of the grave yard of St. Nicholas Church, which, in ancient times, being one of the oldest in the city, must have extended considerably towards Werburgh's-street.

In the north-west corner of the square is a door leading to a plot of ground on which Astley's Amphitheatre stood in 1787. The proprietors of the Theatre Royal of Dublin on learning Astley's intention of visiting the city, in order to stop his proceedings, took every piece of ground on which they considered a circus could be erected. They, however, overlooked the plot on the North of Derby-square, where Astley built his theatre in the short space of three weeks. Immense numbers flocked to witness the feats of horsemanship, and all the approaches to the circus were densely thronged from six till seven o'clock in the evenings. The box entrance was through the north side of Darby-square, where a portion of it is still visible: the admission to the pit was from "Salter's-court," now partially enclosed, and the gallery entrance was through "Wilme's-court" in Skinner's-row. During the troubles of 1798, a corps of yeomanry, of two hundred men, principally inhabitants of the Liberty, and known as the "Liberty Rangers," used to march to this green at twelve o'clock on Sundays to perform their military evolutions. The costume of this corps was a blue coat with green facings, white breeches, and high laced buskins: their head dress was a kind of helmet, afterwards exchanged for the regular infantry cap, and they were armed with rifles and bayonets. This body, dissolved in 1805, performed much of the outpost duty during 1798, for which they were regularly "told

Deputy Clerk of the Tholsel, about 1678. Towards the middle of the last century the "Phoenix Tavern," kept by James Hoey in this edifice, was one of the most fashionable and most frequented houses of its time in Dublin. In 1749, in the height of the agitation of Charles Lucas, when conversation ran high on the rights of Ireland, the "free and independent citizens" who supported the indefatigable tribune used to hold political dinners here four times in the year. In 1752 we find it frequented by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, it was also at this time the resort of the gentlemen of the County of Roscommon, and the usual place for the great dinners of the Society of the Bar; who in 1755 entertained, here the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, the Right Hon. Thomas Carter, the celebrated Anthony Malone, Bellingham Boyle, of the great Shannon family, and other leaders of Irish politics, at that time.

The Hibernian Society for the improvement of education in Ireland held their dinners and meetings here in 1758.

About the same period this was the place of meeting of the "Friendly Florist Society," and it may be interesting to notice some of the prizes which they gave to "encourage the propagating and cultivating flowers in this kingdom."

"To the person who shall raise the best Polyanthus from seed 16s. 3d. For the second best ditto 8s. To the person who shall raise the best Auricula £1. 10s. For the second best ditto 15s." Here, in 1762, the "Prussian Club" used to dine on their anniversaries: dinner being then served at half past three o'clock. This body was formed at the time when the greatest enthusiasm was excited in Dublin by the victories of Frederick the Great. In 1768, the "American Club" resorted to this house, as did also, in the succeeding year, the "Corsican Club," formed in Dublin "to support the cause of liberty and Paoli." In the year 1771, at eight o'clock on every Tuesday evening, the "Constitutional So-

off" in the Weaver's Hall, on the Comb, which formed their head quarters. The green off Darby-square was formerly almost level with the floor of the square: owing, however, to the accumulation of rubbish from dilapidated buildings, it has now attained an elevation nearly equal to the drawing-room story of the neighbouring houses, and is at present a well cultivated garden. Darby-square was originally lighted by five large globe lamps, which, with the iron gates of the square, were taken down about the year 1820.

ciety" opposed to the government of Lord Townshend, used to meet in the great room of the Phoenix Tavern to discuss political questions. The admission was by tickets sold at the bar for one shilling each, for which attendance was given and wine "moderately distributed." This Society was founded by the Rev. Thomas Baldwin of Parliament-street, who died in October 1772: medals were given to the best speakers, and the attendance became so large and so fashionable that it was found necessary to transfer the meetings to the Music Hall in Fishamble-street, as before noticed. About the same time the "Amicable Catch Club" held their meetings at the Phoenix. At this period, it may be remarked, that the great number of carriages and costly equipages of noblemen and wealthy commoners resident in Dublin rendered the streets of the city almost impassable. The Phoenix Tavern appears to have been closed after the death of its proprietor, James Hoey, in 1773.

We have thus from a variety of authentic sources brought together a collection of reminiscences connected with two of the more obscure streets of Dublin. The lengthened research demanded by inquiries of this nature can only be estimated by those conversant with the difficulties and obstacles which beset the investigator in a department of our literature hitherto totally neglected. The value and importance of such illustrations has long been recognized. Without an accurate knowledge of those by-ways of history, it would be impossible for the historian or the novelist to place before us true pictures of the men and manners of past ages.

ART. II.—LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography. By B. Disraeli, Member of Parliament for the County of Buckingham. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

We can recall three phases in the life of Benjamin Disraeli—we recollect him

"The wondrous boy
That wrote *Alroy*."

with bright earnest eyes, and long flowing curls, as we see him in Chalon's portrait—we remember him the unsuccessful politician, just bursting into public life, fighting dauntlessly against Daniel O'Connell, and fighting too with an unswerving pertinacity worthy of the old Hebrew blood—and we recollect him—who does not?—the writer of the most strikingly original novel of our time, and the fierce opposer of the Satan of political apostacy, Peel. And though, in these three stages of his public existence, there may have been much to wish unsaid or unwritten, yet, in all there were the glimmerings of a genius that would shine out, and show the world, despite dishonest critics, and slanderous caricaturists, despite political party libels, and the whispered falsehoods of the clubs and Mayfair coteries, that the undoubted genius of Isaac Disraeli was in no degree deteriorated in its transmission to his son.

But great as the pleasure has been which we, in common with all the world, have derived from the literary labours of Mr. Disraeli, we look upon the Biography now before us as the most interesting and the most eloquently written book which he has as yet produced. It is not a tissue of egotism, German metaphysics, and Pantheistic absurdity like Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*: it is the offering of that precious thing, a true friend, to the memory of one who was indeed a *noble* man, above all the meanness of faction, too patriotic to peril the interests of his country for the aggrandizement of his party. When we look back upon the events of the last seven years, when we recollect how great men have stultified every act of their lives, when we remember the fallacious arguments by which they have been swayed—no tergiversation considered too glaring—no coward concession deemed too humiliating—no change of law considered too rash—no falsehood deemed too despicable—no treachery considered too atrocious, nothing, in a word, deemed too low or too shuffling—could office but be held, when we recall these things, and remember the honest energy of mind, the good sense, the deep determination, and great promise of Lord George Bentinck, we may well regret his early death, and feel in all their truth the force of Wordsworth's lines,

“ Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,
Make sadder transits o'er Truth's mystic glass,
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.”

If Bentinck had been reared for office, if, as Wilberforce recommends, he had been harnessed early to official duty, and if he had been sent into Parliament a platitudinous thing, made up of statistics, red tape and priggishness, like Mr. Disraeli's Tadpole and Taper, we could well understand his strong mind breaking the thralls of official conventionality, and forcing him to become the man he was, armed at all points, ever ready for attack or defence ; but he was not bred up to office, he never liked it, and even whilst acting as the secretary of his uncle, George Canning, he seldom worked heartily at his duties ; when we remember this, it increases our admiration of his talent and energy. At forty-three years of age, he saw that the country was about being handed over, through Peel's treachery and cowardice, to the selfish crew of Manchester politicians ; he saw the landed proprietors unguided and uncertain in their courses, and then it was, that tearing himself from the manly sports he loved so well, he came, with the honest truth of his nature, and gave up all the short future of his life, to the support of that cause which he considered the most advantageous to his country's interests. And what a true man he proved himself ! Night after night he was at his post, laying bare all the destructive falsehood of the renegade Premier. What cared he that at each division Peel's apostacy was triumphant, what mattered it to him that stupid inanity raised a laugh at his expense, by repeating some absurdity from "Punch ;" stoutly and boldly he fought the battle of right and justice, and for the purpose of showing his real merit and great service to a good cause, Mr. Disraeli has written this Biography. It proves him to have been a man above all fear and beyond all corruption, it proves that he was not one of those "whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution, and whose profligacy has taught governments to adopt the old maxim of the slave market, that it is cheaper to buy than to breed, to import defenders from our Opposition than to rear them in a Ministry ;" it proves him to have been that wondrous thing, a patriot whom patronage could not buy, and whom ministerial displeasure could not intimidate.

William George Frederick Scott Bentinck, third son of the fourth Duke of Portland, by Henrietta, daughter of Major-General Scott of Balcomie, county of Fife, and sister to the late Viscountess Canning, widow of the illustrious George Canning, was born on the 27th of February, 1802. He was

educated at Eton and Oxford, and although a younger son, he was, owing to his mother's large fortune, in possession of very considerable property. He entered the army and attained the rank of Major. His military life was like that of other young men not on active service, and is remembered but by one incident, the melancholy quarrel with poor Kerr. The latter was captain of the company in which Bentinck was subaltern, and owing to some negligence, or fancied negligence, of duty on his part, Kerr, the regiment being on parade, accused Bentinck of want of respect unbecoming a subaltern, and of carelessness in the performance of his regimental duty. This charge, made on parade, was certainly very provoking, and at once Bentinck retorted, that, "Captain Kerr had used language on parade, which he would not repeat off it." Unfortunately Kerr was induced by his own feelings, and by the advice of friends, to send a challenge to Bentinck, and the message not receiving, through the interposition of friends, the slightest notice, Kerr "posted" Bentinck. This act, of a captain, towards his inferior in military rank, could not possibly be overlooked at the Horse Guards, and Kerr, to save himself from more serious consequences, was forced to retire from the service. It was a most unhappy affair; of the courage of the parties there could be, not even the shadow of a doubt, and the whole mischief was owing to injudicious advice, of well meaning, but most mistaken friends. Poor Kerr had the heart of a hero in a very little body; he possessed all the courage which should belong to a British soldier, and all the genuine pluck which of right should distinguish a Yorkshireman. He died, if we recollect rightly, in 1832, of the cholera in Paris.

Bentinck finding the military profession a very stupid or very irksome one in those days of peace, sold his commission, and became, somewhat unwillingly, the private secretary of his uncle Canning. Canning entertained a very high opinion of his talents, but Bentinck, soon growing weary of the office, resigned, and in the year 1826 he succeeded his brother, the Marquess of Tichfield, as member for Lynn Regis, which constituency he represented for upwards of 20 years. In the House of Commons he was for a very long period almost a silent member: he had, as he himself said, "sat in eight Parliaments without having taken part in any great debate."

But although inactive in the house, he was, out of it, the most active and energetic of men. He was not as yet the

earnest, honest public man, acting as if the stern motto of his family, "*Craignez honte*," were continually before his mind, and being imbued with that love of manly sports, which every true English gentleman should cherish, he devoted all the power of his mind to the exciting interests of the Turf. He found the whole racing world a vast scene of disgraceful and dishonest scheming, he discovered that the "Ring" at Newmarket was but a common Hell, and by fearless energy, by noble perseverance, he did all that man could hope for in reducing "leggism" to something like the rules of ordinary honesty. Who is there that has seen him at Doncaster or Newmarket, can forget the tall, noble looking man, dressed in the brownish-red, double-breasted coat, cream-coloured cravat, and buckskin breeches, with betting book in hand, offering wagers at the amount of which the "legs" trembled? The same unflinching determination to do right himself, and to see that others did so likewise, which afterward marked his conduct in Parliament, distinguished his course of life in the sporting world. He perceived that amongst other rogueries practised by the jockeys at the more important races, one consisted of making a false start, that is, of not starting with the other horses when the word to "go" was given; and as the *started* horses very frequently ran a quarter of a mile before they could be recalled, and as the horse, the cause of all the delay, was of course *fresh*, it gave him an unfair advantage. Lord George resolved to remedy this if possible. Up to the period in question, the horses had been placed in line as well as could be done, and were started by the word "go;" but Lord George's plan was, to post a man bearing a flag directly in front of the horses, and in sight of all the jockeys, who were to start on seeing the flag fall; and if they failed in this, they were forced to pay a rather heavy fine. Having manoeuvred the horses into line, he took his stand on their flank, and with a flag in his hand, this, unseen by the jockeys, he lowered, at which signal the flag-bearer in front dropped his, and at once the horses bounded forward. The first time this experiment was tried it succeeded fully, and as a slight mark of gratitude for his services in this, and other respects, to the sporting world, and as a return for much money lost in its service as a reformer of abuses, its members presented him with a testimonial amounting to several thousand guineas. Not one farthing of this money was ever used for his own enjoyment—he placed

the whole in the hands of trustees, to form a fund for the support of distressed jockeys and their families, and this gift is now known as "The Bentinck Fund." He loved sporting for its own sake. Even after he had begun to take an interest in politics, before Peel's apostacy, he did not suffer his attendance in the house to interfere with his devotion to field sports. He kept a very large stud of hunters at Andover for the purpose of hunting with Assheton Smith's fox hounds. After the latest debates, he rose from bed at six o'clock, and met the seven o'clock train, and at the conclusion of the day's hunting, would reach London by the South Western Railway, and throwing a blouse over his red coat, would, still in breeches, top boots and spurs, reach the House and sit out the debate, if necessary, until morning.

His friendship was unchanging, no stain was upon his honour, his charity was great, and during our year of famine he contributed more than £1,000 for the relief of our poor people. All this was he in private life, noble and true—and not the least noble or the least true in this, that he was ever mindful,

"Sweet Mercy is nobility's true badge."

Such was the man whose "Political Biography" Mr. Disraeli has written, and in all honesty we may say, that it is, as the author calls it, "the portraiture of an English worthy." Some political biographers are but the literary hacks of a party, others are but the apologists for the errors or the vices of a patron; this, blinded by "the pomp that loves to varnish guilt," can see no evil in the ways of him who forms the subject of his book, that, overawed by the guiding spirit of his master, can observe no merit in the opposition, and can detect no fault in the faction of which he is the unblushing flunkey. To neither of these classes does Mr. Disraeli belong. When he writes of an opponent he writes fairly—when the opponent deserves praise, praise is given—when he merits reprobation, reprobation is boldly and fearlessly expressed; and in this book, as in the House of Commons, when Mr. Disraeli strikes, he strikes strongly and fiercely, his sole anxiety is, that the blow shall be a home blow. This "Biography" is not the history of a party, or as the "*Times*" newspaper misrepresents it, an "overgrown pamphlet." It is the record of a great struggle between the landed and the manufacturing interest of the

kingdom, it shows the errors, and the failures, and the successes of the Protectionists; it explains the sources of the triumphs, and the causes of the failures, and proves how, by the energy and the courage of one man, a noble stand was made against the insane policy of the Minister, and against the destructive principles of Cobden and the cotton spinners. It does more than this; it shows us how we may yet obtain some protection for the agriculturists, for the Irish farmers in particular; and above all it proves, that as the Free Trade imposition was obtained in a great measure through Peel's cowardice, and through the baseless assumption of foreign reciprocity, and as the former is now of no moment, and as all hope of the latter has been long since dissipated by the acts of the French and American people, and by the jeering comments of their press, we may at length teach the Manchester economists, whether, to borrow Cobden's words, "it is the country party or the people who live in towns, that will govern this country."

When the Minister in 1845 found himself pressed by the powerful agitation carried on for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and when, amid the conflicting opinions of his cabinet, Peel received little help, and less counsel, and he was not the man to act with spirit or independence when opposed by his colleagues, when after four years, four anxious years, spent in the support of Protectionist principles, he fancied himself unable to cope with the demi-Gods of the League, he resolved to sacrifice the interest of the agriculturists of the kingdom, in the hope that, by this apostacy from all his former professions of policy, he might secure to himself a lengthened possession of place and power. With the wondrous, the almost superhuman facility of turning all events, however unforeseen, to his own purposes, which so distinctly marked the whole course of Peel's life, he very dexterously assumed all the exaggerated statements of the failure of the potato crop in Ireland as truths, and made them the chief, and in fact the only reasons, for his intended change of opinion. It is quite true that in November 1845, there were very serious fears and most reasonable doubts entertained for the safety of the crop in this, as Mr. Disraeli calls it, "the native region of the potato." But it is equally true that these fears were proved to be in a great measure groundless, and a temporary suspension of the acts regulating the admission of foreign corn was proposed. Lord Stanley, then Secretary of State, opposed the plans of the Premier. He

explained that what the people of Ireland wanted, should the failure of the potato crop prove a melancholy fact, was, not so much food from abroad, as the means to purchase that which they had at home. But all arguments were useless with Peel. Possession of place was that which he sought. He would rule the kingdom with all the sway of a Walpole, and though he had not the statesmanship and unblushing roguery of the old Minister, he had all his shameless insincerity of word and act in full perfection. It was quite true that he had been a party to every Corn Act passed for thirty years; it was true that the Whigs had been for two sessions willing to back any measure by which the extreme rigor of the laws regulating the admission of foreign corn could be mitigated, and by which the agriculturalists could be secured in a modified protection. But to Peel this was of no moment; all his life long he had ever been ready to adopt as his own, and as springing from himself, those measures of other men, or of other parties, no matter how condemned the measures might have been—even by Peel himself, when first proposed to the country, or to the Parliament. The retaining place and power had been ever his chief object, and as Mr. Disraeli has well said—

“When I examine the career of this Minister, which has now filled a great space in the Parliamentary history of this country, I find that for between thirty and forty years, from the days of Mr. Horner to the days of the honourable member for Stockport, that right honourable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great appropriation clause. He is a burglar of others’ intellect. Search the Index of Beatson, from the days of the Conqueror to the termination of the last reign, there is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so great a scale.”*

All Parliamentary men knew these things; Peel’s friends were falling away, when they found, through the gossip of the clubs, that he was about to barter the interest of the country party, and of England, for the support of the League and the continued prolongation of official possession. He had been for some years the head of the country interest; he had boasted of this position, as well he might; but when he deserted them, the members representing that party found themselves without a leader, they knew not where to turn, they were in wild con-

* Debate, May 15th, 1846. Hansard, vol. 86, p. 675, 3d. S.

fusion, unable to use their strength or influence with energy or effect. At this period it was that the subject of Disraeli's Biography remembered he had a country, an interest, and a name to support.

“ Lord George had withdrawn his support from the government of the Duke of Wellington when the friends of Mr. Canning quitted that administration ; and when in time they formed the not least considerable portion of the cabinet of Lord Grey he resumed his seat on the ministerial benches. On that occasion an administrative post was offered him and declined ; and on subsequent occasions similar requests to him to take office were equally in vain. Lord George therefore was an original and hearty supporter of the reform bill, and he continued to uphold the whigs in all their policy until the secession of Lord Stanley, between whom and himself there subsisted warm personal as well as political sympathies. Although he was not only a friend to religious liberty, as we shall have occasion afterwards to remark, but always viewed with great sympathy the condition of the Roman Catholic portion of the Irish population, he shrank from the taint of the ultra-montane intrigue. Accompanying Lord Stanley, he became in due time a member of the great conservative opposition, and as he never did anything by halves became one of the most earnest, as he certainly was one of the most enlightened, supporters of Sir Robert Peel. His trust in that minister was indeed absolute, and he has subsequently stated in conversation that when towards the end of the session of '45, a member of the Tory party ventured to predict and denounce the impending defection of the minister, there was no member of the conservative party who more violently condemned the unfounded attack, or more readily impugned the motives of the assailant.

“ His eager and energetic disposition ; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision ; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions ; his frankness and love of truth ; his daring and speculative spirit ; his lofty bearing, blended as it was with a simplicity of manner very remarkable ; the ardour of his friendships, even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices ; all combined to form one of those strong characters who whatever may be their pursuit must always direct and lead.

“ Nature had clothed this vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence ; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty ; the face oval, the complexion clear and mantling ; the forehead lofty and white ; the nose aquiline and delicately moulded ; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark-brown eye that flashed with piercing scrutiny that all the character of the man came forth : a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception, or of being deceived.

“ Although he had not much sustained his literary culture, and of late years at any rate had not given his mind to political study, he had in the course of his life seen and heard a great deal, and with

profit. Nothing escaped his observation; he forgot nothing and always thought. So it was that on all the great political questions of the day he had arrived at conclusions which guided him. He always took large views and had no prejudices about things whatever he might indulge in as to persons. He was always singularly anxious to acquire the truth and would spare no pains for that purpose; but when once his mind was made up, it was impossible to influence him.

“He had a great respect for merchants, though he looked with some degree of jealousy on the development of our merely foreign trade. His knowledge of character qualified him in a great degree to govern men, and if some drawbacks from this influence might be experienced in his too rigid tenacity of opinion, and in some quickness of temper, which however always sprang from a too sensitive heart, great compensation might be found in the fact that there probably never was a human being so entirely devoid of conceit and so completely exempt from selfishness. Nothing delighted him more than to assist and advance others. All the fruits of his laborious investigations were always at the service of his friends without reserve or self-consideration. He encouraged them by making occasions for their exertions, and would relinquish his own opportunity without a moment's hesitation, if he thought the abandonment might aid a better man.”

Such was the man who now, aroused from his long and silent membership, was about to throw all his energy into the ranks of the country party.

Parliament met on the 22d of January, 1846, and the speech from the throne was but an echo of the reports which had been circulated in the clubs. The country was to be offered up as a sacrifice of propitiation to Jupiter Cobden and the League. Lord Francis Egerton rattled openly in moving the address, and Beckett Denison, who, as the advocate of Protection, had beaten Lord Morpeth in the West Riding, was very appropriately the seconder, making all things perfect in this duo of apostacy.* It was expected that long, and interesting, and warm debates would distinguish the early portion of this most important session. During the recess Ministers had been in office and out of office; the Whigs had been unable to form a cabinet; Lord John Russell had written from Edinburgh one of those unhappy letters, which his fate drives him to concoct periodically; all had been confusion, and as many embrolios had now to be cleared up, as in the last act of a Spanish comedy.

* Mr. Denison afterwards returned to the standard of his old friends.

"A practised observer of debate would have anticipated the first move from the country party, for the silence of Manchester rather assisted the minister who was playing their game, and reserve seemed the natural course of the whigs until ministerial explanations required an opposition revelation as a rejoinder. But the country party, although they possessed in the members for Somersetshire, and Dorsetshire, and Lincolnshire, and several others, gentlemen of high standing in the house, and fully capable to represent the opinions of their friends, were entirely without concert and discipline. The great portion indeed had only just arrived from their counties, where they had remained to the last moment, reluctantly rejoining a scene which after what had occurred during the recess could only bring to them mortification; where they could only witness the triumph of bitter antagonists and be placed in painful collision with men whom they personally regarded; who in private life were their companions, and whose establishment in power and public authority had been the labour and pride of their lives."

Peel's speech was the very perfection of modern House of Commons oratory. He knew that he was about to break all the ties of party, possibly of many friendships, but boldly, yet carefully, he advanced with his well arranged statements. He spoke of the failure of the potato crop; he spoke of all the results of the last tariff during the past four years. He left few topics of the economists untouched; wages, low priced provisions, crime, and want, and abundance—the effect of plenty upon crime, all things were introduced, and all made to tell in favour of the intended desertion of old principles. No information, however, was afforded on the subject of the discussions in the cabinet. No man could tell whether the dissolution had arisen from the fact that some of the Minister's colleagues had consented, upon one condition, to the temporary opening of our ports, that condition being, that when the necessity of the hour should be happily overcome, that then the existing laws should revive, and that this condition was displeasing to the apostatising Premier. Not one word of this could be learned from Peel's speech, he continued to address the House in a tone half explanatory, half exculpatory, and,

"Having stated at the commencement of his speech that 'the recollection of great indulgence and great confidence had effaced his temporary feelings of irritation at being unjustly condemned;' he recurred to the imputations to which he had before referred; but no longer with that air of mournfulness, almost humility, which had characterised his opening. Although he had then declared that he should make no allusions to particular expressions or particular accusations, he suddenly broke into a fierce reply to the statement of the Duke of Richmond,

still ringing in the ears of the country, that the party which had elevated him to his present position was powerful enough also so to displace him. Turning round with great scorn to his former supporters and with an expression of almost malignant haughtiness, he exclaimed, 'I see constantly put forth allusions to the power of those men to remove me from office.' He should therefore define the relation in which he conceived himself to stand with respect to party and to his sovereign. But dilating on the latter point with considerable feeling, and full perhaps of an important subject which he was fast approaching, he entirely forgot the former and on this occasion far more interesting topic. He concluded by a vindication of what he held to be true conservative policy in his best style; earnest without being solemn and masculine without turgidity. Yet the well-considered conclusion contained a somewhat portentous confession for a conservative minister of England—that 'it was no easy task to ensure the united action of an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons.' "

The effect of this speech may be easily appreciated. Manchester was delighted at its triumph, and at the fall of the country party, and this delight was increased by the base desertions from the ranks of the party in the House of Lords. But great as was the disquiet of the Protectionists, it was heightened one hundred fold when, the following Tuesday, after a long and artful speech, delivered in the deep stillness of a thronged house, and in the presence of Prince Albert, who had been induced to attend in the hope that his presence might be taken as an implication, though an unconstitutional one, that the measures of the Premier had the Queen's approbation, Peel informed the house that the intended change in the law was, a total repeal of the corn laws, but not immediate, not to take full effect till the expiration of three years, and after the lapse of a quarter of an hour the house learnt, "that, even in this last agony of agricultural protection, there was still to be a sliding-scale which, at the average price of 53s. per quarter, was to yield a 4s. duty."

That the country might have time to understand the entire plan of the Minister, it was resolved that his measures should not be introduced till a fortnight had passed. During this fortnight, a society of gentlemen, of which the Duke of Richmond was chairman, connected with the agricultural interest, and formed for the purpose of counteracting the evils of the Manchester Leaguers, met often, and considered deeply the position of the country. After anxious deliberation, it was resolved that a third party should be formed in the House of Commons, and devoting itself more particularly to the protec-

tion of the farmers of the kingdom. It was agreed that all vacant constituencies should be closely watched, and ably worked; it was resolved that every hostile movement of the Ministry should be, if possible, defeated; it was determined that an amendment should be moved to the Ministerial measure, to be proposed by Mr. Philip Miles, member for the city of Bristol, and seconded by Sir William Heathcote, member for the county of Hampshire. The party was strong in influence, strong in position, and strong in its facts and in its arguments, but it wanted a leader. Lord George Bentinck had, from the opening statement of the Premier, shown so much energy, such ready ability, and so deep an earnestness, that most men at once decided he was the person best suited to the post, but he doubted his ability, and said, "I think we have had enough of leaders; it is not in my way; I shall remain the last of the rank and file."

At length the anxiously looked for 9th of February arrived; Miles and Heathcote, as had been agreed on, moved and seconded the amendment, and on the following night they were ably supported by our countryman Stafford, by the Marquess of Granby, who had resigned his office in the household through disgust at the Ministerial measure, by young Lord Brooke, in his very clever maiden speech, and by Lord Worsley, in a very fierce invective. On the fifth night of the debate Peel himself spoke, and attempted to obtain a division, but the house was unwilling, and on the 27th of February, after a debate which had extended over a period of nearly three weeks, Lord George Bentinck addressed the house for the first time. He had been anxious to induce some eminent lawyer to enter Parliament on the Protectionist interest; he spoke to one, now high in legal position, upon the subject, offering him all the vast fund of argument and statistics which he had collected in support of his views. The negotiation was unsuccessful, and the gentleman advised Lord George to undertake the task himself of exposing the unwise plans of the Premier. This advice he was disinclined to follow, but circumstances, and his love of truth, drew him unwillingly into the position which he was so desirous to avoid. Upon the above mentioned night,

"Mr. Cobden having spoken on the part of the confederation, the closing of the debate was felt to be inevitable. Even then by inducing a protectionist to solicit the speaker's eye, Lord George at-

tempted to avert the division, but no supporter of the government measure of any colour advancing to reply to this volunteer, Bentinck was obliged to rise. He came out like a lion forced from his lair. And so it happened that after all his labours, of body and mind, after all his research and unwearied application and singular vigilance, after having been at his post for a month, never leaving the house even for refreshment, he had to undertake the most difficult enterprise in which a man can well embark, with a concurrence of every disadvantage which could ensure failure and defeat. It would seem that the audience, the subject, and the orator, must be equally exhausted, for the assembly had listened for twelve nights to the controversy, and he who was about to address them had, according to his strange habit, taken no sustenance the whole day; it being his custom to dine after the house was up, which was very often long after midnight, and this, with the exception of a slender breakfast, rigidly restricted to dry toast, was his only meal in the four and twenty hours.

“ He had been forced to this regimen from food exercising a lethargic influence over him ; so that, in addition to some constitutional weakness in his organ, he usually laboured when he addressed the house under the disadvantage of general exhaustion. And this was no doubt a principal cause of that over-excitement and apparently unnecessary energy in his manner of speaking, of which he was himself perfectly and even painfully conscious. He was wont to say, that before he could speak he had to make a voice, and as it were to pump it up from the very core of his frame. One who took a great interest in his success once impressed on him the expediency of trusting entirely to his natural voice and the interest and gravity of his matter, which, combined with his position as the recognised leader of a great party, would be adequate to command the attention of his audience : and he subsequently endeavoured very often to comply with this suggestion. He endeavoured also very much to control his redundancy of action and gesture, when that peculiarity was pointed out to him with the delicacy, but the sincerity, of friendship. He entirely freed himself from a very awkward feature of his first style of speaking, namely, the frequent repetition of a sentence, which seemed at first a habit inveterate with him ; but such was his force of will, that when the necessity of ridding himself of this drawback was properly pointed out to him, he achieved the desired result. No one bore criticism more gently and kindly, so long as it was confined to his personal and intellectual characteristics, for he was a man absolutely without vanity or conceit, who thought very humbly of himself in respect of abilities, and deemed no labour too great to achieve even a slight improvement. But though in these respects the very child of simplicity, he was a man of almost unexampled pride, and chafed under criticism when his convictions or his conduct were questioned. He was very tenacious of his opinion, almost inexorable ; and it required a courage nearly equal to his own combined with a serene temper, successfully to impugn his conclusions.

“ Not therefore excited by vanity but sustained by self-respect, by an overpowering feeling that he owed it to himself and the opinions

he held, to show to the world that they had not been lightly adopted and should not be lightly laid aside, Bentinck rose, long past the noon of night, at the end of this memorable debate, to undertake an office, from which the most successful and most experienced rhetoricians of parliament would have shrank with intuitive discretion. But duty scorns prudence, and criticism has few terrors for a man with a great purpose. Unshaken by the adverse hour and circumstances, he proceeded to accomplish the object which he had long meditated and for which he was fully prepared."

He spoke for nearly four hours; he left no figment of Peel's sophistic arguments unexposed—all the wretched fallacies by which the Minister had attempted to blind the house, all the falsehood by which he had endeavoured to prop up his scheme of destruction—all the cooked statistics with which he had confounded his hearers—all were exposed and overturned, and Peel was proved to be a traitor, an apostate who attempted to support his apostacy by equivocation and by suppression. Peel, with regard to the wool trade, had dwelt on the year 1842, when prices were very low, and the importation of foreign wool was only 45,000,000 of pounds, and contrasted this with the return of 1844, when the importation had risen to 65,000,000 of pounds, and contended that this increased importation arose from the reduction of the duty; but, by the returns of 1836, Bentinck showed that *then* the importation of foreign wool had risen to 65,000,000 of pounds, and that a large foreign importation was quite consistent with high prices to the home manufacturer. To other topics of Peel's speech he was equally successful in replying. He showed how, on the Irish portion of the question, information had been withheld, how all the reports of the potato crop failure had been exaggerated. He proved all the mighty results of our protective system upon the prosperity of the British nation, upon its agricultural as well as upon its manufacturing population, and concluded thus:—

"We have heard in the course of these discussions a good deal about an ancient monarchy, a reformed House of Commons, and a proud aristocracy. Sir, with regard to our ancient monarchy, I have no observation to make; but, if so humble an individual as myself might be permitted to whisper a word in the ear of that illustrious and royal personage, who, as he stands nearest, so is he justly dearest, to her who sits upon the throne, I would take leave to say, that I cannot but think he listened to ill advice, when, on the first night of this great discussion, he allowed himself to be seduced by the first minister of the crown to come down to this house to usher in, to give

eclat, and as it were by reflexion from the queen, to give the semblance of the personal sanction of her Majesty to a measure, which, be it for good, or for evil, a great majority at least of the landed aristocracy of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, imagine fraught with deep injury, if not ruin, to them—a measure which, not confined in its operation to this great class, is calculated to grind down countless smaller interests engaged in the domestic trades and interests of the empire, transferring the profits of all these interests—English, Scotch, Irish, and Colonial—great and small alike, from Englishmen, from Scotchmen, and from Irishmen, to Americans, to Frenchmen, to Russians, to Poles, to Prussians, and to Germans. Sir, I come now to the reformed House of Commons; and as one who was a party to that great measure, I cannot but feel a deep interest in its success, and more especially in that portion of it which extended the franchise to the largest and the most respectable body in the kingdom—I mean the landed tenantry of England; and deeply should I regret should any large proportion of those members who have been sent to parliament to represent them in this house, prove to be the men to bring lasting dishonour upon themselves, their constituencies, and this house, by an act of tergiversation so gross as to be altogether unprecedented in the annals of any reformed or unreformed House of Commons. Sir, lastly, I come to the ‘proud aristocracy.’ We are a proud aristocracy, but if we are proud, it is that we are proud in the chastity of our honour. If we assisted in ’41 in turning the whigs out of office, because we did not consider a fixed duty of eight shillings a quarter on foreign corn a sufficient protection, it was with honesty of purpose and in single-mindedness we did so; and as we were not before the fact, we will not be accomplices after the fact, in the fraud by which the whig ministers were expelled from power. If we are a proud aristocracy, we are proud of our honour, inasmuch as we never have been guilty, and never can be guilty, of double-dealing with the farmers of England—of swindling our opponents, deceiving our friends, or betraying our constituents.”

The Protectionists were beaten. The house consisted of 581 members; the amendment was defeated by a majority of 97; “two hundred and forty-two gentlemen, in spite of desertion, difficulty, and defeat, still maintained the ‘chastity of their honour.’”

The chief object of the Protectionists now was delay. We pass over some weeks of battle, and find them taking advantage of the troubles in the ever turbulent “great difficulty,” Ireland. Murder, foul and base, was once more disgracing this country. The poor had not learned, as they learned later, to die by the way side, or to rot in the pest house; they had not learned to look on whilst the teeth of the starved dog “crunched o’er the whiter skull” of a parent or a child; the stolid misery of death-like despair had not come upon them,

and they were in many places lawless, blood stained, and violent and godless.

Under these circumstances, the Minister, mindful of old times, old friends, and old experience, resolved to apply the one universal catholicon for all Irish tumults—a Coercion Act. It was of no moment that in less than one hundred years seventeen Coercion Acts had been passed for Ireland; they had ever been found successful; they had stifled crime, for the hour, and the wise statesman resolved, that as the malefactor had marked his way of crime by the corpses of his victims, so the Minister of Justice should mark his course of vengeance by all the ghastly horrors which attend a suspended constitution and an active Special Commission.* The Protectionists declared that Ireland did not want a Coercion Act, but very much required a wise administration and employment for the people. In this, of course, they were supported by many of the Irish members. Let us avenge the outraged law, cried the Premier; let us do so, but do justice at the same time, cried the Protectionists and the Repealers. Which bill shall we pass first? was now the cry of the Government. “The Corn Act,” exclaimed Cobden. “The Coercion Act,” cried the Protectionists. “I’ll pass them simultaneously,” cried Peel. Thus were the parties balanced, and no man knew the results to which this state of things might eventually lead; the Protectionists were undecided as to their proper line of action; it was then that Bentinck suggested that the suppression of murder ought to take the first place in their consideration, and in the consideration of the Government, and he therefore urged that the Minister should be supported in passing this measure of coercion, provided he proved his earnest determination to put down Irish

* The Insurrection Act was in force from the year 1796 to 1802. Martial law was in force from 1803 to 1805. The Insurrection Act was in force from 1807 to 1810. The Insurrection Act was in force from 1814 to 1818. The Insurrection Act was in force from 1822 to 1823. Thus during a period of 27 years, these acts were in force 16 years.

The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended from 1797 to 1802. Again from 1803 to 1806. Again in 1822.

The Arms Act, allowing domiciliary visits, and prohibiting the use of arms, was in force from 1796 to 1801, and from 1807 to some time after 1823. See Sir H. Parnell's Speech in Hansard, June 24th, 1822.

We quote these facts merely to show the position of affairs in this country. The suspension of the Constitution was on many of these occasions most necessary—but why?

outrage, by pushing forward the latter act, and giving it priority over the Corn Bill.

“ This view of the situation which was certainly adroit, for it combined the vindication of order with an indefinite delay of the measures for the repeal of the protective system, seemed to please every one ; there was a murmur of approbation, and when one of the most considerable of the country gentlemen expressed the prevalent feeling, and added that all that was now to be desired was, that Lord George Bentinck would kindly consent to be the organ of the party on the occasion, and state their view to the house, the cheering was very hearty. It came from the hearts of more than two hundred gentlemen, scarcely one of whom had a personal object in this almost hopeless struggle beyond the maintenance of a system which he deemed advantageous to his country ; but they wished to show their generous admiration of the man who in the dark hour of difficulty and desertion had proved his courage and resource, had saved them from public contempt and taught them to have confidence in themselves. And after all there are few rewards in life which equal such sympathy from such men. The favour of courts and the applause of senates may have their moments of excitement and delight, but the incident of deepest and most enduring gratification in public life is to possess the cordial confidence of a high spirited party, for it touches the heart as well as the intellect and combines all the softer feelings of private life with the ennobling consciousness of public duty.

“ Lord George Bentinck, deeply moved, consented to become the organ of the protectionists in this matter, but he repeated in a marked manner his previous declaration, that his duty must be limited to the occasion ; he would serve with them, but he could not pretend to be the leader of a party.”

To this proposal for delaying the debate on the Corn Bill the Premier would not consent. O'Connell and his party ; Sir William Somerville, Sir George Grey, Lord John Russell, and of course all the Russell tail likewise, opposed the passing of the Coercion Act, before that of the Corn Bill ; a debate arose upon a point of form ; but, on the 30th, supported by the Protectionist members, the Government had a majority of 39. Up to this period delay had been Bentinck's great object. He had so far succeeded, that before the Easter holidays there were but two nights which could be devoted to Government business, and on the first of these (Friday, the 3d of April) O'Connell had stated that he would deliver his views and opinions upon the condition of Ireland, and the causes of agrarian outrage. With all O'Connell's faults he was ever a lion, and a favourite one of the House of Commons, and to those who could remember him as he was in his prime,

he was now a pitiable spectacle. Many there, Peel amongst the rest, had been his bitter foes, in the days when he had beaten down all opposition, and had wrung the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics from their hands, and might have cried to his fellow Catholics as Cicero did to the Roman people—*"Togati me uno togato duce et imperatore vicistis."*

All this was now past, and he was the poor old man, deserted in part by his own Irish millions, and deserted for such things as Duffy and his dupes. Thus Mr. Disraeli describes his last effort in the House of Commons :—

"When the order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate was read, he rose at once to propose an amendment to the motion. He sat in an unusual place—in that generally occupied by the leader of the opposition, and spoke from the red box, convenient to him from the number of documents to which he had to refer. His appearance was of great debility, and the tones of his voice were very still. His words indeed only reached those who were immediately around him, and the ministers sitting on the other side of the green table, and listening with that interest and respectful attention which became the occasion.

"It was a strange and touching spectacle to those who remembered the form of colossal energy and the clear and thrilling tones that had once startled, disturbed, and controlled, senates. Mr. O'Connell was on his legs for nearly two hours, assisted occasionally in the management of his documents by some devoted aid-de-camp. To the house generally it was a performance of dumb show, a feeble old man muttering before a table; but respect for the great parliamentary personage kept all as orderly as if the fortunes of a party hung upon his rhetoric; and though not an accent reached the gallery, means were taken that next morning the country should not lose the last and not the least interesting of the speeches of one who had so long occupied and agitated the mind of nations.

"This remarkable address was an abnegation of the whole policy of Mr. O'Connell's career. It proved, by a mass of authentic evidence ranging over a long term of years, that Irish outrage was the consequence of physical misery, and that the social evils of that country could not be successfully encountered by political remedies. To complete the picture, it concluded with a panegyric of Ulster, and a patriotic quotation from Lord Clare."

The House met after the recess, on the 17th of April, and during the time of adjournment, Lord George had learned that a feeling of dislike to his party had arisen in Ireland, owing to the support given to the Coercion Act, and the opposition extended to the Corn Bill, the passing of which was anxiously looked for, as it was considered the chief means of obtaining food for the starving people; and to prove at once that there

was no anxiety amongst the Protectionist party to delay relief, whilst pressing for coercion, they stated that they were prepared to support any immediate measure calculated to alleviate Irish distress. From first to last, all through these stirring times, the Protectionists were the friends, the real friends, of Ireland; and though in the terror of the period, in all the violence of plague, and all the necessities of the gnawing famine, they were deemed heartless, and steeled against every feeling for the poor, yet now, men look on them with other eyes, and value their efforts to protect this country with other and clearer minds.

The debates on the Coercion Act and on the Corn Bill ran their course. No effort was spared, no argument neglected, no labour grudged by Bentinck to baffle the Ministerial measure of destruction. That the Minister succeeded is no fault of Lord George's; the measure was carried, not by a party who had argument, and reason, and authority to support them; it was carried by a Ministry who feared to lose office by opposing the faction of whom Cobden was the ringleader. It mattered nothing to Peel that there were 558,000 cultivators of land in Ireland, each holding about fifteen acres, every one of whom would be ruined by the Corn Bill; it mattered nothing that the grazing counties of Ireland would be rendered in time no better than useless wastes by the measure for introducing foreign cattle; these facts, the hundred other considerations advanced against the measure generally, had no weight in the mind of the Minister. O'Connell had cried out for the passing of the bill, as the Irish people were then starving; Cobden and Bright had demanded it; Russell, and all the place expectants of the large Russell family, had swelled the clamour, and the Premier, with the instinctive shuffling of his craven nature, and incited by his woful anxiety to hold office, forgot all the promises of his life, and at four o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 16th of May, 1846, the third reading of the Bill for the Repeal of the Corn Laws was carried, in a house of 560 members, by a majority of 98. It was carried by a Minister, guided, not by reason, but goaded, driven, by clamour, thus proving the truth of Dr. Arnold's opinion, expressed to Dr. Whateley, that Peel would give up any thing, "if the clamour were loud enough."*

* Stanley's Life of Arnold, Vol. 2, p. 57.

The events which took place after the passing of this bill are now of little consequence, save that they show how all Free Trade measures can only expose this nation to loss in her commercial intercourse with foreign countries, as we shall just now show. The debate upon the Coercion Bill was boldly and firmly conducted by the Irish party, and Bentinck, finding that the Government were not honest in the expressed intention of passing the bill, accused Peel of insincerity, and of depending for support on each party in turn, backed only by "his forty paid janissaries, and some seventy other renegades, one half of whom, while they support him, express their shame of doing so." "We are told now," he continued,

"We are told now—we hear it from the Minister himself—that he thinks there is nothing humiliating in the course which he has pursued—that it would have been base and dishonest in him, and inconsistent with his duty to his sovereign, if he had concealed his opinions after he had changed them; but I have lived long enough, I am sorry to say, to remember, and to remember with sorrow—with deep and heartfelt sorrow—the time when the right honourable baronet chased and hunted an illustrious relative of mine to death; and when he stated, that he could not support his ministry, because, as leading member of it, though he had changed no opinion, yet from his position he was likely to forward the question of Catholic Emancipation. That was the conduct of the right honourable baronet in 1827; but in 1829, he told the house that he had changed his opinions on that subject in 1825, and had communicated that change of opinion to the Earl of Liverpool."

This statement was the cause of the Canning row, and though Peel denied the charge, though his long and carefully concocted "Explanation," seemed to meet the approval of the house, we are sorry to find that Mr. Disraeli has written of the affair in that softened tone to which the adoption of the motto "De mortuis" necessarily leads. Mr. Disraeli knows, all men who were intimate with Lord George Bentinck know, that to the last hour of his life he disbelieved Peel's exculpatory statements. Barrow, who had edited the Mirror of Parliament, returned from India to disprove Peel's "Explanation," and Sir Edward Knatchbull was not once referred to. Mr. Disraeli knows that when Canning came into office in 1827 Peel refused to serve under him, because it was impossible he could acquiesce in any proposition for granting further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

"The grounds on which I retire from office are simply these, I

have taken from the first moment of my political life, an active and decided part on a great and vital question—that of the extension of political privileges to the Roman Catholics. *My opposition is founded on principle.* I think that the continuance of these laws which prevent the acquisition of political power by the Roman Catholics, *is necessary for the maintenance of the constitution and the interests of the Established Church.*”

Thus Peel spoke in 1827, and, when the great man who had been all his glorious life the advocate of the measure, was laid in his honoured grave, Peel’s “opposition, founded on principle,” gave way; the exclusion of the Roman Catholics from political power was no longer “necessary for the maintenance of the constitution and the interest of the Established Church,” then it was that Peel’s craven soul forced him to bow before O’Connell’s will, then it was that Sir Edward Knatchbull cried, “*Nusquam tuta fides,*” and turning to Peel said,

“If, as he now states, he had discovered in 1825 the necessity of passing this question, I ask why did he not say so in 1827, and give his support to Mr. Canning then, when the supposed difference between him and Mr. Canning obtained for him the support of many honourable gentlemen, who differed with him only on that, which I confess was the case with me.”

Mr. Disraeli knows this, and knows, that after many days delay, Peel’s chief means of defence were some letters, introduced into the “Explanation,” with an ingenuity only surpassed by that with which Sergeant Buzfuz introduced the celebrated “chops and tomata sauce” note in the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. If Mr. Disraeli consider it a libel to tell the truth of a dead statesman, then Basil Montague is a libeller of Bacon, Brougham is a libeller of Canning, because, in his “*Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George the Third,*” when fancying himself equal to Fox in eloquence, because he excelled him in virulence, he censured some portion of Canning’s conduct. Better, a thousand times better, throw into this Biography, as Mr. Disraeli could, all the fierce invective of the “*Rolliad,*” and all the trenchant wit of the “*Anti-Jacobin,*” than write as he has written upon this affair. Well might Gibbon lament “*Malheureux sort de l’histoire! Les spectateurs sont trop peu instruits, et les acteurs trop intéressés, pour que nous puissions compter sur les récits des uns ou des autres!*”*

* Misc. Works, Vol. IV. p 410.

Whilst Peel lived Mr. Disraeli never spared him, and ever spoke the truth; he knew that Peel was a traitor to every party, and was ever willing to follow the popular view, and to adopt the popular cry of the hour. "In his earlier days it was Mr. Horner or Sir Samuel Romilly; in later and more important periods it was the Duke of Wellington, the King of the French, Mr. Jones Lloyd, some others, and finally, Mr. Cobden." From Francis Horner to Jones Lloyd—from Romilly to Mr. Richard Cobden. "Peace to his ashes," writes Mr. Disraeli. "Peace to his ashes," say we; but to his memory and to his administration, we borrow of Cicero, and write, "*Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita.*"

Looking, as Bentinck did, to the interests of the nation generally, he devoted much time to the consideration of the colonial questions, and to the position of famine-stricken Ireland. When Peel was driven from office, and when the family party, who now form the Cabinet, had come in, Bentinck found that 500,000 persons were employed on the public works in this country, at an expense of £700,000 or £800,000 per month, and requiring a staff of clerks and overseers amounting to more than eleven thousand persons. He found, too, that these works had been undertaken in haste, that they were useless to the country, often a cause of fatal accidents, from the manner in which they were carried on. He thought it a pity, whilst the state was spending these millions of public money, that something more advantageous to the community should not accrue, than the temporary subsistence of the multitude.

"Lord George had always been a great supporter of railway enterprise in England on the ground that, irrespective of all the peculiar advantages of those undertakings, the money was spent in the country; and that if our surplus capital were not directed to such channels, it would go, as it had gone before, to foreign mines and foreign loans, from which, in a great degree, no return would arrive. When millions were avowedly to be laid out in useless and unprofitable undertakings, it became a question whether it were not wiser even somewhat to anticipate the time when the necessities of Ireland would require railways on a considerable scale; and whether by embarking in such enterprises, we might not only find prompt and profitable employment for the people, but by giving a new character to the country, and increasing its social relations and the combinations of its industry, might not greatly advance the period when such modes of communication would be absolutely requisite."

“ Full of these views, Lord George, in the course of the autumn, consulted in confidence some gentlemen very competent to assist him in such an inquiry, and especially Mr. Robert Stephenson, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Laing. With their advice and at their suggestion two engineers of great ability, Mr. Bidder and Mr. Smith, were despatched to Ireland, personally to investigate the whole question of railroads in that country.

“ Meditating over the condition of Ireland, a subject very frequently in his thoughts, and of the means to combat its vast and inveterate pauperism, Lord George was frequently in the habit of reverting to the years '41—42 in England, when there were fifteen hundred thousand person on the parish rates; eighty-three thousand able-bodied men actually confined within the walls of the workhouse, and more than four hundred thousand able-bodied men receiving outdoor relief. What changed all this, and restored England in a very very brief space to a condition of affluence hardly before known in her annals? Not certainly the alterations in the tariff which were made by Sir Robert Peel at the commencement of his government, prudent and salutary as they were. No one would pretend that the abolition of the slight duty (five-sixteenths of a penny) on the raw material of the cotton manufacturer, or the free introduction of some twenty-seven thousand head of foreign cattle, or even the admission of foreign timber at reduced duties, could have effected this. Unquestionably it was the railway enterprise, which then began to prevail, that was the cause of this national renovation. Suddenly, and for several years, an additional sum of thirteen millions of pounds sterling a year was spent in the wages of our native industry; two hundred thousand able-bodied labourers received each, upon an average, twenty-two shillings a week, stimulating the revenue both in excise and customs by their enormous consumption of malt and spirits, tobacco and tea. This was the main cause of the contrast between the England of '41 and the England of '45.

“ To illustrate the value of railways to an agricultural population, Mr. Smith of Deanston, said, ‘ that the improvement of the land for one mile only on each side of the railway so constructed, would be so great, that it would pay the cost of the whole construction.’ He added, that there were few districts in Ireland in which railway communication could be introduced, where the value of the country through which the railway passed would not be raised to an extent equal to the whole cost of the railway.

“ Arguing on an area of six hundred and forty acres for every square mile, after deducting the land occupied by fences, roads and buildings, Mr. Smith of Deanston, entered into a calculation of the gain derivable from the mere carriage of the produce of the land, and the back carriage of manure, coals, tiles, bricks, and other materials, and estimated the saving through those means on every square mile to more than £300, or something above £600 on 1280 acres, abutting each mile of railway, this being the difference of the cost of carriage under the old mode of conveyance as compared with the new. Following up this calculation, he showed that fifteen hundred miles of railway would improve the land through which it

passed to the extent of nearly two million acres at the rate of a mile on each side ; and taken at twenty five years' purchase, would equal twenty-four millions sterling in the permanent improvement of the land.

“ The cause of the weakness in Ireland to prosecute these undertakings, was the total want of domestic capital for the purpose, and the unwillingness of English capitalists to embark their funds in a country whose social and political condition they viewed with distrust, however promising and even profitable the investment might otherwise appear. This was remarkably illustrated by the instance of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, one of the undertakings of which the completion was arrested by want of funds, yet partially open. Compared with a well known railway in Great Britain, the Irish railway had cost in its construction £15,000 per mile, and the British upwards of £26,000 per mile ; the weekly traffic on the two railways, allowing for some difference in their extent, was about the same on both, in amount varying from £1,000 to £1,800 per week ; yet the unfinished British railway was at £40 premium in the market, and the incomplete Irish railway at £2 discount. It was clear, therefore, that the commercial principle, omnipotent in England, was not competent to cope with the peculiar circumstances of Ireland.”

The failure of Bentinck's measures is now a thing of history, the highways of Parliamentary life, are, like the highways of each individual existence, strewn with hopes and designs cast away for ever ; this great project of Lord George's, to save Ireland from the confiscating effect of the Public Works, and of the Labour Rate, was fated to become one of those cast off designs. Would to heaven that other men than the Russells had occupied the Treasury bench then, Ireland would not be now in her frightful position of beggary and prostration. Had his measure been carried out, there would not be, to use his words, “ a single county in Ireland which would not be traversed by railways.”

That all our readers may understand the great culpability of the Government, we give his proposal and his arguments :—

“ The proposition of Lord George Bentinck was, that for every £100 expended to the satisfaction of the imperial government in railway construction, £200 should be lent by government at the very lowest interest at which, on the credit of the government, that amount could be raised, so that if two millions were produced annually for four years by the Irish companies, the imperial government should advance an additional four millions, ensuring in Ireland for four years the expenditure of six millions a year in public works of an useful and reproductive nature. This proposition was recommended by Lord George as offering an ample security for the public

loan. For this purpose he adduced evidence to show that the worst railroad ever yet constructed in this country, or Scotland, or Belgium, would afford an ample security under such circumstances. He assumed that the government would lend the money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and take the whole railway as security. Consequently, a line paying £7 upon £300 expended, would afford ample security for £200 lent by the state, at £3 10s. per cent., and he was therefore prepared to prove that a line which paid but a dividend of £2. 6s. 8d. per cent., would afford perfect security for the interest of the loan made by the government.

“ ‘ We have it stated by Messrs. Grissell and Peto,’ said Lord George, ‘ who are constantly employing nine thousand labouring men on English railways, that in order to promote habits of sobriety, it was thought advisable to restrict each man to one gallon of strong beer a day. Now, a gallon of strong beer brewed from malt and hops, pays 4d. duty; so that each railway labourer, setting aside what his family consumes, and what he pays on other articles, such as tea, tobacco, and sugar, actually pays the sum of £5 0s. 4d. per year in excise on beer alone. Let us see, then, how this calculation may be worked out. On looking at and comparing the amount of excise paid by the Irish people with the amount of excise paid by the Scotch, we find that the Scotch, in the excise duty alone, pay £1. 0s. 2d. per head on the whole population, while in Ireland the amount is only 3s. 10½d. per head. This, after excluding and deducting the soap and brick duties not paid in Ireland, shows a difference in the amount of excise duties paid, as between the Irish and Scotch, of 16s. 3½d. per head. Now, I am not going to say that this calculation would be correct as regards the entire population of Ireland; it was made, however, by Mr. Stanley, of the Board of Works, about ten years ago; nor do I mean to state, that the effect of making one thousand five hundred miles of railway will be to raise the entire population of Ireland to the level of the population in Scotland. But I think I may say, and not overcharge the case, that that population of five hundred and fifty thousand, represented by one hundred and ten thousand labourers, will be raised to the average level of all Scotland. If then, we calculate what 16s. 3½d. per head will come to on five hundred and fifty thousand persons, we shall find an additional yearly amount to the revenue to the extent of £447,448, and this at $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cent. interest, will represent a capital of £12,784,000. Well, then, there are the customs’ duties; and I think, when we are constructing railways, it will not be unfair to assume that the customs will be as much increased as the excise. I am aware that there is great difficulty in getting at the exact amount of customs’ duties paid by Ireland and Scotland, so large a portion of those duties being received in this country; but from an official estimate made, either by Mr. Porter or Mr. M’Gregor, the gross amount of customs in Ireland shows an average of 5s. 8d. per head, Scotland 13s., making a difference between the two countries of 7s. 4d. per head. This difference would represent a sum of £202,000 a year, representing at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, a capital of nearly £6,000,000 sterling. If it were fair to calculate on this em-

ployment continuing after the railways were completed and in full vigour, it would be right for me to say there would be an increase of revenue to the state for ever of no less than £649,000, representing a capital of more than £18,000,000 sterling. But stating the amount at half, or even one third, the sums respectively would be nine or six millions, and there are good grounds for thinking that the construction of one thousand five hundred miles of railway will employ as many people hereafter as when in the course of execution."

Such was Bentinck's project, and such were his arguments advanced to support it. Let us examine the present state of our railway affairs. In 1834 the Dublin and Kingstown line, 6 miles in length, was opened, and until the year 1840 it was our only railway. In the latter year we had $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles open; in 1843 we had $31\frac{1}{2}$ miles open; in the year 1845 we had 65 miles in working order; in 1847 we had $120\frac{3}{4}$ miles open, and in 1851 we had $537\frac{1}{2}$ miles in good working condition; so that it takes 17 years to construct $537\frac{1}{2}$ miles of railway in Ireland. The total traffic on these eight lines, which make up the $537\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was, for the year ending December, 1851, £538,113, leaving about an average of £1,001 per mile. The total receipts of the Dublin and Drogheda line for the half year ending June 1851, were £23,379 18s. 8d. The total receipts of the Dublin and Kingstown line for the year 1851 were £48,314 8s. 4d. The total receipts of the Great Southern and Western line for the year ending June 1851, were £227,751. The total receipts of the Midland Great Western for the thirteen months ending July 31st, 1851, were £51,127 1s. 4d.; and on all these lines there has been a continuous and increasing traffic. This is our present position; what would it have been had Bentinck's proposal been carried? And why was it not carried? Because the Ministry threatened to resign if the measure were supported. They threatened to resign, not "because it was quite impossible (as Lord John Russell said) for any Government to allow the finances of the country to be taken out of their hands and placed under the direction of the noble Lord, or any other person." This was not the real cause of Government opposition; it arose from red-tapism, from carelessness of Irish interest, and from jealousy of the proposer of the measure. It is true that honest members from Ireland supported the opposition of the Government, because if Lord George's measure were carried out, the Minister might withdraw his support from the plan for the

reclamation of Irish waste lands, but the Minister did abandon this same plan very shortly afterwards.

We have dwelt upon this portion of our subject, and upon the Corn Bill debates, because we believe that there is no hope for Ireland from any Free Trade Ministry. They have no sympathy for this country, it is all reserved for the manufacturers of England, and in the expressed opinion of Lord John Russell, the brains of the agriculturists of the kingdom, "are as dull as the clods they till."

We may argue thus from too great a sympathy with our countrymen: we confess we would much rather see Ireland prosperous than wretched; and we know, too, that some of the wisest statesmen the House of Commons ever produced, were not the enemies of Free Trade. But it was a Free Trade founded on reciprocity. Huskisson and Canning were of opinion that bounties, and monopolies, and exemptions in favour of particular interest should be discountenanced. We know well that Sir Robert Peel was the worst Minister, so far as foreign relations were concerned, that ever lived; and we are quite aware that the Manchester people know little, and care less, about political economy, if their workmen can only obtain food cheaply, and bear a reduction of wages on this account, all things seem well to them. But there are other interests in the kingdom besides those represented by Cobden, by Bright, by Joe Sturge, and by Perronet Thompson. When, in 1823, Mr. Robinson brought in his Reciprocity Act, by which the king in council was authorised to place the ships of foreign states, importing articles into Great Britain, or her colonies, on the same footing of duties as British ships, provided such foreign states extended a like equality to British ships trading with their ports, the principle of Free Trade was acknowledged, and all the industrious classes in the kingdom had fair guarantees of Protection; but in our days, Free Trade Ministers take their political economy from the pamphlets of the League, and are ruled by the clamours and arrogant demands of its insolent and truculent leaders—leaders who tell the House, who told, as Cobden did, "Lord George Bentinck and the two hundred and forty gentlemen who sat behind him," that the party they represented were nothing, that it is the "people who live in towns that will govern this country,"—leaders who are as insolent to the House, as they are arrogant

to their white slaves, amongst the whirring looms of Manchester or the clanging forges of Birmingham.

And now, having so far dwelt upon this Biography, upon the policy of Lord George Bentinck and of his opponents with regard to the kingdom generally, let us look at the results of Free Trade, and of the past six years misgovernment of this country. We have seen how the wise project of Lord George regarding Irish railways was slighted, and every man in Ireland, is well aware, some men painfully aware, of the consequences of this Government opposition to his scheme.

Whilst the Corn Laws were upheld, the Irish people, being purely an agricultural population, had some fair chance of existence. They were able to live at home, and though often sorely pressed by want, they could support themselves by the produce of their lands. Misgoverned and oppressed as they had been, they were ever willing to lend their aid against the foe of England; they emigrated to the United States of their own accord, as the Government had years ago taught them to emigrate to Canada, but remembering the condition of this country, to the year 1846, emigration was not excessive. For the twenty years before Free Trade, the average emigration, per annum, was 64,260; since Free Trade became the law, the average annual emigration has been 243,511 persons.

In the first quarter of the year 1851, 6,147 persons sailed from the Irish ports; in the second quarter there sailed 33,113, and in the third quarter, ending September 30th, 16,101 persons left our shores. When we consider these figures, and remember that in less than forty-eight hours (16th and 17th October last), there sailed from the port of Waterford 976 emigrants, we may safely adopt the statements of those who calculate the number of Irish emigrants for the year 1851, at 300,000. If we assume, as we may, that our population increases at the rate of 5 per cent., the population of Ireland is now 200,000 less than on the 31st of March, 1851, the day on which the census was taken. The total number of emigrants from Liverpool and the Irish ports, for the nine months ending September 1851, was 218,696.*

And this all happens in a country whose population has fallen off nearly two millions in ten years, well may the *Times* of

* The total number of emigrants in the year 1845 was, from Ireland, 23,705. From the United Kingdom, 93,501.

Oct. 10th, 1851, tell us that, "The emigration has hitherto been greater in 1851 than it was in the corresponding quarter of 1850." The emigration in the latter year was 280,849. This is frightful—all Irish statistics are so in these days, and yet, with such a population as ours it is not surprising—when we remember that as the *Times* shows, "For nearly two years and a half agricultural prices have been below a remunerative level." This was what Bentinck feared; he wanted protection for every branch of British industry. Protection for the farmer—protection for the shipper—protection for the colonies—protection for the manufacturer—his was the wise maxim, that we should not neglect the teachings of experience, and as England had grown great upon the firm foundation of her protective system, so her greatness, her power, and her prosperity, should be secured by the continuance of that same tried and well proved system.

The effect of this damnable Free Trade is very plainly, and in a very pitiable manner, further shown by the following tables:—In the year 1841 there were in Ireland 310,375 farms above one acre in extent, and not beyond five acres; in the year 1850 there were only 91,618 farms of the above size. In the year 1847 there were 252,778 farms above five acres, and not beyond 15 acres; in the year 1850 there were only 203,331 of the above size. In the year 1849, the value of stock on farms in Ireland above one acre, and not beyond five acres, was £652,967; in 1850, the value of stock on such farms was £612,011. In the year 1849 the value of stock on farms of five acres and not more than 15 acres was £3,737,801; in 1850 it was £3,617,802—a decrease in the latter year of 11,999. This is the effect of Free Trade at its Nadir, people, money, and cattle all gone in millions—what will our position be when when Free Trade is at its Zenith? Mr. Wilson in his book, "The Influence of the Corn Laws," writes, "Our belief is, that, if we had had a free trade in corn since 1815 the average price of the whole period, actually received by the British growers, would have been higher than it has been; that little or no foreign grain would have been imported; and that if, for the next twenty years, the whole protective system shall be abandoned, the average price of wheat will be higher than it has been for the last seven years, or than it would be with a continuance of the present system." In 1845 wheat, according to the Dublin

Gazette was, in Dublin, 30s. 5d. per barrel of 20 stone ; oats was 14s. 9d. per barrel of 14 stone. In 1851 wheat was from 17s. to 22s. 6d. as above, and oats from 8s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. For the month ending July 5th, 1848, the imports of foreign wheat were £132,376 quarters ; for the month ending July 5th, 1851, the imports of foreign wheat were 451,010. For the first of the above dates the imports of foreign wheat flour were 48,460 hundreds ; for the latter date they were 463,632. So much for Mr. Wilson's prophetic powers. In 1847 Ireland exported 480,827 pigs to England, at an average price of 45s. each pig. In 1851 she exported 109,170, at an average price of 32s. In 1845, the average price of oxen at Ballinasloe was £16 16s. In 1851 it was £10 10s. In the year 1845 the average price of butter in Liverpool was 82s. per hundred ; in 1852 the average price is 71s. .

The reader has now before him the effects of Free Trade, and its results in driving the ruined farmers from the country, but there is one other fact to which we must refer. In the year 1847 the total amount of money deposited in the Irish Savings Banks was £2,410,720, and the number of depositors was 80,351. In 1850 the deposits were £1,291,798 ; the number of depositors was 47,987. In 1846 the Loan Fund circulation was £1,770,397, with a net profit of £8,518. In 1850 the circulation sank to £662,794, with a net profit of £3,605. In 1849 it was found necessary to close, at a considerable loss, twenty-eight of these most useful institutions.

It is true that Lord Clarendon and the Poor Law Commissioners tell us, that the country is progressing, and that pauperism is less a charge on the people than it has been. No doubt the cost is less, because the staff of officials is less outrageously extravagant in numbers and in pay than heretofore, but pauperism is not diminished. It has in fact increased, and increased while the population has fallen off. In 1847, when the famine was gnawing away the lives of the poor, when, taking the old census of 1841 as the standard, our people numbered over 8,000,000, the numbers receiving relief were 116,321 ; now in 1852, when our population is only a little over 6,000,000, the numbers seeking the shelter of the poor house are 252,675, being some thousands over an increase of cent. per cent. In the province of Connaught, the numbers on the relief books in 1847 were 16,529, with a population of 1,418,859 souls ; now, with a population

reduced to 1,011,917, the numbers seeking relief are 43,169. This is the improvement of which Lord Clarendon boasts; thus is Sir Walter Scott's prophecy fulfilled, "The whole land is hypothecated to the poor, and, by the strongest and most unexpected of revolutions, the labourers in the country are substantially in possession of the whole rental of the soil."

But what is the condition of our trade and shipping? Free Trade was based upon the assumption of foreign reciprocity—what is reciprocity? what reciprocity could we expect? Guizot repudiated it in 1846. The Assembly scouted the mention of it within the past ten months—America has refused to follow our insane example. We have asked, what is foreign reciprocity? Let these figures answer. In 1845 France sent us (the United Kingdom) 82,000 quarters of wheat, and received from us manufactured goods to the amount of £2,791,238. In 1849 we imported from her 742,000 quarters of wheat, and she took from us manufactured goods worth £634,000. In 1845 we imported from Russia 33,764 quarters of wheat, and we exported manufactured goods to the value of £2,153,491. In 1849 we imported from her 599,556 quarters of wheat, and she took from us manufactured goods to the value of £1,566,000. From Prussia, in 1845, we imported 423,743 quarters of wheat, and she took from us fabrics worth £577,999. In 1849 our imports were, from her, 618,690 quarters of corn, she took from us in manufactures only £404,000. So far for reciprocity.

Now let us observe the position of our shipping trade since the repeal of the Navigation Laws. Every body has heard of a certain newspaper called the *Economist*, and of its erudite and very unscrupulous editor. This paper, which is about the most able organ the Manchester people ever possessed, tells us, that from October 1848 to October 1851, in the first eight months, the total increase inwards and outwards of British shipping has been not quite 6 per cent., whilst the total increase inwards and outwards of foreign shipping has been 53 per cent. The total *monthly* decrease of British shipping during the same periods has been from 2,504 to 2,216 tons, or for the nine months, a total decrease in British *ships* of from 15,324 to 14,425. During the above period American shipping engaged in British trade had increased from 485,116 to 625,143 tons; and there has been a proportionally large in-

crease in the shipping of Sweden, Prussia, Norway, and Russia. But what is there wonderful in this falling off; as all the foundations of the Free Trade arguments have proved fallacious, this of reciprocity can be no exception, and the groundlessness of the argument as to the cost of corn is still more striking. Before the passing of the Free Trade measures, the Sturges used to assert that Odessa wheat could not be delivered in England at less cost than 40s. a quarter, irrespective of the price at Odessa, yet it has been sold in Liverpool for 32s. the quarter. Wilson, in his "*Influences of the Corn Laws*," estimates the cost of *shipment* of wheat from Dantzic to London, including commission, at 27s. 9d. the quarter, but the best Dantzic wheat has been sold at Leith for 43s. the quarter. In 1847 the freight to the North American colonies on timber was 49s. a load, it is now 30s. From New York it was 10s. a barrel for flour, it is now 1s. 6d. Thus have all the Manchester schemes proved false, all have tended to the destruction of the farmer, and to the injury of the shipping interests. Their effects on the kingdom generally, may be judged by the fact, that the revenue returns for the quarter ending January 5th, 1852, show a reduction of £700,000 on the quarter. Thus has the kingdom declined beneath Free Trade, and under the sway of a Free Trade Ministry. Thus has the deceptive bubble reciprocity burst, all the beauties of the flattering deception have vanished, experience has proved the baselessness of all the hopes of Manchester, and Cobden may now lament over his well exposed fallacies, with repinings as fruitless as were those of the renowned Doctor Cornelius Scriblerus, over the shield which friction had proved to be a humbug.*

But we believe that all these facts will tell for the friends of Protection and prosperity at the coming elections.

We know that great, and to some extent, powerful prejudices must be surmounted; we know that all the popular feeling of the towns, may be banded against the men who profess themselves the advocates of Protection, we feel the full force of that argument, "will you vote for the big or the little loaf?" It takes the fancy, and the vote of every elector who is unable to think for himself; who is, as La Bruyere says, "*Né pour la digestion*." But looking around, as men must

* *Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. iii.

do, upon the condition of Ireland, observing that very few of these gentlemen, who have addressed the constituencies in expectation of a general election, have referred to the subject of Protection in an unfriendly spirit, and finding that few members of the Irish newspaper press, have the folly, or the roguery, to deny that Free Trade has most wofully injured this country, we look forward with satisfaction and hope to the approaching battle of the hustings; with satisfaction, because we believe that a Minister who has excited feelings of disgust and dissatisfaction in the breast of every man who loves his country, and who is unwilling to see the British nation truckling to Louis Napoleon, or that Little Pickle of the Vatican, Francis Joseph of Austria, or playing the parasite to that insolvent adulterer, the Austrian Prime Minister, Schwarzenburg,* cannot again hold office; with hope, because we are sure that all Irishmen now feel, and know, that Free Trade is a complete bubble, that it is a measure founded on fallacy and falsehood; one-sided in operation, and in effect destructive to the prosperity of the nation.

We claim for our country a consideration equal to that bestowed upon Manchester or Birmingham. Our six millions who have escaped the slaughter of the famine and the poor-

* This man, grown hardened in all the ways of cruelty and oppression, was the notorious defendant in the once much talked of action for crim. con., *Ellenborough v. Schwarzenburg*. The verdict was for the plaintiff, but it is stated that not one farthing of damages or costs was ever paid by the defendant.

The ejection of Lord Palmerston from the Cabinet, and the causes generally assigned for it, are most shameful. If Kossuth were doubly as great a humbug as in all probability he is, Palmerston's outspokenness ought not to ensure his dismissal from the Ministry at the nod or the suggestion of Austria. How unlike George Canning, Lord John is. When the "Holy Alliance met at Verona, the Duke of Wellington, as the Plenipotentiary of England, informed Canning, that it was proposed the French army should invade Spain, for the purpose of compelling the people to acknowledge the exploded (but the Stuarts and the Bourbons would never perceive that any folly was exploded) absurdity of a 'divine right;' Sir W. A'Court had been sent as King's Minister to Madrid, and the Ministers in England, of four European courts, called on Canning to remonstrate, *in a body*, against the acknowledgement by England of any but a Bourbon Government in Spain. Canning wrote to the Duke of Wellington instructing him to refuse, in the king's name, all consent to the proposed aggression on Spanish freedom, "*come what might, even though the dissolution of the Alliance should be the consequence of the refusal.*" See Stapleton's "Political Life of the Right Hon. G. Canning," vol. i., p. 146. Just one word in passing upon that

house, are surely entitled to as much attention as the turbulent and Godless thousands of any manufacturing town in England. We claim this attention as a right, we claim it not for a faction, but a nation.

The people of Ireland are not a party, they are a nation ; we have been, and we are, a fallen and a trampled one, because of our own disunion. Every petty party feeling has been gratified at the expense of the country, all has been done for self and for faction, nothing has been attempted for the advantage of Ireland. And is our present position either wiser or more reasonable ? Are we not continually harassed by ranting politicians, protesting that the constitution is undone, unless the Emancipation Act be at once repealed, and that unless Wiseman is prosecuted for calling himself Archbishop of Westminster, we shall all be forced to wear wooden shoes, and our wives shall be compelled to confess to men in outlandish coats and wideawake hats. On the other hand, we hear continually that "our blessed religion" is being persecuted, and that we must be "prepared to die for our faith if necessary, as were our ancestors in the days of Elizabeth." But this is not all. We are on the eve of a general election, and with this fact in mind, religion, and not Ireland, is made the "good cry" for the hustings by both factions. One yells, the "Church in danger ;" the other shouts, "Religious Freedom is struck down." What is the result ? The Catholic Defence Association is started, and one of its rules is, endeavouring thus, to narrow the choice of members, and insure seats for a few pets of St. Jarlath's, that only Roman Catholics can be members ; English Roman Catholics wish to support it, Irish Roman Catholics, both in and out of Parliament, join it ; thus they will have strong claims upon the constituencies at the elections. Some of the most able of its Parliamentary supporters are men who have, in fact, been always opposed to the

grave hereditary Secretary for Foreign affairs who has succeeded Palmerston ; he is a very respectable "pump," about as fit to fill his present post as to take the command of the army at the Cape. Granville is eminently qualified to sit still, hold his tongue, and look Lord Burleighish. He always puts us in mind of Obadiah's bull, who, although as Father Shandy observed, he never produced a calf, went through his business with such a grave demeanour, that he always maintained his credit in the parish.

popular, or O'Connell party, they have been its passive resisters or open opponents.*

What will be the result of this rule of the Association? That the old game of pledging one's self to support the views of the Association will place the pledger, whether he be an Irish Roman Catholic who has been always against the popular party, or whether he be an English Roman Catholic, like Lord Arundel and Surrey, or if, above all, he have the good fortune to be born a Protestant and an Englishman, and to have changed his Protestantism for Roman Catholicism, in a better position, and with stronger claims upon the constituencies, than Henry Grattan, or Sharman Crawford, or others of the same party who have ever been active for what they consider the good of the country.

We regret this, we regret it extremely, because we believe that now, more than at any other period for the past two hundred years, the Irish PEOPLE could do much to obtain justice. We know they have never, in late times, been a PEOPLE, but they have often been the Roman Catholic FACTION, or the Orange FACTION. They have not yet learned that the British Government has played each religion in turn against the other. Ecclesiastics of each church have been pitted together; the two churches, as between themselves, will be ever, we presume, the church militant; but, backed by the Viceroy of the day, they have been each in turn the church rampant. The Protestants have been worked, aye, worked like senseless fantoccini, by the lever of Ascendancy, and when the necessity of the hour had passed, they have been cast aside like the puppets when the crowd had departed; the Roman Catholics have been fooled by small favours, not treated with by great concessions, made at fitting times, and as soon as they were found necessary. Just rights have been withheld whilst they could be withheld, and then they have been flung at a half rebellious society, because they could no longer be conveniently refused. The Irish people, of both religions, have been taught the dangerous lesson, that from political and politico-sectarian

* For example, of the honourable and learned member for Athlone, who is now so able an advocate of the "Defence Association," we read the following statement never contradicted. "Author of 'Ireland under Earl de Grey,' and several political tracts. A Conservative; in favour of Free Trade, and a supporter generally of Sir R. Peel's policy." Dodd's Parliamentary Companion, 1847, p. 192. "Ireland under Earl De Grey," is as virulent a pamphlet as was ever published against the Roman Catholic party.

agitation, they have every thing to expect, and the priests of both churches have discovered, that to the entreatings and the representations, of Bishops like Murray and Whately, little attention will be given, whilst to the ranting of Prelates like Daly and Mac Hale, great attention will be paid ; nothing will be conceded to the ecclesiastic who comes before the Viceroy with all the mildness of our Great Exemplar, all must be granted to the churchman who is a turbulent brawling politician. Heaven knows, we are not denying that the clergyman who lives amongst the miseries of the half ruined farmers, must see much to complain of, and against which he will feel bound to protest ; we hold that he is right ; but the Government ought, by doing justice to all, to deprive men of this power, which their position gives them, of helping to ruin this country. We have heard clergymen of both persuasions abused for mingling in the political world, we have heard them called bigots and demagogues, but we have not heard the blame given to those by whom it is deserved—the Government. Let them stop the emigration by employing the people—let them restore some fixed protection to the farmer—let them, too, remember that as America is more anxious to develop Irish resources than England, Irishmen may at last come to think, as Canada has thought long since, that a new connection with the former might be more advantageous, and could not well be more disadvantageous, than the old one with the latter. If these things could be only remembered and acted upon by the Government, then indeed all the beatings of the “drum ecclesiastic” might be muffled, if not stilled—then the Minister might tell the Orange party on the one hand, and the Ultramontane faction on the other, that the great laws of England shall be administered as Somers designed, and as William understood them, and having thus done justice, and thus explained his line of action, above all troublous thoughts of Papal aggression or French invasion, and beyond all fear of the Orange lodge, the Minister might teach the ecclesiastics of both religions, that our free laws and their wise provisions are “like the fenced-in pillar at Delphi, too sacred for even Priests to touch.” This may seem strange language to the reader ; let him remember it is true, and recollect that to hear the truth on political or religious subjects in Ireland is unusual—we know that party lying in our country is not held to be very dishonourable, but sooner than prostitute *this* book to *that*

purpose, we would be the meanest beggar that hawks his sores through our streets ; we would rather be a Viceroy subsidizing a newspaper to support a tottering Minister, and refusing to complete the contract by payment, when the services had been performed.

We care nothing for Whig or Tory, except as they show regard for Irish interests, and that bastard thing, "a Conservative Government," "Tory men, and Whig measures," we take to be the most destructive of all for this country. We belong to that party, one becoming every day more considerable, who believe that only by fair laws and just legislation this land can be saved. Who are firmly convinced that there can be no prosperity for Ireland until her resources are fostered, till her mines, and fisheries, and waste lands are deemed worthy of attention, who consider that the law of landlord and tenant must be carefully remodelled, and who, in short, see no hope for their native country save only by an enlightened system of government, a system which will ensure education for the people, despite the rancorous wranglings of squabbling theologians, an education which, whilst it will clash with the faith of none, will avoid that Godless system of the French University, and will, in the great words of Newton, teach all that "this beautiful system of sun, planets, and comets, could have its origin in no other way than by the purpose and command of an intelligent and powerful Being. He governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the Lord of the Universe. He is not only God, but Lord or Governor. We know Him only by His properties and attributes—by the wise and admirable structure of things around us, and by their final causes ; we admire him on account of His perfections ; we venerate and worship Him on account of His government." A system of government which will teach the people to look for help and guidance, not to America but to England. With Lord John Russell for Premier, this may be all empty as the vision of an idiot's dreaming fancy, but Lord John cannot for ever batten on the spoils of office—a Prime Minister, with more of the eagle and less of the vulture in his nature, is the man for whose rule we hope.

We regret that this cry about Papal aggression has been raised, and we regret it at this period more particularly, as all good and true men should join in the effort to obtain fair laws and a moderate Protective duty. At no period could a

real Irish party make so bold a stand in the House, as during the coming months, there never was a period in which the evils of misgovernment were so apparent as at present. First, Free Trade ruins the small farmers, and injures beyond measure, the most extensive; then, when this work of destruction was developing itself, and when land was reduced below the very lowest standard that had been ever placed upon it, in this miserable country, thus fallen, the Incumbered Estates Act was introduced. We do not deny that the Act was a benefit to the nation, it may, perhaps, be considered a benefit to Ireland; but there can be no doubt whatever that it was a downright plunder, a complete confiscation of the landholders' interest. But we see another evil which has sprung from this Act: it has thrown upon the world hundreds who look upon England's rule as a grievance. We firmly believe that since 1782 there never prevailed, amongst the upper and middle classes, so great, so deep a feeling of England's injustice to Ireland as now. Men see their friends cast from their homes, driven from the lands that had been won, perhaps, by some soldier of fortune, and handed down with pride from father to son; men of the largest possessions, too, have been forced through the hopeless ordeal of the Court in Henrietta-street, a court of which it has been well said, that the owner who enters there "leaves hope behind." And truly no torment in all the "Inferno" equals that which the proprietor of a property feels, who sits in the court, and sees his heritage sold for thousands less than its real value. And what becomes of those men, and of their children? If we ask the head workwomen at Todd and Burns, or at Pims, or at any of the large houses in town, they will tell us, that amongst their workers are the daughters of some, who, not four years ago were the chief men in their counties. If we ask at the prisons or workhouses through the country, we find those who were formerly large landed proprietors, or their children, filling low offices in these places. The docks of Liverpool, and the quays of Dublin, present many a melancholy picture of the man, once in riches, now stealing like a beggar from his native land. Alas! Peel did, Lord John Russell has done, and is doing, more to excite a fierce, unchanging hatred of England, and distrust of British rule in this country, than O'Connell could accomplish in the entire years of his energetic agitation. The people, even the upper classes, have begun not to depend on England, but on Ame-

words" now? He has not in this Biography even hinted at the means of keeping up and strengthening that party, now a great one, and as experience teaches, growing daily greater, which Bentinck formed, and for which he died. In Ireland more particularly, we should remember the great truth, "Register, Register, Register." That great master of agitation, O'Connell, never forgot it. The men of this day ought likewise to bear it ever in mind. We believe that the misery of the past four years had taught all the good and true men of every party, that it is by union amongst ourselves we can alone hope for social or political amelioration in Ireland. The great moral of the book before us is, that by union, by honest, earnest endeavours, by striving continuously after the attainable political good, the weak party will, must, become the strong one, must succeed, must be eventually triumphant. The position of Ireland is beyond all dispute miserable; we feel that our country is as a "pestilent sore" in the kingdom; but we do not forget that she has become so from the neglect and misconduct of Imperial rulers, of ministers who have despised the cry sent forth from Ireland, and who have made every interest of this country subservient to the interests of England. The rule of conduct followed by each Cabinet in turn has been, not the introduction of measures calculated to promote the National advantage, but rather to foster the already well-cultivated resources of Britain. It is, because we observe that these things are now well known and understood by all, that we are hopeful of a happy issue for the approaching elections. We have borne want, and famine, and death, so long and so bitterly in this land, that we probably have learned the great lesson of thinking first of Ireland, and then of faction. Chamisso says, "Das Noth lehrt beten;" want does teach prayer; it teaches more, a kindlier feeling, a truer knowledge of those who bear it with us, and in Ireland we have seen party differences forgotten, religious rancours softened, charity has been done for the sake of him who is its God. Would to that same God, that all men could at length discover, that the Good Samaritan was not a proselytizer, and that the maltreated stranger was not a "souper."

There is one chapter of Mr. Disraeli's book which, we fear, may not please the great party to which he has given such

able support. We refer to that upon the position of the Jews. Lord George Bentinck was a friend of civil and religious freedom; he could not be otherwise, reared as he had been in the school of Canning, as Canning had been trained in that of Pitt, and he accordingly supported, against the wishes of his political friends, the bill for the relief of the Jewish Disabilities. He not alone supported it by his vote, but spoke ably in its favour. We are not about to enter on the question, we have referred to it merely for the purpose of showing, that Bentinck was the friend of all who deserve friendship from good men. Every body knows that in "Comingby" Mr. Disraeli has written eloquently and brilliantly upon the old Hebrew race, but he has never written more eloquently or more truly than in the following passages. He is referring to the social and moral condition of the Jews, and writes,

"In all the great cities of Europe, and in some of the great cities of Asia, among the infamous classes therein existing, there will always be found Jews. They are not the only people who are usurers, gladiators, and followers of mean and scandalous occupations, nor are they anywhere a majority of such, but considering their general numbers, they contribute perhaps more than their proportion to the aggregate of the vile. In this they obey the law which regulates the destiny of all persecuted races: the infamous is the business of the dishonoured; and as infamous pursuits are generally illegal pursuits, the persecuted race which has most ability will be most successful in combating the law. The Jews have never been so degraded as the Greeks were throughout the Levant before their emancipation, and the degradation of the Greeks was produced by a period of persecution, which, both in amount and suffering, cannot compare with that which has been endured by the children of Israel. This peculiarity, however, attends the Jews under the most unfavourable circumstances; the other degraded races wear out and disappear; the Jew remains, as determined, as expert, as persevering, as full of resource and resolution as ever. Viewed in this light, the degradation of the Jewish race is alone a striking evidence of its excellence, for none but one of the great races could have survived the trials which it has endured.

"But though a material organisation of the highest class may account for so strange a consequence, the persecuted Hebrew is supported by other means. He is sustained by a sublime religion. Obdurate, malignant, odious, and revolting as the lowest Jew appears to us, he is rarely demoralised. Beneath his own roof his heart opens to the influence of his beautiful Arabian traditions. All his ceremonies, his customs, and his festivals, are still to celebrate the bounty of nature and the favour of Jehovah. The patriarchal

feeling lingers about his hearth. A man, however fallen, who loves his home, is not wholly lost. The trumpet of Sinai still sounds in the Hebrew ear, and a Jew is never seen upon the scaffold, unless it be at an *auto da fê*."

Referring to the great superiority of the Jews of our day, in art, and music, and the drama, he writes—

"It seems that the only means by which, in these modern times, we are permitted to develop the beautiful, is music. It would appear definitively settled that excellence in the plastic arts is the privilege of the earlier ages of the world. All that is now produced in this respect is mimetic, and, at the best, the skilful adaptation of traditional methods. The creative faculty of modern man seems, by an irresistible law at work on the virgin soil of science, daily increasing by its inventions our command over nature, and multiplying the material happiness of man. But the happiness of man is not merely material. Were it not for music, we might in these days say, the beautiful is dead. Music seems to be the only means of creating the beautiful, in which we not only equal but in all probability greatly excel the ancients. The music of modern Europe ranks with the transcendent creations of human genius; the poetry, the statues, the temples of Greece. It produces and represents as they did whatever is most beautiful in the spirit of man, and often expresses what is most profound. And who are the great composers who hereafter will rank with Homer, with Sophocles, with Praxiteles, or with Phidias? They are the descendants of those Arabian tribes who conquered Canaan, and who, by the favour of the Most High, have done more with less means even than the Athenians.

"Forty years ago—not a longer period than the children of Israel were wandering in the desert—the two most dishonoured races in Europe were the Attic and the Hebrew, and they were the two races that had done most for mankind. Their fortunes had some similarity: their countries were the two smallest in the world, equally barren and equally famous; they both divided themselves into tribes; both built a most famous temple on an acropolis; and both produced a literature which all European nations have accepted with reverence and admiration. Athens has been sacked oftener than Jerusalem, and oftener razed to the ground; but the Athenians have escaped expatriation, which is purely an oriental custom. The sufferings of the Jews, however, have been infinitely more prolonged and varied than those of the Athenians. The Greek, nevertheless, appears exhausted. The creative genius of Israel, on the contrary, never shown so bright; and when the Russian, the Frenchman, and the Anglo-Saxon, amid applauding theatres or the choral voices of solemn temples yield themselves to the full spell of a Mozart or a Mendelsohn, it seems difficult to comprehend how these races can reconcile it to their hearts to persecute a Jew."

We think that in arguing this question of Jewish right and Jewish wrong, Mr. Disraeli has dwelt too much upon the

æsthetic, or the sympathetic, phases of the subject. The very men who vote for the Jewish Emancipation will not agree with him in his estimate of the Jewish religion. They will vote for the admission of the Jews to Parliament as Bentinck did, solely on the ground of their being loyal Englishmen. The Jews have been in all ages oppressed, and we are only now discovering what that man, who, as he was beyond most men of his time in learning, so he was above all the bigotries and prejudices of his age, John Selden knew, more than two centuries ago, when he said, "Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive wherever they come; they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg, they keep together, *and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.*"*

Mr. Disraeli thinks that the manner in which the Gospel of the New Testament has been presented to the Jews was not at all calculated to make them love it, or its followers, and there can be no doubt whatever, that where it has been attempted to sabre men into Christianity, or as it were, pitchfork them out of idolatry or misbelief, the result has been found any thing but satisfactory. Having stated the frightful cruelties inflicted on the Jews by all people of all nations, and by every ecclesiastical tribunal of every religion, Mr. Disraeli writes—

"Is it, therefore, wonderful, that a great portion of the Jewish race should not believe in the most important portion of the Jewish religion? As, however, the converted races become more humane in their behaviour to the Jews, and the latter have opportunity fully to comprehend and deeply to ponder over true Christianity, it is difficult to suppose that the result will not be very different. Whether presented by a Roman or Anglo-Catholic, or Geneveve, Divine, by Pope, Bishop, or Presbyter, there is nothing, one would suppose, very repugnant to the feelings of a Jew, when he learns that the redemption of the human race has been effected by the mediatorial agency of a child of Israel; if the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation be developed to him, he will remember that the blood of Jacob is a chosen and peculiar blood, and if so transcendant a consummation is to occur, he will scarcely deny that only one race could be deemed worthy of accomplishing it. There may be points of doctrine on which the northern and western races may perhaps never agree. The Jew, like them, may follow that path in those respects

* Selden's Table Talk—Jews.

which reason and feeling alike dictate ; but nevertheless, it can hardly be maintained that there is anything revolting to a Jew to learn that a Jewess is the queen of heaven, or that the flower of the Jewish race are even now sitting on the right hand of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

“ Perhaps, too, in this enlightened age, as his mind expands and he takes a comprehensive view of this period of progress, the pupil of Moses may ask himself, whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as that prince who was crucified on Calvary ? Had it not been for Him, the Jews would have been comparatively unknown, or known only as a high oriental caste which had lost its country. Has not He made their history the most famous in the world ? Has not He hung up their laws in every temple ? Has not He vindicated all their wrongs ? Has not He avenged the victory of Titus and conquered the Cæsars ? What successes did they anticipate from their Messiah ? The wildest dreams of their rabbis have been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name into Christendom ? All countries that refuse the cross wither, while the whole of the new world is devoted to the Semitic principle and its most glorious offspring the Jewish faith, and the time will come when the vast communities and countless myriads of America and Australia, looking upon Europe as Europe now looks upon Greece, and wondering how so small a space could have achieved such great deeds, will still find music in the songs of Sion and solace in the parables of Galilee.

“ These may be dreams, but there is one fact which none can contest. Christianity may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race ? ”

We have dwelt at so great a length upon the portions of this Biography which relate to Ireland, that we fear to out-write our space by entering into the history of Bentinck's efforts to protect the interests of the colonial sugar-growers, and to resist the repeal of the Navigation Laws. However, the facts are known to all who pay any attention to the political events of our time, and the returns we have given show how fearfully the repeal of the Navigation Laws has operated upon the shipping interests of the kingdom. We feel a deep anxiety for the name and honour of Lord George Bentinck. To know him was to admire him. True and honest, sincere and firm in heart and mind, he would have been a great man had God spared him. He was reared amongst statesmen, who believed honour and principle higher than place, or than the applause of brawling demagogues, purchased by shameless apostacy ; who prized the glory of England above all other considerations, and who considered the

dignity of their country as a thing too holy to be sullied by a base alliance with an Austrian puppet, or a beggarly French adventurer. Chatham, and Pitt, and Burke, and Fox, and Huskisson, and Canning, were of this class. To follow in their steps was Bentinck's greatest anxiety; to leave a name and fame like to theirs was his most ardent hope.

"About to part probably for many months, and listening to him as he spoke according to his custom with so much fervour and sincerity, one could not refrain from musing over his singular and sudden career. It was not three years since he had in an instant occupied the minds of men. No series of parliamentary labours had ever produced so much influence in the country in so short a time. Never was a reputation so substantial built up in so brief a space. All the questions with which he had dealt were colossal questions: the laws that should regulate competition between native and foreign labour; the interference of the state in the development of the resources of Ireland; the social and commercial condition of our tropical colonies; the principles upon which our revenue should be raised; the laws that should regulate and protect our navigation. But it was not that he merely expressed opinions upon these subjects; he came forward with details in support of his principles and policy which it had been before believed none but a minister could command. Instead of experiencing the usual and almost inevitable doom of private members of Parliament, and having his statements shattered by official information, Lord George Bentinck, on the contrary, was the assailant, and the successful assailant of an administration on these very heads. He often did their work more effectually than all their artificial training enabled them to do it. His acute research and his peculiar sources of information roused the vigilance of all the public offices of the country. Since his time there has been more care in preparing official returns and in arranging the public correspondence placed on the table of the House of Commons."

This labour could not be continued, and yet Bentinck was not the man to pause in the race of life. He continued to work with all the unswerving determination of his nature—and at length that nature outwore its feebler frame.

"On the 21st of September, after breakfasting with his family, he retired to his dressing-room, where he employed himself with some papers, and then wrote three letters, one to Lord Enfield, another to the Duke of Richmond, and the third to the writer of these pages. That letter is now at hand; it is of considerable length, consisting of seven sheets of note paper, full of interesting details of men and things, and written not only in a cheerful but even a merry mood. Then, when his letters were sealed, about four o'clock he took his staff and went forth to walk to Thoresby, the

seat of Lord Manvers, distant between five and six miles from Welbeck, and where Lord George was to make a visit of two days. In consequence of this his valet drove over to Thoresby at the same time to meet his master. But the master never came. Hours passed on and the master never came. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck, and called up the groom who had driven him over to Thoresby, and who was in bed, and inquired whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back, as his lord had never reached Thoresby. The groom got up, and, along with the valet and two others, took lanthorns and followed the footpath which they had seen Lord George pursuing as they themselves went to Thoresby.

"About a mile from the abbey, on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water meadow from the deer park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking-stick. His hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling. The body was cold and stiff. He had been long dead.

"The terrible news reached Nottingham on the morning of the 22nd at half-past nine o'clock, and immediately telegraphed to London, was announced by a second edition of the *Times* to the country. Consternation and deep grief fell upon all men. One week later, the remains arrived from Welbeck at Harcourt House, to be entombed in the family vaults of the Bentincks, that is to be found in a small building in a dingy street, now a chapel of ease; but in old days the parish church among the fields of the pretty village of Marylebone.

"The day of the interment was dark, and cold, and drizzling. Although the last offices were performed in the most scrupulously private manner, the feelings of the community could not be repressed. From nine till eleven o'clock that day all the British shipping in the docks and the river, from London Bridge to Gravesend, hoisted their flags half-mast high, and minute guns were fired from appointed stations along the Thames. The same mournful ceremony was observed in all the ports of England and Ireland; and not only in these, for the flag was half-mast high on every British ship at Antwerp, at Rotterdam, at Havre.

"One who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle; who often shared his councils, and sometimes perhaps soothed his cares; who knew well the greatness of his nature, and esteemed his friendship among the chief of worldly blessings; has stepped aside from the strife and passion of public life to draw up this record of his deeds and thoughts, that those who come after us may form some conception of his character and career, and trace in these faithful though imperfect pages the portraiture of an *ENGLISH WORTHY*."

Aye, despite the sneers of the *Times*, despite the lying gibes of the *Daily News*, and the other hacks of the Cobden and Bright faction, despite the well-arranged onslaught of all the

Free Trade press, this Biography is the "portraiture of an English worthy," of an English worthy to whom we may well apply the glorious manly eulogium, passed by Sydney Smith upon another statesman who died young, Francis Horner :

"The public looked upon him as a powerful and a safe man, who was labouring not for himself or his party, but for them. They were convinced of his talents, they confided in his moderation, and they were sure of his motives ; he had improved so quickly, and so much, that his early death was looked on as the destruction of a great statesman, who had done but a small part of the good which might be expected from him, who would infallibly have risen to the highest offices, and as infallibly have filled them to the public good. Then, as he had never lost a friend, and made so few enemies, there was no friction, no drawback ; public feeling had its free course ; the image of a good and great man was broadly before the world, unsullied by any breath of hatred ; there was nothing but pure sorrow. Youth destroyed before its time, great talents and wisdom hurried to the grave, a kind and good man, who might have lived for the glory of England, torn from us in the flower of life ;—but all this is gone and past ; and, as Galileo said of his lost sight, "It has pleased God it should be so, and it must please me also."*

ART. III.—MISS MITFORD'S LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

Recollections of a Literary Life ; or Books, Places, and People. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," &c. London : Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1852.

A REVIEWER experiences a greater or less degree of difficulty, according as the author whose works may form the subject of notice, has originally fulfilled his primary duty to the public, or has failed therein. When an author has brought to the

* Rev. Sydney Smith's Works, vol. III. p. 437.

execution of his self-imposed task sufficient information, intelligence and industry, and (above all things) truth and integrity, the reviewer's toil proves a labour of love. Far otherwise is it in the case where a writer is wanting in the requisite qualifications; and it is with much pain that we must affirm the fact, that our task on this occasion is sufficiently embarrassing even to the "tender mercies" of a critic who has been compelled to cite before his tribunal the helpless grace and modest assurance of a lady author. In the first place, the title of the book before us is utterly delusive. The words, *Recollections of a Literary Life*, would seem to convey but one meaning—that of a work partly biographical, partly critical, in which the author details his personal "recollections" of other authors whom he has known in the course of his life, interspersed with appropriate notices of their "literary" labours. The reader's surprise will, we presume, equal our own, when we assure him that Miss Mitford's book does not fall within that meaning. Here and there we find introduced the most frivolous matters of an autobiographical nature—that is, referring to Miss Mitford herself—and it is fortunate that her allusions and statements in this regard are not as numerous as they are absurd. But this very paucity of biographical details only serves to make matters worse, by infelicitously reminding us of all that we expected from the title-page. We have told the reader, and truly told, what this book is not—we will now tell him what it is—at least we will hazard a conjecture, the probability of which will be sustained by reference to the pages of the work. We believe it to be a *common-place book* of old standing looked up, with recent additions made expressly for this present publication, the whole furnished with a *taking* title. This very title, viewed of itself, (and without reference to the contents, in which latter light we have already considered it,) has a blue-bottle buzziness about it offensive to lettered ease. An enlightened and simple intelligence would have rested satisfied with the significant prefix, "Recollections of a Literary Life," and have left it so. But the dignity of simplicity is not looked for "in the middle of the nineteenth century;" and accordingly Miss Mitford adds explanatory words of the *smartest* sort, equally startling and unmeaning, to wit, "or Books, Places, and People."

But from all that we have hitherto said the reader must not suppose that the book before us is destitute of merit. The

contrary is the case, to no inconsiderable extent; and this it is, precisely, which constitutes our great difficulty, since the merits and demerits are so interlinked, that it is no easy matter to unravel the knot which binds them together. With much twaddle there is much sense, and though the authoress does not exercise her own powers with sufficient energy, a generous appreciation of the genius of others is ever manifest. The descriptions of scenery with which the volumes abound are vivid and graceful, in some instances altogether grand. She makes us see the sun, the leaves, the sky, the waters. There is the finest of genteel comedy in the character of her very dog, as delineated by her masterly pen. "Fanchon's" hair, as it turns golden in the slanting rays of the "wintry sun," is visible to us, all but tangible. Strange and lamentable it is, that powers so great should be found in the questionable company of capricious levity and the conceit of clique. For so it is, that some portions of these three volumes seem written for the world at large, and some others for the author's *set*. Universal interest should attach to the former, and, for the latter, we heartily wish they had been "printed for private circulation." The absence of congruity and arrangement, the too flattering notice of personal friends, and the gossiping familiarity of tone in Miss Mitford's "*Recollections*," are such as we might expect to meet with in loose notes thrown together with a view to the future publication of a work which has not yet progressed further than an embryo sketch, and read, or rather lounged over, in company with a few friends, who have dropped in for tea and a little mutual flattery. Were this confined to Miss Mitford's immediate circle, we should have no objection. But the Public is a jealous god, and will not have household-gods (that is, friends and gossips) set up in its place. And yet Miss Mitford seems to ignore this fact, and even makes profession of her own pet system of idolatry in following wise at page 249 of volume 1. :—"It has always seemed to me," she says, "that one of the happiest positions, let me say the very happiest position, that a woman of great talent can occupy in our high civilization, is that of living a beloved and distinguished member of the best literary society, * * but abstaining from the wider field of authorship, *even while she throws out here and there such choice and chosen bits as prove that nothing but disinclination to enter the arena debars her from winning the prize.*" It is true, that when the

lady makes this too candid avowal, she is speaking of "my friend, Miss Goldsmid," and of Miss Fanshawe; but we have no choice but to believe that she is thinking of herself likewise. The above quotation is indeed a key to the entire work we are now reviewing. In the spirit in which that quotation was penned, were penned also the three volumes of the "*Recollections*." Miss Mitford has precisely "thrown out here and there such choice and chosen bits as prove that nothing but disinclination to enter the arena debars her from winning the prize." Nor does it in any way militate against this conviction, that in the publication of her "*Recollections of a Literary Life*," as in her previous works, she has actually entered upon the "wider field of authorship." On the contrary, in the last product of her pen we have but too much proof that in that "field" of labour she is rather content to pass for an amateur than for a worker. In this respect she resembles a gentlewoman of mature age and quakerly likings, who goes a-haymaking on her lawn in the cooler hours of the day, and whilst she rakes a little math together here and there with a light implement, carefully avoids the toil and danger of the weighty scythe. Not after such a manner, nevertheless, will be accumulated the provender which is destined to feed ox and steed in their winter stalls, when the snow lies thick upon the earth. Nor after such a manner shall ever be garnered in the stores of thought which the reading future will gratefully appreciate. A thorough conviction, an earnest ambition, an unreserved vigour, are qualities essential to the success of literary as of all other pursuits.

The second chapter of the first volume of the "*Recollections*" is devoted to a brief notice of Davis* and Banim. The "Sack of Baltimore," and "Fontenoy," of course figure as extracts, and a brace of songs by Banim follow. Of the latter Miss Mitford says—

"John Banim was the founder of that school of Irish novelists, which, always excepting its blameless purity, so much resembles the

* Miss Mitford informs us that Mr. T. Davis is "idolized in his native country." This we presume she learned from the *Nation* newspaper, or some congenial journal, not very careful in its facts or very sparing of its fictions. Mr. Davis was a clever man, very well adapted to support such a paper as the *Nation* was in its early, and more respectable days. One of his historical ballads, written to a popular old air, has no foundation in history, as there never was such a cavalry regiment on the Continent as "Lord Clare's Dragoons." —ED.

modern romantic French school, that if it were possible to suspect Messieurs Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, and Alexander Dumas, of reading the English which they never approach without such ludicrous blunders, one might fancy that many-volumed tribe to have stolen their peculiar inspiration from the 'O'Hara family'."

This is sufficiently startling—but that is all—it is in no way true. Banim belonged to a more *legitimate* order of literature than either of the three French authors named by Miss Mitford. He had nothing in common with any of them, though a superficial observer would affect to perceive a resemblance between him and Victor Hugo in the vividness of delineation. But that power of vivid delineation was conversant about other *objects* than those with which Victor Hugo's name is associated. Banim had his faults, it may be, but amongst them we certainly do not class the fact that his scenes were such as were consistent with the probabilities of life, that his men and women were very possible beings: and this we say, observe, purely with reference to the merits of his writings in their true capacity as romances, and making due allowance for fiction, although excluding the idea of their compatibility or incompatibility with *historical* truth.* Two

* It were greatly to be wished, however, that a writer of Banim's talent as a novelist, had lived at a period of more accurate knowledge in Irish history, than that of *his* day. It was Sir Walter Scott's intimate acquaintance with the most minute and authentic sources of historic information on the several eras with which he connected his tales, that enabled him to impart an atmosphere of such general truthfulness to what he wrote. The historic notes which he so very properly added to the last or revised edition of his novels, attest the justice of this observation. On the other hand, Banim, in his "Boyne Water,"—from the absence of anything like a correct, or two-sided analysis in *his* day, of the details of the War of the Revolution in Ireland—fell into errors much diminishing the value which that novel might otherwise possess. Among these, is his sanctioning the unfounded, though popular idea that it was through the mismanagement and cowardice of King James, Ireland was unable to defend herself against a combined force of English, Scotch, Anglo-Irish, Huguenots, Dutch, Danes, Germans, &c.,—enjoying even still greater advantages in point of pay, clothing, commissariat, discipline, small arms and artillery, than in point of numbers. At the Boyne, the Irish were obliged to yield the day, because only about twenty thousand men, mostly new levies, inferiorly equipped, and with an artillery of but six field-pieces, could not make good a river, shallow from the very dry weather, full of fords, and capable of being turned by Slane, against an army of between forty and fifty thousand of the choicest and best disciplined men of a dozen nations, with sixty great guns, besides field-mortars. See

artists possess equally vigorous powers of delineation. One of them, however, paints monsters—the other, men. Are we to confound them together in one school, because both are found to possess a merit essential to every school? A merit which they have in common not only with each other, but in common with all other artists who can boast of any distinction? It is probable, however, that Miss Mitford would not have fallen into this error respecting Banim, had she enjoyed the advantage which has fallen to our lot of reading an enlightened and accurate notice of his life and writings from the pen of our celebrated countryman, Carleton. Our reader is in this respect perhaps more fortunate than our fair Saxon, and, pos-

IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I, p. 452-462. Yet, Banim countenances the old party legend, as to James's having stood like a coward on the hill of Donore—the King not having been there, but towards Slane, where a complete impossibility of engaging the enemy, from a difficulty of the ground, made a retreat necessary to avoid being cut off from Dublin; and Sarsfield, one of the general officers, who saw and reported this difficulty of the ground to James, is likewise made by the novelist to utter the absurdity put into his mouth, that with an exchange of kings, the Irish would be willing to fight the battle over again. Another and stronger instance of the errors into which Banim has been led by such legends of party as the *histories* he credited, occurs in the case of Father O'Haggerty, who, as a set off on the Jacobite side to Dr. Walker, of Derry, among the Williamites, is introduced as a clergyman of the like military and political stamp—these two sanctified heroes being made by Banim to despatch one another in single combat at the Boyne! The fact, however, is that Father O'Haggerty died of fever at St. Malo, in 1704. The idea of creating this imaginary military friar arose from Banim's having seen in a *Life of William III.*, that, at the beginning of the insurrection of the Ulster Williamites against King James's government in 1689, a "Friar O'Haggerty," or O'Hegarty, was to be the "bearer of a letter" from Carrickfergus to the Duke of Tirconnell, in Dublin. But, of the only Friar of the name connected with the history of that war, and spelled correctly O'Hegarty instead of O'Haggerty, the following is the true account, and such as gives no countenance to the bad character attributed to one of that reverend gentleman's name and calling by the novelist. "Patritius O'Hegarty, alumnus Cænobii Colranensis, studuit Parisiis ad S. Honoratum, in qua religiosissima domo, profecit in scientia et religione. Redux in patriam, prædicavit Anglice Pontanæ diu in ecclesia parochiali cum laude; et exercitio assiduo, evasit satis completus concionator in utraque lingua, Hibernica et Anglica. Fuit Prior Dubliniensis, ac expugnato regno ab Usurpatore Arausicano, venit cum Legione Hibernica in Galliam. Et cum hæc Legio reformata esset, incipiente ultima pace," that of Riswick in 1697,—“ille, cum licentia Superiorum, inservivit ut Vicarius, in Parochia de Frelon, in Diœcesi Suessionensi, ubi prædicabat Gallice, cum applausu. Deinde profectus ad urbem S. Maclovij (Gallice S. Malo, porro S. Maclovius fuit natione Hibernus) ad negotium quoddam peragendum, longo fatiga-

sibly, remembers an able memoir of Banim which appeared in the "*Nation*" newspaper some short time since.*

It is now but due to Miss Mitford, and certainly to ourselves, to make place for such extracts from Miss Mitford's new book as may help to show that our previous criticism has been not the less just, because somewhat unfavorable. In vol. 1, is a chapter thus headed, "PROSE PASTORALS," and from this portion of the work we will select characteristic extracts, requesting the reader to keep in mind the annexed additional prefix to the chapter from which we quote:—

"SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S ARCADIA—ISAAC WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.

"During this warm summer, and above all during this dry burning harvest weather, which makes my poor little roadside cottage (the cottage which for that reason amongst others I am about to leave) so insupportable from glare, and heat, and dust in the fine season, I have the frequent, almost daily habit of sallying forth into the charming green lane, the grassy, turfy, shady lane of which I share the enjoyment with the gipsies. Last summer I was able to walk thither, but in the winter I was visited by rheumatism

tus itinere, correptus est feбри valida, et post octiduum, susceptis sacramentis, transivit ex hac vita, anno 1704." The Rev. Colonel George Walker, of Derry, was standing near the Marshal Duke de Schomberg at Oldbridge, when five Irish gentlemen of one of the troops of King James's Horse Guards (who had made one of the most extraordinary cavalry charges ever heard of), taking the Marshal Duke, by the insignia of the Order of the Garter, for the Prince of Orange, despatched him with sabre and pistol. Dr. Walker was shot in the stomach and ridden over, yet survived the wounds and trampling he received, for some time, during which, or immediately after his being brought down, he was pounced upon by his partisans, the Williamites from the North, and stripped by those merciless plunderers, who thus appear to have left him naked in his dying agonies. William, from the remark he is stated to have made on the hearing of Walker's fate, would seem to have been glad to be rid of him—"Fool that he was, what brought him there!" Military men are proverbially touchy, at any but regular military men, meddling in military matters.

Banim, however, in his ignorance of Irish history was by no means singular. The neglect of this study has proved fatal to all those who have hitherto written "Irish Historical Novels," which, it is needless to add, can only be well produced by those who are conversant with the original sources of the nation's true history. ED.

A very clever sketch of the distinguished Irish novelist is published in the first number of the *Biographical Magazine*, (Edwards, London, 1852,) in which the writer urges his claim to authenticity with irrefragable justice, by stating that the materials for the sketch were supplied by Banim's surviving brother.

and cannot walk so far without heat and fatigue ; so my old pony-phaeton conveys me and my little maid, and my pet-dog Fanchon, and my little maid's needle-work of flounces and fineries, and my books and writing-case, as far as the road leads, and sometimes a little farther ; and we proceed to a certain green hillock under down-hanging elms, close shut in between a bend in the lane on our own side, and an amphitheatre of oak and ash and beech trees opposite ; where we have partly found and partly scooped out for ourselves a turfy seat and turfy table redolent of wild-thyme and a thousand fairy flowers, delicious in its coolness, its fragrance, and its repose.

“ Behind the thick hedge on the one hand stretch fresh water-meadows, where the clear brook wanders in strange meanders between clumps of alder-bushes and willow-pollards ; fringed by the blue forget-me-not, the yellow loosestrife, the purple willow-herb, and the creamy tufts of the queen of the meadow ; on the other hand we catch a glimpse over gates of large tracts of arable land, wheat, oat, clover, and bean fields, sloping upward to the sun ; and hear, not too closely, the creaking waggon and the sharpening scythe, the whistle, the halloo, and the laugh, all that forms the pleasant sound of harvest labour. Just beyond the bend in the lane too, are two fires, belonging to two distinct encampments of gipsies ; and the children, dogs, and donkeys of these wandering tribes are nearly the only living things that come into sight, exciting Fanchon now to pretty defiance, now to prettier fear.

“ This is my constant resort on summer afternoons ; and there I have the habit of remaining engaged either with my book or with my pen until the decline of the sun gives token that we may gather up our several properties, and that aided by my staff I may take a turn or two in the smoothest part of the lane and proceed to meet the pony-chaise at a gate leading to the old Manor House which forms the usual termination of my walk.

“ Now this staff, one of the oldest friends I have in the world, is pretty nearly as well known as myself in our Berkshire village.

“ Sixty years ago it was a stick of quality and belonged to a certain Duchess Dowager of Atholl, that Duchess of Atholl who was in her own right Baroness Strange and Lady of Mann, with whom we had some acquaintance because her youngest son married a first cousin of my father's and took the name of Aynsley as his wife had done before him, as a condition of inheriting an estate in Northumberland. I have a dim recollection of the duchess, much such an one as Dr. Johnson had of Queen Anne, as ‘ a stately lady in black silk.’ Well ! in her time the stick was a stick of distinction, but on her leaving her Berkshire house it was left behind and huddled by an auctioneer into a lot of old umbrellas, watering-pots, and flower-stands which my father bought for a song. I believe that he made the purchase chiefly for the sake of this stick, which he presented to my mother's faithful and favourite old housekeeper, Mrs. Mosse, who lived in our family sixty years, and was sufficiently lame to find such a support of great use and comfort in her short and unfrequent walks. During her time and for her sake, I first contracted a fami-

liar and friendly acquaintanceship with this ancient piece of garniture. It was indeed a stick of some pretensions, of the order commonly called a crook, such as may be seen upon a chimney-piece figuring in the hand of some trim shepherdess of Dresden china. What the wood might have been I cannot tell: light, straight, slender, strong it certainly was, polished and veined, and, as I first remember it, yellowish in colour, although it became darker as it advanced in age. It was amongst the tallest of its order; nearly five feet high, and headed with a crook of ivory, bound to the wood by a broad silver rim—as ladylike a stick as could be seen on a summer's day. The only one of the sort I ever met with had belonged to the great-grandmother of a friend of mine, and was handed down as a family relique; that crook probably of the same age as our's was more ornate and elaborate, it had a curious carved handle, not unlike the hilt of a sword, decorated with a leather tassel, so to say, a stick-knot.

“Well, poor Mossy died; and the stick, precious upon her account, became doubly so when my own dear mother took to using it during her latter days, and when she also followed her old servant to a happier world. And then every body knows how the merest trifles which have formed part of the daily life of the loved and lost, especially those things which they have touched, are cherished and cared for and put aside; how we dare not look upon them for very love; and how by some accident that nobody can explain they come to light in the course of time, and after a momentary increase of sadness help to familiarise and render pleasant the memory by which they are endeared. It is a natural and right process, like the springing of a flower upon a grave. So the stick re-appeared in the hall, and from some whim which I have never rightly understood myself, I, who had no more need of such a supporter than the youngest woman in the parish, who was indeed the best walker of my years for a dozen miles round, and piqued myself not a little upon so being, took a fancy to use this stick in my own proper person, and most pertinaciously carried this fancy into execution. Much was I laughed at for this crotchet, and I laughed too. Friends questioned, strangers stared; but impassive to stare or to question I remained constant to my supporter. Except when I went to London (for I paid so much homage to public opinion as to avoid such a display *there*) I should as soon have thought of walking out without my bonnet as without my stick. That stick was my inseparable companion. * * *

But I was thinking of Sir Philip Sydney, of the “Defence of Poetry,” of the “Arcadia,” and of my own resolution to proceed to the green lane, and to dissect that famous pastoral, and select from the mass, which even to myself I hardly confessed to be ponderous, such pages as might suit an age that by no means partakes of my taste for folios. So I said, ‘That the afternoon being cool, and I less lame than usual, I thought we should not need Sam and the pony-chaise, but that I could manage by the help of my stick.’

“At that word out burst the terrible tidings. My stick, my poor old stick, my life-long friend, the faithful companion of so many walks, was missing, was gone, was lost! Last night, on our return

from the lane, the pony-chaise where Sam and I had carefully deposited it was found vacant. Sam himself, that model of careful drivers and faithful servants, had run back the moment he had unharnessed the pony, had retraced every step of the road, beating the ground like a pointer, questioning everybody, offering rewards, visiting ale-house and beer-house (places that, without special cause, Sam never does visit), to make proclamation of the loss, and finishing all by getting up at four o'clock in the morning, and beating the beaten ground over again. She herself,* who so seldom stirs without me, and so seldom lets me stir without her, that she may pass for my shadow, or (without offence be it spoken) for a sort of walking-stick herself, she had sallied forth, visiting lane and field, road and meadow, questioning reaper and gipsy, a sort of living hue and cry.

" 'And really, Ma'am,' quoth she, 'there is some comfort in the interest the people take in the stick! If it were anything alive, the pony, or Fanchon, or little Henry, or we ourselves, they could not be more sorry. Master Brent, Ma'am, at the top of the street, he promises to speak to everybody; so does William Wheeler, who goes everywhere; and Mrs. Bromley, at the shop; and the carrier and the postman. I dare say the whole parish knows it by this time! I have not been outside the gate to-day, but a dozen people asked me if we had heard of *our* stick! It must turn up soon. If one had but the slightest notion where it was lost! I do declare, Ma'am,' continued she, interrupting her lamentations, 'that you don't seem to be so much troubled about the poor stick as I am!' And with all her regard for me, I think she was a little scandalised at my philosophy. * * Sam always drives through the ford to cool the pony's feet, and commonly stops long enough in the middle to allow of his enjoying a good drink of the clear glittering pool; whilst Fanchon, who during the rainy season is as tender of wetting her pretty paws as a cat, has latterly condescended to walk out of the little carriage, in which it is her delight to sit perched, tremblingly and gingerly—something as a fine lady steps out of a bathing-machine, but still to walk down the steps, and drop into the water—drinking in the same slow, mincing, half-reluctant manner, but still drinking, and then pausing upon the brink to be taken home. Yesterday evening, I remembered that instead of walking gingerly down the steps, stopping half a minute upon one, and a whole minute upon the other, according to her usual mode, poor Fanchon, doubtless in a paroxysm of thirst, had fairly jumped out of the phaeton, giving to the whole vehicle such a jolt as her weight hardly seemed capable of producing. Then and there I suspected went the stick: carried off by the slow current, until it became entangled by the sedges on the banks, or sank in one of the deep pools not unfrequent in the stream."

There are in all twenty pages of this twaddle, at the end of which Miss Mitford says (after having recovered the lost stick through the aid of two poor children), "I do not know whe-

* Miss Mitford's maid, that is.

that the poor children or I were most rejoiced at the conclusion of the adventure. But," she naïvely asks, "what room has it left for Sir Philip?" (That is, for Sir Philip Sydney and his "Arcadia," the nominal subjects of the chapter.) "What room?" Why, three pages and a half, at the conclusion of which she observes, "So far Sir Philip." Verily, "So much for Buckingham!"

The following beautiful picture entitles Miss Mitford to claim the title of a Gainsborough of the pen :—

"There are some places that seem formed by nature for doubling and redoubling the delight of reading and dreaming over the greater poets. Living in the country, one falls into the habit of choosing out a fitting nest for that enjoyment, and with Beaumont and Fletcher especially, to whose dramatic fascinations I have the happy knack of abandoning myself, without troubling myself in the least about their dramatic faults (I do not speak here of graver sins, observe, gentle reader); their works never seem to me half so delightful as when I pore over them in the silence and solitude of a certain green lane, about half a mile from home; sometimes seated on the roots of an old fantastic beech, sometimes on the trunk of a felled oak, or sometimes on the ground itself, with my back propped lazily against a rugged elm.

"In that very lane am I writing on this sultry June day, luxuriating in the shade, the verdure, the fragrance of hay-field and of bean-field, and the absence of all noise, except the song of the birds, and that strange mingling of many sounds, the whir of a thousand forms of insect life, so often heard among the general hush of a summer noon.

"Woodcock Lane is so called, not after the migratory bird so dear to sportsman and to epicure, but from the name of a family, who three centuries ago owned the old manor-house, a part of which still adjoins it, just as the neighbouring eminence of Beech Hill is called after the ancient family of De la Beche, rather than from the three splendid beech-trees that still crown its summit; and this lane would probably be accounted beautiful by any one who loved the close recesses of English scenery, even though the person in question should happen not to have haunted it these fifty years as I have done.

"It is a grassy lane, edging off from the high road, nearly two miles in length, and varying from fifty to a hundred yards in width. The hedgerows on either side are so thickly planted with tall elms as almost to form a verdant wall, for the greater part doubly screened by rows of the same stately tree, the down-dropping branches forming close shady footpaths on either side, and leaving in the centre a broad level strip of the finest turf, just broken, here and there, by cart-tracks, and crossed by slender rills. The effect of these tall solemn trees, so equal in height, so unbroken, and so continuous, is quite grand and imposing as twilight comes on; especially when some slight bend in the lane gives to the outline almost the look of an amphitheatre.

“ On the southern side, the fields slope with more or less abruptness to the higher lands above, and winding footpaths and close woody lanes lead up the hill to the breezy common. To the north the fields are generally of pasture land, broken by two or three picturesque farm-houses, with their gable ends, their tall chimneys, their trim gardens, and their flowery orchards; and varied by a short avenue, leading to the equally picturesque old manor-house of darkest brick and quaintest architecture. Over the gates, too, we catch glimpses of more distant objects. The large white mansion where my youth was spent, rising from its plantations, and the small church, embowered in trees, whose bell is heard at the close of day, breathing of peace and holiness.

“ Towards the end of the lane a bright clear brook comes dancing over a pebbly bed, bringing with it all that water is wont to bring of life, of music, and of colour. Gaily it bubbles through banks adorned by the yellow flag, the flowering flash, the willow-herb, the meadow-sweet, and the forget-me-not; now expanding into a wide quiet pool, now contracted into a mimic rapid between banks that almost meet; and so the little stream keeps us company, giving on this sunny day an indescribable feeling of refreshment and coolness, until we arrive at the end of the lane, where it slants away to the right amidst a long stretch of water-meadows; whilst we pause to gaze at the lovely scenery on the other hand, where a bit of marshy ground leads to the park paling and grand old trees of the Great House at Beech Hill through an open grove of oaks, terminated by a piece of wild woodland, so wild, that Robin Hood might have taken it for a glade in his own Forest of merry Sherwood.

“ Except about half a mile of gravelly road, leading from the gate of the manor-house to one of the smaller farms, and giving by its warm orange tint, much of richness to the picture, there is nothing like a passable carriage-way in the whole length of the lane, so that the quiet is perfect.

“ Occasional passengers there are, however, gentle and simple; my friend, Mr. B., for instance, has just cantered past on his blood-horse with a nod and a smile saying nothing, but apparently a good deal amused with my arrangements. And here comes a procession of cows going a milking, with an old attendant, still called the cow-boy, who, although they have seen me often enough, one should think, sitting underneath a tree writing, with my little maid close by hemming flounces, and my dog, Fanchon, nestled at my feet—still *will* start as if they had never seen a woman before in their lives. Back they start, and then they rush forward, and then the old drover emits certain sounds, which it is to be presumed the cows understand; sounds so horribly discordant that little Fanchon—although to her, too, they ought to be familiar, if not comprehensible—starts up in a fright on her feet, deranging all the economy of my extempore desk, and well-nigh upsetting the ink-stand. Very much frightened is my pretty pet, the arrantest coward that ever walked upon four legs! And so she avenges herself, as cowards are wont to do, by following the cows at safe distance, as soon as they are fairly past, and beginning to bark amain when they are nearly out of sight. Then

follows a motley group of the same nature, colts, yearlings, calves, heifers, with a shouting boy and his poor shabby mongrel cur for driver. The poor cur wants to play with Fanchon, but Fanchon, besides being a coward, is also a beauty, and holds her state; although I think if he could but stay long enough, that the good humour of the poor merry creature would prove infectious and beguile the little lady into a game of romps. Lastly, appears the most solemn troop of all, a grave company of geese and goslings with the gander at their head, marching with the decorum and dignity proper to the birds who saved Rome. Fanchon, who once had an affair with a gander in which she was notably worsted, retreats out of sight and ensconces herself between me and the tree.

“Besides these mere passing droves, we have a scattered little flock of ewes and lambs belonging to an industrious widow on the hill, and tended by two sunburnt smiling children, her son and daughter; a pretty pair, as innocent as the poor sheep they watch beside, never seen apart. And peasants returning from their work, and a stray urchin birds-nesting; and that will make a complete catalogue of the frequenters of our lane—except, indeed, that now and then a village youth and maiden will steal along the sheltered path. Perhaps they come to listen to the nightingales, for which the place is famous; perhaps they come to listen to the voice which each prefers to all the nightingales that ever sang—who knows?”

In the preface to her book, the authoress confesses, with a candour which by no means inclines us to be a whit more charitable to her short-comings, that “it would be difficult to find a short phrase that would accurately describe a work so miscellaneous and so wayward; a work where there is far too much of personal gossip and of local scene-painting for the grave pretension of critical essays, and far too much of criticism and extract for anything approaching in the slightest degree to autobiography.” Notwithstanding, we do meet with autobiographical details, some few of which redeem the utter frivolity of the rest, by presenting us with reminiscences of distinguished persons. Thus the second volume indulges us with a portrait of the celebrated Cobbett, which cannot fail to prove interesting, and we give it accordingly *in extenso* :—

“This host of ours was a very celebrated person,—no other than William Cobbett. Sporting, not politics, had brought about our present visit, and subsequent intimacy. We had become acquainted with Mr. Cobbett two or three years before, at this very house, where we were now dining to meet Mrs. Blamire, when my father, a great sportsman, had met him while on a coursing expedition near Alton—had given him a greyhound that he had fallen in love with—had invited him to attend another coursing meeting near our own house in Berkshire—and finally, we were now, in the early autumn,

with all manner of pointers, and setters, and greyhounds, and spaniels, shooting ponies, and gun-cases, paying the return visit to him.

"He had at that time a large house at Botley, with a lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Bursledon River, which divided his (Mr. Cobbett's) territories from the beautiful grounds of the old friend where we had been originally staying, the great squire of the place. His own house—large, high, massive, red, and square, and perched on a considerable eminence—always struck me as being not unlike its proprietor. It was filled at that time almost to overflowing. Lord Cochrane was there, then in the very height of his warlike fame, and as unlike the common notion of a warrior as could be. A gentle, quiet, mild young man, was this burner of French fleets and cutter-out of Spanish vessels, as one should see in a summer-day. He lay about under the trees reading Selden on the Dominion of the Seas, and letting the children (and children always know with whom they may take liberties) play all sorts of tricks with him at their pleasure. His ship's surgeon was also a visitor, and a young midshipman, and sometimes an elderly lieutenant, and a Newfoundland dog; fine sailor-like creatures all. Then there was a very learned clergyman, a great friend of Mr. Gifford, of the 'Quarterly,' with his wife and daughter—exceedingly clever persons. Two literary gentlemen from London and ourselves completed the actual party; but there was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour or guests for the day, and almost all ranks and descriptions, from the Earl and his Countess to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number.

"I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality, the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farm-house, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent—everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife, very lately dead, to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realising our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, *Ailie Dinmont*, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and her children.

"At this time William Cobbett was at the height of his political reputation; but of politics we heard little, and should, I think, have heard nothing, but for an occasional red-hot patriot, who would introduce the subject, which our host would fain put aside, and got rid of as speedily as possible. There was something of *bonhomme* about him, with his unfailing good-humour and good spirits—his heartiness—his love of field sports—and his liking for a foray. He was a tall, stout man, fair, and sunburnt, with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little. He was,

but observe how studied and self-conscious the coxcombry is—mark that parenthesis, “always excepting the minor poems:” were we not right in stating, some pages back, that portions of the “*Recollections*” seem to have been written for a clique—for a “party,” and not for “mankind?” Be it understood, however, that amongst the extracts Miss Mitford has collected, many of great merit are to be found which we love to keep green in our souls; some again are recondite, and others possess the charm of novelty.

We shall conclude this part of our notice with a delightful little poem by W. C. Bennett, which appears to be a favorite with Miss Mitford, and which will repay a second perusal. Speaking of this poet, Miss Mitford says:—

“Of all writers the one who has best understood, best painted, best felt infant nature, is my dear and valued friend Mr. Bennett. We see at once that it is not only a charming and richly-gifted poet who is describing childish beauty, but a young father writing from his heart. So young indeed is he in reality and in appearance, that he was forced to produce a shoemaker's bill for certain little blue kid slippers before he could convince an incredulous critic (I believe poor Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer) that Baby May was really his own child, and not an imaginary personage invented for the nonce; and yet Greenwich can tell how much this young ardent mind, aided by kindred spirits, has done in the way of baths and wash-houses, and schools, and lectures, and libraries, and mechanics' institutes to further the great cause of progress, mental and bodily. So well do strength and tenderness of character go together, and so fine a thing is the union of activity with thought,

“‘Baby May’ is amongst the most popular of Mr. Bennett's lyrics, and amongst the most original, as that which is perfectly true to nature can hardly fail to be.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Puppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness—
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windswept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder

At all things the heavens under,
 Tiny scorns of smiles reproving
 That have more of love than lovings,
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning,
 Breakings, dire of plates and glasses
 Graspings small at all that passes,
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table,
 Silence ————
 Deep ———— actions
 Break! ————
 In a to ————
 All the ————
 Must I ————
 Blunders—such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking,
 Wealth for which we know no measure,
 Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be,
 That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

We do not wish to view this subject from too general a point of view, and yet we cannot help associating with the latest work of the author of *Belford Regis* the painful impression of a decadent literature. We cannot doubt that the age wherein we live is either a period of decay, or of transition; we may hope the latter; however that be, one thing is certain, that in no quarter can we discover a permanent vigour, a settled order, an unquestioned authority. We are aware that generalization is sometimes unfriendly to practical insight, since the true conditions of things may be rendered as obscure by a too distant *reconnaissance*, as they may contrariwise be distorted by too close an inspection. Yet we cannot help connecting this new book of Miss Mitford's with many things mention whereof is not to be looked for in its pages. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn;" and, as it would be impossible to take account of the state of man in these islands under the existing form of their complex civilization, without analyzing a variety of elements; so, by a natural inversion, the separate contemplation of one of those elements leads us insensibly to that of another through a medium of reflection common to them all. In those days of an Exodus which is pregnant with the mightiest consequences to the future of, it may be, two continents; in these days of religious dissension; of oppressive poor-rates, of which it may be said that, while they "not enrich" one class of men, they make another class "poor indeed;" in these days of confiscation on the one hand, and

extermination on the other ; of political paralysis ; threatened invasion ; strife between capital and labour ; of unsettling agitation for necessary reforms, too long deferred, if not wilfully neglected ; in such a time, we say, we look with faint hope to literature for relief. Its complexion is but too often clouded by the shadows of the time, its front sicklied o'er with the pale cast, not, we fear, of thought only, but of unhealthiness too. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that the class of literature to which these "*Recollections*" belong is, in a considerable degree, peculiar to our own time. Some writers, at the present day, instead of exerting their abilities to the utmost, and claiming approval as the just reward of energies exercised without reserve, are content to leave much to Providence, and still more to the good nature, and even the levity, of the reader. We do not accuse them of deficiency of talent ; but unity of aim, and that industrious care which will not rest satisfied except with the highest possible polish of solid and durable materials, are qualities which are wanting in many of the cleverest and most popular books of the day. They content themselves, too frequently, with, to use Miss Mitford's own words, "throwing out here and there such choice and chosen bits as prove that nothing but disinclination to enter the arena debars them from winning the prize," and we are teased by the reflection that the full exercise of the power of pleasing has been coquettishly withheld. A thorough conviction, a defined object earnestly contemplated, and an unreserved vigour, are essential, we repeat, to literary, as to any other species of decisive and permanent success. In the race of life there is no walk over—in the battle of life there can be no *corps de reserve*.

ART. IV.—REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

AMONGST the many Irishmen of undoubted genius, who have died within the past thirty years, there is not one whose memory is so much neglected, or whose works are so forgotten, as those of Charles Robert Maturin ; and yet only six and thirty years ago, his name was on every tongue, his company was anxiously sought at every ball, and at every literary gathering, the brightest looks of the brightest eyes were sure to greet him on his entrance. Scott and Byron lauded his genius

in terms of the sincerest admiration ; Edmund Kean employed all the full energy of his fiery soul in realizing, by his acting, the deep poetic conception of "Bertram;" the wisest, the most learned, the most fastidious critics of the time were almost unanimous in their expressions of admiration ; the stillness of thronged theatres, the hum of approval, the loud-swelling cheer, iterated and reiterated, had in turn proved the feeling and the delight of the audience, and proved too, that the poor curate of Saint Peter's, after long and lonely toil, having gone through grief and disappointment with a stout unswerving spirit, had at length achieved that great triumph, the production of a successful tragedy. True it is, that more poetic plays than "Bertram" have been written ; but there is not one play which has been produced, *upon the stage*, within the past half century, so brilliant in conception and in thought. Alfred Tennyson sings of the "The Poet's Mind,"

" Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river ;
Bright as light, and clear as wind ;"

and although this beautiful picture may not be, and was not realised in Maturin's case, yet he gave up all the fair buoyant years of life to the service of poesy and literature, and the only blemish of his *early* novels, and the sole fault of his tragedies, is that which his own character, and the peculiar cast of his mind impressed upon them—they are too ideal. Charles Lamb, accounting for the errors and the faults, or if the moralist will have it so, the vices of early manhood, says, "few men think, until thirty, that they are mortal." And so it is with the man of genius, he requires time and care ; all the precepts of Horace must be practised, all the wild fancies of young ambition to found a school, or to change the taste of a people, must be forgotten ; and experience shows, that the first efforts in poetry and prose of some of our most admired writers, exhibited no traits of the bright excellence by which afterwards they were so gloriously distinguished. Amongst all the men of genius this century, Maturin is the one for whom most indulgences must be claimed ; but whilst we claim them, we are not, for a moment, contending that a poet is to demand for himself, or his works, any peculiar exemption from these rules, which religion and society have set up as the guides for all men in the conduct of their lives. They are but the parasites of genius

who claim these exemptions for its possessors. A man of deep thought, of great intellect, and of great poetic ability, Henry Taylor, has written—"Never let this truth depart from the minds of poets, or of those who would cherish and protect them—that the poet and the man are one and indivisible; that as the life and character is, so is the poetry; that the poetry is the fruit of the whole moral, spiritual, intellectual, and practical being; and howsoever in this imperfection of humanity, fulfilments may have fallen short of aspirations, and the lives of some illustrious poets may have seemed to be at odds with greatness and purity, yet in so far as the life has faltered in wisdom, and virtue failing thereby to be the nurse of high and pure imaginations, the poet, we may be sure, has been shorn of his beams; and whatsoever splendour may remain to him, even though to our otherwise bedarkened eyes wandering in a terrestrial dimness, it may seem to be consummate and the very "offspring of Heaven, first-born," yet it is a reduced splendour and a merely abortive offspring as compared with what it might have been, and with what it is in the bounty of God to create, by the conjunction of the like gifts of high reason, ardent imagination, efflorescence of fancy, and intrepidity of impulse, with a heart subdued to Him, and a pure and unspotted life. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and out of the life are the issues of poetry."*

Charles Robert Maturin was essentially a poet. In his case as in that of John Sterling, the adoption of the church as a profession was a most grave mistake, and all through his chequered existence, genius incited him to one course of conduct, whilst duty imperatively commanded the adoption of another. The great misfortune of his life was, that in him, as in many other clever men, the intellectual faculty was so strong, that genius, and feeling, and impulse, ever drove him onward, and all the calm resolvings of reason and deliberation were forgotten, in the wild whirl of excited fancy. When the great German wrote, "Ernst ist das Leben," he wrote a plain truth, so evident that all men acknowledge it, and yet, in the world of literature and art, it would seem that men read the converse of the thought, and believe that life is not a serious thing. Genius is squandered, opportunities are neglected, great projects

* Taylor's Notes from Life, p. 167, 'The Life Poetic.'

are formed, but no task is accomplished, no triumph achieved; thus the great game of life is played, a thing of blasted hopes, and fruitless aspirations, proving too truly the melancholy theory of Seneca, "*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixta dementia.*"*

The origin of Maturin's name was a romance, and he cherished it fondly, as giving him a species of birthright in mystery. About thirty years before the first French Revolution, a lady of the court, in driving through one of the quiet streets of old Paris, was surprised at hearing the cries of an infant. It naturally attracted her attention, and she accordingly directed her servant to pause, and sent a footman to enquire the cause of the infant's cries. He soon returned carrying a basket, which he had found in an obscure corner of the street, containing a newly-born male child, dressed in the finest and richest clothing. The infant thus found was adopted by the lady, and she acted towards it with all the kindness of a tender parent—she sent the boy at a proper age to a respectable school, every attention was paid him; but a short time before the outbreak of the Revolution, when just twenty years of age, he was thrown into the Bastille on suspicion of treason, and only escaped to England, after a long and harassing imprisonment. The street in which he had been found a deserted infant, was called the Rue de Mathurine, after a convent which stood in it dedicated to Saint Mathurine, the name Mathurin was given to the child, which, after his arrival and marriage in Ireland, was anglicized to Maturin. This foundling was the father of Charles Robert Maturin, who was his ninth son.

Old Mr. Maturin, on first coming to Ireland, directed his attention to literature, but finding that without a patron, literary labour was but a sorry mode of existence, he resolved to accept a more humble, but less precarious, mode of support, and was appointed to some small government employment which his friends had procured for him. Eventually he was raised to the very respectable position of Inspector of Roads, for the Province of Leinster, under the Irish Post-office. At school Maturin was a boy of much ability, but like other clever lads, he could not apply himself resolutely to any fixed course of study. Byron, Theodore Hook, fifty other men of genius were marked

* De Tranq. Anim. c. 15, s. 77.

by this same fault; but, as Carlyle well observes of John Sterling; "To him and to all of us, the expressly appointed schoolmasters and schoolings we get are as nothing, compared with the unappointed, incidental, and continual ones, whose school hours are all the days and nights of our existence, and whose lessons, noticed or unnoticed, stream in upon us with every breath we draw."

Maturin wrote verses at a very early age, some portions of which were published in the newspapers of the time. There is nothing, however, in the stanzas to fix the attention; they are in no respect superior to that class of newspaper poet's corner scribbling, which passed for poetry fifty years ago. Old Segrain used to say that most young Catholics, between their fourteenth and eighteenth years, wish to retire from the world into monasteries or convents, and he called this, "the small pox of the mind," because only one in a thousand escaped it. In Protestant countries this disease becomes a species of scarlet fever, and our youth long for the army or the stage. Maturin wished to become an actor, and whenever his parents left home, he converted the back and front drawing-rooms into an imaginary theatre, and spouted, with all the energy which always distinguished him when excited, the wildest flights in Nat. Lee's mad rant "Alexander." To give full force to the character, he was accustomed to steal from his mother's wardrobe, and his father's, the most showy articles of dress. He also, about this time, used to delight his school-fellows by writing short dramatic pieces, in which he performed himself, and it was difficult to determine, whether they valued more highly the efforts of the author or the actor. His powers as an actor were always very considerable; the delightful effect with which he recited the passages of deep poetry in his own "Bertram," was fully appreciated, even by those who had seen Edmund Kean and Mrs. Bunn perform Bertram and Imogene.

At length these boyish fancies and pursuits were abandoned, and Maturin entered Trinity College. He read successfully for a scholarship, and was a very active member of the Historical Society. He was but fifteen years of age when he entered College, yet before taking his degree, he had made for himself a very considerable reputation as a classical student, had taken many honours, and had distinguished himself as a debater in the Society.

Shortly after his entrance, he did that, which all poets and most men do—fall in love. The object of his affections was Miss Kingsbury, sister to the late Rev. Thomas Kingsbury, archdeacon of Killala. That a man of Maturin's temperament, when he loved at all, should love deeply and truly, is only what we should expect. From first to last, in all the changes of his varied fortune, he was ever the lover of her who was worthy of all his affections; he married Miss Kingsbury whilst going through his College course, and though in after life he was a wayward, spoiled child of genius, petted by blue-stockings coteries, and album-keeping Sapphos, he ever proved the truth of the Laureate's line,

“ Love is love for ever more.”

Having married, and thus imposed upon himself the necessity of setting in earnest to complete his course, and fix upon a profession, he decided on entering the Church, and having taken orders, he was, through the interest of his brother-in-law, appointed to the curacy of Loughrea. To most men of education and literary taste, the curacy of Loughrea would be something tantamount to a post in Lapland or Norfolk Island, but to one of Maturin's genius and peculiar cast of mind, it was absolute and hopeless exile from the world he adored. True, his wife was with him, and all the day dreams of a romantic boyhood had been to some extent fulfilled; but a literary man in an Irish country town, more than fifty years ago, was not very likely to rest contented with his position, even though wedded to a woman who, in his eyes, possessed all the charms of Venus, and every perfection of Minerva. He worked anxiously and continuously to obtain a curacy in some other locality, where he could occasionally, at least, see other things, besides “priest, pigs, and peelers,” who, Harry Lorrequer tells us, form the chief objects of interest, and for whom there appears to be an insatiable demand, in the neighbourhood of Loughrea. He accordingly, after some exertion had been made to gratify him, was appointed to the curacy of St. Peter's parish, Dublin, with a wretched salary, or rather pittance of eighty or ninety pounds per annum.

So far he was happy, that is, he was content with his position; but, ninety pounds per annum could not support a wife, and house in York-street;* so he turned to the labour of pre-

* He lived at 41 York-street.

paring students for College, and resolved, at the same time, to make his first step in authorcraft. Accordingly, in 1804, he published anonymously a romance entitled, "The Family of Montorio, or the Fatal Revenge." It is a work belonging to the school founded by Mrs. Ratcliffe—overladen with all kinds of horrors, trap doors, and unexpected apparitions. In the preface he states it to be his first work, and entreats a lenient judgment thus :—"If youth, unacquaintance with literary habits, and the 'original sin' of national dulness, be any mitigation of severity, *critical or eclectic, or of the cold or bitter blasts of the North*, let this serve to inform my readers that I am four-and-twenty, that I never had a literary friend or counsellor, and that I am an Irishman ;" and in the introduction he informs us that the book is "a romance founded on supernatural terror." For a first work of so young a man, it could not be considered a failure ; but fourteen years' afterwards, in the preface to his novel, "Woman, or Pour et contre," he writes thus : "None of my former prose works have been popular. The strongest proof of which is, none of them arrived at a second edition ; nor could I dispose of the copyright of any but the 'Milesian,' which was sold to Mr. Colburn for £80, in the year 1811. 'Montorio' (misnamed by the bookseller 'The Fatal Revenge,' a very book-selling appellation) had some share of popularity, but it was only the popularity of circulating libraries : it deserved no better ; the date of that style of writing was out when I was a boy, and I had not powers to revive it." And yet, although he writes thus of "Montorio," it was the book which attracted most the attention of Sir Walter Scott, and obtained his unchanging friendship for the author. That Maturin expected not alone profit, but also fame, from "Montorio," is more than probable. He knew, at its publication, nothing of the business part of authorship, and too high-minded to become a beggar for subscriptions, he did not obtain the support his clever romance so well deserved. However, he was, in his disappointment, supported by that buoyant enthusiasm which ever distinguished him, and we find him in 1808 publishing "The Wild Irish Boy," a romance displaying all the fancy and brilliancy of thought, which marked the earlier production, "Montorio," and exhibiting a depth of passionate feeling, wild and intense as that of "Werther." It has defects, and grave ones ; but, those who write

in snug studies, by sparkling fires, and under the inspiring effects of good cheer and leisure, and with easy minds, can form but a slight conception of the sad difficulties by which Maturin was surrounded whilst preparing this work for the press. He was bound to discharge the duties of curate in a large and poor parish, and he did discharge them faithfully. The miserable sum paid him for the performance of these duties not being sufficient to support his family, he was forced to devote his unemployed hours of daylight in reading with his pupils, and thus trammelled on all sides by harassing, and in some respects, uncongenial duties, he was forced to borrow from the hours of night to complete his story. The book was admired, talked of, praised, but to the author it brought little emolument. In its production, the triumph of genius over adverse circumstances, was doubtless a satisfaction; and although, as Jules Janin writes, "Si on annoncerait M. le Duc de Montmorency et M. de Balzac dans un salon on regarderait M. de Balzac," yet if the admiration or curiosity of the observer stop at this particular point, it may, and does, spoil the man of genius, it very rarely serves him. Although "Montorio" and "The Wild Irish Boy" produced nothing to improve the author's fortunes, he was still a believer in the public taste, and accordingly published in 1812, a novel entitled "The Milesian Chief," which was, as we have seen, the first work purchased by the publisher, the two former having been brought out at his own risk.

At length he appeared to have caught the public eye, and to have made some way with the trade. Showers of complimentary verses were sent to him, the press was fair and honest in its criticisms, and in truth the book deserved the laudations bestowed upon it. All the beauties and all the defects of Maturin's genius and style are apparent, it is true, but, over all, there is so great a brilliancy of thought, and a mastery of language so perfect, that certain passages of the tale rise to the highest order of eloquence. But beautiful as these works are, we fear that very few of our readers, born within the present century, have even seen them. They are to be found only in the highest shelves and dustiest corners of the circulating library. This neglect in a great measure arises from the fact, that the stories are founded on a mixture of the supernatural and the real; the denouements are brought about by a series of events comprising all that is wild, and horrible,

and unearthly. The taste for this species of composition had almost passed away when the three works just noticed were published, and we believe that to produce a successful romance of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" school, even at the period when "The Milesian Chief" was published (1812), the author should possess the mighty genius of Scott. Had the "Monastery," with its "White Maid of Avenal," been produced *before* "Waverley," we doubt very much as to its success. "Montorio," "The Wild Irish Boy," and "The Milesian Chief," were published anonymously. Maturin's friends being a little evangelical, he could not risk offending or scandalizing them by appearing publicly as a writer of novels, and having the example of Home, the author of "Douglas," before him, he very properly kept his secret. However, finding his difficulties increasing after the publication of "The Milesian Chief," and discovering that with all his efforts to battle against the troubles of his position, he could barely subsist, he resolved to become less scrupulous and careful about the opinions of his "godly" friends, and determined to make one bold step in literature, even though it should destroy his prospects of preferment. During five years, after the publication of "The Milesian Chief," he toiled unnoticed and uncared for, and to add an additional pang to his already depressing condition, having become security for a friend, who was driven into insolvency, Maturin was forced to pay the entire sum for which he had bound himself. Here was sorrow and anxiety sufficient to crush the spirit, and to blight the genius of most men, but it was not so with our poor poet curate, and amidst all his troubles he composed that work, which made him famous, and in a measure happy—the tragedy of "Bertram."

When Miss O'Neill was engaged as the leading tragic actress at Crow-street Theatre, Shiel just then (1813) returned from London, and endeavouring to procure the money requisite to defray the expenses of his call to the bar, composed for our famous country-woman, the tragedy of "Adelaide, or the Emigrants;"* the success of this play incited Maturin to attempt something in the way of dramatic poetry, and by constant and anxious labour, he was able to present "Bertram" to the Crow-street manager, in the latter part of the

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. p. 378.

year 1813. It was read, and after some delay, returned to him, as unsuited for representation. This was in itself a severe blow, he threw the manuscript aside, and almost forgot it. In the following year 1814, whilst turning over some old papers, he once more recollected the rejected tragedy, and a friend, knowing the great kindness of Sir Walter Scott, advised Maturin to transmit the tragedy to him for perusal. Sir Walter read it, was pleased, and enclosed it to Lord Byron, then one of the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theatre, with a letter of very strong approval. The time was, fortunately for Maturin, very well chosen. The Theatre wanted a play, and Byron had written to Scott, to Coleridge, and Joanna Baillie, endeavouring to secure a tragedy from some one of them; but Miss Baillie was not prepared, Coleridge was wandering, and mouthing, and maundering about German metaphysics, and straying "in the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its sun-m-mjects, and om-m-mjects."*

Scott was ^{too}two much engaged, but he had heard that the Directors were about to receive Miss Baillie's play, "De Montford," and took the opportunity of recommending "Bertram." In Moore's Life of Byron, we find the following passage:—

"When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee and was one of the Sub-Committee of management, the number of *plays* upon the shelves were about *five* hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be *some* of merit, in person and by proxy I caused an investigation. I do not think that in these which I saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as most of them! Maturin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott, to whom I had recourse, firstly, in the hope that he would do something for us himself; and secondly, in despair, that he would point out to us any young or old writer of promise. Maturin sent his Bertram and a letter *without* his address, so that at first I could give him no answer. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer and something more substantial. This play succeeded, but I was at that time absent from England."†

A short time before sending the tragedy to Byron, Sir

* Carlyle's Life of John Sterling, p. 73.

† Moore's Life of Byron, p. 287. Ed. 1851.

Walter had submitted it to John Kemble for approval, and he thus, in a letter to Terry, dated Abbotsford, November 10th, 1814, refers to it :—

“ I have been recommending to John Kemble (I daresay without any chance of success) to peruse a MS., a Tragedy of Maturin's, author of *Montorio* : it is one of those things which will either succeed greatly, or be damned gloriously, for its merits are marked, deep, and striking, and its faults of a nature obnoxious to ridicule. He had our old friend Satan (none of your sneaking St. John-street devils, but the arch-fiend himself) brought on the stage bodily ; I believe I have exorcised the foul fiend—for, though in reading he was a most terrible fellow, I feared for his reception in public. The last act is ill contrived. He piddles (so to speak) through a cullender, and divides the whole horrors of the catastrophe (though God wot there are enough of them) into a kind of drippity droppity of four or five scenes, instead of inundating the audience with them at once at the finale, with a grand ‘ *gardez l'eau.*’ With all this, which I should say had I written the thing myself, it is grand and powerful : the language most animated and poetical : and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm.”*

Thus approved, and thus recommended, it was scarcely possible that the tragedy could fail ; it was accordingly read in the Green-room, and the chief parts were cast for Edmund Kean, as Bertram, and for Miss Somerville, afterwards Mrs. Alfred Bunn, as Imogene. Kean had been anxious to play Shakespeare's *Lear*, but the peculiar illness of George the Third, made the production of the play, at that particular time, impossible. Bertram was therefore very acceptable to the great tragedian. Barry Cornwall informs us :—

“ Mr. Maturin's tragedy of Bertram was submitted to the theatre about this time. It was sent to Kean for his approval, before it was accepted by the committee. At first sight, he thought that the part of the hero would serve to increase his reputation, and he gladly undertook to perform it. The first rehearsal of the play, however, changed his view of the subject, and he came home dissatisfied with the character, and of opinion that the heroine was the most effective part in the tragedy. ‘ Mine is but a secondary part,’ said he. ‘ However, there is no Mrs. Siddons to play Imogene, and eclipse me.’ With this consolation in his soul, he studied Bertram attentively for several days, determined to make the hero the most conspicuous object in the play ; and he succeeded. He succeeded also in spite of

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Vol. iii, p. 312. Ed. 1837.

its defects as a drama, in enticing the public to come and witness the representation of Bertram twenty-two nights in the season.”*

The tragedy was eminently successful. The critics were enraptured, the public were charmed, and poor Maturin, was raised to the very topmost pinnacle of delight. Amidst all the approbation of the public, there was one, and only one man, that employed his pen to damn the reputation of the new poet.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was at this time publishing, what he called, “*Biographia Literaria, or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions,*” and amongst these papers appeared one entitled, “*A Critique on Bertram!*”† It was a tirade of most savage abuse, unfair, partial, and disingenuous. Coleridge had been all his life long a selfish man; at one period he had become a maundering, dreaming, useless thing, chewing opium, and reading Kant; discoursing of “free-will, free-knowledge and fixed fate,” fancying himself a regenerator of mankind, whilst leaving to poor Southey the burden of supporting his (Coleridge’s) wife and children. A man, such as this, might be a species of moral finger-post, pointing the road to virtue, and remaining stationary himself, but it was certainly rather anomalous, to find him acting the part of Mentor to one whose only *faults* were his poverty and his literary inexperience—his only crime being that he wrote better plays than Mr. Coleridge.

According to Coleridge, the play was immoral, it was unnatural, it was disgraceful. Maturin might have replied, that it was as unnatural for a husband to desert his wife and family, as for a woman to desert her husband. Coleridge had done the former in real life, the Lady Imogene had done the latter in the play. The plot of “*Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand,*” is simply this. The scene is laid in Sicily—a convent of monks—night—a frightful storm—a vessel is wrecked—one man is saved by swimming—the monks carry him to the convent. The Castle of St. Aldobrand is the next scene—the Lady Imogene is seated at a table, gazing on a portrait—the portrait of a lover, whom she had deserted, at her father’s command, for the Count Aldobrand, now her husband.

* Life of Kean, Vol. i. p. 152.

† *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. ii. p. 255. Ed. 1847.

Clotilda, the attendant enters, and the whole story of Imogene's life is told. She relates how the deserted lover has lost the king's favour,—she tells of his attainder, of his having become the chief of a band of robbers—and recounts all the changes his course of life is reported to have made in his disposition and appearance, changes so great, Imogene cries,

“ That she who bore him had recoiled,
Nor known the alien visage of her child,
Yet still I love him.”

She tells how her husband is now in pursuit of the forsaken lover, charged by the king to punish him, and she exclaims, striking her heart—

“ But thou art Bertram's still, and Bertram's ever.”

We knew of course that this is not correct. Neither Judge Keatinge, nor the Court of Delegates could approve it; a mother and a wife, as Imogene was, should be virtuous and parturient, and the heroine's sigh would seem to prove her an advocate for Lady Wortley Montague's septennial divorce project.

After the exclamation of passion above quoted, a monk enters, and requests permission to lodge the half-drowned stranger in the castle—permission is given, and the stranger is at length housed. The second act is the most exciting of the whole. The stranger tells the prior of the convent, that he is Bertram, and tells him that the gang of bravos of which he (Bertram) is the captain, will soon be in possession of the castle, and informs him that they intend to murder the Count upon his return. Imogene hearing of the fierce manner and wild appearance of the stranger, visits his chamber alone, but finding his violence still unmitigated, she is about retreating, when her child rushes into the room, and exclaims “ mother !” Bertram snatches up the boy, and kissing it, cries “ God bless thee, child !”

Of Kean's acting here, Barry Cornwall writes—

“ The benediction, ‘ God bless thee, child !’ for which Kean obtained so much applause, had been previously uttered a hundred times over his own son Charles. He repeated it so often, and so fervently, that he became touched by the modulation of his own voice; which, under the before-mentioned circumstances acquired a tenderness

‘beyond the reach of art.’ This phrase, and the other of ‘the wretched have no country,’ he pronounced to be the pathetic points in the play.”

Count Aldobrand returns for a few hours, and goes off again to celebrate the Feast of Saint Anselm at the convent. On his departure, Bertram comes again upon the stage—Imogene, owing to the threats uttered by him against her husband, faints—Clotilda and the prior enter—the storm rises once more—when weak and bleeding, Aldobrand staggers on the stage, to die at the feet of his wife, he having been wounded mortally by Bertram’s gang of robbers. In expiring, the husband forgives her. Imogene dies in the convent, and Bertram, stabbing himself, dies by her side, exclaiming—

I die no felon’s death,
A warrior’s weapon freed a warrior’s soul !”

The play having been written by one unacquainted with theatrical composition, contained much poetry, beautiful, and adapted for the closet, but which rendered it too long for the stage. The tragedy, as it reads at present, was cut down by Lord Byron’s advice. In the original, Maturin made Bertram tell the prior that he was driven to the murder of Aldobrand by a supernatural spirit. The scene was inserted in the Edinburgh Review, at the request of Sir Walter Scott—it is thus introduced in a critique on “Melmoth :”—

“Mr. Maturin in the present (*Melmoth*), as well as in former publications, has shown some desire to wield the wand of the enchanter, and to call in the aid of supernatural horrors. While De Courcy was in the act of transferring his allegiance from Eva to Zaiva, the phantom of the latter—her *wraith*, as we call it in Scotland, the apparition of a living person—glides past him, arrayed in white, with eyes closed, and face pale and colourless, and is presently afterwards seen lying beneath his feet as he assists Zaiva into the carriage. Eva has a dream, corresponding to the apparition in all its circumstances. This incident resembles one which we have read in our youth in *Aubrey Baxter*, or some such savoury and sapient collector of ghost stories ; but we chiefly mention it, to introduce a remarkable alteration in the tragedy of *Bertram*, adopted by the author, we believe, with considerable regret. It consists in the retrenchment of a passage or two of great poetical beauty, in which

* *Life of Kean*, Vol. i. 160.

Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes, by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being. We have been favoured with a copy of the lines by a particular friend and admirer of the author, to whom he presented the manuscript copy of his play, in which alone they exist. The Prior, in his dialogue with Bertram, mentions—

—————the dark of the forest,
So from his armour named and sable helm
Whose unbarred vizor mortal never saw.
He dwells alone ; no earthly thing lives near him,
Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dark weeds muffling his stagnant moat.

Bertram.—I'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.

Prior.—Thou'rt mad to take the guest. Within my memory
One solitary man did venture there—
Dark thoughts dwelt in him, which he sought to vent.
Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.

Bertram.—What fate befel him there ?

Prior.—The manner of his end was never known.

Bertram.—That man shall be my mate—contend not with me—
Horrors to me are kindred and society.
Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted.

Bertram.—Was it a man or fiend ? Whate'er it was
It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
All is around his dwelling suitable :
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall,
These sounds of which the causes are not seen
I love, for they are like my fate, mysterious—
How tower'd his proud form through the shrouding gloom,
How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
How through the barred vizor did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on the pausing soul !
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
I felt those unseen eyes were fix'd on mine,
If eyes indeed were there—
Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,

That wither'd in my heart's abortive core,
 Rous'd their dark battle at his tempest-peal:
 So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
 Waking its myriad hosts of burning death;
 So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
 Of blood and bone and flesh and dust—worn fragments,
 In dire array of ghastly unity,
 To bid the eternal summons—
 I am not what I was since I beheld him—
 I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
 All is condensed, collected, callous now—
 The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er,
 Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
 Arresting life and stilling all beneath it.

Enter two of his band observing him.

First Robber.—See'st thou with what a step of pride he stalks?
 Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen;
 For never man, from living converse come,
 Trod with such step, or flashed with eye like thine.

Second Robber.—And hast thou of a truth seen the dark knight?

Bertram.—(Turning on him suddenly) Thy hand is chill'd with
 Fear—Well! shivering craven,
 Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze?
 Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal?
 Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
 Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn—
 Banner of sheeted flame whose foldings shrink
 To withering weeds that o'er the battlements
 Wave to the broken spell—or demon-blast
 Of winded clarion whose fell summons sinks
 To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
 O'er the charm'd towers—

First Robber.—Mock me not thus—Hast met him of a truth?—

Bertram.—Well, fool—

First Robber.—Why, then, heavens be with you.
 Upon this hour we part—farewell for ever.
 For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—
 But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

“The description of the fiend's port and language—the effect which the conference with him produces upon Bertram's mind—the terrific dignity which the intercourse with such an associate invests him, and its rendering him, a terror even to his own desperate banditti—is all well conceived, and executed in a grand and magnificent strain of poetry; and, in the perusal, supposing the reader were carrying his mind back to the period when such intercourse between mortals and demons was considered as matter of indisputable truth, the story acquires probability and consistency, even from that which is in itself not only improbable but impossible. The interview with

the incarnate fiend of the forest, would, in these days, be supposed to have the same effect upon the mind of Bertram, as the 'metaphysical aid' of the witches produces upon that of Macbeth, awakening and stimulating that appetite for crime, which slumbered in the bosom of both, till called forth by supernatural suggestion."²

We know not whether the reader will consider there is any thing very frightful, or very immoral, in the sketch which we have given of this tragedy. It strikes us, that the heroine is very miserable to the last moment of her life. In Bertram, taken as a whole, there is nothing calculated to blunt that keen virtue which is said to distinguish the men and women of these kingdoms; there is no maudlin sympathy excited as in "The Stranger"—and even taking the worst, and most Coleridgeish view of the subject, all that can be asserted against the play comes to this, that its plot is, in part, founded on the often performed tragedy, "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage," and in part, on a now forgotten play, called "Percy," the production of that sublimatedly rigorous friend of virtue, Hannah More.

We are quite willing to admit, that in Bertram there is too much of the melodramatic tinge. Passion, human passion and feeling, may be too highly painted, but this is only to say that the tragedy is not perfect. If we look back through the pages of the old dramatists, we find this same fault appearing in the works of our tragic writers. Physical pain, and mental woe are never pleasant subjects for representation, yet they form the chief groundworks in the plots of most dramatic, and many poetic authors. Fuseli, in one of his lectures, says, that "When Spenser dragged into light the entrails of the serpent slain by the Red Cross Knight, he dreamt a butcher's dream, and not a poet's;" yet this same portion of the Fairie Queen is not the least interesting of the great poem. Maturin may have shown some want of taste, but it was a want common to other men of great genius—Manfred is conscience racked; in the wild complaints uttered

" With a scream that shoots
To the heart's red roots,"

by Philoctetes, Sophocles has conjured up all the horrors of

* Edinburgh Review for June 1818, p. 254.

mental and bodily torture—but we dwell too long on this critique of Coleridge. Byron thus refers to it, and to the tragedy:—

“In Coleridge’s Life, I perceive an attack upon the then Committee of Drury Lane Theatre for acting Bertram, and an attack upon Maturin’s Bertram for being acted. Considering all things, this is not very grateful nor graceful on the part of the worthy autobiographer; and I would answer, if I had *not* obliged him. Putting my own pains to forward the views of Coleridge out of the question, I know there was every disposition on the part of the Sub-Committee to bring forward any production of his, were it feasible. The play he offered, though poetical, did not appear at all practicable, and Bertram did—and hence this long tirade, which is the last chapter of his vagabond life.

“As for Bertram, Maturin may defend his own begotten, if he likes it well enough; I leave the Irish clergyman and the new orator Henley to battle it out between them, satisfied to have done the best I could for *both*. I may say this to *you*, who know it.”*

And again, in a letter to Moore, from Venice, March 31st, 1817, we find him writing thus:—

“What do you think of your countryman Maturin? I take some credit to myself for having done my best to bring out Bertram; but I must say my colleagues were quite as ready and willing. Walter Scott, however, was the *first* who mentioned him, which he did to me, with great commendation, in 1815; and it is to this casualty, and two or three other accidents, that this very clever fellow owed his first and well-merited success. What a chance is fame?”†

The success attending this play, and the fact of the author’s name being unknown, induced many persons to claim it as their composition; to prevent further misconception, Maturin went over to London, and acknowledged himself the author. From this period a change, a very remarkable change, was visible in his dress, manner, and appearance. He was at once received into the highest circles of the fashionable world, and although, by the acknowledgment of his authorship, he very

* Letter to Murray, October 12th, 1819, p. 367, Ed. 1851. See also Coleridge’s Biog. Literaria, vol. 2, p. 255.

† Life, 347,

seriously damaged his chances of promotion in the church, yet, all the fascinations of intellectual and aristocratic life were, to their fullest, enjoyed by him. Whilst he was composing *Bertram*, and living amidst a confused sea of difficulties, a clergyman, high in the church, had called upon him in York-street for the purpose of making an offer of preferment; he was requested to wait for a few minutes, and after the lapse of half an hour, Maturin entered, his hair in dishevelled masses, wrapped in a flowing morning gown, and bearing in one hand a pen, in the other a portion of the manuscript of *Bertram*, from which he was repeating some highly wrought sentence just completed; he threw himself on the sofa beside his starched visitor, who very soon retreated, leaving the poet to cultivate the muse, in poverty and at leisure.*

A man of this description, so poetic and fanciful, was very likely to plunge into the delights of that life, which had been to him but an unknown fairy land. He had been the hard working, but unsuccessful scholar; he had married, at twenty, the woman he loved; to support her, and his children, he had given up the bright buoyant years of early manhood to unceasing toil, and had become a drudging curate, and a fagging teacher, but now, the fair dreams that had borne him up through all, were fulfilled; everything was joyous and hopeful; life was now beautiful as a vision of that dream land, in which,

“Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.”

It has been written, “Talents in literature or science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality;—it is a passport through the well guarded frontier, but no title to naturalization within.

* Maturin could not compose unless in silence and free from all noise and interruption; “Monday, 18th July, 1825, young Mr. Maturin breakfasted, and Sir Walter asked a great deal about his late father, and the present situation of the family, and promised to go and see the widow. When the young gentleman was gone, Hartstonge told us that Maturin used to compose with a wafer pasted on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the *sanctum* they must not speak to him. Sir Walter said, He was never bred in a writer’s *chaumer*.” Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, vol. 6, p. 56. Ed. 1837.

By him, who has not been born amongst them, this can only be achieved by politics. In that arena which they look upon as their own, the Legislature of the land, let a man of genius, like Sheridan, but assert his supremacy, at once all those barriers of reserve and pride give way, and he takes, by right, a station at their side, which a Shakspeare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy.* It was the ignorance of this fact that led to many of Maturin's difficulties; it was the ignorance of it that plunged Theodore Hook, and fifty other men of genius, into embarrassments from which they were never able to extricate themselves, remaining to the last, the hacks of those who are ever ready to become the mortgagees of intellect.†

Maturin returned to Dublin, and his life at home was but a continuation of that which he had led in London. His appearance and mode of living, after the success of "Bertram," have been thus described:—

"Mr. Maturin was a tall, slender, but well proportioned, and on the whole, a good figure, which he took care to display in a well made black coat, tight buttoned, and some odd light-coloured stocking-web pantaloons, surmounted in winter by a coat of prodigious dimensions, gracefully thrown on, so as not to obscure the symmetry it affected to protect. This tame exhibition, however, of an elegant form in the street, the church, or the drawing-room, did not suffice. The Reverend gentleman sang and danced, and prided himself on performing the movements and evolutions of the quadrille, certainly better than any other divine of the Established Church, and equal to any private lay gentleman of the three kingdoms. It often happened, too, that Mr. Maturin either laboured under an attack of gout, or met with some accident, which compelled the use of a slipper, or a bandage on one foot or one leg, and by an unaccountable congruity

* Moore's Life of Sheridan.

† In Theodore Hook's case Moore's words were too truly proved. We can vouch for the fact, that notwithstanding all his efforts to support the Tory party in England, poor Hook was never looked on as anything more than a diverting, amusing, vagabond, who was to be treated with fêtes, flattery, and forgetfulness. We know that on more than one occasion, towards the close of his life, at houses where he was expected to dine, the piano was placed in the dining parlour, so that no opportunity might be lost of inducing him to extemporise. It was pitiable to see a man of genius, beggared in purse, broken in health, beset by difficulties, amusing those who would suffer him to go to gaol sooner than spend a farthing in assisting him; he knew this, but he could not resist the "do sing, dear Mr. Hook," of a bright-eyed woman.

At such times, he was uniformly compelled on these occasions to appear in the public thoroughfare of Dublin, where the melancholy spectacle of a beautiful limb in pain never failed to excite the sighs and sympathies of all the interesting persons who passed, as well as to prompt their curiosity to make audible remarks or inquiries respecting the possessor.

"The effect upon his temperament of the unexpected success of 'Bertram' led to some untoward consequences. The profits of the representation, and the copyright of the tragedy, exceeded, perhaps, one thousand pounds, while the praises bestowed on its author by critics of all classes, convinced Mr. Maturin that he had only to sit down and concoct any number of plays he pleased, each yielding him a pecuniary return at least equal to the first. He had, therefore, scarcely arrived in Dublin with his full blown dramatic honours and riches, when tradesmen of all hues and callings were ordered to York-street, to paint, furnish, and decorate, with suitable taste and splendour, the mansion of the great new-born tragic poet of Ireland. The Reverend gentleman's proceedings in other respects, of course, took a corresponding spring. Unfortunately, the highest hopes of genius are often the most fallacious, and so it proved in the present instance. A few months produced a second tragedy, which failed, and with it not only faded away the dreams of prosperity in which the author of 'Bertram' so fondly indulged, but his house was assailed by importunate creditors, who lodged executions and every other disagreeable sort of legal inmates in that abode of genius and merit. Time enabled Mr. Maturin gradually to extricate himself from these embarrassments, and having thus had the wings of his ambition somewhat shortened, he in future pursued a safer flight. A pupil of Mr. Maturin informed a friend of ours, that Lord Byron, in consequence of an unfavourable review of one of Maturin's works, sent him £500, with a note that he was better qualified to review the reviewers, than they him."

The tragedy here referred to was called "Manuel," and brought out in 1817. It undoubtedly was a failure, and a wretched one. In thought and language it was poetic, but its fault consisted in the number of underplots, which prevented the full and clear developement of the main incident. We have never been able to learn the name of the prophet who wrote the prologue; but, referring to the flattering reception given to "Bertram," he thus begs a gentle criticism for "Manuel,"

"Should then his tragic numbers please no more,
(Who may not fail, where Johnson fail'd before?)
Forbear harsh blame, nor deem *yourselves* exempt,
Your kindness lured him to the rash attempt."

Lord Byron writes of it to Murray, from Venice, April 2nd 1817, thus,

"Maturin's tragedy,—By your account of him last year to

me, he seemed a bit of a coxcomb, personally. Poor fellow ! to be sure, he had a long seasoning of adversity, which is not so hard to bear as t'other thing. I hope though that this won't throw him back into the slough of Despond."*

And addressing Moore, from Venice, April 11th, 1817, he writes :—

" And so poor dear Mr. Maturin's second tragedy has been neglected by the discerning public ? Sotheby will be d—d glad of this, and d—d without being glad, if ever his own plays come upon any stage."†

Having read the play, he writes to Murray, June 14th, 1817 :—

" As a play, it is impracticable ; as a poem, no great things. Maturin seems to be declining into Nat Lee. But let him try again ; he has talent, but not much taste. I 'gin to fear, or to hope, that Sotheby, after all, is to be the Eschylus of the age ; unless Mr. Shiel be really worthy of his success."‡

He was not "thrown back into the Slough of Despond," by the failure of "Manuel;" he set to work with a gallant heart, and during the remaining seven years of his life, he produced four novels, and a poem, in blank verse, entitled "The Universe."§ Few circumstances had given him so much annoyance as Coleridge's "Critique on Bertram." It had rankled in his mind, and troubled him exceedingly, so he resolved to avenge himself, by a counter attack, on Coleridge and his works. Sir Walter Scott had used his influence with the Constables, and induced them to purchase the copyright of Maturin's novel, "Woman, or Pour et Contre," and, in the preface to this book, the indignant dramatist had determined to introduce the long contemplated defence of "Bertram," and onslaught on Coleridge. That

" Hell hath no Fury like a woman scorned,"

is very true, but then a poet who fancies himself unjustly criticized, is her equal in violence ; and the Constables were almost paralyzed with horror when they had read the manuscript of Maturin's proposed preface. They at once forwarded

* Life, p. 348.

† Life, p. 351.

‡ Life, p. 358.

§ He at one period, contemplated the composition of a poem in the style of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, or Hogg's *Queen's Wake*.

it to Sir Walter, with a request that, as he had brought this wild Irish parson on their shoulders, he would try to extricate them from the difficulty in which they were placed. Scott wrote the following letter to Maturin, and though we have read many letters of this great, good, man, we have never seen one displaying more genuine feeling, more true friendship, or charity more christian-like and beautiful :—

“ To the Rev. C. R. Maturin, Dublin.

“ 26th February, 1818.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I am going to claim the utmost and best privilege of sincere friendship and good-will, that of offering a few words of well-meant advice ; and you may be sure that the occasion seems important to induce me to venture so far upon your tolerance. It respects the preface to your work, which Constable and Co. have sent to me. It is as well written as that sort of thing can be ; but will you forgive me if I say—it is too much in the tone of the offence which gave rise to it, to be agreeable either to good taste or to general feeling. Coleridge's work has been little read or heard of, and has made no general impression whatever—certainly no impression unfavourable to you or your play. In the opinion, therefore, of many, you will be resenting an injury of which they are unacquainted with the existence. If I see a man beating another unmercifully I am apt to condemn him on the first blush of the business, and hardly excuse him though I may afterwards learn he had ample provocation. Besides, your diatribe is not *hujus loci*. We take up a novel for amusement, and this current of controversy breaks out upon us like a stream of lava out of the side of a beautiful green hill ; men will say you should have reserved your disputes for reviews or periodical publications, and they will sympathize less with your anger, because they will not think the time proper for expressing it. We are bad judges, bad physicians, and bad divines in our own case ; but, above all, we are seldom able, when injured or insulted, to judge of the degree of sympathy which the world will bear in our resentment and our retaliation. The instant, however, that such degree of sympathy is exceeded, we hurt ourselves and not our adversary ; I am so convinced of this, and so deeply fixed in the opinion, that besides the uncomfortable feelings which are generated in the course of literary debate, a man lowers his estimation in the public eye by engaging in such controversy, that, since I have been dipped in ink, I have suffered no personal attacks (and I have been honoured with them of all descriptions) to provoke me to reply. A man will certainly be vexed on such occasions, and I have wished to have the knaves *where the curcock was the bailie*—or as you would say *upon the sod*—but I never let the thing cling to my mind, and always adhered to my resolution, that if my writings and time of life did not confute such attacks, my words never should. Let me entreat you to view Coleridge's violence as a thing to be contemned, not retaliated—the opinion of a British

public may surely be set in honest opposition to that of one disappointed and wayward man. You should also consider *en bon Chretien* that Coleridge has had some room to be spited at the world, and you are, I trust, to continue to be a favourite with the public—so that you should totally neglect and despise criticism, however virulent, which arises out of his bad fortune and your good.

“ I have only to add that Messrs. Constable and Co. are seriously alarmed for the effects of the preface upon the public mind as unfavourable to the work. In this they must be tolerable judges, for their experience as to popular feeling is very great; and as they have met your wishes, in all the course of the transaction, perhaps you will be disposed to give some weight to their opinion upon a point like this. Upon my own part I can only say, that I have no habits of friendship, and scarce those of acquaintance with Coleridge—I have not even had his autobiography—but I consider him as a man of genius, struggling with bad habits and difficult circumstances. It is, however, entirely upon your account that I take the liberty of stating an opinion on a subject of such delicacy. I should wish you to give your excellent talents fair play, and to ride this race without carrying any superfluous weight; and I am so well acquainted with my old friend, the public, that I could bet a thousand pounds to a shilling that the preface (if that controversial part of it is not cancelled) will greatly prejudice your novel.

“ I will not ask your forgiveness for the freedom I have used, for I am sure you will not suspect me of any motives but those which arise from regard to your talents and person; but I shall be glad to hear (whether you follow my advice or no) that you are not angry with me for having volunteered to offer it.

“ My health is, I think greatly improved; I have had some returns of my spasmodic affection, but tolerable in degree, and yielding to medicine. I hope gentle exercise and the air of my hills will set me up this summer. I trust you will soon be out now. I have delayed reading the sheets in progress after Vol. I., that I might enjoy them when collected.

“ Ever yours, &c.,

“ WALTER SCOTT.”

The result of this letter was, the withdrawal of the terrible preface, and “ Woman, or Pour et Contre,” added very considerably to Maturin’s fame and purse. This novel, and another called “ Melmoth the Wanderer,” prove that Maturin, as he advanced in experience, tamed down the wild love of romance and mystery which actuated him in earlier years, when a young, inexperienced, and anonymous writer. In the year 1821, he published “ The Universe,” a poem in blank verse, which had very little success. It is a strange fact, that with all his versatile talent, he could never, with ease, compose poetry which required a rhyming termination; he did, however, succeed in producing a successful prize poem, in the year 1815, on the

subject of the victory of Waterloo, for which Trinity College had offered an honorary testimonial. This poem had a very large sale, but Maturin, having presented the copyright to an old pupil, would not accept any of the profits.

As a student, his reading was extensive and diffuse, rather than deep, or than judiciously directed. He would, at one period, spend days in the study of Locke, of Atterbury, and of Cudworth, and then would turn, delighted, to the pages of Monk Lewis, and Mrs. Ratcliffe. He was a great novel reader, and was never weary of them, no matter how dreary or unreal.*

Maturin's taste in poetry was good, but it was difficult to induce him to speak on literary subjects; when he did enter upon the topic, his views were in general well considered and correct. He liked Scott and Moore. He did not value Byron highly, but he thought Pope the greatest of all our poets, and next to him he admired Crabbe. His peculiar taste in poetry exhibited a very remarkable correspondence with that of Lord Byron. The latter, addressing Murray, from Venice, September 15th, 1817, writes—

"I took Moore's poems and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the Little Queen Anne's Man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe is the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and Rogers is retired upon half pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."†

These likings and dislikings, however, are not very unusual among men of genius. Wordsworth could never see the wondrous beauties of Shakspeare, and Sheridan absolutely disliked him. Samuel Johnson thought little of *Paradise Lost*, and when Sir Isaac Newton had read it, he said, "It is a fine

* The late lamented lawyer, John William Smith, (author and editor of "*The Leading Cases*," &c.,) was the most indefatigable novel reader we ever met; Charles James Fox, every body knows, loved romances, but then they were good ones. Smith, however, would read with delight, the most inane and worthless trash that ever issued from a circulating library.

† *Life*, p.367.

poem, but what does it prove?" Although well known to be a novelist and a dramatic author, Maturin was much respected as a clergyman, and he was regular in the discharge of all the duties of his office as curate of Saint Peter's. In the Lent of 1824 he preached a set of controversial sermons (six in number) in his parish church. "As a preacher Mr. Maturin was highly esteemed; his sermons were masterly compositions, his reasonings incontrovertible, and his language the most calculated to subdue the heart and to demand attention. His six controversial sermons show the author to have been a profound scholar, and acute reasoner; never since Dean Kirwan's time were such crowds attracted to the parish church as during the delivery of these sermons; neither rain nor storm could subdue the anxiety of all classes and persuasions to hear them; and did he leave no other monument whereon to rest his fame, these sermons alone would be sufficient."

This critique is rather flattering. That the sermons were brilliant and eloquent in thought and expression, and that Maturin preached them with consummate and graceful delivery, cannot be denied, but, in learning and argument, they have been surpassed by many clergymen of the Established Church.

In the year 1824, that in which the sermons were delivered, he published his last novel, *The Albigeuses*. It is one of his best productions, and increases our regret that the grave should so soon afterwards have received him. He died after a lingering illness at his house, 41 York-street, on the 30th of October, 1824, in the 44th year of his age.

His manuscripts were collected, and amongst them was found a finished tragedy entitled, the "*Siege of Salerno*." It is, in conception, not unlike Byron's "*Siege of Corinth*," and abounds in passages of great power and beauty. The following is a scene from the third act, in which Osmyn, a renegade, and commander of the Turkish force before Salerno, tells his friend Syndarac, the story of his life:—

OSMYN.

Thou knowest I was a Christian; but thou knowest not
My feet, unblessed, tread the very earth
Where once I trod a sovereign and a husband.

SYNDARAC.

And still tread proudly as a conqueror.

OSMYN (*solemnly.*)

Upon the ashes of my buried hoart—
 O thou disciple of a heartless creed,
 That knows no tie between the one beloved
 And him that loves her, must I talk to thee.
 I must, for there is none but thou listen;
 And silence now were agony.
 I was a Christian Prince—I loved and wedded,
 And loved when wedded, *still*—even more!
 O God! the babe that from its mother's breast
 Draws life, ne'er looked up at that mother's smile
 For joy, as I have looked at *hers*, and blessed it.
 I've wooed her eye's rich light and bid it spare me.

For I was restless in my blessedness.
 I've wept i'the rich and breathless luxury
 Of an o'er-fraughted heart, until I wished
 It could in bursting shed its richness round her.

SYNDARAC.

Can men thus love a wife?

OSMYN.

A Christian can.

(*A pause.*)

One evening late within my lady's bower
 I sat, and wondered at my happiness.
 — A shout—another; and that other bore
 A name I hated as the lord of hell's—
 MANFRED, the terror of the neighbouring states;
 Plunderer of all, and tyrant of his own.
 Manfred the base, the bloody, and the ruthless
 Foe of my race, and hatred of my heart,
 Burst with his band of ruffians on my peace.

They seized me when I could no longer strive,
 And plunged me in a dungeon of these towers.
 I was to die by famine; but one slave—
 One did, in cruel mercy, bring me bread,
 And I, in famine's maddening pangs, devoured it.

I cannot tell my dungeon agonies;
 Nor time nor space was there, nor day nor midnight.

I knew not that I lived, but felt I suffered.

SYNDARAC.

Dids thou not live for vengeance?

OSMYN.

I lived for *her*.

She was the moon-beam of my maniac cell,
That, lighting me to madness, still was light.

Years past away o'er the fair world above ;
I knew no time—its lapse was unto me
Like dark waves booming o'er a sunken wreck—
Each like the other.

There was a tempest in the upper world ;
To me it was a rough, but friendly hand,
Shaking my bolts, till its strong grasp dissolved them ;
A lightning brand, like warrior's javelin,
Pierced through the vault—its light was liberty—
The walls were rent.
Through crashing vaults, burst grates, and sulphurous damps,
I upward reeled to life.—For many a day
The pale enquiring stranger gazed around ;
None knew him.

One day the city swarmed,
It was a high and glorious festival ;
Soldiers and burghers thronged the public way,
And midst them there was borne in princely pride
A form that once I clasped.

It was Matilda, *then* the wife of Manfred. Guiscard, yet an infant, was in her arms. Osmyn continues his harrowing story. He fled from the city.

“ On the last shore of Italy I kissed
A cross my mother bound about my neck,
And flung it towards these towers. On Asia's coast
I grasped the crescent.”

We are compelled to pass unnoticed much sweet, and some very characteristic dialogue. Osmyn is now apprised that the Christian embassy awaits him. His informant is the insidious and inveterate Bentaleb, whose language is happily selected to awaken the slumbering bitterness of his general :—

“ The son of Manfred
Waits at the tent of Osmyn.”

The scene changes to Osmyn's pavilion ; and previous to the introduction of the Christians, the following striking passages occur. Osmyn addresses himself to Bentaleb :—

OSMYN.

Come hither. Nearer—I would speak with thee :
Thou knowest these slaves are summoned to our presence.

How would'st thou deal with them, wert thou as I am ?
 — Gaze not on me, as searching for my meaning ;
 I speak to know thy mind—not show my own.

BENTALEB.

Oh that I had the slaves within my tower,
 I'd rend them as the tiger rends his prey,
 I'd make them feel I was *no Renegade*.

OSMYN.

They've wrong'd thee, then——

BENTALEB.

They're Christians, and I hate them !

OSMYN (*calmly*.)

And thou hast wondrous reason. Mighty cause——
 A helmet hides their heads—a turban thine ;
 And when ye mutter o'er your heartless prayers,
 They bend them to the East, and thou to Mecca.

Thou art a fool in vengeance—a blunt fool,
 Who knows what weight the fleshly frame can bear,
 And canst inflict it with un pitying hand,
 But fram'st no exquisite engine for the soul—
 Nor bind the viewless and palpable *spirit*
 To writhe in tortures *body* never felt.

If thou wouldst make man wretched, make him vile :
 Sear up his conscience—make his mind a desert,
 His heart an ulcer, and his frame a stone ;
 Countryless, friendless, wifeless, childless, Godless ;
 Accursed of heaven, and hated.—Make him Osmyn.
 Thus have they dealt with me——*

Sir Walter Scott, when in Ireland, (1825) promised to edit these literary relics for the family of the dead poet, but unfortunately, to surmount his own troubles soon required all his attention, and every energy of his great, true heart ; and so to this day, Maturin's unpublished works are forgotten and unknown.

Reader, we have now placed before you a sketch of one, who, as the world goes, may not have been so prudent as we could desire. We have little doubt that some will be of opinion that his life is not an instructive one. He never played

* We are indebted for this extract to "The University Review" for May, 1834, p. 12.

the parasite to a bishop, he cultivated no patronage at the expense of a gentleman's honour, or a scholar's dignity. Other men, with minds less brilliant, but smiles more ready, entered with Maturin upon the road of life, and as time rolled on, they rose in dignity and in wealth, and so it came to pass, that mediocrity looked out of its carriage window at the toiling world, whilst genius and industry trudged by, blessed only with God's gift of intellect. He was but forty-four years old at his death, and though the great deeds of the beacon minds of the world, have been, in general, achieved before this age, though, in his short span of existence, Maturin may not have done much, and if his vanities and coxcomb airs, poor tinsel figments, disfiguring our man of genius, as they years ago disfigured Oliver Goldsmith, have caused a smile, remember, that all men are not philosophers in early manhood; do not forget that, as Byron wrote, "Poor fellow, to be sure he had a long seasoning of adversity, which is not so hard to bear as t'other thing." Let us not frown upon the poor curate's memory, because he was not ever mindful of Sir Thomas Browne's thought, "Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been,—to be found in the register of God, not in the record of men."*

Recalling the brave struggles of his true heart against the cold, hard, "iron realities" of the world, let us hope, that when we stand at that great Bar, where the life deeds of the Bishop and the Curate, of the Monarch and the Beggar, shall be examined, you and we may bring before the Omniscient Judge, a life not more guilty than that of the poet priest.†

* Urn Burial.

† The following is a list of Maturin's works with the dates of their publications. *Montorio, or the Fatal Revenge*, 4 vols, 1804. *The Wild Irish Boy*, 3 vols., 1808. *The Milesian Chief*, 3 vols., 1812. *Waterloo*, a Prize Poem, 1815. *Bertram, or the Castle of Aldobrand*, a tragedy, 1816. *Manuel*, a tragedy, 1817. *Woman, or Pour et Contre*, 3 vols., 1818. *Fredolpho*, 3 vols., 1819. *Melmoth, the Wanderer*, 3 vols., 1820. *The Universe*, a poem in blank verse, 1821. *The Albigenses*, 4 vols., 1824. *Six Controversial Sermons*, 1824.

ART. V.—TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

Traits of American Humour, By native Authors. Edited and adapted by the Author of "Sam Slick." 3 vols. London, Colburn & Co.

THERE are two classes of readers from whom the work before us has a small chance of welcome. Those, who, confiding in the strength of their mental digestion, prefer taking their "*utile*" unmixed, and who hold in utter contempt, minds weak enough to relish the addition of the "*dulce*," probably consider, that Judge Haliburton has retrograded sadly in giving to the world a series of mere humorous sketches. According to their views, he for the first time, "really promised something great" in his "*English in America*,"* and no doubt had his present work been of a similar cast, instead of being so lamentably mirthful, they might have been inclined to forgive and forget in the sober political historian, the trivial varieties of Sam Slick. But fortunately for Judge Haliburton, and indeed it may be for society at large, the possessors of intellects so far exalted, are decidedly in the minority. The public appetite is in general pleased with variety, and evinces a repugnance to intellectual dyspepsia, which must be very discouraging to those lofty-minded beings, who, forgetful of the days when James's powder was rendered grateful to their juvenile palates, by the addition of raspberry jam, deny the utility of humour, as a vehicle for wholesome truth. The opposition of the class of enemies to humorous writing, is founded on the belief, that vulgarity and wit are synonymous, and that mirth is incompatible with "gentility." To all of this dreary creed, the very title "*Traits of American Humour*," is of course conclusive; it satisfies them at once that the book must be "dreadfully low," and consequently it is returned unread to the highly genteel circulating library, with a request, that the "*Lily and the Bee*," and the last work on Crochet collars, may be sent up the moment they come in. There is one reflection however which cannot fail to infuse comfort into the soul of Judge Haliburton, and cheer him in his banishment from the reading tables of these worthy people—Shakspeare is undergoing a similar sentence in company with a distinguished circle of malefactors, convicted of vulgarity at the bar of ultra-refine-

* Reviewed in the *Irish Quarterly*, vol. 1, p. 523.

ment. Against one or two of the more modern culprits, Dickens in particular, there is a second charge, to wit, that they did remove, crush, drive into obscurity, and totally eclipse the Eau Sucrée School of novelists, whose works had for a long time formed an intellectual repast, both grateful and suitable to minds of delicate organization. In them were to be found no dull descriptions of every day life, in coarse every day language, no character was open to the objection Mr. Partridge brought against Garrick's acting.* No hero held a lower position in society than a Viscount, or at least an amiable cut-throat, who, to make up for the laxity of his morals, expressed himself like a Chesterfield, and had the manners of any polished gentleman, say, George the Fourth, and who, when it became a necessary to abduct the heroine (Lady De' &c. &c.) performed that duty with engaging suavity, and removed her to his private dungeon to be kept till called for in the third volume, when the hero had satisfactorily proved himself to be the son and heir of *the* Marquis. It is easy to understand that persons who admire this style, as emphatically the genteel, may feel a sublime contempt for works of fiction, in which the characters, many of them drawn from low life, are represented as speaking and acting just as people in their position might be expected to speak and act, and in which dialogues given in the dull monotony of the vernacular, and unrelieved by scraps of French, Italian, or any foreign language, have often a tendency to produce laughter, and other external symptoms of enjoyment; but it is by no means easy to comprehend what are their notions of vulgarity, so gutta-percha-like in its own elasticity, and extensive in its application, does that word become, when used by them in reference to anything which is unfortunate enough not to meet their approbation.† They seem to forget that vulgarity is a quality, not inherent, but altogether dependant on circumstances, and that words and phrases, which may be vulgar in some positions, are not necessarily always so. For instance, it would be undeniably vulgar for an author in describing the parting between Mr. William Styles, and John Noakes, to say, "they wet their whistles, and then

* "He the best actor," cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "Why I could act as well as he myself; I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did." Tom Jones, Book 16. Chapter 5.

† Sir Walter Scott used to say, "nothing is vulgar that is not vicious."

bolted ;" but he might represent either of those gentlemen as using the same figurative expressions in his own account of the effecting event, without violating propriety, in any sense of the word, more than the author of "Adela, or the Outlaw of Oxfordshire" does, when he makes his heroine dismiss her lover, with the assurance that "poverty and contempt she could endure with him, but a father's anger, a parent's wrath she cannot, will not, &c." Of course there are many expressions in use among the lower orders, which no circumstances could render fit to appear in print, but vulgarity is altogether too weak a word to express the offence of any man, who would so far forget his duty to society, as to introduce such as these into his writings. In short propriety, as well in representing naturally, as in avoiding what is of itself offensive, is perhaps the surest guide the Novelist can have. As long as he keeps this landmark in view, he will steer clear of vulgarity or coarseness, even though his Styles's and Noakes's speak with all the idiomatic terseness of their class ; unless indeed the objection be deemed a valid one, which those, whose refinement is of extra delicacy, have to the appearance on any terms whatever, of such characters in a picture of life ; but as the prototypes are to be found in the original, it is probable that most persons will be content to join us in lamenting that at the outset, the organization of society was not entrusted to people, who would have no doubt, given us a world of ladies and gentlemen. As we have already stated ; it is to be feared that the title under which the subject of the present notice is published, will be damnatory in the eyes of this class, that designates as vulgar everything outside the Drawing-room door ; yet, if our recommendation have any weight, we would suggest a perusal however slight, if it were only for the purpose of correcting a mistake, to which the devotees of sublimated gentility, are of all people, most prone, namely, that, the humour of our transatlantic cousins never shows itself in any other form than those facetious anecdotes usually charged upon American papers, of men so tall, that they are obliged to climb a ladder to comb their own hair, or of ghosts of such preternatural brightness as to render smoked glass indispensable to all who may wish to contemplate them. As to our utilitarian friends, deference to their lofty, though prejudiced minds, renders it impossible for us to recommend a work of such levity as Judge Haliburton's, on any other grounds than that many of the

sketches of domestic life contained in its pages, may add something to their stock of "useful knowledge" concerning Social America. It is true, that the tendency of humour is to place its object in a state of inferiority, so as to cause laughter, but it does not follow that the inferiority is necessarily such as to excite the feeling of contempt; to delineate harmless peculiarities and good-natured simplicity, is just as much the province of humour, as to expose the less amiable failings; no doubt the pleasure we derive from the consideration of the clearness of those two great parallels in fiction, "My Uncle Toby," and Mr. Pickwick, arises in a great measure from a sort of self-congratulation, at being unencumbered with their excess of simple benevolence, but the mind that could DESPISE those worthy creatures, must be of a very unloving and unloveable cast; when humour takes this turn, the inferiority does not pervade the whole conception; it is then merely a lowering of one part to throw another into relief, as the wood engraver reduces the surface of the block, where the lines traced on it are meant to be subordinate. There would be nothing humorous in uncle Toby's widely extended philanthropy and tenderness of heart, unaccompanied by his bashfulness and childlike enthusiasm about the art of war, or in the intense *bouhémie* of Mr. Pickwick, were it not for the little traits of credulity, pompous simplicity, and occasional quickness of temper which render that dear man such a delightful study. Nor is it essential that the part of the conception thus thrown into relief should be of an amiable nature; our admiration for Falstaff, with all his wit and philosophy, is of a much less kindly description than that inspired by uncle Toby, yet, in spite of his sensibility and cowardice, we are far from feeling contempt for him as we do for Dogberry. In fact this species of humour represents certain qualities in a ludicrous light, not so much *thus* to excite laughter, as to supply a foil for others, which would, of themselves, excite admiration rather than laughter; and hence arises that incongruity which forms the essence of the humorous. Of a far different nature is the incongruity which causes our enjoyment of humour, when it has for its object, the peculiarities of a nation, or class, of which we ourselves are not members, it then springs from our mentally contrasting the manners, habits, dialect, or whatever the immediate subject may be, with our own. But this is not all; there is nothing humorous in the idea of a party of Cannibal

Islanders dining off a grilled enemy, although the contrast between such a repast and a European family dinner, is about as great as can be well conceived; there must be also a certain amount of that unusual combination of circumstances, incidents, or objects, which would render the representation humorous, irrespectively of its origin or locale, or in other words, what, speaking metaphysically, we might call an internal incongruity. The latter is of course just as perceptible to an individual of the particular class or nation, and our enjoyment of it proceeds from a feeling of temporary superiority to, or a sort of contempt for the object humorously treated. We may here remark, that this contempt is by no means identical with the feeling which our dictionaries, explain by the words "scorn;" certain words such as "pleasure," "pain," "delight," "congruity," acquire a conventional meaning in metaphysics, from being always used in their most abstracted sense, and perhaps, one of the greatest difficulties the student in that science has to encounter, is the training his mind to use that conventional meaning, and forget for the time being, the more ordinary one. To return to our more immediate subject, as we of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have an additional source of enjoyment in Judge Haliburton's "Traits of American Humour," besides that which we have in common with his readers on the other side of the Atlantic, and as the work itself, being a collection of American sketches, written by American authors, has issued from an English press, and is published by an English firm, it may be considered as doing double duty; first, as a work illustrative of the manners, the domestic life, and the various provincial dialects, as well as of the humour of the Americans, and secondly, as a book of that sort which one takes up simply for amusement. Its efficacy in the former capacity will, we know, be doubted by a class of readers we have already alluded to; the sticklers for the solid and serious will scout the idea of a humorous work, containing useful information regarding any country, and undoubtedly they are right in doing so, if they consider useful information to consist exclusively in statistics of births, deaths, marriages, gaol-deliveries, and prison discipline, or in lists of exports, imports, public buildings, and capital offenders. If to be well "made up" in such matters, is to know a nation thoroughly, then humour, which has ever had a rooted antipathy to the blue books and figures, can avail but little. But we would respect-

fully (as dealing with persons of such severe taste) submit that something more is necessary. Which of us would think of establishing an intimacy with a person whose friendship was desirable, by finding out the name of his tailor, or the sum to his credit in the 3½ per cents, if we admired the cut of his coat, or had a marriageable daughter?—information on these points would be no doubt very acceptable; but if he were a man for whom we felt respect, apart from that inspired by his paletot, or his pocket, it is propable we should feel just as much curiosity about his tastes and habits, whether he was the same, in an arm-chair and slippers, by his own fireside, as he was in public, whether he was sociable or morose, playful or austere to his own family, whether it was he who kept the household in order, or the grey-mare was the better horse in his home circle. If information on points like these assist us in forming a just estimate of individual character, surely the study of the corresponding problems in national character has it claims to utility, especially in the case of such a nation as America, a nation which with all her weak points, we cannot but respect (we do not use the word in a diplomatic sense). A nation which still feels, and it is to be feared not without cause, a certain amount of jealousy and heart-burning towards her progenitor, while every day shows that something more than a mere speaking acquaintance is desirable. Although a small library might be furnished exclusively with books on American subjects, yet of what may be called Social America, of the manners, ways of thinking, fireside chit-chat of the middle (for democratic as she is, America has a middle) class,—we as yet know little or nothing. The “Dots” and “Peerybingles” of England have become “Household Words” in many a home between New York and New Orleans, but, though no doubt the cricket chirps just as loudly on the American hearth, as it does among the coal or turf-ashes of our two “right little, tight little islands,” its voice has not come across the Atlantic. The native authors seldom give us a view of domestic life. The witty Clockmaker of Slickville, himself, avowes a preference for political or metaphysical disquisition, and the sojourns of foreign writers on America, have been generally too limited to allow them to acquire the necessary intimacy with the people, even supposing they had not travelled, as too many obviously have, only to collect evidence to prove some pet theory respecting the evils of democracy; there are few descriptions of American life or

portraits of American character, in the works of Messrs. Hall, Dickens, Marryat, Trollope, (every one who has read the *lady's* production, will admit her claims to the masculine title), that do not show the steam-boat, the stage-coach, the boarding-house, or the public assembly to have been the field of observation. What a striking contrast to these is presented, by Washington Irving's admirable essays on English character, in his "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall;" long and useful study of the national peculiarities, and frequent intercourse with the people, have made his sketches as true, as they are elegant in diction, and full of that genial humour which laughs with rather than at, its object. It is, when humour adopts this tone, that it becomes a useful element in description; there are a thousand and one weaknesses, foibles and failings in human nature, which approach faults so nearly, as to render it impossible to pass them over in silence, pure satire is much too keen a weapon against such as these; to use it as a corrective, would be to break the butterfly upon the wheel, and though we may admire its brilliancy, it too often leaves a scathed mark, to show where the flash took effect; but humour plays round its object with a mellow continuous light, like the harmless lightning of the summer's evening.

There are traces of this humour perceptible all through Judge Haliburton's three volumes, but the richest vein of it is to be found in the letters which compose the story, "Major Jones's Courtship," a story by the way, which, from its style and its under-current of a moral purpose, we feel inclined to attribute to no less a pen than that of the editor himself. We consider it the nearest approach to the desideratum in American literature we have alluded to, and one or two extracts may serve to illustrate our meaning:—

"Pineville, December 27th, 1842.

"Dear Sir,

"Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein' a serious undertakin'. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

"The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole business; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin' eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty,

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and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothing about popin' the question as they call it. It's a mighty grate favour to ax of a rite pretty gall, and to people as ain't used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say wid-ders don't mind it more'n nothin'. But I'm makin' a transgression, as the preacher ses.

"Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin' iron, and went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin' round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

" 'There, there,' ses they, 'I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph.'

" 'What's done, Miss Carline?' ses I.

" 'You come under little sister's chicken-bone, and I do b'lieve she knew you was comin' when she put it over the dore.'

" 'No I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now,' ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

" 'Oh, you needn't deny it,' ses Miss Kesiah, 'you 'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken-bones.'

"I knowd that was a first-rate chance to say something, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep' blushin' so, I couldn't say nothin' zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

" 'What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Majer?' ses Miss Mary.

" 'I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,' ses I, 'as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia.'

"When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

" 'Ain't you shamed, Majer?' ses she.

" 'Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life,' sed Miss Carline.

" 'Ah,' ses old Miss Stallins, 'when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins—'

" 'Why, mother!' ses all of 'em, 'to say stockins rite afore—'

"Then I felt a little streaked too, 'cause they was blushin' as hard as they could.

" 'Highty-tity!' ses the old lady, 'what monstrous finement. I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People now-a-days is gittin' so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin' by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I used to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents.'

"The gals kep laughin'.

" 'Never mind,' ses Miss Mary, 'Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?'

" 'Oh, yes,' ses I, 'you know I promised you one.'

" 'But I didn't mean *that*,' ses she.

" 'I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it,' ses I.

" 'Oh, that's the kind,' ses she.

“ ‘ But will you keep it as long as you live ? ’ ses I.

“ ‘ Certainly I will, Majer.’

“ ‘ Monstrous finement now-a-days—old people don’t know nothin’ ’bout perliteness.’ said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin’ in her hand.

“ ‘ Now you hear that, Miss Carline,’ ses I. ‘ She ses she’ll keep it all her life,’

“ ‘ Yes, I will,’ ses Miss Mary; ‘ but what is it ?’

“ ‘ Never mind,’ ses I, ‘ you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it and you’ll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin.’

“ Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her; then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spicioned something.

“ ‘ You’ll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag,’ ses Miss Mary.

“ ‘ And promise to keep it,’ ses I.

“ ‘ Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn’t give me nothin’ that wasn’t worth keepin.’

“ They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary’s Crismus present in, in the back porch, and ’bout nine o’clock I told ’em good evenin’ and went home.

“ I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a great big meal-bag hangin’ to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was ’tarmined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin’ in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrihle racket. But nobody didn’t wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he cum rippin’ and tarin’ through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin’ to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn’t breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he’d find me out, and after a while he quit barkin’. The wind begun to blow ’bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin’ round and swingin’ so, it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was ’fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth ralin’ likc I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do b’lieve if I didn’t love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn’t beat more’n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin’, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he’d treed something.

“ ‘ Bow! wow! wow!’ ses he. Then he’d smell agin, and try to git up to the bag.

“ ‘ Git out!’ ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me.

“ ‘ Bow! wow! wow!’ ses he.

“ ‘ Be gone! you ’bominable fool,’ ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I ’spected every minnit he’d nip me, and what made it worse, I didn’t know whar ’bouts he’d take hold.

“ ‘Bow ! wow ! wow !’

“ ‘Then I tried coaxin’:

“ ‘Come here, good feller,’ ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn’t no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin’ aud barkin’, all night. I couldn’t tell when daylight was breakin’, only by the chickens crowin’, and I was monstrous glad to hear ’em, for if I’d had to stay thar one hour more, I don’t b’lieve I’d ever got out of that bag alive.

“ ‘Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she :

“ ‘What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary ? I’ll lay it’s a yearlin’ or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn’t bark at it so.’

“ ‘She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin’ all over so I couldn’t hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn’t say nothin’. Bimeby they all come runnin’ out.

“ ‘My lord, what is it ?’ ses Miss Mary.

“ ‘Oh, its alive !’ ses Miss Kesiah, ‘I seed it move.’

“ ‘Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,’ ses Miss Carline, ‘and let’s see what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down.’

“ ‘Don’t hurt it for the world,’ ses Miss Mary.

“ ‘Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn meal, from hed to foot.

“ ‘Goodness gracious !’ ses Miss Mary, ‘if it ain’t the Majer himself !’

“ ‘Yes,’ ses I, ‘and you know you promised to keep my Crismus pressnt as long as you lived.’

“ ‘The galls laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin’ off the meal as fast as they could, sayin’ they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus til they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as butiful as a morninglory, and sed she’d stick to her word. She was rite out of bed, and her hair wasn’t kombed, and her dress wasn’t fixed at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin’. I do b’lieve if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin’ face, as she stood lookin’ down to the floor with her rogish eyes, and her bright curls fallin’ all over her snowy neck, would fotch’d me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin’ in a meal-bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

“ ‘I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don’t b’lieve a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried ’bout ther dead husbands, cause they wasn’t alive to see ther children married.

“ ‘It’s all settled now, ’cept we haint sot the weddin’ day. I’d like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary

(she ses I musn't call her Miss Mary now,) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her, you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin' to git such a sweet little wife.

"You must come to the weddin' if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from

"Your friend, till deth,

"JOS. JONES."

Major Jones was not so near the brink of perfect felicity as he thought. "Old *Miss* Stallins" (who, in spite of the spinster-like prefix to her name, was a matron and the mother of his intended) being a lady of serious tendencies and thoroughly imbued with Parson Miller's doctrines, had in her own mind, fixed the end of the world for that day six weeks, and logically enough reasoning that the approaching dissolution of all things would include that of the matrimonial knot between her daughter and the Major, was unwilling to go to the useless expense of a wedding breakfast. It was, however, ultimately proved to her satisfaction, and of course that of all the other parties, that there was a trifling error of a thousand years in the Parson's figures, and the result was that Major Jones was made a happy man; but the most perfect matrimonial felicity is liable to suffer from the intervention of third parties.

"Two or three months ago little Sally Rogers gin her one of the leetlest dogs I reckon you ever did see. It's a little white curly thing 'bout as big as my fist, with little red eyes and a little bushy tail, screwed rite over its back so tite that it can't hardly touch its hind legs to the floor, and when it barks it's got a little sharp voice that goes rite through a body's head like a cotton gimblet. Well, Mary and the galls is all the time washin' and comin', and fixin' it off with ribbons on its neck and tail, and nursin' it in ther laps till they've got the dratted thing so sasy that ther ain't no gittin' along with it.

"Whenever I go 'bout Mary it's a snarlin' and snappin' at me, and when ennybody comes in the house, it flies at 'em like it was gwine to tare them all to pieces, and makes more racket than all the dogs on the place. It's bit my fingers two or three times, and if I jest touch it, it will squall out like its back was broke, and run rite to the wimmin and git under the chairs, and then the very old harry's to pay."

The next cause of family disturbance was a pet of another description.

“ ‘ Oh, Joseph, do git up,’ ses she, ‘ something’s the matter with the baby.’ ”

“ That was enuff for me, and in a twinklin’ I was settin’ up in the bed, as wide awake as if I hadn’t been asleep in a week. ”

“ ‘ Look at him, Joseph—he acts so curious,’ ses she, as she tuck the little feller out of his crib, and laid him down in the bed between us. ”

“ For ’bout two minits we both sot and looked at the baby, ’thout drawin’ a breth. Thar it lay on its back, with its little hands down by its side. Fust it would spread its mouth like it was laughin’ at something—then it would roll its eyes about in its hed and wink ’em at us—then it would twitch all over, and ketch its breth—then it would lay right still and stop breathin’ for a second or two, and then it would twitch its little limbs agin, and roll its eyes about the strangest I ever seed anything in my life, an then it would coo, so pitiful, like a little dove, two or three times, till it would kind of smuther like, and stop breathin’ agin. ”

“ I could hear Mary’s hart beat goite plain, and I felt the cold blood runnin’ back to mine like a mill-tail. I looked at Mary, and she looked at me, and such a expression as she had in her eyes I never seed in any human. ”

“ ‘ Joseph!’ ses she. ”

“ ‘ Mary!’ ses I. ”

“ ‘ Oh, dear!’ ses she, the big tears fillin’ her butiful eyes. ‘ Oh, dear! the baby is dyin’—I know it is. Oh, what *shall* we do?’ ”

“ ‘ Oh no, Mary, don’t get skeered,’ ses I, with what little breth I could summons up for the effort. ”

“ ‘ Oh yes, I know it is. I know’d something was gwine to happen, I had such a dreadful dream last night. Git up, Joseph, and call muther and the galls as quick as you can. Oh dear me, my poor little baby!’ ”

“ ‘ Don’t take on, Mary—maybe ’taint nothin’ bad,’ ses I, tryin’ to compose her all I could, though I was scared as bad as she was, and put my trowsers on wrong side before in my hurryment. ”

“ In a minit I had all the fam’ly up, and by the time I got the fire kindled, here cum old Miss Stallins and the galls, all in ther nite clothes, skeered almost out of ther senses. ”

“ ‘ Dear me, what upon yeath’s the matter?’ ses old Miss Stallins. ”

“ ‘ Oh, the baby! the baby!’ cried Mary. ”

“ ‘ What is happened?’ ses all of ’em, gatherin’ round the bed. ”

“ ‘ I don’t know what ails it,’ ses Mary, ‘ but it acts so strange—like it was gwine to dy.’ ”

“ ‘ Mercy on us,’ ses the galls. ”

“ ‘ Don’t take on so, my child,’ ses old Miss Stallins. ‘ It mought be very bad for you.’ ”

“ But poor Mary didn’t thiuk of anything but the baby. ”

“ ‘ What’s good for it mother? what’ll cure it?’ ses she. ”

“ The old woman put on her specticles, and looked at it, and felt it all over, while Mary was holdin’ it in her lap by the fire. ”

“ ‘ Don’t be skared,’ ses she. ‘ Don’t be skared, my child, maybe ”

it's nothing but the hives, or the yaller trash, or some other baby ailment, what won't hurt it.'

"'Oh, it'll dy—I know it will,' ses Mary.

"'Maybe its only sick at its little stummick, muther,' ses sister Carline, 'and some sut tea is the best thing in the world for that, they say.'

"'And if its the thrash, some catnip tea will drive it out in half a ower,' ses the old woman. 'Prissy, make some catnip tea, quick as you can.'

"'And have some water warmed to bathe its little feet in,' ses sister Kesiah ;' 'for maybe its spasomy.'

"'Oh dear, see how it winks its eyes !' ses Mary.'

"'That ain't nothing uncommon, dear,' ses her muther.

"'Now its twitchin' its little lims again. Oh, it will dy, I know it will.'

"'Wouldn't some saffron tea be good for it?' ses Miss Carline. 'Poor little dear.'

"'Yes, and a musterd poultice for its little bowels,' ses the old woman.

"'By this time all the niggers on the place was up gettin' hot-baths, and teas, and musterd poultices, and ingun-juice, and Lord knows what all, for the baby. Muther and the galls was flyin' about like they was crazy, and I was so tarrified myself that I didn't know which eend I stood on. In the hurryment and confusion, Aunt Katy upsot the tea-kitle and scalded little Moses, and he sot up a yell in the kitchin loud enuff to be heard a mile, and I knocked the lamp off the table, and spilled the oil all over everything, tryin' to turn round three ways at the same time. After breakin' two or three cups and sassers, and settin' Mary's night-cap afire with the candle, old Miss Stallins made out to git a tea-spoonful of sut tea in the baby's mouth, hot enuff to scald its life out, and then ther was such another to-do as nobody ever did hear before.

"'Wa!—wa-ya!—ke-wa!—ke-wa-ah!' went the baby.

"'Good gracious! mother, the tea's bilin' hot,' ses sister Carline.

"'My lord! Prissy, hain't you got no better sense? What upon yeath did you give it to me so hot for?' ses the old woman when she put her finger in the cup.

"'Miss Kesiah tell me pour bilin' water on it,' ses Prissy, with her eyes as big as sassers.

"'Wa-ya! ke-wa-ah! ke-wa!' ses the baby, kickin' and fistin' away like all rath.

"'Whar's the draps, Joseph? Git the draps, it must be colicky,' ses old Miss Stallins.

"'I got the parrygorrick as quick as I could, and tried to pour out five draps, as she told me. But my hand trimbled, so I couldn't drap it to save me-

"'Give it to me, Joseph,' ses she ; 'you's too agitated.'

"'And she tuck the vial, and poured half of it on her lap, tryin' to hit the spoon, the poor old woman's eyes is so bad. Then she told sister Carline to drap it—but both the galls was 'fraid they mought pour too much. So Mary had to do it herself. Then the next dif-

ficulty was to git in the baby's mouth, and when they did git it thar, it liked to choke it to deth before it could swaller it.

"Pretty soon after that it got quiet, and went sound to sleep in Mary's lap, and we all begun to feel a good deal better. Old Miss Stallins sed she knew what it wanted as soon as she had time to think, and she wondered she didn't think of it before. Lord only know'd what mought happened if we hadn't the parrygorrick in the house. We all felt so good after we got over our skare, that we sot thar and congratulated one another a little while before gwine to bed agin.

"While we was all chattin' and old Miss Stallins was beginnin' to nod, I noticed Mary was watchin' the baby monstrous close, and her eyes was beginnin' to git bigger and bigger, as she looked at its face. Bimeby it groaned one of the longest kind of groans.

"'Oh dear!' ses Mary, 'I do b'lieve its dyin' agin!'

"We all jumped up and run to her, and shure enuff, it looked a heap worse than it did before, and kep' all the time moanin' like it was breathin' its last gasp.

"'Oh, mother, its gwine! It's jest as limber as a rag, and it's got sich a terrible deth look. Send for the docter, quick,' ses Mary, trimblin' all over, and lookin' as if she was gwine to faint in her cheer.

"Miss Carline tuck hold of its little hands, and moved 'em, but they was jest like a ded baby's, and staid anywhar she put 'em.

"Ned was sent to town for Doctor Gaiter, as hard as the hoss could go—Mary and the galls all fell a-cryin' like they was at a funeral, and I felt so fainty myself that I couldn't hardly stand on my feet. Old Miss Stallin would give the baby some ingin-juice, and have it put in a warm bath all over; but nothing we could do for it done it any good, and we jest had to wait in a agony of suspense till the doctor cum.

"It ain't only three miles to town, and Selim's one of the fastest hosses in Georgia, but it seemed like the docter would never cum.

"'Poor little thing!' ses Mary; 'I know'd my heart was sot on him too much—I know'd it was too pretty and sweet to live. Oh, dear.'

"'How it does suffer—poor little angel,' ses Miss Carline; 'what kin ail the child?'

"'I wish the docter would cum,' ses all of 'em.

"Such thoughts as I had in that ower, I never want to have agin, as long as I live. A coffin, with a little baby in its shroud, was all the time before my eyes, and a whole funeral procession was passin' through my hed. The sermon was rigin' in my ears, and I could almost hear the rumblin' of the fust shovelful of yeath on the grave boards of my little boy, as I walked round and round the room, stoppin' now and then to take a look at the pore little thing, and to speak a word of encouragement to Mary. It was a dredful feelin', Mr. Thompson, and I do b'lieve I've felt ten years older ever sense.

Bimeby we heard the hosses feet—all of us drawed a long breth, and every face brightened up at the sound. In a minit more the docter had his saddle-bags on the table.

"'Good evenin', ladies,' ses he, jest as pleasin' and perlite as if nothing wasn't the matter. 'Good evenin', Majer; how are you this—'

"'The baby! the baby!' ses all of 'em. 'Dokter, can't you cure the baby?'

"'Yes, dokter,' ses Mary, 'our only hope is in you, dokter.'

"'And Providence, my child,' ses old Miss Stallins.

"It seemed like the dokter never would git all his grate-coats, and gloves, and handkerchers off, though the wimmin was hurryin' him and helpin' him all they could. Bimeby he drawed a cheer up to whar Mary was sittin' to look at the baby.

"'What's the matter with yer child, Mrs. Jones?' ses he, pullin away its gown and feelin' its pulse.

"'I don't know, dokter; but it's dredful sick,' ses Mary.

"'When was it tuck sick, and what is its simptoms?' ses the dokter.

"All of 'em begun to tell at once, til the dokter told 'em he could understand 'em better if they'd only talk one at a time, and then Mary told him all about it.

"'And how much parrygorrick did you give it?' ses Dokter Gaiter.

"'Five draps,' ses old Miss Stallins, 'I wanted to give it more, but the children was all so skeery.'

"'Let me see your parrygorrick,' ses the dokter.

"He tuck it and smelled it, and tasted it, and then, says he:

"'You're sure you didn't give it only five draps, Madam?'

"'No, no more'n five,' ses Mary, 'for I poured it out myself.'

"Then the dokter looked monstrous wise at the baby, for 'bout a minit, and if you could jest seed the wimmin lookin' at him. None of us breathed a single breth, and poor Mary looked rite in the dokter's face, as if she wanted to see his very thoughts.

"'Doc—'

"'Is—'

"'Don't be 'larmed, Madam,' ses he, 'ther ain't no danger!'

"Sich a change as cum over the crowd! The room seemed to git lighter in a instant. It was like the sunlight breakin' through a midnight sky.

"Mary cried like a child, and hugged her baby to her bussum, and kissed it a dozen times, and talked baby talk to it; and the galls begun puttin' the room to rights, so it would be fit for the dokter to see it.

"'Is you sure there ain't no danger, dokter?' ses old Miss Stallins.

"'None in the least Madam,' ses he. 'Ther's nothing in the matter of the child, only it had a little touch of the hives, what made it laugh and roll its eyes about in its sleep. In your fright, you burnt its mouth with yer hot teas, till it cried a little, and then you've doctored it with hot baths, ingin-juice, and parrygorrick, till you've stupified it a little. That's all, Madam. By mornin' it'll be well as ever it was, if you don't give it no more big doses of parrygorrick.'

"'I sed so,' ses old Miss Stallins. 'I told the child ther was no

use in takin' on so 'bout the baby. But young people is so easy skeered, you know, docter.'

" ' Yes, and old grandmothers too, sumtimes,' ses he, laughin'."

" The baby soon quit moanin' so bad, and Mary laid it in the bed and kiver'd it over with kisses.

" ' Bless it, mudder's tweetes 'ittle darlin' baby—its dittin' well, so it is—and dey sant dive it no more natty fisics, and burn its tweet 'ittle mouf no more, so dey sant,' ses she; and the galls got round, and sich a everlastin' gabblement as they did keep up.

" By this time it was most daylight, and after drinkin' a cup of strong coffee what old Miss Stallins had made for him, and laughin' at us for bein' so skared at nothing, the good old docter bundled on his clothes, and went home to charge me five dollars for routin' him out of his bed and makin' him ride six miles in the cold. But I ain't sorry we sent for him, for I do b'lieve if he hadn't cum, we would dosed poor little Harry ded as a door nail before mornin'. The little feller is doin' prime now, and if he was to have another attack of the hives, I'll take monstrous good care they don't give him no more dratted parrygorrick. So no more from

" Your friend till deth,

" JOS. JONES."

Slight as is the sketch given us of " Miss Stallins's" character, there are many truthful touches about the outline, her nervous flurry when the child was supposed to be in danger, and her self-complacency in afterwards charging the mother with having been foolishly frightened, are particularly happy, as is her firm belief in quackery, both religious and medical; in the latter respect we fear Miss Stallins is the type of a class neither peculiar to America, nor exclusively composed of elderly ladies. There are several other sketches written in the same spirit, but none, we think, containing so much of that fireside humour, which delights to hover round the hearth, and light up the features of a family group, throwing a mellow cheerful glow into every part of a domestic picture, from the sonorous nose of the grandmother nodding in the armchair, to the sallow face of the Dutch clock in the corner. It is for this reason we have preferred extracting so largely from " Major Jones's Courtship," to adopting, what would be perhaps a fairer course with regard to the editor, that of giving specimens of other tales of the same description. There is evidently a wide field for this species of humour in America, and, although the peculiarity of the dialect might diminish the enjoyment of some readers, we are sure that, coming from such a pen as Judge Haliburton's, it would convey a truer idea of indoor America, than the published "*impressions*" of any num-

ber of travellers, no matter how copiously the "chiels" may have been "taken notes" by the way. In order to prove what may be considered our second proposition, that "Traits of American Humour" will afford amusement, even to those who may be sceptical or careless as to their containing pictures of transatlantic life, we cannot do better than treat our readers to two or three miscellaneous extracts, but simple as the task may seem, it is by no means easy to make a selection. Seldom has a book more tantalizing to the reviewer made its appearance. However, he is not bound to follow the advice of the nursery rhyme, and "take the best and leave the worst," otherwise he would have a perplexing duty to perform, in choosing from a collection of tales and sketches, most of them of a provokingly convenient length, each containing some new feature, and all of a merit that has already stood the test of public opinion in America, although, with a few exceptions they now make their first appearance in this country. We have illustrations of a shrewdness essentially Yankee, (which title, the preface informs us, as in strictness applicable to the New Englander only) in which the narrator evidently chuckles over instances of "Smart dealin'." We have marvellous yarns with a nautical flavour about them, and anecdotes quite as marvellous in their way, of bear hunts in the "Far West," which, as far as the sporting propensities of its inhabitants go, seems to be the Galway of America, with this trifling difference however, that the covers of the Arkansas country gentleman are stocked with bears—we beg their pardon—"bars" panthers, "possums," coons, and such small deer, instead of foxes and hares. Of course among the contributors in this line, our old friend Colonel Crockett makes his appearance, and we agree with Judge Haliburton, that the mighty hunter is decidedly improved by the little trimming he has received, besides four of his unparalleled adventures we find two or three old favorites, many of our readers have, no doubt, had the pleasure of being introduced to the "Big Bear of Arkansas," and remember that model yarn, the "Shark Story," in which the narrator describes how he calmly "gouged" out the eyes of nineteen full-grown sharks, he, all the time, standing up to his chin in water, on a lonely rock.

Great was the coolness, as well of his conduct, as of his position, yet we find him outdone in each respect by the hero of the next tale.

“ ‘ They was down into Baffin’s Bay, or some other o’ them cold Norwegen bays at the north, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountens o’ ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all hands was out into the small boats, looken out for wales—all except the captin, who said he wa’n’t very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinking, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o’ them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on ‘em sclumpen along on a great cake o’ ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old captin wanted to kill one o’ them varments most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho’, he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on ‘em at laast, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrard and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the forc’stal, and run her out; and launched her; then he tuk a drink, and—here’s luck—and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

“ ‘ It wa’n’t long ‘fore he got ‘cross the bay, for it was a narrer piece of water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was ‘way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o’ the water. So, he walked fust strut along, and then he got putty cloast he walked round catecorned-like—like’s if he was drivin’ for a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn’t think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn’t seem to mind him none, and he got up within ‘bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big—the bear did—that the captain stopped and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and was agoin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin—just as one of Lif’s hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He came along, the captain said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack again under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinted, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walkin’ slow, and started off on a smart swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, just by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs, and his head riz up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the

ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it.

"But when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact; there an't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryauger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists.

"Come on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear swolloped along on his hinder eend, comen at him.

"He kept getten weaker, tho,' and comen slower and slower all the time, so that at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jist give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the beast was frnz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscot or a quarter o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, just so near that when they both reached forrards, they could jist about touch noscs, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws.'

"By Jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus,' cried Ned, buttoning his coat. 'I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too.'

"That's quite naytr'l to suppose, Sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by being so cloast to him, and breathen hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animels, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein' able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he just tuk up his ramrod and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captin, and make the air quite moderat and pleasant.'

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first.'

"Well, there a'nt much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, but they went southe mostly; and so it went on until they were out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon—'

“ ‘ But, Venus, stop : tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time.’

“ ‘ Why, Sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o’ life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost—’

“ ‘ No, no : what did he eat ? what did he feed on ?’

“ ‘ O—O—I’d liked to’ve skipped that ere. Why, Sir, I’ve heard different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reconed the captain cut off one of the bear’s paws, when he lay stretched out asleep one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there’s a smart deal o’ nourishment in a white bear’s foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my ‘pinion, I sould say my old man’s account is the rightest, and that’s—what’s as follows. You see after they’d been out three days abouts, they began to grow kind o’ hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know ; and the captain said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, ‘ Captain, what the devil shall we do ?’ Well, one day they was sitten looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o’ their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin’ come floppen up out o’ the water onto the ice. The captain looked and see it was a seal. The bear’s eyes kindled up as he looked at me, and then the captin said, he giv him a wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal not thinken nothin’ o’ them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between ‘em. Then slump ! went down old whitey’s nails into the fish’s flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tale eend, and put it behind him, out o’ the bear’s reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear couldn’t say so much for himself.

“ ‘ Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o’ provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance ; and then he begun to show his natural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin’s piece o’ seal, but when he found he couldn’t reach tnat, he begun to blow and yell. Then he’d rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head up the ice, till by-and-by (jist as the captin said he expected) the ice cracked in two ogin, and split right through between the bear and the captain and there they was on two different pieces o’ ice, the captain and the bear ! The old man said he really felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o’ pound o’ seal and chucked it to the bear. But either because it wan’t enough for him, or else on account o’ his feelen bad at the captain goen, the beast wouldn’t touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well off he went, one, one way, and t’other ‘nother way, both feel’n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captain got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he really thought he’d a gi’n in and died, if they hadn’t pick’d him up that arternoon.’

“ ‘ Who picked him up, Venus ?’

“ ‘ Who ? a codfish craft off o’ Newfoundland, I expect. They

didn't know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets aboard, and started off—expecten it was the sea-sarpen, or an old maremaid. They wouldn't believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they didn't hardly believe it nuther; and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was long time afore they come to.'

" 'Didn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?'

" 'No, Sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might s'pose: for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulation on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off putty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard biled egg.'

" 'What became of the bear?'

" 'Can't say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the verment got along right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all, boys. How many's asleep?'

The "Yankee among the Mermaids" appeared, if we remember rightly, in "Bentley's Miscellany," but so long ago that an extract from it, containing a Yankee version of the legend of Lurley, will no doubt be new to many. Most persons imagine that the name of the Rhine is only a modernised form of its ancient title. At least such, we confess, was our own impression, before we had met with the following more philosophical derivation:—

"Wae'll, you see, all this here talk made us dry as thunder; so the chaplain said he guessed the sun was over the fore-yard, and baled us out another horn o' licker all round. Then he took a 'spell ho!' at the jawin' tackle, and allowed there was a river in Jarminy, where all our Dutch imegrants hails from, and that a naked gall used to locate herself in a whirlpool, and come up on moonshiney nights and sing a hull bookful o' songs, as turned the heads o' all the young fellers in them parts. Wae'll, reports ruz up as she'd a hull cargo o' gold stowed away at the bottom o' the whirlpool, and many a wild young Jarmin, seduced by the gall's singin' and hopes o' gold, lept into the river, and warn't heerd on never arter. These matters hurt the young gall's kariter, and the old folks, who'd always allowed that she was a kind of goddess, began to think that she warn't the clear grit, and the young fellers said her singin' was no great shakes, and that her beauty warn't the thing it was cracked up to be.

" 'There was a famous general, who wasn't raised in that section o' the country, but had swapped a castle on a mountain in Spain for

one o' them ar' water lots near the whirlpool; he began to find himself rather short o' cash to buy his groceries, and concluding that he couldn't dew without a little whiskey to keep off the aguy, resolved to pay the whirlpool gall a visit, and jest see if he couldn't soft soap the young critter out of a little rhino. Next full moon, he tortles to the bluff what hung over the bilin' and foammin' river, and jest at eight bells, up ruz the gall, stark naked, a sittin' on the white froth o' the whirlin' water, and singin', 'Won't you come to my bower what I've shaded for you?'

"'Wae'll,' says the gineral, not a bit daunted—says he, 'look here, my gall: I mean to eat a lobster salad with you to-night, if you promise to behave like a lady, and won't cut up no shines.'

"'Wae'll, the gael gave her word o' honour, and the gineral dove into the whirlpool, and down they went right slick.

"Next mornin', the gineral was found to hum with a sighter old gold pieces, bigger round than the top of a backer-box, and a hull pot full o' the tallest kind o' jewels; you see the sojer had carried a small flask of Monongahely in his pocket, and the river gall couldn't git over the old rye—tew glasses opened her heart, I guess, and she let the gineral slip his cable in the mornin' with just abeout as much gold as he could stow away.

"Some o' his friends kalkilated as he'd better drop his anchor thar' agin—and there was some talk in the settlement of formin' a jynt-stock company for the purpose o' gettin' up all the gold—but the gineral tell'd 'em he guessed he'd got enough for him, and he seed quite enough down thar' not to want to go no more; and refusin' to say what he had seen, or tell 'em how they was to to work, it kinder stopped the jynt-stock company.

"The river gall she fell quite in love with the gineral right up to the hub, and sat on the bilin' water night arter night, singin', 'Meet me by moonlight alone;' but the gineral said he'd see her drowned first afore he trust her agin—for, says he, 'No woman was never deceived twyst,' which riled the river gall like mad, and in the revenge she sot the whirlpool a bilin' like all creation, as if resolved to keep the neighbourhood in hot water. From the carcumstance of the gineral's gettin' so much gold out o' the river, the Jarmins called it the *Rhino*, and its been known by somethin' like that name ever since."

What a wholesome lesson on the folly of dandyism, and the danger of giving way to a partiality for a becoming *chaussure*, is read to us in the account of "Where Joe Meriweather went to." Oh! all ye lovers of unwrinkled pantaloons, be warned by his untimely end, and eschew tight straps:—

"'Why, you see, Mrs. Harris,' replied Mr. Meriweather, still keeping the same position, and interrupting the narrative with several bursts of grief, (which we'll leave out). 'You see, Mrs. Harris, Joe and I went up early in the spring to get a boat load of rock from Boone county, to put up the foundation of the new houses we're buildin', fur there ain't no rock down in them rich sily bottoms

in our parts. Well, we got along pretty considerable, fur we had five kegs of blast along, and what with the hire of some niggers, we managed to get our boat loaded, an' started fur home in about three weeks. You never did see anythin' rain like it did the fust day we was floatin' down, but we worked like a cornfilled nigger of a Crismus week and pretty near sundown we'd made a matter ov nigh twenty mile afore we were ashore and tied up. Well, as we didn't have any shelter on the flat, we raised a rousin' big fire on the bank, close to whar she was tied up, and cooked some grub ; ann I'd eaten a matter of two pounds of side, and half of a possum, and was sittin' on a log, smokin' a Kaintuck regaly, and a talkin' to brother Joe, who was a standin' choc up agin the fire, with his back to it. You recollect, Mrs. Harris, Brother Joe allers was a dressy sort of a chap—fond of brass buttons on his coat and the flaim'est kind of red neckerchers ; and this time he had buckskin breeches, with straps under his boots. Well, when I was talkin' to him ov the prospect fur the next day, all ov a sudden I thought the little feller was a growin' uncommon tall ; till I diskivered that the bucksin breeches, that wur as wet as a young rooster in a spring rain, wur beginning to smoke and draw up kinder, and wur a liftin' Brother Joe off the ground.

" ' Brother Joe,' sez I, ' you're a goin' up.'

" ' Brother Bill,' sez he, ' I ain't a doin' anythin' else.'

" And he scrunched down mighty hard ; but it warn't ov no use, fur afor long he wur a matter of some fifteen feet up in the air.'

" ' Merciful powers,' interrupted the widow.

" ' Brother Joe,' sez I.

" ' I'm here,' sez he.

" ' Catch hold ov the top ov that black-jack,' sez I.

" ' Talk !' sez Brother Joe, and he sorter leaned over and grabbed the saplin', like as maybe you've seed a squ'el haul in an elm switch ov a June mornin'. But it warn't of no use, fur, old 'omen, ef you'll believe me, it gradually begun to give way at the roots, and afore he'd got five foot higher, it jist slipped out ef the ground, as easy as you'd pull up a spring reddish.

" ' Brother Joe !' sez I agin.

" ' I am a list'nin', sez he.

" ' Cut your straps !' sez I, for I seed it was his last chance.

" ' Talk !' sez Brother Joe, tho' he looked sort a reproachful like at me for broachin' such a subject ; but arter apparently considerin' awhile, he outs with his jack-knife, an' leanin' over sideways, made a rip at the sole of his left foot. There was a considerable deal ov cracklin' fur a second or two, then a crash sorter like as if a waggon-load of wood had bruck down, and the fust thing I know'd, the t'other leg shot up like, and started him ; and the last thing I seed ov Brother Joe, he was a *whirlin' round like a four-spoked wheel with the rim off, away overclost toward sundown !*"

Whatever moral tendency there may be in the above, we question whether members of the Humane Society would

admit that of the description of "The Gander pulling." For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may explain this to be an exciting pastime in which the object of the *players* is to dislocate the neck of the illfated bird, as they pass at full gallop under the gibbet, from which he is suspended.

Another diversion, stabbing with the bowie-knife, which has long been popular in America, forms the subject of a tale in the third volume :—

"Nex' mornin' we were just castin' off, when Joe come down to the wharf-boat, en sez he :

" ' You ain't goin' off mad, ar you ?'

" ' No,' sez I.

" ' Wal,' sez he, ' less take a partin' smile.'

" I didn't like the idea, but Ransom he said :

" ' Come in, Ben !' en in I went and drinkt.

" ' What d'you say to a buffalo-juggin?' said Joe, arter we'd lickered.'

" ' It's too airly in the season,' sez I ; ' b'sides I'm off for Orleans.'

" ' So'm I,' said Joe, ' at eleven ; en we'll go company.'

" ' What's the blaze?' said Ransom.

" ' Two canoes, and one jug,' said Joe.

" I knowed what he was after then, for it showed clean out'n his eyes. Joe war the best swimmer, en he thort ef we come together an' upset the canoes, he'd have the advantage. He knowed he'd git catawompously chored up ashore, en *he wanted to drown me.*"

" What a devil incarnate ! I exclaimed."

" That's just him 'zactly. I thort a minnit, and then sez I :

" ' I'm your man.'

" Wal, a skiff tuck out the only jug, en Joe en I paddled from shore leisurely.

" ' A bob ! yelled out Ransom, en we started.

" We was about ten rods apart, en neck-en-neck. On we swept like greased lightnin,' Joe leadin' by 'bout *two inches*, I should guess. I had not look't at Joe sens we left shore, but as we draw'd nigh the jug I seed he had his coat and jacket off. We was within ten foot of the jug, en both dropped paddles, en I shed my coat and jacket a *leettle* quicker'n common. 'Tha' warn't no misunderstandin' between us then ; en as the canoes come together, both grappled and went overboard, and underneath the water."

" Ben here paused, took out his bandanna, and wiped the big drops off of his forehead, as coolly as if he was recounting the events of a dinner-party.

" ' Well,' I urged impatiently, ' you both went under the water ?'

" ' Yes, that was the *accident* happened !'

" Accident ? explain."

" Why, I've no more to say'n this. I riz, en got aboard my broad-horn, en come away.'

" ' But Joe—what became of him ?'

"*Joe ? he was a missin' 'long with my bowie-knife !*"

"I parted with Ben, when the 'Perry' touched the wharf at Providence, not caring, *under the circumstances*, to inquire which way he was travelling."

How full of satire the words, "American Humour," seem to be, when we glance at the top of the page after reading the above extract. Much has been written of the liberal manner in which the bowie knife is used in some of the States, and too much cannot be said in expressing abhorrence of a propensity so essentially savage in its nature ; but Englishmen, when they cite this as a proof of the demoralised state of society in America, should recollect that in England, in the year of grace 1852, there is an institution called the "Ring," not, certainly, patronised by the flower of the nobility as in days of yore, but still *patronised* to a certain extent, and that scarcely a week passes, but a three column account of some exhibition of this fine old English sport is read, and eagerly read, by thousands who gloat over the description of the exceedingly "game and plucky" manner in which the men came up to the scratch in the 99th round, one of them having sustained perhaps a compound fracture of the jaw, in addition to a few simple ones elsewhere, while the other, more fortunate, was merely "bunged up about the peepers" to such an extent, that the use of the lancet, and sticking plaister to hold up the eyelids, were found requisite to render those valuable organs at all serviceable ; to be sure it was a "fair, manly, stand-up fight with such weapons as nature has given," and possibly there was a great deal of science displayed on both sides, but we, (perhaps we are over fastidious,) cannot persuade ourselves that, even taking all these circumstances into consideration, either the illustrious combatants, or the enterprising managers who hired the express train, or the parties who engaged seats therein, at the rate of half a guinea a head, for the purpose of witnessing the intellectual spectacle, have any great reason to pique themselves on having advanced farther towards perfect civilization, than the New Orleans' desperado who, in a fit of passion, inserts a bowie knife between the ribs of his antagonist. But the Ring is fast dying out. It has, to use the idiom of its votaries, become decidedly "groggy" of late, and a fossil prize fighter exhibited among the oldest antiques in the British Museum, will, from the peculiar depression of his os frontis, form a puzzling study for the ethnologists of some

future day; while at the Archæological Society at Massachusetts grave gentlemen in black will stand behind tables covered with pieces of rusty steel, eighteen inches in length, and will read sundry papers on "the form and probable use of the bowie or dagger, generally attributed to the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century."

And what shall we say of the other—*the* stain, par excellence, on the national character of America-Slavery? May we venture to hope that it will, with the bowie knife, ere long, become one of the "things that were," in a far off time when America had yet to outgrow her inconsistencies, when the national air was only too often joined with the sentiment—

"I do believe in Freedom's cause;
As far away as Paris is
I love to see her stick her claws
In them *infarnal* Pharisees.
It's well enough agen a king
To draw resolves—and triggers,
But Liberty's a kind of thing
That don't agree with niggers."

ART. VI.—IRISH CHURCH HISTORY.

Original Letters and Papers in illustration of the History of the Church in Ireland, during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Edited, with notes, from autographs in the State Paper Office, by Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq. M. A. 8vo. London: F. and J. Rivington, 1851.

MUCH as this island has suffered from religious dissensions, it is a singular fact that one of the most neglected departments of our literature is Irish ecclesiastical history; on no important era of which do we possess any complete published collection of original documents. Although recent researches among ancient Celtic manuscripts have brought to light a considerable amount of information on every period of our annals, no contribution has yet been made from those sources to illustrate the history of the early Irish Church, which sent forth the illustrious men whose names are still revered throughout Europe for learning and sanctity. This neglect is

the more conspicuous in the present age of general literary inquiry when we recollect how much was effected more than two centuries ago by such ecclesiastics as Ussher, Colgan, and Fleming; who, notwithstanding the obstacles which impeded their progress, published the elaborate works which still form our chief authorities on Irish Church History. From the publications of these learned writers the Rev. John Lanigan compiled his "Ecclesiastical history of Ireland," published in 1822. Considering the time at which it was produced, this work possesses very high merit; unfortunately, however, its author was unacquainted with the ancient Irish hagiographical treatises, an intimate knowledge of which is indispensable to those who desire accurate information on the peculiar doctrines and observances of the primitive Christian Church of Ireland. Of those venerable documents one of the most important is that known as the *Feliré*, or Festology, written late in the eighth century by the monk *Oengus*, surnamed, from his exceeding sanctity, *Celé De*,* or the servant of God. This work, which contains a vast amount of original and invaluable information connected with the early Irish Church, might, with the additions of the copious illustrations adducible from manuscript sources, be made the foundation of the early ecclesiastical history of Ireland. Considerable numbers of hagiographical treatises and lives of native Saints are still preserved among our collections of more ancient Celtic manuscripts. Independently of their inestimable value to the ecclesiologist and the philologist, these documents are generally replete with interesting details of ancient manners and customs, and thus entitled to a prominent place among the chief materials for the early history of the island. By far the most valuable of our early remains of this class is the Tripartite life of St. Patrick, the ancient Irish version of which had long been vainly sought for, until a copy of considerable antiquity was discovered in England by our distinguished Celtic palæographer, Mr. Eugene Curry, who transcribed and collated it for the Royal Irish Academy, thus affording inquirers an opportunity of testing the fidelity of Colgan's latin translation by a comparison with the original document. We have also Irish rituals and ecclesiastical canons of great age, in addition to

* For a notice of *Oengus* and his works, see the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I, page 432.

which, Ireland can boast of two venerable literary monuments which no other civilized country would have allowed to remain so long unpublished. The first of these is the Hymnarium, or collection of hymns of the Irish Church, nearly as old as the time of Saint Columba, and the Antiphonarium or Antiphonary, written at the famous monastery of Bangor, in Down, in the seventh century, now preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, in Lombardy, which owes so much to the labors of the early Irish missionaries. The publication of the *Brehon* laws, for which every one interested in the study of the primitive institutions of Western Europe looks forward with such intense anxiety, will throw much light on the social position and relations of ecclesiastics, as regulated by that ancient code. Until all those documents have been rendered accessible, our knowledge of the early Christian Church of Ireland must continue in its present imperfect and circumscribed state; which is the more to be regretted, as the information which has of late years been incidentally brought to light tends forcibly to demonstrate the falsity and inaccuracy of what has hitherto been received historical truth. A new era of ecclesiastical history opens from the latter part of the twelfth century, when the Church of Ireland became divided into two sections between the natives and the Anglo Normans. The latter excluded the Irish, as far as possible, from all religious establishments, and enacted stringent laws against their admission to ecclesiastical offices of any importance. The materials for our Church history from the period of the Anglo Norman settlement to the Reformation are still inaccessible, and chiefly consist of original Papal ordinances, government documents, chartularies, rolls, and monastic annals; while on the ecclesiastical affairs of the natives, their own manuscript compilations are our surest authorities. Two invaluable contributions to our mediæval Church history have been made of late years by the Rev. William Reeves, in his treatise on Down, Connor, and Dromore, and his edition of Primate Colton's visitation of the Diocese of Derry in 1897. The basis of the first of these works is the taxation of Down and Connor in 1806, "the most ancient collection of ecclesiastical statistics connected with Ireland now remaining." The great value of this publication, as well as of Dr. Reeves's edition of the acts of Primate Colton, is derived from the editor's elaborate annotations and appendices, compiled from all accessible printed

and manuscript sources. The Registry of the Priory of all Saints, near Dublin, edited by the learned Dean of Clonmacnois, is the only published collection of documents connected with an Anglo Irish monastic establishment. The sole printed specimen of a ritual of the same class is the Book of Obits and Martyrology of Christ Church, Dublin, edited by the Rev. J. H. Todd. Both of these works were published by the Irish Archæological Society, and have been noticed in a review of that body's publications which appeared in a former number of our journal. Among other interesting inquiries connected with Irish mediæval Church history are the life and writings of Fitz Ralph, Primate of Ireland in the fourteenth century, a man of great eminence in his day, and better known as Ricardus Armacanus, or Richard of Dundalk. Many of his works are still preserved in manuscript, and as the productions of the precursor of Wickliffe, they well merit investigation. It is much to be regretted that the late Dr. Elrington did not enlist the services of competent editors to illustrate the portions of his edition of Ussher's works which refer to Church history. A vast amount of new and interesting information might have been appended to the learned Primate's "*Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Primordiæ*," the "*Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge*;" and the "*Discourse on the religion of the ancient Irish*." The ecclesiastical as well as the general history of Ireland would have been much enriched had the learned Monck Mason continued the labors of which we have received so favorable a specimen. Considerable service has, however, been lately rendered in the same department by the Venerable Henry Cotton, Archdeacon of Cashel, whose "*Fasti Ecclesiæ Hibernicæ*," supply a want long felt by literary investigators; this work is the more to be prized as the chief materials from which it was compiled are, we know by sad experience, in a very precarious condition. In the Primatial Repository at Armagh is still preserved a large and invaluable collection of original ecclesiastical documents, on which must be laid the basis of our mediæval church history, and the result of researches among them is anxiously expected by those inquirers, who cannot be satisfied with such meagre works as that of Dr. Mant, which must only be regarded as an abridged and continued edition of the history of the Irish Bishops by Ware and Harris. Although Archdall deserves credit for having applied rationally to the study

of our records at a period when the theories of Vallancey and Ledwich reigned in the ascendant, it must be admitted that his "*Monasticon Hibernicum*" is meagre and defective, notwithstanding its superiority over the attempts of Ware, Allemand, and Harris. Palliation for these faults is to be found in the circumstances of his times, which prevented Archdall from carrying out his design to its full extent, while the information he was able to obtain from ancient Irish manuscripts was imperfect and erroneous. The compilation, moreover, of a monastic history for the entire of Ireland is too arduous an undertaking for a single individual, and should be executed by a number of investigators, each conversant with the minutiae of the local history of the district which he undertakes to illustrate. This observation applies equally to other departments of history, and if more fully recognized would tend to increase our stock of really valuable works, and to diminish the number of those generally crude productions known as "general histories."

Great and permanent as have been the results of the Reformation in Ireland, the history of its introduction and early progress still remains unwritten. With the exception of the Irish State Papers of the time of Henry VIII., the work before us is the only published collection of original documents connected with this important event. In his preface Mr. Shirley observes :—

"Every one who has studied the History of the Church in Ireland during the eventful period immediately subsequent to the Reformation, must necessarily have remarked how limited are the sources of information which are accessible to the ecclesiastical inquirer. Indeed, writers of every party, both Churchmen and Dissenters, unite in deploring the loss and ruinous waste which has taken place amongst the Records of the Irish Church.

"Impressed with these views, when engaged some years ago in the State Paper Office in collecting materials for the Topographical History of a district in the north of Ireland, I was much struck with the numerous letters relating to the affairs of the Church, to be found scattered among the vast collection of papers there preserved, and which have reference to Ireland. It occurred to me at the time, that it might not be an uninteresting labour, or entirely unacceptable to the Church, to make a selection from these papers, and commit them to the press, after the model of Sir Henry Ellis's valuable series of letters illustrative of English History.

"The accession of Edward VI. evidently appeared the proper point from whence to commence the selection, inasmuch as the Eccle-

siastical Papers which remain in the State Paper Office of a date anterior to the death of Henry VIII., have been already given to the public in the general collection of State Papers relating to Ireland, which were printed in 1834.

“The present series of Papers (for they cannot all strictly be called *Letters*) commences then with the accession of Edward VI., and embraces every document of interest affecting the state of the Irish Church, or written to, or by, the Irish Prelates and Dignitaries, which I have met with in the State Paper Office, from that time to the ninth year of Elizabeth, 1567. In some cases indeed the extreme length of the original papers, having reference not only to the Ecclesiastical, but the Civil state of the kingdom, required extracts only to be given; but in these cases nothing which concerned the Church has been omitted, it having been my object to preserve every fact likely to throw light on the very obscure state of the Church during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary and the early part of that of Elizabeth.”

The number of original letters and instruments comprehended in the volume amounts to one hundred and twenty-one. To enter into a minute examination of their contents is not our present object, there not being yet extant any collateral materials by an analysis of which we might be enabled to draw fair and impartial conclusions with reference to the objects and characters of the writers. As materials for history, the documents published by Mr. Shirley are invaluable, and they will be found to throw much light on various points relative to which we have hitherto possessed but scanty information; in illustration of which may be adduced the following deposition relative to the conduct of the Lord Deputy, St. Leger, in 1551, when an invasion of Ireland was anticipated as the result of communications between the northern Chiefs and the King of France:—

“The deposition of me John Alen knight, late chauncelor of Irland, upon my oothe made before Sr James Croftes knight, Lord Deputie of Irland, Sr Wm Brabason and Syr John Trauers knightes, by vertue of the high cunsells lres, upon this Interrogatory, what wordes or conversation Sr Anthony Sentleger late the kings deputie here had unto me in Kilmaynan toching religion. and whether he said unto me, then or any tyme ellis. *Goo to. Goo to: religion wol marre all:* and whether at any tyme I declared to my L. of Dubline that Mr Sentleger spake the lik wordes to me or not. In vertue of myn oothe I declare, that neither Mr St leger spak thois wordes to me, neither made I any soche Declaration to my L. of Dublyn: and yet for explanation upon what occasion by like that my L. of Dublyn avowcheth me to affirme wth him in this case, I wol declare some circunstance, wch holly in effect is true, so god iudge me: It was soo, that about this tyme xij monethes, in lente, haueng the daie

before receyued lres both by oon Mr Woode, & Brooks, aswel from my Lordes of the Cunsell, intymating to me both ther determynations of the sending hyther of my L Cobham wth an armye, signyfieng also ther plesure to me to attende upon my L Cobham to mak all necessary prouisions for his furnytur, I repaired to Kylmaynam, to speke wth Mr St leger then Deputy: and beyng ther, he sente for me into a Chamber wch is called St Johns Chamber, wher he, wth dyuers of the Cunsell wer then sitting, and when I came in, they all roose, so after salutations, Mr Sentleger went aparte from the reste to the gret wyndowe taking me wth hym, and entring into coveraation wth me of the cause of my comeng, I shewed him theeffecte of my lres & instructions, desiring him, because I wold not be seen to contempne neithr his prsente auctie, ne dismynysh his estimation amonge the people, that I moght haue his commissions to certen persons to prouyde their provisions, rather then to do it by vertue of my lres, and he said I shuld have; and after thus comoneng of the frenchmens comyng hither, Mr Alen, saithe he, ye ar a man of knowleg, what shall the frenchmen I praie you doo here, and so declaryng his opinion therin; mary quoth I, that wch they went aboute the last yere, to persuaide the Yrishmen to consente to haue Ireland ioyned to the crowne of ffrance, by my trowthe saith he, that wer a vayne devise, ffor the irishmen wolbe no longer subiect to them, then it pleseth them selves, but lik as they be wavering wth us, wch have been long here by title, so they wolbe to them; In good faithe said I thogh ye iudge therin the likelihood, yet I am of this opinyon, that the frenchmen haueng conceyved that they cannot wel kepe Scotlande onles they foote in Irland, and so if they moght dryve us awaye, and haue or sea portes, I think they wold not moche ferre of the reste; But said I, what gretter dishonor can be spoken of the frenchmen, then they, (after to wyne ther amyties, we haue rendred them Bulleyne,) now thus untruly to use us, which I trust god woll revenge upon them: well Mr Alen saith he, I woll telle you, the frenche kyng is in his flowers of youthe, pusant and hygh mynded, and if th'emperor wer goone, he aspieth to be lord of cristendome, and knowing that therin ther is no obstacle but the king, & our nation, he woll bylik do what he may to occupie us wth Scotland, & this Cuntrie, that we shall not giue him impedymment elliswher, and yet for all this said I, those that come from beyond the sea, report that th'emperor is uery colde to uswards; Mary saithe he, that now apperith well, for of late ther is aboue xl or l ml poundes worthe of bullyon of the kings seised in flaunders, and th'emperor hath made a forfett of it, wch is no small hinderance to the kings affaires, spially in soch a tyme as this is, but saithe he, if th'emperor wel remembred the kindnes of the kings fader to him, he shuld shew no soche ingratitude to his son; and then said I, when I was in England, I culd never heare that he had any cause of unkindness to us, saying some said he was offended wth or religion, wch as me semyth all things considered, shuld be a small cause of unkindnes, well said he, it wer not gret maruell that he, and his, shuld be offended therin: as to see daylie at yor eye, that in that matter at home among orselves, oon of us is offended wth another, and I am

suer that you, and every man wch haue th'experience of this realme do knowe, that if the frenchemens do come hither, they shall haue more frendship amongs this nation, for religious cause, then for ther owne sakes, and all that they woll give them ; and so God helpe me said he, for myn awne parte, knowing the maner and ignorance of this people, when my Lordes of the Cunsell willed me to set furth the matters of religion here, wch to my power I haue doon, I had raither they had sente me into Spayne, or any other place wher the king shuld haue had cause to mak warre ther, then burdeyned me to set furthe the matters of religion here, and I told my Lordes no les befor my comeng awaye ; and here pawsinge, he terned him to goo to the borde to sit for dispatche or consultation wth the reste, and immediately oon came, saying his meate was upon the borde ; and so we went to dyner ; wch doon, because I see not the clerks mak speede to mak my comissions, I went to a side borde, and wrote them my self, and assune as I had gotten them sugned, I departed to my lodg- ing to Dublyn, and when I came ther, after I had pulled off my rid- ing gerre, I determyned to go to repast that eventide wth Mr Deane of Cristchurche, and when I came thider, I founde ther my L of Dublyne, and Mr Basnet late Deane of St. Patricks, and so after repaste, we fowre together (all others advoyned out of the chamber) comoned of the newes of the frenche mennes comenge, & many other things touching th'occurrants presente, among wch Mr. Sentlegers faults, no ither of me, ne the rest was not forgotten : and specially my L of Dublyn assigning divers ffaultis to him in religion for his offer- ing at thaulter at his landinge : the prymate & other things toching masse—among all, he said he was but a dissymuler in religion, and was never willinge to haue it set furthe here, By our Lady said I, (as I suppose) ye goo not farre amysse ther, ffor this day to my self he confessid not moche less, (ded he soo saith my Lord) I praie you remember that. Now to shorten the matter, longe after this my Lord and I mett not together, but it was told me that he said, and I hard him self say no les, that Mr Sentleger should say to him, that if the Lords of the Counsell had letten all things alone in th'order king Henry VIII., lefte them, & medled not to alter religion, neither had the rebellion of England, nor all thies hurly burleye haue happened : and to proue this article, it was told me he shuld advouche me for a wit- nes ; wherin I said albeit Mr St leger haue so wronged me by taking from me honor, estimation & lyving, so as if I shuld folowe the fleshe if I moght drink him up in a cupp of water, he hath desyrueed it of me, wch considered, no man wol accompte me for an indifferent wit- nes against him, yet if I shalbe used for a witnes upon the matter proponed ; they ar lik to haue a faynt witnes, ffor if Mr Stleger wold do to me as moche more harne as he hath doon, I woll not lye to hurte him. Long after this about the latter eande of harveste, when my Lordes Seruante came out of England, who broght him lres from my lordes of the Cunsell for his repaire thider, his lordship sente for me to him, and shewing me both the said lres, & what he had pro- poned against Mr St leger, he asked my cunsell (as indeed I am of his fee) and among other things he desired me to remeber what wordes Mr St leger shuld haue had to me in Kylmaynam, when the brute of

the frenchemen was &c., at his going to Mounster ; Rehersing theis wordes *if my Lordes had letten all thinges in th' order the kings fader lefte them &c.* I aunswered, that besides that no man upon the case wold tak me for an indifferent witnes against Mr St leger. I remembred no soch words spoken by him, (ffor of this proposition conteyned wtin the interrogatory I never hirde till now, *Go to Go to &c*) yes said my lord, remembre yorselfe better, ffor ye told it me the same day ye spake them in Mr Deane of Cristchurches lodging, he and Mr Basnet being present, wel my Lord said I, I think ye mystok me, But if it may please yow, when ye mete them next to inquire the truthe of them : and if they say as yow say, I woll calle them & myself both to better remembraunce, whereupon I meeting them after, I enquired of them, whether they harde me spek after soch sorte to my l. of Dublyne, and they said my Lord had spoken wth them alredey in that matter, and they told him that they harde me not say as he alleged.

“Neverthelis after this, when at my Lordes request a litle before his going out, I wold mak no testimonyall to him in wrytinge of this article, The bishop of Kildare came to me persuadinge me on his behalf to put in writing the wordes Mr Sentleger spake to me in Kylmaynam, To whom I made this answer, Shew my lord that albeit I love his litle too bettir than all Mr St legers body, yet I woll do nothyng against truthe nor that wch shall not be decent for oon that hath been placed as I haue been, Therfor if it shall plesse my Lords of the Counsell, to commaunde my Lord deputie to examyne me upon my oothe, I will truly declare, [if that may do my Lords plesure] what Mr. St leger said to me in Kilmaynan. written wth thande of me.—Iohn Alen.”

This deposition, together with other papers in the volume before us, serves to corroborate the statement—of which we had not before conclusive evidence—that attempts were made by the Archbishop of Dublin to effect the ruin of St. Leger, who was six times chief governor of Ireland under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. Mr. Basnet, referred to in the document, was the first Dean of St. Patrick's who embraced the principles of the Reformation. He has acquired much censure for his conduct in unlawfully surrendering the Deanery to the King, as well as for having fraudulently possessed himself of considerable property. Bassenet was a native of Denbighshire, and, although in holy orders, he is said to have distinguished himself by his services against the Irish at the battle of Bellaho in 1539; fully confirming the complaint made by the natives more than two centuries before, against the military propensities of the Anglo Norman clergy. It may also be here observed, with reference to the exclusion of Irishmen from offices in the Church during

Catholic ages, that a Bull of Pope Leo X. still exists prohibiting natives from holding any offices in St. Patrick's Cathedral. So carefully was this exclusion carried out in all departments of the Church, that no Irishman sat in the see of Dublin from the twelfth century to the time of the Reformation. Since that period, Englishmen have generally held the principal dignities in the Established Church of Ireland; the exclusion of Irishmen from offices of importance being a point in which the government of Great Britain still maintains the policy pursued in what are now called the dark ages.

The project of founding an University in Dublin has hitherto been ascribed to Sir John Perrot's government, Mr. Shirley has, however, published "a device or petition framed by th' archebyssshop of Dublin for an Universitie to be founded and erected in Irland, with a playne declaration howe the same may be easilie doon by the King's Majestie to the great glorie of God, his Majesties honor and immortal remembrance, and the spedier reducement of the people there to a due obedience and acknowledging of their duties in that behalf." This document shews that George Browne, the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, is entitled to the credit of having originated a Dublin University. A second plan for a College, drawn up in 1568, contains a minute calculation of the expenditure as follows:—

"The Platt of a colledg to be erected, wth a principall or provost, two preachers, a reader of devinitye, a reader of Logick, a reader of philosophie, xii fellowes, xl skollers, a Mr of the grammer skoole, an ussher to the same, wth all other necessary officers, and chardgs, by estymate required, fyttē for the said colledge.—

For the principall by the yere	cc.li
For the viceprincipall being one of the fellows over & above his dyvidente by the yeere	xx.li
For the Bowcer being allso one of the fellows, ouer & above his dividente by the yeere	x.li
For two preachers by the yeers l.li for a peece, and for both	c.li
For the reader of Divinitie by yere	lxvi.li xiijs iiijd
For the reader of Philosophie by yere	l.li
For the reader of Logick by yere	x.li
For xii fellowes to every iiij.li apece	xlviij.li
For xii bachelers to every xls by the yeere	xxiiij.li
For the Mr of the grammar Skoole	xxx.li
For the Ussher of the same	xx.li
For xl skollers to every xiiis iiijd	xxvi.li xiiis iiijd

For the Manciple	xx.li
For the Butler	iiij.li vis viiid
For the Cooke and his Company	xxx.li
For the porter	iiij.li
For ij Laundresses to every vi.li xiiis iiid	xiiij.li vis viiid
For the gardyner	iiij.li
For the diet of xii felloes at iis iiid the weeke	lxxii.li xvis
For the diet of xii bachalers at iis a weeke per peece	lxii.li viiis
For the diet of xl skollers at xviiid pr peece by the weeke	clix.li
For the diet of the Butler and Porter after ijs a weeke pr peece	x.li viiis
For fyer pr annm	c.li
For otemeale, Salt, Candells, naprye & Vessells per an	lx.li
For repracons, snyts, & extraordinary chardgs per an	c.li
Summa xliic lxx.li xiiis	

None of these plans were, however, brought into action until the year 1591, when Trinity College was established. "In the mean time," says Mr. Shirley, "there was no sort of education for the Clergy, whose ignorance was naturally extreme, as many of the present collection of letters abundantly testify."

Of the other documents in the volume before us, perhaps the most circumstantial and minute are the examinations of Richard Creagh, titular Primate of Ireland, during his imprisonment in the tower of London in 1564-5. The originals of the following questions are preserved in the autograph of Cecil, while the answers are written by Creagh.

"To the questiones, what Lords of Irland and houe many wer previe to your goyng out of Irland towarde Rome, and houe many Englishmen wer previe therto ?

"I answher tryuely that as I neuer went aboute to hide my goyng away, so in likewise I neuer, nother by my self nother by anny other, by worde, writting, or other wyse, made anny Lorde that is, or was lyvyng under sun prevye of my goyng to Rome, nother also anny Englishman that I remembr: for goyng away I intended, if God would, for to enter unto such religion as I should there in Rome sye best, or moste agryable to my weke complexion, but as I was commanded by obedience to take my way to Rome, so byeng there ready for to enter to ye Religion of the Teatines, [Theatines] otherwyse called Paulins, duelyng at Montecavalo, I was commanded by the Cardinal, onther payn of inobedience, to chang nothyng abouth my self tell I should know further of ye Pops wyll, which wyll by the sayd Cardinal was aftherwarde declared unto me, and onder payn of coursying if I should be inobedient, & so was send wt the same will unto Ireland.

"To the question, howe many wer acquaynted wt you in Room being English or Irish and by whom were you ther succored?

"I answer that I saue and spake som tymes wt diverse English and Irishmen, as Mr Sekwhill,* the Erle of Derbyes son, the Mr of the English hospital called there the bushop of Saint Asse† & others duelyng in the said hospital, one also of my Lorde of Lesheters‡ men, called Edmond an Irishman, for lak of costs was at my pour tabl and house, duelyng ye space two monethes or ther about; of Irishmen also I was acquainted with Muiryrtagh & Donough Obrien scholeers, Diermvid o Mady, Knoghur og, on Mvires, & other scholers whose names I remember not, also a fryer of Saint Austina, and a priste from O'neils contrey, which byeng send thedr for to procure the bishoprick of Doune and Coner for O'Neils brother, as also Juspatronatus of som benefices for Oneil, would not be so acquaynted wt me as other Irishmen were. Also one Robard & an other called Diego seruyng men or soudyers, which, becaus I haue cast them away from all acquitance for displeasure (of ye which, as I hard saye, they were partetakers) made to Mr Sekwhil, were aboute afterwarde to doe me hurt, yea also to accuse me of heresye for favor shouen to Englishmen, and chiefly the sayd Robard, as I thynk ye aforemencioned Edmond knowes, I meane th' Erle of Lesheter's man.

"At the tyme that I haue ben in Room I was succored by the Pope both in methe, drynk, and house rentts, becaus I was send theder by obedience toward his mesangers comandament, which for to obey I was bounde by myne oth, made whan I was receaued to studient in the comoune schoules of Lovayn.

"To ye question, in your retourn by Lovayn howe many English, Irish, or others did you make preuie to ye cause of your retourne into Irland?

"The Truth is, that I know none English or Irishman that was so preuie, excepte an Englishman of the Iesuites that dueled in the uniuersitee of Dilingua§ not fear from Augusta in Germany, & two fryers of S. Franceis (on Eonglish and th' other an Irishman) in the convent of Antwerpia, wt an other Iesuite an Englishman that I metth in Antwerp, as also Doctour Clement (a physician) ther dueling, and some yong Irish scholers hard in Lovayn by others (perhaps

* *Mr. Sekwhil*, i. e. Thomas Sackvill, afterwards Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, detained for a time a prisoner in Rome.

† *St. Asse*, i. e. St. Asaph, Thomas Goldwell, born at Sheet-Chart, in Kent, scholar of All Souls about 1520, M.A. in 1531, B.D. in 1533. By Queen Mary he was made Bishop of St. Asaph. He was deprived under Elizabeth, "and going abroad, made his appearance in the Council of Trent in the year 1562. The remainder of his life was for the most part spent in Rome; having an apartment in the English hospital, which a few years after was converted into a college, or seminary of missionaries." He died about 1582.—*Dod's Church History*, i. 507. *Wood's Athenæ*.

‡ *Leicester's*.

§ *Dilingua*, i. e. Dillengen, near Augsburg.

that came from Rome) that I was appointed to be Archbushop of Ardmacha, other men by the way knew or harde more abouth me, as the Cardinal of Augusta (who did hold me the space of a senyght to be refreased & to recouer my helth of the ague that I caught by the way) diuerse of the Iesuites in sondry places, and the Doctoures of Lovayn, whom I called to dener (dinner?) ons, because of myne acquaintance before with them.

"To ye question, houe many in England or Wales knew you at your retourne to Irland?

"It is so that to neuer a body in that way I willed my self to be knowen, yea nother of ye scholer that I touke for my man at Rochester, alltogh my letters wer syen outhwardely by two povre men & a povre woman, which knew not ther meanyng, but whan I was asked som tymes what I was, I told that I have spend a pyce of my tyme with marchandise, which was tryue.

"To ye questions, To whom was your intent to resorte at your landyng in Irland, and whose frendshipp meant you to have used in Irland?

"As I was send by obedience from Irland, & so also to Irland send back wt loss both of my frends, kinsfolk and all commodities that I had among them, and send for to duel and serue among barbarous, wilde, & uncivil folkes, hawying no body before me ther that ever before tyme I was acquaynted with, (save onely that I saue som of ye prelatts of Ardmacha in ye English pale at Quene Maryes tyme,) so the pope toght convenient to send som kynde of letter with me to Shane O'Neil, with the letter also for a pension to be gyuen to his brother on ye bishoprik that the priste abovesayed required in Rome for ye sayd brother, which priste fayned to com at ones wt me to Irland, but taryed nevertheles there. for a direght answher, I saye tryuely that I intended onely to go streght to ye place that was by obedience appoynted toe, knowyng not whether Shane Oneil should repute me for his foe, or for his friend, fyrst becaus that his mesangers both in Irland (as I hard saye) of the pops mesanger, wer desyring letters of comendations to Rome for to haue that Archbushoprik of Ardmagha, for (I think) the Dene that is ther, which (I wen) is of his fostred brethren; and also in Rome & Trent were persuasions concernyng ye same, made to ye Cardinal Moronus (overseyer of such matiers) and to others, and therfor were much displeased of my sendyng to Rome. Secoundely, becaus that the mesangers haue iudged that I haue made not my deuoir in Rome in procuryng the bushoprik of Dune and Coner for Shans brother,* a yong man unlearned, not passyng 23

* This practice of maintaining bishoprics among their own clan was of considerable antiquity, and called forth the censure of St. Bernard, who, speaking of the Irish Chiefs, in the twelfth century, tells us:—

"A most pernicious custom had gained strength, by the diabolical ambition of some men in power, of getting possession of ecclesiastical sees by hereditary succession. Nor did they suffer any persons to be put in election for a bishopric, but such as were of their own tribe and

year old. If Shane or anny other should gyue som help for erection of som schoules wherein yought should be broght upp in som good maners and begynyngs of learnyng, I should wyshe it; thynking earnestly that long agou they should forsake theyr barbarous wildnes, crueltie, and ferocitie, if thayr yought were broght upp conveniently in knowleg of theyr dutie toward God and theyr princes; as for erection of anny universitie, I am not so ignorant but that I know it can not be don wth out ye ayde & authoritie of the Quens maiestie; for other frenship or conuersation wt them I intended doubtles to shun it, while they should lyue that ar broght up in such all kynds of iniquities, mordoures, adoultrys, drokens, robyng, stellyng, forswhering, & otherlyke, without anny punishment to be spoken of.—

“Now be it death or lyfe, prison or frydom, or anny other thyng, the truth is that I haue answered, and all-togh, I lost my parte of a shipp (estimated to be worte ix thousand duketts) by the frenche galees in ye warr at our Souerayn Lorde kyng Haryes tyme, & also by the sarcher of Dover were taken xxxii.li from my brother, comyng wt them to Lovayn, for my help ther byeng at schoule, at outelands mens costs, neuertheles, my pouere from my yought hitherto, was (as I toght) alwayes spent for to serve the croune of England, as of nature and dutie I was bounde, knowyng & also declaryng in diuerse places the joyfull lyfe that Irishmen have under England, (nothing so plucked of their good, as by sondry wayes other princes'is sugettes ar oppressed in other contreys) if they were gode and tryue in themselves. for a conclusion, as much sorrow as I had for byeng oppressed or charged with such bourden that I was commanded to com with to Irland, so much perhabs joy I haue to be discharged thereof; howbeit, if I should dye to day, and that of my death Vlstermen should know to-morrow, the Archbushoprik of Ardmagha, and such other should be procured from Rome, (as I thynk, and as hitherto it was wont to be,) for som other of that contrey, to whom God gyve grace to be tryue to his natural Quene and croune of England, whom the Lorde God mayntayn now and ever.”

“17 Martii 1564. an examinacion taken of Richarde Creagh Ireshe-man, and Prysoner in the Tower, by Richarde Ousley Recorder of London, and Thomas Wilson Mr of Saynt Katherins.

“Beeing asked dyverse questions & first touching hym, whome he calleth the Popes Nuncio, doth answer as foloweth, that the said Nuncio came from Rome aboute fower yeres syns August last past,

family: and this kind of execrable succession made no small progress, For fifteen generations had passed over in this kind of mischievous custom. And so far had this wicked and adulterous generation confined to themselves this untoward privilege, or rather as I may call it, an injury deserving the severest punishment; that although sometimes it happened, that clergymen of their family failed, yet bishops of it never failed. In fine, eight married men, and not in orders, though men of learning, were predecessors to (Primate) Celsus. From whence proceeded that universal dissolution of ecclesiastical discipline, that enfeebling of censures, and decay of religion over all Ireland.”

and hath made his continual abode al the said tyme in Irelande called by name David Wolfe, borne in Lymericke, where this examine also was borne. And farther he sayth that the said David Wolfe hath been aboute seven yeres abiding in Rome, and was a Jesuite there professed, and sent frome the Pope by obedience into Irelande by commission, to see what Bisshoppes did their dewties there, and what sees ware voyde, and touching hymselfe he sayth, that he hath been most comonlie heretofore in the Bisshoppricke of Lymerike and there taught children, Th'occasion of his acquaintance wt the Nuncio was, that the Nuncio harde of this examine that he was learned, and so required hym to goe to Rome, to tak upon hym the Arche Bisshopperike of Casshal, and afterwards the Arche Bisshopperike of Armagh, beeing voyde before his departure, he charged hym upon his obedience to goe to Rome, the th' archbisshoprike of Armagh or Casshal, the wch the culde not refuse to be, because yt when he proceded Bachelaue of Divinitie in Lovayne, he sware obedience to the Pope, and yrfore durst not disobeye his Nuncio. Beeing asked what instrucion he had by the Nuncio at his going to Rome, he sayde, the Nuncio wrate in his favor to Cardinal Morone the wche letter he did reade, but doth not wel remember the contents therof, but he wel remembreth that he sayde he would not willinglie take the Archebisshopperike of Armagh upon hym, but rather yt he shoulde heare of hym, to be one of the Religion. And at his cumynge to Rome, he delyuerede his letters to the Superiors of the Jesuites, myndyg to enter into Religion, but he was commanded shortelie after, by Cardinal Gonzago,* that had the place of Cardinal Morone, when he wet to the Cownsel at Trent, that he shoulde not enter into the religion, tyl he knew the popes pleasure; Beeiug demaded what monye he had at his goyng out of Irelande, he saythe that the Nuncio gave hym 40 crownes, the Bysshoppe of Lymericke† 12 markes, the wche 12 markes he had as an exhibicion for his fyndyng there, and 20 crownes he had of his own, and more he had not, by credite or otherwise. Beeing asked where the Nuncio doth commenie keepe in Irelande, he sayth that he doth secretlie come to Lymericke and hath been this last Summer in Tyrone, wt Shane Onele, as he harde, and the letters that he receaued ware delyuered unto hym in Lymericke, in the presence of a Preest called Sr Thomas Molam.

“He went out of Irelande in August twoe yeres past, and came to Rome in Januarie, and in ffebruarie next he was commanded not to enter into the Religion, and afterwarde charged upon the Popes curse, not to refuse th'archbisshopperike of Armagh, and abowte Easter twelve moneths after, he was consecrated by Lomelinus‡ and an other Bisshoppe in the Popes chapel, and so came frome Rome

* Francesco Gonzaga, Cardinal Archbishop of Consentino, afterwards of Mantua. Ob. 1566.

† Hugh Lacy.

‡ Benedetto Lomellino of Genoa, born 1517, Clerk of the Apostolic Chamber, Bishop successively of Anagni, Vintimiglia, Luni, and Sarzana, and afterwards Cardinal. Died in 1579.

in Julie last past. In all wche tyme of his abode at Rome, the pope did bare his charges, after he had warnyng not to enter into Religion, and had daile meate, drynke, and wyne for hymself and his seruande at the Popes cost, payng his howse rowme sixe crownes by the monthe, havyng had at dyuerse tymes frome the Pope to the number of 700 crownes, of the wch summe he had at his goyng out of Rome geauen unto hym by the Pope 300 crownes, and one 100 crownes for the Nuncio. he had apparel of three sortes, of blew and unwatred chamlet, and ware the same in Rome, having foure or fyue seruandes wayting there upon hym, and at cumyng out of Rome, he had the Popes blessing, and Cardinal Moronus toulde hym, that he was enformed, the Quene woulde tourne shortelie to the Catholike faythe; he came frome Rome on horsebacke, wt a Priest and one man, the wch seruande beeing a Scholer was of Volster, and went thorowe wt hym, but the Preest returned shortelie to Rome, At Augusta he tack an other seruande, where he was wel entreated of the Cardinal of Augusta for a seuen nyght space, at his cumyng to Anwarpe he spake wt D. Clement,* and toulde hym that he was compelled to receave th'archebisshoppricke of Armagh, but what D. Clement sayde to hym agayne he doth not wel remember, ffrome Anwarpe, he went (to) Lovayne, and there sent for the Doctors of Lovayne and made them a Banket, syttinge wt them in his Archebisshopperickes apparel of blew chamlet, the wche Apparel he did not weare in any other place, syns he came frome Rome. he came to Dover by a strarie wynde, in a shippe of Irelande, that shouldehaue gone streight to Irelande, and so beeing arryved in Englande, he were unknowen, and at Rochester he founde an Irishe boye beggyng, whome he tacke wt hym to London, and there lodged at the Three Cuppes in Brode streete in October last, where he taried not past three daies, and at his beeing in London, he went to Powles church, and there walked, but had no talke wt any man, and so to Westm church, to see the monuments there, and frome thence he came to Westm haul, the same tyme that he harde saie, Bonner was arrayned, but he did not see hym, neyther can he tel what he was that toulde hym soe. Beeing asked what he woulde haue doone, if he had been receaued Archebisshoppe of Armagh, saythe, he woulde haue lyued there quyetlie: Beeing asked what he woulde haue done, if he had been refused, he answereth, that he woulde haue gone to Lovayne to his tracke agayne, beeing discharged of his obedience, whereunto he taketh hymselfe to be bownde in conscience.

Also he sayth that Goldewel and he dyned and talked together dyverse tymes, and at one tyme this examine harde that a ffrenchman of the popes Palace shoulde reaporthe, that the ffrenchmen had entred and invaded Englande, the wche talke Goldewel dowed to

* John Clement, educated at Oxford, Tutor to the children of Sir Thomas Moore; in the reign of Edward VI., he being then one of the College of Physicians at London, he left his native country for religion's sake: returned in the time of Queen Mary, but finally leaving England after the accession of Elizabeth, he retired to Mechlin, where he died, July 1, 1572.

be-trew, and thereapon they sent to the Palace to enquire the certeyntie, and then after, the frenshe man denyed it, and so they fownde it untreu."

“ Wheare as I was asketh, whether the Religious man or mesanger haue send anny letter wt me for to receaue anny money in anny place, I was not remembered, that he haue send a letter to the Rectour of the colledg of his Religion in Paris, that if [I] should goe yt way I should receave 80 crownes send thether from the pope to be send to ye sayd mesanger to Ireland, but I passed not by Paris, and yet I receaued ye said 80 at Rome, for yei were ye 80 that I sayd I haue receaued from ye pope wt ye 20 and 100 crownes duryng my byeng there. Also wher I answered that if [I] should not be receaued by the chapter of Ardamagha, I should goe to duel at Lovayn, I was not than remembred that I haue asked lyve of ye pope (whan I was commanded under payn of cursyng to take yt Archbushoprike,) for to enter to Religion whan I should thynk it gode, which lyue it is like he should grant in case I were not receaued ther, and to Religion in Lovayn or other place [I] should enter hauyng that lyve. Also where I sayd that ye Cardinal did name that mesanger in his lr send to Ireland (pater reverende,) my remembrance fayled, for ye lr was written in Italian thong, and the wordes that I meaned was (nosa reuontia,) in Italian wer written also ye letteres that ye sayd mesanger haue wt me to his superiours and to ye Cardinal, wherfore I could not then understand them, but as he did declare to me wheter I did declare them wholye or not, The sayd mesanger priste Thomas Motham whom I sayd that he was present, whan the sayd mesanger did command me in all aucthoritee that he could (that were his wordes as I remember) for to goe to Rome, I am not sure whether he hard ye sayd mesanger so speakyng, but as I thynk he was at least abouthe, or nye in ye place before and afther me, he haue send diuers wt his letteres also, as on William an Moiryrtagh or Morgan, Brien Tayg Richiblican or Kiblican, also Domigha fr Rikard, Crœun Diermvid Mady, Richard Ardur (or so) Moris Derby, (of ye which som wer hansomly learned ; also beyound seas, whose names I did not so remebr byeng asked befor of ye right honorabl Mr Secretary Cicell ;) with many others of diuers partes of Ireland ; of ye which aforenamed thrye or foure had of ye pope exhebiton for yemself and theyr servants, (as also ye thry bushopes that were at the Conceyl of Trent,) as I had, excepte that besyde the two servantes that I had at the pops expense, I had also for ye space of abouth ij or iij monthes som tyme ij, & somtyme iij, poore scholers byeng content onely wt som meatt & drynk. What I haue learned at ye Emperour Charles and other gode mens charges and cost, I have bestoued it to my pour pouer, for ye profit & wealth of the Quens Maiestees sugetts old and yong, and thanks be now unto almighty God and to her gracious highnes for my reuarde, byeng heir in such pouertie (beside diuers my pour bodys seknes) that I can nother day nother nyght change apparel, hauyng nother of my self, nother of anny body one peny to caus the broken sherth that is on my bak to be ones washed, whos incommoditee

honestie will not haue it declared, besyde the miserie of cold, & such others without gounne or convenient hose. If it were [her?] gracious and mercifull plersur for to suffer me to go teach yought in ye artes & som boukes of maners, I should doe it for noght, as hitherto I haue don, neuer askyng or receavyng a peny of the church or Ecclesiastical benefice duryng my lyfe, which I pray, (for the good Lordes sake) that som mercifull harth moue or speak unto her mercifull Maiestee, whom ye almyghtie Lorde preserue now and ever."

To this may be appended the following additional examination, apparently taken in 1567, before Sir William Cecil, in whose autograph it is preserved:—

"A frear, ye B of Downe,* cam to Creagh abowt august, 1566: he went to Shan Oneyle, being in an Iland called Inish darell† in company wt the B of Downe, and dynded wt Shan uppon a Wednesday, wt whom was Tyrlough Lenogh.‡

"he asked of Shan whyther he had receaued ye copy of a lre from ye Pope and reqred his favor, wch Shan offred to hym.

"The sayd Shan was then redy to goo wt power ageynst Pers (Sir William Piers), and willed this examynat to subscribe a lre by which the frears of Knockfergus wer willed to depart from Knockfergus, or els they shuld be spoyled.

"he sayth yt Shane told hym yt if he shuld goo wt powre ageynst Knockfergus, then if they wold not depart they shuld repent, and after this Shane made the iorney.

"he sayth yt ye next sondey followyng Shan Oneyle cam to Armagh wher this examynat preched afor Shan and Tyrlogh Lenogh and Hugh Odonell.

"At an other tyme, when Shan had made a jornaye into O'Donell's [country?] and had hanged a prest, this examynat went to Dondavall to Shan, who requyred absolucion of hym; but this examynat cold not absolve hym, for yt it belonged to ye authorite of ye pope.

"At another tyme Shan cam to Armagh to bury his brother, wher this examynat was; Shan O'Neyle told hym he shuld be well used, and haue his chirch as honorably as ever any archbish. had. This examynat sayth yt an Irish man whom he had sene wth Shan in howshold told hym yt he was sent into Monster to John Mc an Erle for to ayde Shan, but ye pty cold not gett into Monster because ye L. Depute was at Lymeryck, be sayth yt he hard Shan report yt he trusted to have faver of Ihon, of Desmond."

Creagh, who was the author of many learned works, died a prisoner in the Tower of London in 1585. The fact of Shane

* The brother of Shane,

† Inish darell. Probably an island in a freshwater lake near Con-Darell, county Armagh.

‡ Turlough Luineach, the son of Niall Conallagh, after the death of Shane, or John, styled, O'Neill.

§ For Dondavall, it appears to be the same as Dundavally, or Duna-vally.

O'Neill having procured the Bishopric of Down for his brother has first been brought to light by Mr. Shirley, and some of the documents in the volume before us disclose new facts connected with the history of the Northern dynasts.

At the first introduction of the Reformation into Ireland many of the principal native Chiefs were favorable to its extension, and their inclination to form friendly relations with the English crown was manifested by their acceptance of patents of nobility and adoption of English customs. The mercenary officials who conducted the government of Ireland at the period, foreseeing that the destruction of their own importance would be the consequence of the general pacification of the country, early devised measures for rendering the Reformed religion repulsive to the natives. The principal dignities in the Church were filled with low dependants of the English courtiers, whose language the Irish were unable to comprehend, and whose conduct has been heavily censured even by their own most unscrupulous partizans. No attempt was made to address the natives in the Irish tongue, or to circulate the Scriptures in the language of the country, while the extensive spoliation of ecclesiastical property contributed to render the movement still more obnoxious. "In Ireland," says a learned Protestant writer, "the Reformation would have been more truly called the confiscation. There is at this moment scarcely an Irish nobleman, inheriting an ancient property, who does not owe the bulk of it to the confiscated lands of the Church.—And what was the consequence? The accounts given (in the extant Episcopal visitation returns) of the spiritual destitution of the Irish parishes, and of the miserable poverty of the Irish clergy in the two centuries which followed the Reformation, are truly marvellous: churches ruined, glebe lands violently seized, the clergy without houses, their lives threatened by the landowners, lest they should perchance reside, although without houses, and thus recover the spoliated property, or prevent further encroachments; such was the state of the Irish Church in the time of Bramhall." No measures appear to have been left untried by the English officials to estrange the Irish from the Reformed Church, and to excite them to revolts, the forfeitures consequent on which were usually devoted to the aggrandisement of those mercenary hirelings. In the mean time the Catholic princes of Europe found it their interest to stir up dissensions among

the Irish, who were led to suppose that the attempts made to wound England through Ireland were the results of religious sympathy. The friars and priests became the trusted agents and emissaries of the Irish Chiefs, to whom they were naturally endeared by a community of country, language, and religion; a complete change also took place in the policy of the Roman Court, and from the time when England cast off their supremacy, the Popes became the partizans of the native Irish whom they had before treated so superciliously. All these points remain to be fully investigated and fairly brought forward by the future ecclesiastical historian.

It is much to be regretted that we possess no history of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland from the time of the Reformation. This branch of inquiry has been hitherto so totally neglected that there is not yet extant even a complete catalogue of the dignitaries of that Church during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. That important documents on the subject must exist, cannot admit of a reasonable doubt, and we trust that writers will be found to emulate the labors of the author of the "*Hibernia Dominicana*," who has left us a large and valuable volume on the history of a single Irish religious order. Mooney's manuscript history of the Irish Franciscans, if properly edited and continued, would form a valuable acquisition to the history of the Irish Roman Catholics. The veracity of such writers as Roth, O'Sullivan, and Bruodin has been so frequently impugned of late that it is to be wished that researches should be made among contemporary state papers to ascertain how far their unsupported testimony is entitled to implicit credit. A new edition of Dr. John Lynch's "*Alithinologia*," enlarged from manuscript and printed sources is also much to be desired. In a notice of works on our ecclesiastical affairs, the excellent History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by the late Dr. J. S. Reid, and Dr. Oliver's collections for a history of the Irish Jesuits, should not be overlooked.

It is to be hoped that the various epochs of the history of the Irish Church will soon engage the attention of those who should be most interested in the subject; and that steps will be taken for placing beyond the reach of future danger those venerable monuments of our ecclesiastical history which are at present comparatively obscure and inaccessible. The collation of the early Irish Biblical Manuscripts is, we understand, contemplated by two Fellows of the Dublin University, to whom our literature

is already much indebted. Dr. J. H. Todd's researches among the Irish manuscripts in English collections show how much remains to be done in this department; while the important facts brought to light by the Rev. Charles Graves, in his elaborate collations of the more ancient Hiberno-Celtic documents, lead us to anticipate that "those powers of keen analysis and severe induction which have torn the veil from the mysteries of the *Ogham*" will, ere long, be employed in elucidating our early ecclesiastical monuments. These indications, together with Dr. Reeves's recent analysis of the Biblical writings of *Maelbrigid*, and his present labors with regard to the life of St. Columba, enable us to presage that before the close of the present generation we shall have received valuable and copious additions to our published materials for the History of the ancient Irish Church.

Mr. Shirley is already favorably known to us as author of the "Account of Farney," our most valuable local history yet published, with the sole exception of the Ordnance Memoir on Londonderry; his present work gives him another claim to the respect of all students of our literature, and we trust that he will not fail to give to the public the result of his further researches among the Irish State Papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

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ART. I.—THE SURVEY OF IRELAND, A.D. 1655-6.

The History of the Survey of Ireland, commonly called the Down Survey, By Doctor William Petty, A.D. 1655-6. Edited, from a Manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with another in the possession of the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, and one in the Library of the King's Inns, Dublin, by Thomas Aiskew Larcom, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Etc., Major, Royal Engineers. 4to. Dublin: For the Irish Archæological Society, 1851.

IN the year 1641 a large section of the people of Ireland took up arms to recover the rights of which they had been forcibly dispossessed, and to defend themselves against the hostile aggressions openly threatened by the English Puritans. The latter, under pretext of suppressing the revolutionary movement, obtained the Royal assent to an ordinance confiscating indiscriminately the properties of the natives; and contributions of money and goods were publicly solicited by the English Parliament on the security of the lands which were expected to fall into the power of England after Ireland had been subdued. Large sums were thus obtained from men actuated by various motives, "many coming in out of pure covetousness to raise great fortunes; five hundred acres of land being assigned for one hundred pound in some counties, and not much under that proportion in others; some out of pure fear, and to win credit with the powerful party, which made this new project a measure of men's affections, and a trial how far they might be trusted and relied on." The

King found too late that by assenting to the unjust forfeiture of the lands of the Irish Royalists he had furnished his enemies with funds for successfully opposing him, to which purpose the Parliament applied the money nominally contributed for the suppression of what was styled the Irish Rebellion.

After a protracted contest Ireland finally succumbed to the power of the Parliamentarians. The surviving native military abandoned their country "to fill all the armies of Europe with complaints of Cromwell's cruelty, and admiration of their own valour;" others retired to fastnesses whence they made desultory attacks upon the strange settlers, by whom they were styled "Tories;"* large numbers of the youth of both sexes were forcibly transported to the Indies; and the Dutch, the Vaudois, and the settlers in New England were invited to colonize Ireland. The proceedings of the Puritans at this period have been detailed by an English contemporary:—

"They found the utter extirpation of the nation (which they had intended) to be in itself very difficult, and to carry in it somewhat of horror, that made some impression on the stone-hardness of their own hearts. After so many millions destroyed by the plague which raged over the kingdom, by fire, sword, and famine; and after so many millions transported into foreign parts, there remained still such a numerous people, that they knew not how to dispose of: and though they were declared to be all forfeited, and so have no title to any thing, yet they must remain somewhere. They therefore found this expedient, which they called an act of grace. There was a large tract of land, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest by a long and a large river, and which by the plague and many massacres remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land they required all the Irish to retire by such a day, under the penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, should be killed by any body who saw or met them. The land within this circuit, the most barren in the king-

* This name appears to be derived from the Irish word *Tonn* or *Toir*, which signifies pursuit. A French writer in 1717 tells us that this celebrated party appellation originated in the reign of Charles I. "The King's adherents at first had the name of 'Cavaliers,' which was afterwards changed into that of 'Tories.'—At that time a sort of Irish Banditti, or robbers, who kept in the mountains and isles formed by the vast bogs of that country, were called 'Tories,' and at present are known by the name of Rapparees. As the King's enemies accused him of favouring the Irish Rebellion, which broke out about that time, they gave his adherents the name of 'Tories.'" For some historical remarks on the Irish moss-troopers or guerillas, the reader is referred to the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. i., 627-8.

dom, was out of the grace and mercy of the conquerors assigned to those of the nation who were inclosed, in such proportions as might with great industry preserve their lives. And to those persons, from whom they had taken great quantities of land in other provinces, they assigned the greater proportions within this precinct; so that it fell to some men's lot, especially when they were accommodated with houses, to have a competent livelihood, though never to the fifth part of what had been taken from them in a much better province. And that they might not be exalted with this merciful donative, it was a condition that accompanied this their accommodation, that they should all give releases of their former rights and titles to the land that was taken from them, in consideration of what was now assigned to them; and so they should for ever bar themselves and their heirs from ever laying claim to their old inheritance. What should they do? they could not be permitted to go out of this precinct to shift for themselves elsewhere; and without this assignation they must starve here, as many did die every day of famine. In this deplorable condition, and under this consternation, they found themselves obliged to accept or submit to the hardest conditions of their conquerors, and so signed such conveyances and releases as were prepared for them, that they might enjoy those lands which belonged to other men. And by this means the plantation (as they called it) of Connaught was finished, and all the Irish nation enclosed within that circuit; the rest of Ireland being left to the English; some to the old lords and just proprietors, who being all Protestant, (for no Roman Catholic was admitted,) had either never offended them, or had served them, or had made composition for their delinquencies by the benefit of some articles; some to the adventurers and soldiers. And a good and great part (as I remember, the whole province of Tipperary) Cromwell had reserved to himself, as a demesne (as he called it) for the state, and in which no adventurer or soldier should demand his lot to be assigned, and no doubt intended both the state and it for the making great his own family. It cannot be imagined in how easy a method, and with what peaceable formality, this whole great kingdom was taken from the just lords and proprietors, and divided and given amongst those, who had no other right to it but that they had power to keep it; no men having so great shares as they who had been instruments to murder the King, and were not willingly to part with it to his successor. Where any great sums of money for arms, ammunition, or any merchandise, had been so long due that they were looked upon as desperate, the creditors subscribed all those sums as lent upon adventure, and had their satisfaction assigned to them as adventurers. Ireland was the great capital, out of which all debts were paid, all services rewarded, and all acts of bounty performed."

To satisfy the demands of the "adventurers" who had advanced money on the forfeited lands, and to liquidate the pay due to the army, it was resolved in 1653, that "the whole kingdom should be surveyed, and the number of acres taken,

with the quality of them; and then, that all the soldiers should bring in their demands of arrears; and so give every man, by lot, as many acres as should answer the value of his demand." The office of surveying the forfeited lands was entrusted to Benjamin Worsley, Surveyor General, who, "having been often frustrated as to his many severall great designes and undertakings in England, hoped to improve and repaire himselfe upon a less knowing and more credulouse people. To this purpose he exchanged some dangerouse opinions in religion for others more merchantable in Ireland, and carries also some magnifieing glasses, through which he shewed *aux esprits mediocres*, his skill in severall arts, soe as at length he got credit to be employed in managing the Geometrical Survey of Ireland." Worsley was the author of a folio pamphlet styled "The Advocate," which is described by his opponent as a "frippery and long lane of thread-bare notions concerning trade;" and among his various projects in England we are told of "the Universal Medicine, Making of Gold, Sowing of Salt-petre, Universal Trade, Taking great Farms," &c.

On the death of Henry Ireton, at Limerick, in 1651, Major General John Lambert, a brave soldier, and "a favourer of ingeniose and usefull arts," was appointed to succeed him as Chief Governor of Ireland. His arrogance and assumption had, however, alarmed the Parliament, and Cromwell, desirous of advancing Fleetwood, obtained an act limiting Lambert's tenure of office to six months. This arrangement was nullified by an accident chronicled by a republican authoress of the time. "There went a story that as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came by where she was, and as the present princess always hath presidency of the relict of the dead prince, so she put my Lady Ireton below, who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront. Colonel Fleetwood being then present, in mourning for his wife, who died at the same time her lord did, took occasion to introduce himself, and was immediately accepted by the lady and her father, who designed thus to restore his daughter to the honour she had fallen from. Cromwell's plot took as well as he himself could wish; for Lambert, who saw himself thus cut off from half his exaltation, sent the house an insolent message, 'that if they found him so unworthy of the

honour they had given him as so soon to repent it, he would not retard their remedy for six months, but was ready to surrender their commission before he entered into his office. They took him at his word, and made Fleetwood deputy, and Ludlow commander of the horse. After this event, Lambert, "with a heart full of spite, malice, and revenge, retreated to his palace at Wimbledon," where he passed his time in painting and horticulture, and "had the fairest tulips and gilliflowers that could be got for love or money; yet in these outward pleasures," according to an old writer, "he nourished the ambition he entertained before he was cashiered."

Fleetwood arrived in Ireland as Lord Deputy, in 1652, and with him, "in the quality of physician to the army, the said Lieutenant General's person and family" came William Petty, who, says a contemporary, is "a proper handsome man, measured six foot high, good head of brown haire, moderately turning up; his eies are a kind of goose-grey, but very short sighted, and as to aspect beautifull, and promise sweetness of nature, and they do not deceive, for he is a marvellous good natured person; eiebrowes thick, dark, and straight. His head is very lardge." Dr. Petty, born in 1623, was the son of a poor clothier of Rumsey; speaking of his early life, he tells us that "At the full age of fifteen years I had obtained the Latin, Greek, and French tongues, the whole body of common Arithmetic, the practical Geometry and Astronomy conducing to Navigation, Dialling, &c., with the knowledge of several mathematical trades, all which, and having been at the university of Caen, preferred me to the king's navy; where, at the age of twenty years, I had gotten up about threescore pounds, with as much mathematics as any of my age was known to have had. With this provision, anno 1643, when the civil wars between the king and parliament grew hot, I went into the Netherlands and France for three years, and having vigourously followed my studies, especially that of medicine, at Utrecht, Leyden, Amsterdam, and Paris, I returned to Rumsey, where I was born, bringing back with me my brother Anthony, whom I had bred, with about 100, more than I had carried out of England. With this 70% and my endeavours, in less than four years more, I obtained my degree of M.D. in Oxford, and forthwith thereupon to be admitted into the College of Physicians, London, and into several clubs of the Virtuous (Virtuosi); after all which exertions

pence defrayed, I had left 28*l.*, and in the next two years being made Fellow of Brazen-Nose, and Anatomy Professor in Oxford, and also Reader at Gresham College, I advanced my said stock to about 400*l.*, and with 100*l.* more advanced and given me to go for Ireland, into full 500*l.*" From his childhood, Petty had exhibited a great attachment to mechanical and scientific pursuits. At Paris he studied anatomy with Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, for whose work on optics he drew the diagrams; notwithstanding all his ingenuity he was once, while resident in France, obliged, from want of money, to live for a week on two penny-worth of walnuts. To his straitened circumstances at this period we find allusion in one of his works where he introduces a friend addressing him in the following terms; "you whom I have seen sumptuously treated with a piece of Pain de la Reine, a bunch of grapes and a draught of St Genevieve's well: you once cried up mathematicks and bread for rich cheer, and you were frugal in your food to be prodigal in your expence upon projects."

Petty first distinguished himself among his learned contemporaries by his treatise on the advancement of learning, addressed to Samuel Hartlib and published in 1648. He also obtained a patent for a kind of manifold writer which he describes as "an instrument of small bulk and price, easily made, and very durable; whereby any man, even at the first sight and handling, may write two resembling copies of the same thing at once, as serviceably and as fast (allowing two lines upon each page for setting the instruments) as by the ordinary way, of what nature, or in what character, or what matter soever, as paper, parchment, a book, &c. the said writing ought to be made upon." At Oxford he became deputy to Dr. Clayton, professor of anatomy, who had an insuperable aversion to the sight of a dead body. "Anatomy," says a cotemporary, "was then but little understood by the university, and I remember Dr. Petty kept a body that he brought by water from Reading a good while to read on, some way preserved or pickled." He is said to have acted the principal part in restoring to life a woman named Anne Green who had been hanged for infanticide, and whose resurrection from the dead was commemorated in verse and prose by the wits of the university. In 1651, in addition to his professorship of anatomy, he was appointed professor of music at

Gresham College, and, accommodating himself to the religious and political circumstances of his time, he obtained the appointment of physician to the army and the Lord Deputy of Ireland, at the salary of twenty shillings a day :—"The said Dr. had not been landed two moneths, but, observing the vast and needless expence of medicaments, and how the Apothecary-Generall of the army, with his three assistants, did not spend their time to the best advantage; did forthwith, to the content of all persons concerned, with the State's bare disbursement of about 120^l, save them five hundred pounds per annum of their former charge, and furnished the army, hospitalls, garrisons, head quarters, &c., with medicaments, without the least noise or trouble, reducing that affair to a state of easiness and plainness, which before was held a mystery, and the vexation of such as laboured to administer it well. Moreover, the said Dr. in the practise of his own faculty tooke such paines, in all that related to his said charge, that, in satisfaction of the four or five first years of his services, he offered to refund all he had received by way of salary, soe he might but receive the lowest usuall allowance in reward for the business he had actually performed in the way of his calling."

In Dublin Petty soon acquired an extensive medical practice by which he made about £400, a year, beyond his regular salary as a government officer. Two years after his arrival he began to direct his attention to the manner in which the survey of the forfeited lands was being executed. Perceiving the many errors and defects of Worsley's plans, he expected that by expediting the work and performing it in a more accurate manner he should receive just compensation as well as "monumental thanks," and also "by attempting new difficulties, to have stretched his own capacities and intellect; the which (like leather on a last) is not only formed and fashioned, but much extended by such employments." And "I hoped," continues Petty, "hereby to enlarge my trade of experiments from bodies to minds, from the motions of the one to the manners of the other; thereby to have understood passions as well as fermentations, and consequently to have been as pleasant a companion to my ingenious friends, as if such an intermission from physic had never been."

Having convinced many "sober and judicious persons" of his ability to accomplish the survey of the forfeited lands within a comparatively short period, he obtained an order to

be heard before a Committee to whom he submitted his proposals.

Dr. Petty's offer was £6 per 1000 acres. The payment of £3, with one penny an acre from the army, or £4 3s. 4d. per 1000 acres, making up £7 3s. 4d. per 1000 acres, was the payment afterwards recommended, and finally contracted for, with the Doctor, in regard to the forfeited profitable lands. The Church and Crown lands subsequently thrown in, from which there was no such contribution, were to be surveyed for £3 the 1000, as were also the unprofitable lands. A set of barony and county maps, for which he was to receive one thousand pounds, was also to be made, the more full details of which several works will be subsequently found in the articles of agreement.—That he might not appear to supplant the former surveyors, or deprive them of their reward, he consented to pay them for all they had done, so far as he could make use of the same, and to execute the whole work for £80,000, or £6 per 1000 acres, thus appearing to estimate the probable amount of forfeited land at five millions of acres. The boldness with which he undertook to bind himself, by pecuniary responsibility, to perform this immense work in thirteen months, may well have startled, "gravelled" as he calls it, all opponents. It would have been the extreme of rashness in an ordinary man, but was doubtless justified by that self-dependence and confidence which such a man as Dr. Petty well might feel in himself and his own powers. He had discovered the great principle of division of labour. The mind was yet young, which in later life produced the *Political Arithmetic*, *Political Anatomy*, and other works of the like nature, making him almost the founder of what we now call political economy."

After "the greatest labour and discussion" the particulars of the contract were finally agreed to by the State, on the eleventh of December 1654, and on the same day it was resolved at a Council of war, that the army should contribute one penny per acre, one third of which was to be paid forthwith, the remainder after the survey should be completed and possession given. The articles of agreement, nineteen in number, ratified on the 25th December, were in accordance with Petty's proposals:—

"They enjoin a survey of all forfeited lands in the ten half-counties mentioned in the Act of the 26th of September, 1653, for the satisfaction of the adventurers and soldiers; viz.:—Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford, the King's and Queen's Counties, Meath, Westmeath, Down, Antrim, and Armagh; also within the counties of Wexford, Wicklow, Kilkenny, Kerry, Longford, Cork, Kildare, Tyrone, Londonderry, and Donegal, 'which shall be set out as satisfaction for the arrears' of the soldiers; also, 'all forfeited, not yet disposed of or set out' in Dublin, Carlow, and the remaining part

Of Cork; and of all Church lands and Crown lands. In explanation
Of these clauses it is necessary to mention, by reference to the Act

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named were set apart: one moiety for the adventurers, the other for
the soldiers. If these proved insufficient, the county of Louth, with
the exception of one barony (Ardee), was to be included; also the
land bordering the coast in Connaught, beginning from Sligo, within
four miles of the sea and the western bank of the Shannon;—the
“transplanted” persons, who, from the other provinces, were removed
into Connaught, being excluded from that belt, and confined to the
interior;—and finally, if these proved insufficient, all other forfeited
lands were to be made available for these and the various other
“public” debts, with certain precautions and reservations. This,
with the addition of the Church and Crown lands, and subse-
quently the adventurers’ moiety of the forfeited lands, led to the long
list of counties embraced in the Down Survey, which ultimately ex-
tended over the greater part of twenty-nine counties.

“All these, when profitable, were to be surveyed, showing the
lowest denominations known in the several counties, as plough lands,
townlands, &c. When unprofitable, less rigour was exacted, and by
a subsequent article the Doctor was to survey and protract separately
the bounds of all the baronies within the before-mentioned counties:
“That perfect and exact maps may be had for publique use of each
of the baronies or countyes aforesaid.” These conditions were
doubly useful. The townland boundaries were then, as now, gene-
rally the boundaries of properties, therefore of forfeitures, and fre-
quently of grants; by which separate measurements for those
purposes were rendered unnecessary, and the whole furnished material
for a general map.”

The arrangements having been completed, Petty bound
himself to execute the survey at less than half the rate then

paid by the State, and to conclude in thirteen months the work which could not have been finished in less than seven years according to Worsley's system. "Of this earlier work, the Grosse Survey, only a few fragments remain, and they are confined to the terriers or lists of lands, with brief descriptions. The maps, if any were completed, are wholly lost." It was specially agreed by the Council that the Doctor should be allowed to avail himself of that portion of the survey made under the Earl of Strafford which contained the County of Tipperary, and which, according to Major Larcom, who has furnished us with a specimen of it, "would appear to have been made with great care, and to have been by far the most valuable work of that nature which had then been performed in Ireland. On that account the destruction of the maps and books was a serious loss, as, in consequence of Connaught having been originally excepted from Dr. Petty's work, it was the only detailed survey existing of that province." Petty, however, estimates his profit by the use of the Strafford survey, as not exceeding one hundred pounds, and we shall hereafter see that he was absurdly charged with making immense gains by giving a duplicate of that work. The details of the Down Survey will be best explained by the following paper written by our author, and entitled "A brief accompt of the most material passages relating to the Survey managed by Doctor Petty in Ireland, anno 1655 and 1656," printed for the first time in the work before us from a manuscript in the Record Branch of the Office of the Paymaster of Civil Services in Ireland:—

"Baronyes in Irland are of various extents, vizt., some but 8000 acres, and some 160,000 acres. The first survey or old measurement was performed by measuringe whole baronyes in one surround, or perimeter, and payinge for the same after the rate of 40s. for every thousand acres contayned within such surround; whereby it followed that the surveyors were most unequally rewarded for the same worke, vizt., he that measured the barrony of 160,000 acres did gaine neere five tymes as much per diem as he that measured that of 8000 acres. Besides, whereas 40s. were given for measuringe 1000 acres, in that way 5s. was too much, that is to say, at 5s. per 1000 a surveyor might have earned above 20s. per diem cleare, whereas 10s. is esteemed, especially in long employments, a competent allowance. The error of this way beinge discerned, the same undertakers order, that instead of measuringe entire baronyes as before, that scopes of forfeited profitable lands should bee measured under one surround, bee the same great or small, or wheather such scopes

consisted of many or few ffarme lands, townelands, ploughlands, or other denominations usuall in each respective county or barrony. And for this kind of worke the surveyor was to have 45s. for every thousand acres, abatinge proportionably for such parcells, either of unprofitable or unforfeited land as should happen to be surrounded within any greater scope. Now this latter way, besides the inconveniencies above mentioned, laboured with this other and greater, vizt., that by how much the measurer's paynes and worke was greater, by soe much his wages and allowance was lesse, soe as noe surveyor could forsee wheather hee should be able to performe his respective undertakinge at the rate above said, or that hee should not gaine exorbitantly by it. Hereupon Dr. Petty propounded that the whole land should be measured both accordinge to its civill bounds, vizt., by baronyes, parishes, townelands, ploughlands, ballyboes, &c., and alsoe by its naturall boundings by rivers, ridges of mountaines, rockes, loughes, boggs, &c., as answeringe not onely the very ends of satisfyinge the adventurers and souldiers then in view, but all such other future ends whatsoever as are usually expected from any survey. The objection was, that the same would not be don under twenty yeares tyme, and the settlement must be so long retarded. It was answered, that security should be given for performinge the whole in thirteen months, provided the allowance might be somewhat extraordinary. Hereupon the army agree to give out of their owne purses soe much as should be requisite over and above what the councill were limited unto by their superiours.

This undertaking extended onely to the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster (that of Connaght beinge reserved for the Irish), nor unto all the lands in the said three provinces, although the same labour and method would have effected the whole, and more, as well as what was. Now the method and order used by the said Petty in this vast work was as followeth, viz: Whereas surveyors of land are commonly persons of gentile and liberall education, and their practise esteemed a mistery and intricate matter, farr exceeding the most part of mechanickall trades, and withall, the makeinge of their instruments is a matter of much art and nicety, if performed with that truth and beauty as is usuall and requisite. The said Petty, consideringe the vastnesse of the worke, thought of dividinge both the art of makeinge instruments, as also that of usinge them into many partes, vizt., one man made onely measuringe chaines, vizt., a wire maker; another magneticall needles, with their pins, vizt., a watchmaker; another turned the boxes out of wood, and the heads of the stands on which the instrument playes, viz., a turnor; another, the stands or leggs, a pipe maker; another all the brasse worke, vizt., a founder; another workman, of a more versatile head and hand, touches the needles, adjusts the sights and cards, and adaptates every piece to each other. In the meane tyme scales, protractors, and compasse-cards, beinge matters of accurate division, are prepared by the ablest artists of London. Whithir also was sent for, a magazyin of royall paper, mouth glew, colours, pencills, &c. At the same tyme, a perfect form of a ffeild booke havinge bin first concluded on, uniforme hookes for all the surveyors were ruled

and fitted accordinge to it, and moreover large sheetes of paper, of perhaps five or six ffoote square, were glewed together, and divided throughout into areas of ten acres each, accordinge to a scale of forty Irish perches to an inch, and other single sheets (by a particular way of printinge dry, in order to prevent the anoetsynties of shrinkinge in the paper) were lined out into single acres. Duringe the same tyme, alsoe, portable tables, boxes, rulers, and all other necessaryes, as alsoe small French tents, were provided to enable the measurers to doe any buisnesse without house or harbour, it beinge expected that into such wasted cuntryes they must at some tymes come.

Duringe the same tyme, alsoe, books were preparinge of all the lands names to be measured, and of theireould proprietors, and guesse-plotts made of most of them; whereby not only to direct the measurers where to beginne, and how to proceed, &c., but also to enable Petty himself how to apportion into each measure such scope of land to worke uppon, as hee might be able to finish within any assigned tyme.

At the same tyme care was taken to know who were the ablest in each barony and parish to shew the true bounds and meares of every denomination, what convenient quarters and harbors there were in each, and what garrisons did everywhere lye most conveniently for theire defence, and to furnish them with guards, and with all who were men of credit and trade in each quarter, fitt to correspond with for furnishinge money by bills of exchange and otherwise; and, lastly, who were men of sobriety and good affection, to have an eye privately over the carriage and diligences of each surveyor in his respective undertakinge. Another person is appoynted to sollicite under officers for money, and to receive it from several publique and private persons, uppon whome each summe was assigned by the publique Treasurer. The same also paid bills upon stated accompts, drew bills of exchange into the country, &c., as also attended the course of coynes, which often rose and fell in that tyme; and was to beware of adulterate and light pieces, then and there very rife. But the principall division of this whole worke was to enable certayne persons, such as were able to endure travaille, ill lodgings and dyett, as alsoe heates and colds, being also men of activitie, that could leape a hedge and ditch, and could alsoe ruffle with the severall rude persons in the country, from whom they might expect to be often crossed and opposed. (The which qualifications happened to be found among severall of the ordinary shouldiers, many of whom, havinge bin bread to trades, could write and read sufficiently for the purpose intended.) Such, therefore (if they were but headfull and steele minded, though not of the nimblest witts), were taught while the other things aforementioned were in doinge, how to make use of their instruments, in order to take the bearinge of any line, and alsoe how to handle the chains, especially in the case of risinge or fallinge grounds; as also how to make severall markes with a spade, whereby to distinguish the various breakings and abatments which they were to take notice of; and to choose the most convenient stations or place for observations, as well in order to dispatch as cer-

County. And lastly, they were instructed, per autopsiam, how to judge of the values of lands, in reference to its beare qualities, and accordinge to the rules and opinions then currant, to distinguish the profitable from such as was to be thrown in over and above, and not paid for at all. Another sort of men, especially such as had beene of trades into which payntinge, drawinge, or any other kind or designe is necessary, were instructed in the art of protractinge, that is, in drawinge a modell or plott of the lands admeasured, accordinge to a scale of 40 perches to the inch, accordinge to the length and bearinge of every side transmitted unto the said protractors in the field bookes of the measurers last above described; the which protractations were made upon the papers aforementioned, which were squared out into arbas, some of 10, some of single acres. These men, and sometimes others of smaller abilities, were employed to count how many of the said greater or lesser intire areas were comprehended within every surround. And withall into how many intire acres the broken skirtinge reduced from decimal parts did amount unto, which worke was soe very easie, that it was as hard to mistake, as easie to discover and amend it, and infinitely more obvious to examination and free from error, than the usuall way of reduceinge the whole surround into triangles was, and deducing the content from laborious prostapheresis of them. The next worke was reduceinge barrony plotts, which, accordinge to the scale of 40 perches to the inch, were sometymes 8 or 10 foot square, or thereabouts, within the compasse of a sheet of a royal paper, whether the scale happened to be greater or less, soe as all the barony plotts, being reduced to one size, might be bound up together into uniforme bookes, accordinge to the countyes or provinces unto which they belonge. These reducements were made by paralelogrames, of which were made greater numbers, greater variety, and in larger dimensions, than perhaps was ever yet seene upon any other occasion. Some hands that were imployed in the said reducements did, for the most parte, performe the colouringe and other ornament of the worke. Over and above all these, a few of the most nasute and sagacious persons, such as were skilled in all the partes, practices, and frauds, appartayninge unto this worke, or whereunto it was obnoxious, did in the first place view the measurers field bookes, and thereby the same critickes as artists discerne originally from coppies in paintinge, and truely antique medalls from such as are counterfeit, did endeavour to discover any falsification that might be prejudiciall to the service. The same men alsoe reprotracted the protractations above mentioned, compared the comon lines of several men's worke, examined wheather any of the grounds given in charge to be admeasured were omitted; and, lastly, did cast up all and every the measurers workes into linary contents, accordinge to which the said Petty paid his workmen, although he himselfe were paid by the superficial content, or number of acres, which the respective admeasurements did conteyne; the which course of payment he tooke to take away all byas from his under measurers to return unprofitable for profitable, or vice versa, he himselfe havinge engaged, in an ensnaringe contract, begetinge suspicions of those evils against him, inasmuch as he was paid more for profitable then un-

profitable land ; for some parcells of unprofitable recevinge nothinge at all. For this end he paid his under-surveyors by the lineary content of theire worke as aforesaid, though some suspect he rather did it to obscure his gaines, as well from those that employed him as those others whom himself employed, and withall, by removeinge the old surveyors from of theire old principles, and confoundinge them with new, to make them more amenable to his purposes. The quantitie of line which was measured by the chaine and needle beinge reduced into English miles was enough to have encompassed the world neere five tymes about."

Many obstacles impeded the completion of the survey ; Petty was at first prohibited to employ scholars of Trinity College, soldiers, or Irish Papists, although it was absolutely necessary that the latter should be engaged at least to show the boundaries and meares. The greater part of the men employed were inexperienced and dishonest ; although each of the instruments was guarded by seven soldiers and a corporal they were frequently carried away by the "Tories ;" a large portion of the payment made to him by the state was in base coin ; and, to increase his difficulties, the weather at the commencement of the survey was wet and inclement. His indomitable energy and assiduity, nevertheless, enabled him to complete the contract, as stipulated, within thirteen months, and "with such exactness, that there was no estate, though but of 60% a year, which was not distinctly marked in its true value, maps being likewise made of the whole performance." He however experienced much difficulty and vexatious procrastination before he was able to obtain a release of his sureties from the State. At length, on the 24th of June, 1657, the Doctor delivered into the Exchequer "all books, with the respective mapps, well drawne and adorned, being duly engrossed, bound up, and distinguished, placed in a noble depository of carved worke." On the 18th of December following he was, by an order in Council of that date, "fully discharged." He next became one of the Commissioners for the distribution of the forfeited lands ; an office of the greatest labor and difficulty, owing to the irregularity of the early proceedings, the judgments of the Court of Claims, and the disputes among the military. Of this distribution we possess but a meagre account, its full details would, as Dr. Petty tells us, require a separate treatise. "In truth," observes Major Larcom, "it is difficult to imagine a work more full of perplexity and uncertainty than to locate 32,000 officers, soldiers, and followers, with adventurers,

settlers, and creditors of every kind and class, having different and uncertain claims on lands of different and uncertain value, in detached parcels sprinkled over two-thirds of the surface of Ireland. Nor, as he subsequently experienced, a task more thankless in the eyes of the contemporary million. It was for his comfort that he obtained and kept the good opinion of those who were unprejudiced and impartial." Much surprise had been expressed at Petty's not having invested any of his money in the country in which it had been acquired, and sinister motives were supposed to actuate him in this course, although, he tells us himself, his real object was, to keep himself "free and clear from all kind of partiality and injustice."

To silence malicious aspersions, and being desirous to become "really a benefactor to the same land whereon God had already blessed his endeavours," he determined to purchase debentures, but finding them "scarce and deere" he petitioned the Council for the satisfaction of the arrears due to him for his services by a certain quantity of land, as well as for permission to purchase mortgages, no person connected with the survey being allowed to engage in that traffic. His claims having been fully investigated, the Commissioners granted this request and set out to him nearly nineteen thousand acres of profitable land in part payment of his demands.

"It may, perhaps, be regretted that he should have dealt in lands at all, while he was himself a commissioner for distributing them. Such would now be the feeling of a public officer, and such was his own feeling, having long 'forbore out of tenderness to deale in land or debentures, till the whole army was satisfied.' But it does not appear that he sought the office, and it would have been unreasonable that he should on that account have altogether abstained from purchasing land, or from obtaining that mode of payment, when it seemed possible even that means might fail, from the number of unknown claims of other kinds which were coming in; so many, that he states it was doubtful whether there would be enough land to satisfy them all. And it is to be remembered, that although the Act prohibited all persons employed in connection with it, from dealing in land without the special consent of the council, it allowed public salaries and public debts to be paid wholly or in part in land, and that such was the general practice. The names of his immediate coadjutors, Gookin, King, Symner, Worsley, nay, every name which appears in this history, appears also in the books of distribution as a possessor of land. His having forborne so long, appears the only peculiarity in that respect, except, indeed, the peculiar knowledge and ability which he brought to bear upon the subject, when once he had entered upon it. It is clear, however, that he had actually invested £7469, either his

own or admittedly due to him, viz., £3181, army debt, and £1000, debentures therewith, £1268 in redemption of mortgages, and £2025 for labours of distribution, for which 18,482 acres had been set out to him at the usual rates. The additional sum, stated to be above £3000, arising from comparing what he had, with what he might have had if his employment had not precluded him from dealing in the ordinary way, does not appear to have been then satisfied. There can be no doubt he considered it fairly due, especially in the absence of specific remuneration for his employment as commissioner of distribution, nor any that his extraordinary labours were not on the whole over-requited, compared with many around him, as it can scarcely be doubted that but for his survey and subsequent operations, the lands would not have been surveyed or set out before the Restoration. But neither is it to be wondered at, that to persons not conversant with the circumstances, nor acquainted with the peculiarities of his case, it might have appeared extreme and irregular. For example, the £3181 was indemnified fully in land, but it appeared to represent only £614 of real debt, and the 9665 acres given in requital for the £3181 and £1000 debentures, would seem conveyed for the £1000 only; the 3000 acres of redeemed land, also, would appear conveyed for half-a-crown, yet in both cases the full amount was paid, and the smaller sums merely satisfied the technicalities of title."

The Distribution of the lands in which Petty took the chief part, was necessarily attended with much dissatisfaction to all parties; and reports injurious to his reputation were soon circulated by interested parties, although in his attempts to keep himself clear of all suspicion of corruption he "declined bribes or gratuities, always refused even presents of eatables and drinkables, yea, forbore to take fees as a physician, for fear they might be intended to bias his actings, in any other trusts and capacities." His intimacy with Henry Cromwell, to whom he was appointed Secretary, his situation as Clerk of the Council, and general success in all his undertakings, procured him many enemies, especially among the Anabaptists, then a powerful body in the army, who, unable to discover his true religious tenets, which the Doctor always kept carefully concealed, accused him alternately of being a Jesuit, a Socinian, and an Atheist. An attempt was accordingly made to effect the ruin of Petty, and large numbers of dissatisfied men were found to join in persecuting one who by his genius and unceasing application had totally eclipsed them in the eyes of the world. The ringleaders of these malcontents were Worsley the Surveyor General, superseded by Petty, and Sir Hierom or Jerom Sankey, a fanatical Anabaptist, who was in the habit

of preaching at Dublin, "when also several officers who had been always favourites to the governments, and had mighty friends to back them, saw there was a design of profit which themselves had missed; and when some of the soldiers reflecting upon their long services in the army, hard duties, their wounds and maims, considered they had not made near the same advantage which a stranger, sedentary scholar, and a very young man, was like to make even by a slight: and lastly," continues the Doctor, "when those that called themselves the old surveyors, were unmasked and the whole world let to see, that what those formal Gloriosos cried up for a mystery, was nothing beyond the reach of a mean capacity, within a few months time: Then all those several persons set themselves to throw blocks in my way, and to hang clogs at my heels, whereby to make my merits and fortunes no more considerable than their own."

He thus humorously describes his situation at this period:—

"As for the Dr. himselfe, he became to bee esteemed the —, or evill angell of the nation; and although God enabled him to cleare himselfe before the Councill and all other authorities, as allsoe to any other particular persons who was but curiouse enough to understand the reason of his actings, yet all he did it was still said to bee but delusion, and casting a mist before the eyes of men he dealt with. Yea, though it was his vanity to carry all things with justice and impartially, yet the contrary was still imputed unto him, even although his greatest adversaries could never procure him a checque from his superiours, nor could hinder his masters, who had seen him faithfull in small matters, to sett him over greater, nor to entrust him with the adventurers and disbanded mens survey, even although he had been excessively railed att for what he had immediately done before of that nature, inserting him allsoe in all commissions relating to distribution of lands. Nor did the then Lord Leiftenant (then whome no man knew him better) frighted for owning for him his secretary, as to his bussiness of nearest concernment. Nor was the Councill soe convinced of his unworthinesse as to refuse his service as clerke to their table; for these two honors did God add unto him, even when the cry of his adversaries was loudest, the which, as he did not seeke as shelters to his crimes, soe he did not too broadly appeare in them, to avoyd the ostentation which usually springs from such advancements. The access of this new and more honourable trusts did but quench his fires with oyle, and provoked his ambitiouise adversaries to thinke of hewing downe the tree uppon a twig whereoff he stood, so as by multiplying their surmises and clamoures, hee became the Robin Goodfellow and Oberon of the countrey; for, as heretofore domestique servants in the countrey did sett on foot the opinion of Robin Goodfellow and the ffairies, that when them-

selves had stolen junketts, they might accuse Robin Goodfellow for itt; and when themselves had been revelling at unseasonable houres of the night, they might say the fairies danced; and when, by wrapping themselves in white sheetes, they might goe any whither without opposition, uppon the accompt of being ghosts and walking spiritts; in the same manner severall of the agents of the army, when they could not give a good accompt to those that entrusted them, to say Dr. Petty was the cause of the miscarriage was a ready and credible excuse. If the agent would goe from his countrey quarters to Dublin on free cost, the souldiers must contribute towards it, uppon the accompt of getting justice from Dr. Petty. If the poor souldiers would have their lands sett out before necessity compells them to sell, it was but saying Dr. Petty would not send a surveyor. If the surveyor doe not lay the house and orchard on the right side, the party disappointed need but say Dr. Petty imployes insufficient instruments. When one party hath by good cheare and gratuity byassed a poor fellow, it was good ground for the other to say that Dr. Petty imployes such as takes bribes, and perhapps shares with them; there being persons who have shown a poor souldier a bogg or other course land, telling him that was his lott sett out by Dr. Petty, to the end they might have the good land, which really was the poor man's, att the price of the bogg. If a piece of land better than our owne, through an accident, happen to be undisposed of, then our owne is cryed out uppon as incumbred, and Dr. Petty a villaine if hee doe not help cozen the State to exchange itt. If wee have undersett our land, then a Protestant claimes it, and soe wee become free to have other lands whereuppon to make a wiser bargaine. If wee would have a good large quota or proportion of our debt satisfied in Leinster and Ulster, then Kerrey, being the refuse county of Munster, is all good land. If the Munster lott would be rid of Kerrey, they cry up the neating and withdrawing of dubiouse lands for a divine invention; to others, an abominable project. If the Commissioners are sparing to show their mapps, to prevent projecting and contriving uppon them, then Dr. Petty keepes all in the darke. If wee doe not observe what every juncto or faction directs, how contradictory or unintelligible soever, Dr. Petty transgresses the Committee's orders; if wee fall uppon course land, better being behind us, Dr. Petty hath overcharged the lott, and stufft in his owne friends; if better lands bee before us, then debentures were not equally fixed. When Dr. Petty minds the agents of their poore brethren, who served before 1649, and were disbanded in 1653, itt is said that this advertisement is like Judas his proposing to have the box of ointment sold for one hundred pence, and given to the poore. When loose debentures swarme up and downe, Dr. Petty is suspected of buying them at under rates, and hath been searcht like a theife with a constable; but noe body observes the agents breaking up the officers seale, and thereby introducing this danger. When the lyst or string of disposeable lands was made and presented to the agents, they would for greedinesse acquiesse in any thing; but when the lotts fell out amisse, Dr. Petty juggled. Whilst Dr. Petty forbore, out of tenderness, to deale in lands or debentures untill the

whole army was satisfied, then it was said he would not engage in the lands of Ireland, but, having gotten his money, would run away; but when he had layd out his estate in land, he became soe wicked as not to bee worthy to stay in the nation."

His enemies still continued actively plotting his ruin, and among "a thousand stratagems to undoe him," not the least ingenious was their design, "as a pretended favour, to give him the command of a troope of horse, believing that, being noe souldier, he should soon fall into some miscarriage, for which they would disgrace or punish him at a court marshall of their own packing."

While engaged with the Committee of distribution at London relative to revising the allottments of the lands to adventurers, he was recalled to Ireland to answer the charges brought against him in an anonymous letter which came into the hands of the Lord Lieutenant. To inquire into the truth of the accusation, the State appointed a Committee of seven officers, styled by our author "seaven purging pills guilded by the Councill's approbation." It was now reported at London that the Lord Deputy having discovered Petty's crimes had delivered him up to justice, that Sir Anthony Morgan, his chief friend, had deserted him, that "his lands were sequestred, his study and papers sealed up, and, in fine, that the Doctor would never more be seen in Ireland."

"The news in Ireland was of the same nature, though not in the same degree, because men by their owne eyes could see falshood in many particulars of what was told in England; but what the news wanted as to horroure in Ireland, it had in extent, for there was noe man who did not talke thereof, nor any table nor taverne unprovided of a theme to discourse upon for many days together; uppon all which the adventurers who wrought the letter of the 17th of September, before recited, and engaged for such a reward for the Drs. service to them, as whereby hee might have gained neer 2000.li, grew exceeding cold and suspiciouse; his tenants grew delatory and full of excuses as to the payment of their rent; himselfe was discouraged from improving his estate, and from accepting of such proposalls as tended to his honourable and happier settlement in the world. The aforementioned assembly of justiciary officers, after venting much spleene, and through their passions letting the world not only peepe into but pore and gaze uppon the common intention, I meane the less noble and wise of those officers, propounded the seizing of papers, hanging of padlocks, diving into intentions by fetching foule wast papers back from the dunghill, and seeking for preparatory draughts under the bottome of tarts,, &c. Whilst some, more wise and moderate, withdrew from these actings, others were

friendly and courageous, declared against this fury; others were crafty, not less malicious, laboured to sugar the poison; whilst others of all sorts ran with the multitude."

Having arrived in Dublin and ascertained the particulars of the accusations, he set to work actively to vindicate himself, and among other matters petitioned the Lord Lieutenant and Council "That all proceedings, since the 1st of December last untill your Lordships sentence here-uppon, may be published in print, and that some indifferent notary bee forthwith appointed to that purpose; and that your Lordships would consider that without this, these proceedings, which may be a ruine to your petitioner, will be but sport to his adversaries, although they miscarry, they staking nothing to your petitioner's whole estate and reputation." All preparations having been made on both sides, Thursday, the seventh of April 1659 was finally fixed for the hearing of the case before the Council; however, on Sunday, the third of April, Dr. Petty received an order from the Speaker to attend in his place the English House of Parliament to answer the "articles of misdemeanours and breach of trust" exhibited against him by Sir Jerom Sankey, who at the same time came over to Ireland to seek evidence for his "wild assertions."

"These things being att this pass, the said seaven officers, supposing that, in the Drs. being thus sent for, his Excellency himselfe was stricke att, and that hee would thinke what was done was rather in order to some great matter, which indeed was the common opinion, came to the then Lord Lieutenant protesting and calling God to witness, that what Sankey had done was by noe advice or consent of theirs; that the Drs. oppression would be their great greife and loss, he being one without whome they could not proceed in the rest of their distribution; and their only intention was to show his Lordship such irregularities in his actings as might procure reproofe enough whereby to take of that insolency and domination wherewith he managed that affaire; and that themselves had nothing to say but what was in their exceptions exhibited to the Councill, nor would they meddle or make farther in the business. Notwithstanding all which, they mett dayly; sent up and downe to all manner of discontented persons, far and neer; used all meanes to draw out of every what he could devise to say; revived discontents in those who had cleered accompts with the Doctor some yeares before; sent for Worseley, the late Surveyor-General, his professed enemy; tampered with his servants, especially the most indigent of them; entertained lawyers; and, in fine, did whatever could be thought on, to putt weapons into the hands of this furiose knight. On the other side, the Dr. prepares himselfe

to goe over to answer the charge, carryeth with him such letters of recommendation as his good friends were pleased to load him with. He came to London the 17th of Aprill, tooke his place in the House the 19th, and on the 21st, in the morning, before he had delivered ~~one~~ of his many letters, answered, or rather spake to his charge."

Petty's speech, as reported by himself, is temperate and judicious: he recapitulates his services, asserts the integrity of his conduct, and expresses his willingness to submit all his transactions to a rigid scrutiny. Sir Jerom Sankey's reply affords a curious specimen of English parliamentary eloquence—author, it may be observed, served in the reduction of Land, and "took a prominent part in the proceedings of the day, during the short interval it assumed high power at the close of 1659. His name appears first of twelve who signed circular letters constituting and calling together the committee of safety; and we find him commanding the Irish brigade in Lambert's army in the North of England."

Mr. Speaker, you have heard here a long, starcht, studied speech; nay, a starch, studied peice—Mr. Speaker, there has been a great deal of rhetorique; I say, a great deale of rhetorique. But I will prove my charge: I will make it good, Mr. Speaker, from the front the reare, front, flanke, and reare; Mr. Speaker, that I will. I have not much rhetorique, but I have my papers here; I have showed them here from Dublyn; here they be in my hand; I have them ready, Mr. Speaker. Here befoule things; I will prove them. I warrant I'll prove them, Mr. Speaker. He says, Mr. Speaker, that he hath not taken bribes,—not bribes? O strange! Really if he hath not taken bribes, then he hath taken nothing. Not bribes!—sure he hath lost his memory! I thought he would have confest that. If he had but as good a memory as he hath confidence, hee would confesse that, Mr. Speaker: hee must have confidence. Really, he wants it; for I have foule things in these papers here. Not bribes? Mr. Speaker! Why, there was Lieut.-Collonell Fflower, Mr. Speaker, gave him a bribe. Lieut.-Collonell Fflower came to him with an order for land, and the Dr. asked him what he would give for it; Lieut.-Collonell Fflower said 100*li.*, but the Doctor said, sh! pish! Fflower, that thou shalt; and soe, Mr. Speaker, Lieut.-Collonell Fflower gave him a 100*li.* a year for a bribe. In my judgement, now, this was a bribe: for what was it else, Mr. Speaker? And, Mr. Speaker, there was Captain Sands, Captain Sands came for a reprizall; but, said the Doctor to him, will you give me your house, then? His house in Oxman-towne, Mr. Speaker, next to Sir Robert Meredith there. Will you give me your house, Captain Sands? said the Dr. Now if this was not a bribe, twas an inducement to a bribe. Soe Captain Sands was glad to give to the Dr. his house in Oxman-towne, that he bought of Adjutant-

Generall Allen, and to make a writing for it ; but afterwards Captain Sands would have his writeing againe, and the Doctor would not give it him ; soe they fell to struggling, and Captain Sands was glad to teare the writings all to peices. I say, Mr. Speaker, this was an inducement to a bribe ; but I have fouler things in my papers here that I brought from Dublyn ; I say, from Dublyn, Mr. Speaker. Whilst he went on at this rate, the House fell a-talking one with another, till at length one, who had some other business to move, desired that the gentleman might bring in his charge in writing ; but another answered, that the gentleman had his papers, and that all was in writing allready. Another moved he might have time allowed to understand his papers. Another, fearing when Sir Hierome had done, that something of an ill nature would bee moved, desired that Sir Hierome might proceed. This motion seemed to Sir Hierome like Assuerus holding out the golden sceptre to Esther. Whereas he suddenly rose up againe, and said :— Why, then, Mr. Speaker, there is Captaine Winkworth came with an order for the liberties of Limericke ; but the Doctor said, Captaine, will you sell ? will you sell ? Noe, said the Captain, tis the price of my bloud. Then said the Doctor, tis bravely said ; why, then, my noble Captaine, the liberties of Limricke are meat for your masters, meaning the Lord Deputy. Now, Mr. Speaker, who dishonours my Lord Deputy, the Doctor or I ? In my judgement, now, the Doctor doeth. Then, Mr. Speaker, comes Licut.-Collonell Brayfield for land ; but the Doctor asked whether he would sell ? He said, No. Then said the Doctor, Litleman, Litleman, there is land for you beyond the moone. I have more yett, Mr. Speaker ; there bee fouler things yett ; this is but halfe. Hereabouts interposes another, saying, Mr. Speaker, I admire you soe much forgott your selfe as to harken to these private quarrells, and neglect the publicke. Another, who himselfe used to speak like Sir Hierome, and loved such discourse, desired the gentleman might proceed. Sir Hierome starts up then and said :— Mr. Speaker, I must speake, for I have foule things. Why, there is Balleboy, the barony of Balleboy, Mr. Speaker ; the Doctor has 7000 acres in the barony of Balleboy, that he has noe right to. And then there is the od pence, that he has taken them all to make his debt swell ; he has 18000 acres, and his debentures come to about 5000 acres. Ffor our debentures, Mr. Speaker, comes many times to five shillings two pence ; hee takes the 2d. to himselfe, and pays only 5s. Then there is another thing, Mr. Speaker, I have it here in my papers, and that is Strafford's survey ; the Doctor gives in a duplicate of Strafford's survey, which never cost him 20*li.*, and receives 1100*li.* for itt. These bee foule things. Here another moved againe, that he might put his charge in writing, and that the House might proceed to the business of the day ; which motion, the House being weary in exspecting some materiall thing, was seconded, and a weeks time allowed Sir Hierome to putt his charge in writing. Upp starts Sir Hierome againe, and said, Mr. Speaker, I have but one more short motion to make, which is, that all the originall mapps and books of reference which the Dr. keepe, contrary to the Act of Parliament,

may be brought into the Exchequer ; for those are the bookes uppon which we hold our estates, those are the records ; and if we have not those, Mr. Speaker, wee may be all undone. Hereuppon the Dr. answered, saying :—Mr. Speaker, the surveys uppon which the souldiers deeds are and must bee grounded are already delivered into the Exchequer, and are kept there as records. The papers hee mentions are certaine foule draughts of plott, signed by noe man, confused, imperfect, hard to be understood, &c., which might be a distraction in the Exchequer, but are of noe use, the fair and authentique vouched books which have been made out of them being in the Exchequer already. Besides, Mr. Speaker, if these papers were either needful or due to the State, I wonder why they have not been required any time these two yeares. If the gentleman who desires them hopes to prove any of his articles by them, I am contented they may be secured. Then replied some friend of Hierome's :—But, Mr. Speaker, the Act of Parliament requires them. Whereuppon I answered, that the Act required only what was the States owne to be putt into the States hands ; I desired it might be first tryed whoose goods those bookes and mapps were ; if the States, they should have them at an houres warning ; if the Dr's., they should buy them of him, at a very reasonable rate. Soe then it was moved that it might be left to the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland, to dispose of those papers according to law, and ordered accordingly. This being over, the House fell uppon the militia, and the right of disposing thereof, which debate was resumed in the afternoon ; but Sir Hierome was not present, but busied about a more effectual worke, which was the dissolving of the House that night, wrought from his then Highness, and the next day in effect executed."

Petty was again assailed by Sankey in the Long Parliament on its re-assembling, and a dishonourable but fruitless attempt made to deprive him of the benefit of the Act of Indemnity, then passing. The accusations, entitled "Articles of high misdemeanours, frauds, breach of trusts, and severall other crimes," were referred back to Ireland : "the Restoration, and the Act of Settlement, speedily followed, and we hear no more of the impeachment or misdemeanours, which, if the memory of them had not been preserved by Dr. Petty himself, would probably have been long since forgotten altogether. Not so the Survey, which" as Major Larcom justly observes, "will always remain one of the most remarkable undertakings of which we have any record :"—

"We are not to estimate its merits as a topographical work, by the precision which has been attained in modern times, nor test it by comparison with modern surveys, but with those which had gone before, and which it immediately replaced, as well as the circumstances under which it was executed, and the short time in which the whole operation was performed. Before the time of Petty, except

the material compiled into the early maps of Ireland by Bosnio, Ortelius, Norden, Blaeu, and others, the only detailed surveys of any magnitude were those of the King's and Queen's Counties, about 1630; the County of Londonderry, by Raven; and the Strafford Survey. Worsley was carrying on the surveys for grants and forfeitures, which have been sufficiently adverted to already as 'grosses surrounds;' but it remained for Dr. Petty, to originate the idea of connecting the separate operations, into a general survey of the three provinces, which were not comprised in the Strafford Survey. This great step was making territorial and natural boundaries the main objects, instead of estate boundaries alone; because the former were permanent and enduring, the latter in their nature fluctuating, and destined to change by the very purpose for which the Survey itself was made. The insertion which he enjoined of prominent buildings and objects, the heights of remarkable mountains, the more general information in regard to harbours, roads, and communications, were the result of the general, and, it is not too much to say, enlarged views he took of the work before him. The division of labour, first between office and field work, and then between operative and directing ability; the forethought, apparent even in the minutest particulars, mark Dr. Petty as possessing the faculty which would probably have commanded success in any undertaking or career to which he had devoted himself. That he should have ventured upon one so remote from anything to which his attention had previously been directed, may be taken as great boldness on his part, but it enhances our surprise at the success of the work. It would be no easy task in our own day, to accomplish in thirteen months, even a traverse survey in outline, of 5,000,000 acres in small divisions, and it was immeasurably greater then. But then, as now, the difficulties of the director of such an operation did not lie in the work itself. They arose from the obstructions thrown around him, by ignorance on the one hand and jealousy on the other; without any power possessing sufficient knowledge, strength, and general control, to afford protection and support. Enmity is always more active than friendship, and the few who feel or fancy themselves injured, are far more clamorous, and more heard, than the many who are honestly served and satisfied. The true appeal is to the quiet force of public opinion, as time moves on, and anger gradually subsides; and from that tribunal the award has long been favourable to the work of Dr. Petty. It stands to this day, with the accompanying books of distribution, the legal record of the title on which half the land of Ireland is held; and for the purpose to which it was and is applied, it remains sufficient. To the rapidity with which it was executed, the adventurers and soldiers are indebted for the Act of Satisfaction having been carried out. At the rate of progress of the former surveys, the distribution could not have been completed before the Restoration, when the lands would have been deemed indeed forfeited to the King, and their former proprietors deprived, but the distribution would probably have been very different. Some years afterwards, Sir William combined his maps, and engraved a county series, in the frontispiece to which, it may be observed, is the only portrait of him known to exist. This

engraving is mentioned by Walpole, but the original picture is lost. For a general map of Ireland he felt the want, either of triangulation, or latitudes and longitudes, to connect the counties and smaller divisions; and it was the end of the next century, before a map worthy to be so called, was constructed by Dr. Beaufort. The more modern labours of the Ordnance Survey are too familiar to render any notice of them here necessary, if it were not wholly out of place to speak of them in detail, and the time is, perhaps, not come for doing so with advantage. They were very similar in many respects, as well of difficulties and obstructions, as in the modes of meeting them, to the work we have been considering, after a lapse of two hundred years; but they had their origin in peace, and for their object the improvement of the country, and the adjustment of its local burthens, instead of war, confiscation, and allotment."

In 1660 Petty was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Claims, and obtained from the King an order for lands to be assigned to him for his deficient debentures; while the Act of Settlement confirmed him in possession of all the lands which he had in 1659. No document is yet extant to prove that he acquired any of his property in a fraudulent manner, nor was a reply ever given to the challenge which he publicly put forward in his published defence of himself, defying any one to prove him guilty of malversation in his official capacities. After the Restoration an attempt was made by the Duke of Ormond to obtain possession of some of the Doctor's lands, but the title of the latter proved too strong even for that then all powerful nobleman. The boast which Petty is said to have made on the transaction, that his witnesses "would have sworn through a three inch board" was probably one of those sallies of raillery in which, even on the most serious occasions, he delighted to indulge, notwithstanding the frequent difficulties in which he became involved by misconceptions of the true meaning of his ill-timed wit. In his writings he has given many details respecting the manner in which his property was acquired, and he appears to have been a man who would have overcome all obstacles in pursuit of the object which he sought to attain. The following is his argument to show that he might have realized an independent fortune without having engaged in the survey or distribution of the forfeited lands:—

"In the year 1649, I proceeded doctor in physic; after the charge whereof, and my admission into the College of London, I had left about sixty pounds: from that time, till almost August 1652, by my

practice, fellowship at Gresham and at Brazen-nose College, and by my anatomy lecture at Oxford, I had made that 60*l.* to be near 500*l.* From August 1652, when I went for Ireland, to December 1654, (when I began the survey and other public entanglements) with 100*l.* advance money, and with 365*l.* per annum, of well paid salary, as also with the proceed of my practice among the chief, in the chief city of a nation, I made my said 500*l.* above 1600*l.* If these be not real truths, they are at least very probable lies, and such as very many will swear they believe. Now the interest of this 1600*l.* for a year in Ireland, could not be less than 260*l.*, which with 550*l.* (for another year's salary and practice, viz., until the lands were set out in October, 1655), would have increased my said stock to 2350*l.* With 2000*l.* whereof, I could have bought 8000*l.* in debentures, which would have then purchased me about 15000 acres of land, viz. as much as I am now accused to have: These 15000 acres could not yield me less than at two shillings per acre 1500*l.* per annum, especially receiving the rents of May-day preceding. This year's rent, with 550*l.* for my salary and practice, &c. till December, 1656, would have bought me even then (debentures growing dearer) 6000*l.* in debentures, whereof the $\frac{5}{7}$ then paid, would have been 4000*l.* neat; for which I must have had almost 8000 acres more, being as much almost, as I conceive is due to me. The rent for 15000 acres, and 8000 acres for three years, could not have been less than 7000*l.*, which, with the same three years salary, viz., 1650*l.*, would have been near 9000*l.* Estate in money, above the above-mentioned 2500*l.* per annum in lands. The which, whether it be more or less than what I now have, I leave to all the world to examine and judge. Now, lest this should be called reckoning chickens before they be hatched, I promise at all times to present a list of forty persons whose negotiations have been *pro rata*, more profitable than what is here set forth. Besides, (without vanity, be it spoken) if universal favour with all the grandees and their ministers would have reached this profit, I was not in any danger of failing: For before I dealt in surveys, and distributions, and other disobliging trinkets, I refer you to all that know me (Annis 1652-53-54, and part of -55, and who knew the state of Ireland in those years) to give you satisfaction herein. Neither can any man alledge one cause of my coming short of the above-fancied encrease; but I can find him two probabilities for my exceeding the same."

In 1661 Dr. Petty was knighted by the King, who took much delight in his conversation; and he is said also to have obtained a patent creating him Earl of Kilmore, which title he never assumed. He was elected one of the first council of the Royal Society on its foundation in 1662. In the succeeding year he signalized himself by the invention of a double bottomed ship "of exceeding use to put into shallow ports, and ride over small depths of water. It consisted of two distinct keeles cramp together with huge timbers, &c., so that a violent streame ran betweene; it bare a monstrous broad saile." After performing

several voyages in an incredibly short period this vessel, which the King named "The Experiment," was finally cast away in a storm which destroyed a large fleet of ships. Petty was one of the original members of the Irish College of physicians, founded in 1667, in which year he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hardress Waller, "a very beautifull and ingenious lady, browne, with glorious eies."

The following notice of him was written by one of his learned friends in 1675 :—

"The Map of Ireland made by Sir William Petty is believ'd to be the most exact that ever yet was made of any country. He did promise to publish it; and I am told it cost him near £1,000 to have it engrav'd at Amsterdam. There is not a better Latine poet living when he gives himselfe that diversion; nor is his excellence less in Council and prudent matters of state; but he is so exceeding nice in sifting and examining all possible contingencies, that he adventures at nothing which is not demonstration. There were not in ye whole world his equal for a superintendant of manufacture and improvement of trade, or to govern a plantation. If I were a Prince, I should make him my second Counsellor at least. There is nothing difficult to him. He is besides courageous, on which account I cannot but note a true storie of him, that when Sr. Aleyn Brodrick sent him a challenge upon a difference 'twixt them in Ireland, Sr. William, tho' exceedingly purblind, accepted the challenge, and it being his part to propound the weapon, desir'd his antagonist to meete him with a hatchet or axe in a dark cellar, which the other of course refused. Sir William was, with all this, facetious and of easy conversation, friendly and courteous, and had such a faculty of imitating others that he would take a text and preach, now like a grave orthodox divine, then falling into the Presbyterian way, then to the phanatical, the quaker, the monk and frier, the Popish priest, with such admirable action, and alteration of voice and tone, as it was not possible to abstain from wonder, and one would sweare to heare severall persons, or forbear to think he was not in good earnest an enthusiast and almost beside himselfe; then he would fall out of it into a serious discourse; but it was very rarely he would be prevail'd on to oblige the company with this faculty, and that only amongst most intimate friends. My Lord Duke of Ormond once obtain'd it of him, and was almost ravish'd with admiration; but by and by he fell upon a serious reprimand of the faults and miscarriages of some Princes and Governors, which tho' he named none, did so sensibly touch the Duke, who was then Lieutenant of Ireland, that he began to be very uneasy, and wish'd the spirit lay'd which he had rais'd, for he was neither able to endure such truthes, nor could he but be delighted. At last he mealted his discourse to a ridiculous subject, and came down from the joynt stoole on which he had stood; but my lord would not have him preach any more. He never could get favour at Court, because he outwitted all the

projectors that came neere him. Having never known such another genius, I cannot but mention these particulars amongst a multitude of others which I could produce. When I who knew him in mean circumstances, have been in his splendid palace, he would himself be in admiration how he arriv'd at it; nor was it his value or inclination for splendid furniture and the curiosities of the age, but his elegant lady could endure nothing meane, or that was not magnificent. He was very negligent himselfe, and rather so of his person, and of a philosophic temper. "What a to-do is here!" he would say, "I can lie in straw with as much satisfaction." "He is the author of the ingenious deductions from the bills of mortality, which go under the name of Mr. Graunt; also of that useful discourse of the manufacture of wool, and several others in the register of the Royal Society. He was also author of that paraphrase on the 104th Psalm in Latin verse, which goes about in MS. and is inimitable. In a word, there is nothing impenetrable to him."

Petty engaged extensively in mining, iron founding, and pilchard fishing, in the County of Kerry, and although he was obliged to surrender a portion of his lands to such of their former occupants as were declared innocent, it was said that he could see 50,000 acres, belonging to himself, from the summit of mount Mangerton. He was one of the first presidents of the Dublin Philosophical Society, founded in 1683, and in 1685 he published his maps of Ireland, entitled "*Hiberniæ delineatio quoad hactenus licuit perfectissima*," which were issued at fifty shillings, and have frequently since produced more than ten times that price. His surveys, we are told, "as far as they go, are tolerably exact as to distances and situations, but neither the latitudes nor roads are expressed, nor is the sea coast exactly laid down; his design being only to take an account of the forfeited lands; many other tracts are left blank, and from such a survey his maps are formed." The remaining portion of Petty's life presents little connected with Ireland, except the production of his two well known works on the Dublin Bills of Mortality, and the "*Political Anatomy of Ireland*." His death took place in 1687, and among the various directions contained in his will, may be noticed his desire that "his daughter might marry in Ireland, desiring that such a sum as I have left her, might not be carried out of Ireland." Petty's widow was advanced to the Peerage, and his son was created Baron of Shelburne. His descendants failed in male issue, and, through the female line, the title and property of Petty's representatives came into the family of Fitz Maurice, and thence to the present Marquis of Lansdowne,

who appears to be the great-great-grandson of the author of the work before us.

Many conjectures have been hazarded relative to the origin of the title, "Down Survey," which, according to Major Larcom, "was so called simply to mark its distinction from those former (the Civil and Grosse) surveys, by its topographic details being all laid down by admeasurement on maps. This is well expressed in the letter from Mr. Weale (of the department of Woods and Forests), in which he says: 'Childish as the etymon has always sounded in my ears, I am obliged to admit that the Survey obtained its name solely from the continued repetition of the expressions, 'by the survey laid down,' 'laid down by admeasurement,' in contradistinction to Worsley's surveys, the word 'Down' being so written as often as it occurs in the MS. It must be admitted," continues Major Larcom, "that the name would have equally applied to the Strafford Survey which it is now clear was also laid down on maps, but for the sake of contrasting Dr. Petty's work, by some distinctive cognomen, with the Civil and Grosse Surveys. It was indeed, so far as relates to the name, only carrying out the instructions given by the commissioners to the old surveys, before the Survey was undertaken as a whole by Dr. Petty, as will be seen by a paper printed in the Appendix, where they are ordered 'to sett downe' certain boundaries in a 'touch plott.' It may also be observed, that the name is still used in Ireland, among the country surveyors of the old school, for any survey laid down on a map, as distinguished from a mere list of areas, which they also call a survey."

The original Down Survey consisted of thirty-one folio volumes, containing baronial and parochial maps, the former on a scale of from one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty perches to an inch, and the latter varying from eighty to forty perches to the same measure; "to each parish a folio sheet was given, that the trace might be correct; also, with the content of acres, the situation of Churches, Castles, Glebes, and other ecclesiastical lands, were noted; the scales by which laid down, and bearings of the magnetic needle.* To all these were

* Major Larcom observes, that "it is worthy of notice, that about the date at which the Down Survey was performed, there was but little magnetic variation in Ireland. The needle, by computation, pointed due north in Dublin in 1657. This would not afford any peculiar facility for the survey, but might tend to prevent error, both in the field work and protraction, by careless hands."

added another folio sheet to each parish, describing its site, bounds, particular denominations, content, forfeiters' names. And in the Auditor General's books, which were transcripts of references only, without maps, the names of those Adventurers (who came over with Cromwell to settle the kingdom in 1649) to whom those forfeited lands were subsequently adjudged, and confirmed by the Act of Settlement : this is known by the title of, 'the book of distribution.' " Of these volumes of maps eleven were partly destroyed, with many other valuable documents, by an accidental fire in 1711. After the peace of 1763, Colonel Blaquiere discovered in France copies of the baronial maps of the Down Survey, which, on their way to England, had been taken by a French privateer ; an application for them was made to the French ministry, and acceded to, but the maps were not given up, and it was alleged that they had been mislaid ; report, however, said "that they were put into the hands of French artists, to enable them to perfect a map of Ireland therefrom, for the use of that country." Some time after they were found in the French King's Library, by General Vallancey, and he, together with Alexander Taylor and a French engraver, were employed in Paris for two years, by the Irish Government, in copying them. In 1790, the question of making Vallancey's transcripts legal evidence, was brought before the Irish Parliament, and although agreed to by the Commons, their resolution does not appear to have been confirmed by the House of Lords. The remaining original maps of the Survey, with the copies of them from the French library, were repaired in 1814, under the superintendence of the Irish Record Commissioners, and they are now, together with other documents connected with the Down Survey,— "the legal records of the title on which half the land of Ireland is held,"—deposited in an insulated stone building in the Custom House of Dublin. The work before us is printed from a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, collated with copies in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Society of King's Inns, Dublin. The notes, and original documents appended, are confined to the illustration of the text, and do not extend to the distribution of the forfeited lands, on which Petty promised a separate treatise, as well as a satire on his various enemies in Ireland. To the latter he refers as follows in 1660 : "There is another piece of a quite contrary nature, being indeed a satire ; which though it contain little of seriousness, yet does it allow nothing of untruth ; it is a gallery

wherein you will see the pictures of my chief adversaries hanged up in their proper colours ; it is intended for the honest recreation of my ingenious friends.—To prepare myself for which work, I will read over Don Quixote once more ; that having as good a subject of Sir Jerom (Sankey) as Michael de Cervantes had of him, something may be done not unworthy a representing next Bartholomew Fair.” Whether Petty ever executed this proposed work we have no means of determining ; if it exist in manuscript it must necessarily contain a vast amount of interesting details of contemporary manners and customs in Ireland during the Protectorate. The present work appears to have been written toward the close of the year 1659, and fully answers Petty’s description of it as “an history of the survey and distribution of the forfeited lands in Ireland, and withall a series of my own services and sufferings, with references thereunto, and to that nation ; which work consists chiefly of all Acts of Parliament, resolves of all general assemblies of the army, orders of the Council, acts of councils of war, results of committees, petitions of agents, references, reports, and accounts, &c., relating to all and singular the premises.” This volume fills a considerable blank in the history of Petty’s life as well as in the civil annals of Ireland, and cannot fail to interest as the record of the progress of an experiment carried out on an extensive scale and with complete success during the infancy of science. It were, however, to be wished that a memoir of the author had been prefixed the work, as an accurate and detailed biography of Sir William Petty is still a desideratum, and the publication of the History of the Down Survey afforded an opportunity for its production which may not soon again occur. On the whole, the work has been edited in a style worthy of Major Larcom whose connection with the Ordnance Survey rendered him peculiarly fitted for the task, and whose exertions to promote the cultivation of Irish literature, and to elevate the national character, by making us acquainted with our ancient historical monuments have been more than once noticed in this journal.

Few will be found in the present day to defend the atrocious spoliation and destruction perpetrated by Cromwell on the Irish adherents of Charles I., or the confirmation of the Protector’s acts, by a monarch so heavily indebted to the Irish as Charles II. The settlement of the “motley crew” of adventurers in Ireland, has exercised a marked influence on the

destinies of this country. Unlike the ancient English settlers, the mass of the Cromwellians never identified themselves with the true interests of the island. Their descendants, in general, became men, as it were, of a middle nation, exhibiting the vilest sycophancy towards the corrupt English ministers, who, in return, ruined their trade, excluded them from offices of importance in Church and State, and kept them in a condition of humiliating dependence. Under the withering influence of their ascendancy, knowledge, science, and manufactures languished, in consequence of the attempts to suppress education, and to extirpate all feelings of manly independence. The constitutional arguments of Molyneux, in favor of the ancient prerogatives of the nation, were declared rebellious; Swift's attempts to save the country from the nefarious designs of the English cabinet, and to revive her manufactures were accounted treason; while Lucas was driven into exile for asserting the principles of a free citizen. The press was fettered, the Established Church oppressed, education, at home or abroad, denied to the native population, and the Irish Roman Catholics were only to be traced through the Statute book by their blood. The example of the expatriated Irish in America, and the labors of Grattan and his associates, obtained for the country an interval of independence and unparalleled commercial progression; but, unable to contemplate the reform of a corruption which supported them, and heedless of the bright example of some of their own race, the ascendancy faction drove the nation into anarchy, and bartered her rights for a paltry stipend, at a period when they had it in their power to have made her a great and prosperous country. The completion of this suicidal compact gave a fatal, though unforeseen, blow to the power of a vicious oligarchy, the extinction of which enables us to look forward to a future unclouded by the tyranny of men who, while in power, lived on the prostitution of their country, and the oppression of their fellow-subjects, and who have not left a single noble monument, to identify themselves with Ireland, or to cause even a momentary regret at their final extirpation.

ART. II.—COCKBURN'S LIFE OF JEFFREY.

Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence.

By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh, 1852.

“By far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters, in our day,”—it is to this effect that Jeffrey writes, A.D. 1816—“is that by which the wits of Queen Anne’s time have been brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed without competition for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. They, and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. All this, however, is now altered. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration. It seems to be clearly ascertained that they are declined considerably from ‘the high meridian of their glory,’ and may fairly be apprehended to be ‘hastening to their setting.’ There are but two possible solutions for phenomena of this sort. Either our taste has degenerated, or its old models have been surpassed; either the writers of the last century are too good for us, or they are not good enough. Now, we confess, we are no believers in the *permanent* corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance with time and experience; that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have checked civilization itself, there has always been a sensible progress in this particular; and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are capricious fluctuations, no doubt, but the great movements are all progressive.

“We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our own time. The former are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but, for the most part, cold, timid, and

superficial. Their chief care is to be at once witty and rational, with as good a grace as possible. Their inspiration accordingly is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense. Little gleams of pleasantry, and sparkles of wit glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination—no flashes of genius, ever irradiate their substance. They may pass for sensible and polite writers, but scarcely for men of genius.

“Our first literature consisted of saintly legends, and romances of chivalry, though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character, by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gaiety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth it was intrinsically romantic, serious, lofty, and enthusiastic. In the reign of James the First, our literature appears to us to have the greatest perfection to which it had yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions; still the period of the civil wars produced the giant powers of Taylor, and the muse of Milton. The Restoration arrived, and as all the eminent writers of the preceding period had inclined to the party that was now overthrown, and their writings had been deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, it became profitable as well as popular to discredit the fallen party. Add to this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation, and that the grace, brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and contrast. But there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced. Dryden, carried by the original bent of his genius, and his familiarity with our older models, to the cultivation of our native style, was, notwithstanding, unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion and the dazzling of the dear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new movement.

“It was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to

return to the old one—and they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency, increased its precision and correctness, made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant, and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits. They seem to have felt that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of feeling or fancy. They made no pretensions to the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination; but, writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison.

“The age which succeeded was still less an age of mental adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than that of the two first Georges. There was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large. They went on accordingly, minding their old business and reading their old old books. Certainly there never was so long an *interregnum* of native genius, as during about sixty years in the middle of the last century. The few sparks that appeared, too, showed that the old fire was burned out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray had the talents rather of a critic than a poet; Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture; Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selection of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity; and last of all came Cowper, with a style of complete originality—and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry. In philosophy and prose writing, in general, the case was nearly parallel, till Junius and Johnson again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction, and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift. This brings us down,” says Jeffrey, “almost to the

present time, in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitation of the French Revolution, and the dissensions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion."——

—But we need not follow his text farther. The purpose of the previous quotations is attained; and we have now but one immediate duty to discharge—to awaken the reader to the reflection—that, amongst "the many causes" which helped to "confirm" (and perhaps to "accelerate") the great "revolution in our literature," a foremost place must be accorded to the *Edinburgh Review*—and, that, in the conduct of that efficient organ of criticism, a foremost, indeed, *the* foremost place, must be accorded to FRANCIS JEFFREY.

It has been observed that the human mind has its seasons, like the material world. The autumn which has witnessed the successful labours of one generation, and gathered in the fruits of one age, is succeeded, it would seem, by a suspension of vegetation and a cessation of toil, during whose winter time the world subsists on the harvest of the past. But the suspension and the cessation reach their limit.

"—— The Spring
Comes forth her work of gladness to contrive ;"

a new age arises to awaken the spirit of man, and another generation come forth with hopeful energy to till the fields of their fathers anew. The seed is sown, and germinates, and ripens, and winter is not eternal. Just such a time did the end of the last, and beginning of the present century disclose; and we, in these latter days, are gladdened by the splendid harvest whose beginnings were watched by other eyes, and tended by other hands than ours, who sit down gratulant "among the rigs of barley," in the full yet mellow sunlight of an advanced civilization. We have seen Jeffrey, in the passage from his works above quoted, bring down the history of our literature to that era of illumination which was inaugurated in the early years of this century; and it were needless for us to trace it farther with any degree of fulness, still less, of minuteness. Did we seek to be most truly eloquent on this theme, we might restrict ourselves, (as, in effect, we now do) to name, simply and succinctly, such men as Campbell, Rogers, Wordsworth,

Scott, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, and others of that splendid throng of whom so few now remain to us :

“ Star after star decays.”

When genius walks the earth, it casts a shadow, criticism—and in that shadow Jeffrey followed the great poets, with the modest, but erect port of an esquire attendant upon his lord, inferior, but free. Accordingly, it is in his quality of critic the world has been pleased chiefly to regard him. Yet there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that he fulfilled no other function. On the contrary, construed *cum grano salis*, and under conditions which include a catalogue of defined and ascertained avocations, (for, in this respect, he “wears his rue with a difference,”) the celebrated lines of Dryden are not inapplicable to the subject of our notice :

“ A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.”

It was his happy destiny to cultivate assiduously the powers of an acute intellect, and the feelings of a large and true heart, through the various phases of a career which alternately presented him to the world as a writer, an advocate, a senator, and judge—for all these functions did Jeffrey fulfil. Literature boasts of many prouder names, the bar has been illustrated by more profound acquirements and more vivid eloquence, Parliament has been informed by higher wisdom than fell to his lot, and the bench dignified by greater knowledge than he could claim—but, for the happy union of those various qualifications, (notwithstanding that each of them was manifested in a less degree of intensity in him than in others), vivified by sterling worth of character and warm affections, the subject of this memoir was eminently distinguished through different periods of a whole half century. With pen and tongue, with head and heart, he fought the good fight, a true soldier of our civilization, patient, vigilant, courageous, and victorious.

FRANCIS JEFFREY was born at Edinburgh in the year 1773. “His father was George Jeffrey, who was bred to the law, and became one of the Depute-Clerks in the Supreme Court, not a high, but a very respectable situation.” Though his boyhood passed “without,” says Lord Cockburn, “being

marked by any of those early achievements or indications which biography is so apt to detect, or to invent, in the dawnings of those who have risen to eminence," yet, that transition period of life which intervenes between boyhood and manhood—and which is described by a well-known word, notoriously dissonant to the ears of "young gentlemen"—was marked in Jeffrey's instance by a sinister precocity in ambition, in fancy, in perception, in general intellectual power. The Rev. Doctor Macfarlane, now principal of the College of Glasgow, and a quondam fellow-student of Jeffrey's, informs us that the latter "broke upon us"—that is, his contemporaries—"very brilliantly. In a debating society called the Historical and Critical, he distinguished himself as one of the most acute and fluent speakers, his favorite subjects being criticism and metaphysics." And the vanity and precocity of the following letter to one of his first preceptors, Dr. Adam, (author of the *Roman Antiquities*), were it now written by any boy of fifteen of our acquaintance, would make us tremble for the youth's future respectability, whether of intellect or of character. Yet Jeffrey was but *fifteen* when he penned it, and his respectability, whether for character or for intellect, did but increase thenceforward, during every year of his honorable, useful, and brilliant career. Noting in this sinister production the evidence of what he was at fifteen, and remembering, nevertheless, that he did *not* subsequently become either a puppy, an adventurer, or a fool, we are tempted to ascribe his redemption from the devil of conceit and presumption to a special interposition of the divine mercy in behalf of the pitiable boy whose youth was not that of the young; and the truth announced by the great Dramatist rises before us, less in the graceful attire of a subtle and profound poetical philosophy, than in the simple garb of inspired prophecy—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Here is the letter we have referred to.

JEFFREY TO DR. ADAM.

"Dear Sir, I do not question that you will be surprised at the freedom of this uninvited intrusion; and when I tell you (by way of

apology) that for these some weeks I have been impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent, I question if your surprise will be diminished. As a student of philosophy I thought myself bound to withstand the temptation, and as an adept in logic, to analyse the source of its effects. Both attempts have been equally unsuccessful. I have neither been able to resist the inclination, nor to discover its source. My great affection for the study of mind led me a weary way before I abandoned this attempt; nor did I leave the track of enquiry till I thought I had discovered that it proceeded from some emotion in the powers of the will rather than of the intellect. My epistolary communications have hitherto been confined to those whom I could treat with all the familiarity of the most perfect equality, and whose experience or attainments I was not accustomed to consider as superior to my own. This, I think, will account and apologise for any peculiarity you may discern in my style. I think it superfluous to assure you, that whatever appearance of levity or petulance *that* may bear, the slightest, the most distant, shadow of disrespect was never intended. When I recollect the mass of instruction I have received from your care—when I consider the excellent principles it was calculated to convey—when I contemplate the perspicuous, attentive, and dispassionate mode of conveyance—and, when I experience the advantages and benefits of all these, I cannot refrain the gratification of a finer feeling in the acknowledgment of my obligations. I am sufficiently sensible that these are hackneyed and cant phrases; but, as they express the sentiments of my soul, I think they must be tolerated. If you ever find leisure to notice this, I shall esteem your answer as a particular honour; and that you may more easily accomplish that, I inform you that I lodge at Mr. Milne's, Montrose Lodgings. So—this is an introductory letter! It wants indeed the formality of such a performance; but the absence of that requisite may for once be supplied by the *sincerity* with which I assure you I am, dear sir, yours, &c. &c., F. JEFFREY."

But if Jeffrey possessed his share of the pedantry of youth, it was creditably counterbalanced, and finally effaced, by a well-directed diligence which seldom survives precocity, and which constituted through life the foundation of his success. The shingly stratum of vain pedantry disappeared in time, and came to be overlaid by a soil of no ordinary depth and fertility.

"If there be any thing valuable in the history of his progress, it seems to consist chiefly in the example of meritorious labour which his case exhibits to young men, even of the highest talent. If he had chosen to be idle, no youth would have had a stronger temptation or a better excuse for that habit; because his natural vigour made it easy for him to accomplish far more than his prescribed

tasks respectably, without much trouble, and with the additional applause of doing them off hand. But his early passion for distinction was never separated from the conviction, that in order to obtain it, he must work for it.

“Accordingly, from his very boyhood, he was not only a diligent, but a very systematic student; and in particular, he got very early into the invaluable habit of accompanying all his pursuits by collateral composition; never for the sake of display, but solely for his own culture. The steadiness with which this almost daily practice was adhered to, would be sufficiently attested by the mass of his writings which happens to be preserved; though these be obviously only small portions of what he must have executed. There are notes of lectures, essays, translations, abridgements, speeches, criticisms, tales, poems, &c.; not one of them done from accidental or momentary impulse, but all wrought out by perseverance and forethought, with a view to his own improvement. And it is now interesting to observe how very soon he fell into that line of criticism which afterwards was the business of his life. Nearly the whole of his early original prose writings are of a critical character; and this inclination towards analysis and appreciation was so strong, that almost every one of his compositions closes by a criticism on himself.”

Amongst his other papers, written when he was from sixteen to eighteen years of age, are some entitled “My opinions of some Authors,” constituting a collection of critical essays:—

“He says in a note, ‘I have only ventured to characterise those *who have actually undergone my perusal.*’ Yet they are fifty in number; and besides most of the English classics, include Fenelon, Voltaire, Marmontel, Le Sage, Moliere, Racine, Rousseau, Rollin, Buffon, Montesquieu, &c. His perusal of many of these must have been very partial; yet it is surprising how just most of his conceptions of their merits and defects are. Many of these criticisms, especially of English writers, such as Dryden, Locke, and Pope, are written in a style of acute and delicate discrimination, and express the ultimate opinions of his maturer years. Johnson, as might be expected of a youth, is almost the only one whom he rates far higher then than he did afterwards.

“There are twelve *Letters*, each somewhat longer than a paper of the Spectator, addressed to an imaginary ‘My Dear Sir,’ and subscribed by *Philosophus, Simulator, Proteus, Scrutator, Solomon, &c.*, and all dated July 1789. They are all on literary and philosophical subjects, lively and well composed. One of them is on *Criticism*—by no means the best, but now curious from its subject. It explains the importance of the art, and the qualities of the sound critic.

“Between November 1789 and March 1790, there are thirty-one essays, each about the same length with these letters. They are full of vigorous thinking, and of powerful writing; and a mere statement of these subjects will shew his fertility. They are entitled:—

1. On Human Happiness.	16. Ancient and Modern Learning.
2. On a State of Nature.	17. On the Fate of Genius.
3. On Slavery.	18. On Death.
4. On Sincerity and Self-Love.	19. O
5. On Indolence.	20. U
6. On the Praise of former Ages.	21. O
7. The Superiority of the Sexes.	22. O
8. Of Man.	23. O
9. Of the Love of Fame.	24. O
10. Of Fancy.	25. O
11. On Jealousy.	26. O
12. Celibacy and Marriage.	27. T
13. Of Love.	28. T
14. Of Man.	29. O
15. Of Local Emotion.	30. T

r.

tues.

And the list curiously closes with a paper whose subject is—"The foregoing essays!" But not only were his writings thus the theme of his criticism (a useful and worthy labour), but his character was likewise subjected to his introspection (by no means a useful or worthy labour). "His '*Sketch of my own Character*,'" says his biographer, "is so singular a piece of self-analysis for a youth of seventeen, that I have sometimes been inclined to put it in the appendix; but it is better not. Though well written, and full of striking observations, it is seldom safe to disclose descriptions by a man of himself. *Even when perfectly candid, and neither spoiled by the affectation of making himself better or worse than he really was*, they are apt to be misunderstood, and their publication, especially near his own day, is certain to provoke ridicule"—opinions in which we completely coincide. There is nothing more injurious to truth, to courage, and to integrity, than the habit of introspection, unless where it is corrected by active pursuits, and enlightened by experience of the world. It is, in most cases, a sort of moral squinting, by which a man endeavours, as it were, to see one of his eyes with the other. The world without can hardly spare any divergence of insight to the world within; and society will not fail, in the greater number of instances, to furnish a "*Sketch of my own Character*," without gratuitous chalk-drawing from the sitter for the portrait.

He entered at Oxford in September, 1791. The merits of that venerable institution he sums up in one short sentence written to a correspondent, wherein, we suspect, he has sacrificed some portion of truth to humour. "Except praying and drinking," he says, "I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this place."

“ In spite of the prevailing dissipation and idleness, he himself was a diligent student in his own way. Sir John Stoddart, who knew him there, says that though ‘ not a reading man, he must have devoted much time to literature in general; for his conversation, though always gay and lively, evinced a large store of information.’ Accordingly, he himself used to acknowledge, that though, on the whole, disappointed with Oxford, his time there had not been lost totally. This indeed is implied in the fact, that during these nine months, he wrote a great many papers, of which eighteen happen to have been preserved.

“ Some of them are short and immaterial, such as a translation of the life of Agricola, and another sermon; which latter seems to be a species of composition rather seductive to literary laymen. His are about as good as any sermons can be, which are got up as mere rhetorical exercises. Several of them were preached, with considerable effect; particularly by Mr. Marshall, whose elocution did justice to the author’s style, and by a late respectable minister of our Established Church, who had been a tutor at Herbertshire, and imposed some of them on his congregation so lately as 1825.

“ Among the longer papers, there is one on Beauty; which is interesting, as the germ of his treatise on that subject, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, many years afterwards.”

He finally left Oxford in July, 1792, and returned to Edinburgh, where he speedily commenced the study of the law, and became a member of a debating society—the “*Speculative*”—an event which Lord Cockburn informs us “did more for him than any other in the course of his education.”

“ It was exactly what he required, and he gave himself to it with his whole heart. The period for regular attendance was three years; but his voluntary and very frequent visits were continued for six or seven years more. In the course of these nine or ten years, he had a succession, and sometimes a cluster, of powerful competitors. It is sufficient to mention Sir Walter Scott, with whom he first became acquainted here; Dr. John Thompson; John Allen; David Boyle, now Lord President of the Court of Session; the Rev. Dr. Brunton; the Marquis of Lansdowne; the late Charles, Lord Kinnaird; Dr. Headlam; Francis Horner; the late William Adam, Accountant General in the Court of Chancery; John A. Murray, and James Moncrieff, both afterwards Judges; Henry Brougham; Lord Glenelg, and his late brother Robert Grant; James Loch, the Honourable Charles Stuart, and William Scarlett. * * It has scarcely ever fallen to my lot to hear three better speeches than three I heard in that place,—one on National Character by Jeffrey, one on the Immortality of the Soul by Horner, and one on the Power of Russia by Brougham.”

He composed verse too, in addition to his prose labours. "He was fond of parodying the *Odes of Horace*, with applications to modern incidents and people, and did it very successfully." He translated the whole of the *Argonauticon* of *Apollonius Rhodius* into blank verse, besides writing original poems; but "his poetry was less poetical than his prose," sneers his biographer, and fortunately made way for more serious, if not more profitable pursuits."

"On the 16th of December 1794, he was admitted to practise at the bar.

"No idea can be formed of the prospects which this privilege opened, or of the good which he ultimately did, without knowing something of the political state of Scotland when he thus came into public life.

"Everything was inflamed by the first French Revolution. Even in England all ordinary faction was absorbed by the two parties—of those who thought that that terrible example, by showing the dangers of wrongs too long maintained, was the strongest reason for the timely correction of our own defects,—and of those who considered this opinion as a revolutionary device, and held that the atrocities in France were conclusive against our exciting sympathetic hopes, by an admission that curable defect existed. It would have been comfortable if these had been merely argumentative views, upon a fair subject of amicable discussion. But they were personal as well as political feelings, and separated people into fierce hostile factions, each of which thought that there was no safety for the state, or for itself, without the destruction of the other. Never, since our own Revolution, was there a period when public life was so exasperated by hatred, or the charities of private life were so soured by political aversion. * * But this cannot be converted from a personal into a general, or even a local history; and, therefore, those not so intimately connected with Jeffrey as to have affected his life, must be passed over. As to himself, his public opinions, or rather their principles, were coeval with the growth of his reason. His private writings show that they were not formed without study and reflection, and his purity in adopting them may be inferred from their all being against his immediate interest. Nothing beyond his conviction of their soundness is necessary in order to account for his adoption of them. If accidental circumstances co-operated, they probably consisted in the attraction of free principles to such a mind; in his abhorrence of the prevailing local persecution, and in the gloomy intolerance of his Tory father, contrasted with the open-hearted liberality of his Whig uncle of Herbertshire.

"The legal profession in Scotland had every recommendation to a person resolved, or compelled, to remain in this country. It had not the large fields open to the practitioner in England, nor the practicable seat in the House of Commons, nor the lofty political and judicial eminences, nor the great fortunes. But it was not a

less honourable or a less intellectual line. It is the highest profession that the country knows; its emoluments and prizes are not inadequate to the wants and habits of the upper classes; it has always been adorned by men of ability and learning, who are honoured by the greatest public confidence."

In 1798 he visited London with a view to obtain literary employment, but failed in the attempt. "So much the better for him," says Lord Cockburn. "He came home, and was gradually drawn by circumstances into the line of life which was the best for his powers, his usefulness, and his happiness." The principal "happiness" appears to have been "Catherine, one of the daughters of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Professor of Church History at St. Andrews, a second cousin of his own."

"The marriage took place on the 1st November 1801. It had all the recommendation of poverty. His father, who was in humble circumstances, assisted them a very little; but Miss Wilson had no fortune, and Jeffrey had told his brother, only six months before, that '*my profession has never yet brought me £100 a-year. Yet have I determined to venture upon this new state. It shews a reliance on Providence scarcely to be equalled in this degenerate age, and indicates such resolutions of economy as would terrify any less magnanimous adventurer.*' His brother having asked him to describe his wife; he did so, as I think, who came to know her well, with great accuracy. 'You ask me to describe my Catherine to you; but I have no talent for description, and put but little faith in full drawn characters; besides, the original is now so much a part of myself, that it would not be decent to enlarge very much, either upon her excellences or her imperfections. It is proper, however, to tell you, in sober earnestness, that she is not a showy or remarkable girl, either in person or character. She has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands, and above all, I am perfectly sure, that she has a good heart, and that it is mine without reluctance or division.' She soon secured the respect and esteem of all his friends, and made her house, and its society, very agreeable."

In 1802, he made his first professional speech, in a cause of no public interest. Notwithstanding, Jeffrey's ability made him conspicuous on this occasion, and he himself states that about this period "his professional employment was increasing, and his general reputation as a man of business." But he met with a check at this time, which party injustice and the loss of a powerful connexion rendered the more mortifying. "There were no regular reporters of the proceedings of the courts," says Lord Cockburn, "except two advocates, who were elected to the office by their brethren by the bar." On a

vacancy occurring, Jeffrey presented himself as a candidate, and was rejected in favour of an opponent, who though inferior to him in capacity, had the merit of being on the "right side" in politics.

"The election was connected with one painful occurrence, which distressed him for many years. There was some business relation between his father and Sir William Miller, Bart., who was a judge, and known, from his estate's name, as Lord Glenlee. This had led his Lordship to notice Frank Jeffrey while very young, and, seeing his talents, to have him a good deal about him. But as the youth grew up, and his political principles began to disclose themselves, his Lordship's taste for him did not increase, and their intercourse became less frequent. Glenlee had no vote in the election, but it was thought that he might have some influence, and as there was no avowed rupture, Jeffrey asked him to exert it on his behalf. But his Lordship took this occasion to tell him plainly that, in consequence of his politics, he could befriend him no more. They parted, and scarcely exchanged words for nearly thirty years. Jeffrey was Lord Advocate before he was allowed to renew the old acquaintance. He did so then, and with great pleasure; for throughout this long alienation he had never uttered one word about his early patron but in respect and gratitude. So far as we know, this was the solitary eclipse by which any friendship of Jeffrey's was ever obscured."

But the "Providence that shapes our ends" befriended Jeffrey in his manhood, as well as in his youth, and this apparently unfortunate circumstance became the turning point of his thenceforth prosperous destiny. This young man, of a birth but commonly respectable; with a precarious income which oscillated rather in the direction of a straightened poverty, than that even of a barely decent competence; scarcely prized save by a few friends, amidst a throng of enemies; embarrassed by an early marriage which made a sunshine, indeed, around his heart, but a sunshine such as gilds at morning the icy peaks of a repulsive and unproductive mountain range, within the limits of eternal snow; banned in his native land for the crime of loving it well, and not unwisely; and even repelled, as we have seen, from that Emigration-land of London which is, and has been so long, to the outcast scholar and the literary adventurer, what America is to the overtaxed mechanic or exterminated peasant; this young man has just engaged in an enterprise which shall bring him reputation and competence in the present, and lay open the path of fame and wealth and ennobling honours in the future;

which shall set him upon that bench whose decisions he was at one time forbidden to report ; which shall appoint him in his ripe age a member of an administration called to office by the voice of the sovereign and the nation to establish the very principles of free government, the advocacy of which made the sole crime, and insured the signal punishment, of his youth ; which—passing from the consideration of his personal interests to those of the community—shall herald the march of a new literature and exalt the public taste of his own and succeeding times ; and, finally, afford enlightened and efficient aid to the depressed cause of reform and progress through a long lapse of years during which the growth of an improved public spirit, “an increasing purpose” shall have overthrown ancient abuses, laid the foundation of a more fortunate future, and “widened the thoughts of men with the process of the suns.”* We can hardly believe in this age of Reviews and Magazines that a Review could in any way have contributed to such results, notwithstanding the deliberately written evidence of a living witness, Lord Cockburn, the author of Jeffrey’s biography, his contemporary, rival, and friend. But the reader must not fail specially to remember that at the period when the *Edinburgh Review* was started by Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, our periodical literature boasted of but as many lines as it now does of columns. The market may now be glutted (though that is a matter of question), but it was not then moderately, or even niggardly supplied. Finally, the year 1802 preceded its brother 1852, and during the intervening half century it was that same *Edinburgh Review* which gave the vital impulse to that very literature the contemplation of whose present luxuriance will only deceive the enquirer in his valuation of its condition fifty years ago. Fifty years ago ! There have been few periods in the history of the world, when those little words might bear so great a meaning as at this very day. You stand in the harvest field of an age, and, like children, forget that your fathers reclaimed the soil, and sowed the seed, and made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. But old men still live and talk of the old times. In those days Wordsworth was struggling with the darkness, Scott unknown, Byron had “not

* “Yet I doubt not thro’ the ages an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”
Tennyson.

penned his inspiration," steam had not baffled sea and wind, and re-mapped the land, the Catholic was unemancipated, the subject unfranchised. For, to this effect old men bear witness, and amongst them, Lord Cockburn leans on his staff of memory, and his voice is not the least instructive to us *fruges consumere nati*. His biography of Jeffrey abounds in the—past! Within our limits, we can hardly hope to do the biographer justice; our pages can but scantily supply the information fully detailed in the original work, the subject of this brief review, and the reader will do well to avail himself of its instruction at the fountain head. Meantime, we will quote as largely as we may—

"Sydney Smith's account of the origin of the Edinburgh Review is this:—'One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth storey or flat, in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review.'—(Preface to Smith's Works.)

"There were circumstances that tended so directly towards the production of some such work, that it seems now as if its appearance, in Edinburgh, and about this time, might almost have been foreseen. Of these it is sufficient to mention the irrepressible passion for discussion which succeeded the fall of old systems on the French Revolution; the strong feeling of resentment at our own party intolerance; the obviousness that it was only through the press that this intolerance could be abated, or our policy reformed; the dotage of all the existing journals; and the presence, in this place, of the able young men who have been mentioned, most of them in close alliance, and to whom concealed authorship was an irresistible vent.

"The most important of these were Jeffrey, Smith, Brougham, and Horner. Very few of them contemplated letters or politics as the business of their lives, but they were all eager for distinction, and for the dissemination of what they, in their various walks, thought important truth; and they were then all masters of their own time."

"But they plainly lent upon Jeffrey, who had not merely been engaged in the study of criticism all his life, but had reduced his study to practice. * * * There had been no critical journal in Scotland since the days of the original "*Edinburgh Review*,"

* Their youth, though it was one of the established grounds of the pretended contempt of their opponents, was by no means excessive. Allen, in 1802, was thirty-two, Smith, thirty-one, Jeffrey, twenty-nine. Brown, twenty-four, Horner, twenty-four, Brougham, twenty-three. Excellent ages for such work.

the first number of which was published in January, 1755, and the second and last in January, 1756."

"There were reviews in England ; but, though respectable according to the notions at that time of critical respectability, they merely languished in decent feebleness. Indeed, the circumstance of their almost restricting themselves to the examination of books, exclusively of public measures and principles, narrowed the range of their criticism, and congealed its spirit."

"At last, on the 10th of October 1802, the first number of the Edinburgh Review appeared. Besides several other articles, it contained seven by Smith, four by Horner, four commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham, and five by Jeffrey, one of which, upon Mourier on the influence of the French Revolution, began the work.

"The effect was electrical. And instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increasing on each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel, or almost to understand, the impression made by the new luminary, or the anxieties with which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of every thing that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiates were extinguished at once. The learning of the new Journal, its talent, its spirit, its writings, its independence, were all new ; and the surprise was increasing by a work so full of public life springing up, suddenly, in a remote part of the kingdom. Different classes soon settled in their different views of it. Its literature, its political economy, and its pure science, were generally admired. Many thoughtful men, indifferent to party, but anxious for the progress of the human mind, and alarmed lest war and political confusion should restore a new course of dark ages, were cheered by the unexpected appearance of what seemed likely to prove a great depository for the contributions of able men to the cause of philosophy. Its political opinions made it be received by one party with demonstrations of its iniquity, with confident prophecies of the impossibility of so scandalous a publication lasting, much pretended derision, and boundless abuse of its audacious authors. On the opposite side, it was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day. It was not merely the intelligent championship of their principles that those on that side saw apparently secured, but the far higher end, that reason would be heard. The splendid career of the Journal, as it was actually run, was not anticipated, either by its authors or by its most ardent admirers ; none of whom could foresee its long endurance, or the extent to which the mighty improvements that have reformed our opinions and institutions, and enable us to engraft the wisdom of experience on the maintainable antiquities of our system, were to depend on this single publication. They only saw the present establishment of an organ of the highest order, for the able and fearless discussions of every matter worthy of being inquired into ; but they could not then discern its consequences.

"Nowhere was its pillar of fire watched with greater intensity than in Scotland, where the constitutional wilderness was the darkest.

Many years had to pass before it could effect actual reform ; but it became clearer every day that a generation was forming by which the seed sowing by this work must at last be reaped. To Edinburgh in particular it was of especial benefit. It extended the literary reputation of the place, and connected it with public affairs, and made its opinions important. All were the better of a journal to which every one with an object of due importance had access, which it was in vain either to bully or to despise, and of the fame of which even its reasonable haters were inwardly proud.

"It was distinguished in its outset from similar publications, by its being kept quite independent of booksellers, and by the high prices soon paid for articles. The first kept its managers free ; the second gave them the command of nearly all the talent in the market. Yet for the first two or three numbers they had an idea that such a work could be carried on without remunerating the writers at all. It was to be all gentleman, and no pay. And it was during this state of matters that Jeffrey doubted its success, and meant to have a very short connection with it. But this blunder was soon corrected by a magnificent recurrence to the rule of common sense. Mr. Constable, who was their publisher, though unfortunate in the end, was the most spirited bookseller that had ever appeared in Scotland.

"The society of Edinburgh was not that of a provincial town, and cannot be judged of by any such standard. It was metropolitan.

"All our nobility had not then fled. A few had sense not to feel degraded by being happy at home. The old town was not quite deserted. Many of our principal people still dignified its picturesque recesses and historical mansions, and were dignified by them. The closing of the Continent sent many excellent English families and youths among us, for education and for pleasure. The war brightened us with uniforms, and strangers, and shows.

"Over all this there was diffused the influence of a greater number of persons attached to literature and science, some as their calling, and some for pleasure, than could be found, in proportion to the population, in any other city in the empire.

"It was in this community that Jeffrey now began to rise. It required some years more to work off the prejudices that had obstructed him, but his genuine excellence did work them off at last ; till, from being tolerated, he became liked ; from being liked, popular ; from being popular, necessary ; and in the end was wrapped in the whole love of the place. His favourite social scenes, next to his strictly private ones, were the more select parties where intellect was combined with cheerfulness, and good talk with simplicity. But though a great critic of social manners, no one was less discomposed by vulgarities or stupidities, if combined with worth, when they fell in his way. No clever, talking man, could have more tolerance than he had for common-place people ; a class, indeed, to which many of his best friends belonged. I have heard him, when the supercilious were professing to be shocked by such persons, thank God that he had never lost his taste for bad company."

And here we must anticipate the future. The order of time must yield to the order of connexion between causes and effects, between events and their consequences. In the year 1802, as we have seen, Jeffrey aided in the establishment of the Edinburgh Review, in the year 1829 his connexion with it ceased, and the merits of the publication during the intermediate period are thus set forth towards the close of Lord Cockburn's volume—

“ On closing the labours of these twenty-seven years, Jeffrey had a career to look back upon such as never elevated the heart of any one who had instructed the public by periodical address. It is not my business to review the Review; and I am conscious of incapacity to do it. But it is not very difficult to state the grounds on which I think that this was a splendid retrospect.

“ We can only estimate our permanent obligations to the Edinburgh Review, when Jeffrey retired from it, by placing ourselves on the eminence of 1829, and looking back on the space between that point and the month of October 1802. It is nearly impossible even to count the useful intervening changes. A few of the more material ones stand out, and will for ever display themselves, as the great marks that attest the progress of the age. In 1802, dread of the people, and a stern resistance of improvement, because it implied change, were the necessary, and often the only, qualifications for favour with the party in possession of power. The rights of religious toleration were so little understood, that several millions of the population were subjected, on account of their creed, or their forms, to various important disabilities. We traded in human beings, under the protection of a great party, and of the law. Popular education was so utterly unknown to England, that the ignorance of the lower orders was considered as a positive recommendation. Ireland was in a state of disorderly barbarism; and, because it was peopled by Papists, this was thought its natural and its deserved condition. There was much hardness or indifference in public opinion; shewing itself particularly in the severity of our dealings with all we had to punish or control,—the sailor or soldier, the criminal, the insolvent, the lunatic, and the young. The foundations of many parts of our public policy were hollow; or, where solid, what had been raised upon them was unsound; so that facility of revision was what was required; yet these defects were exactly what were successfully maintained to be the best parts of our policy. The mere elements of political economy were very sparingly known, except to a very small class. Some of the physical sciences, such as geology, were only arising, and all of them admitted of great improvement. The literary horizon was but beginning to glow with the brilliancy of its later great era. The public mind was in the bud; but, if not cherished, the blossom and the fruit might have been destroyed, or long delayed.

In the year 1829, all this was altered or mitigated. The alteration from youth to manhood, in an individual, is not more complete

than the change that had taken place in the nation: That miserable horror of change, which must in time reduce any country to idiocy, was duly abated; and novelty, though it never of itself became a recommendation, ceased to be a reproach, and conclusive. The Protestant dissenter and the Papist were emancipated. Nothing effectual was yet done for popular education; but the existing evil had been exposed; and we heard little of the praises of ignorance. The sad insanities of Ireland, which may still baffle a century of sound legislation, were not cured; but the folly of dealing with that as a doomed island, and the duty of trying to relieve its miseries, though self-inflicted, by justice and prudence, and the hope of the ultimate success of wise measures even on that people, came to be the habitual sentiments of parliaments and of public men. Our great crime of slavery was put down; and the many curses by which it will ever revenge itself upon any people that practise it were avoided. The light was admitted into many abuses, and many defects, in many parts of our polity, not excepting the fiscal and the legal, the most inscrutable and the best guarded of them all. The heart of the nation was softened. All the haunts, whether of penal or corrective control, of innocent or of guilty misery, were reformed by that pity which would have entered them in vain, but for the improved humanity of the age. Commercial and kindred questions came to be solved by an application of the economical science to which they belong, and which lost by discussion much of its mystery, and became familiar to the ordinary thoughts of ordinary people. That extension of the elective franchise, without which it now seems certain that revolution could not have been long delayed, had not actually taken place; but it was close at hand. Campbell, Crabbe, Southey, Scott, Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth, had risen, and shone, and nearly passed away. But not till the true principles of poetical composition had been examined and applied to each. There never was a period in which such numerous and splendid contributions, moral and physical, were made to the treasury of public knowledge; and all of these were now discussed with no general and feeble expressions of praise or of blame, but with a decree of independence and talent, entering into the very heart of the matter, that gave people of all sides an assurance of being adequately instructed.

“ If there be a person who thinks that the condition of the people, and of our institutions and system, was better in 1802 than in 1829, and who, consequently, if he could, would go back to the earlier period, that person, of course, can feel no gratitude to the *Edinburgh Review*. But whoever exults in the dropping away of so many fetters, and in the improvement of so many parts of our economy, and in the general elevation of the public mind, must connect all these with the energy and intelligence of this journal. Not that many of these changes, or perhaps all of them, would not have taken place although this work had never existed; for, to a certain extent, they arose naturally out of the advance of a free community. But they certainly would not have occurred so soon, or so safely. There is scarcely one abuse that has been overthrown, which, supported as every one was, might not have still survived, nor a right principle

that has been adopted which might not have been dangerously delayed, had it not been for the well-timed vigour and ability of this Review. It was the established champion of the measures, and principles, and feelings, that have prevailed; and the glory of the victory cannot be withheld from the power that prepared the warriors who fought the battle.

“It was not merely that the journal expounded and defended right principles and objects. Its prerogative was higher. It taught the public to think. It opened the people’s eyes. It gave them, periodically, the most animated and profound discussions on every interesting subject, that the greatest intellects in the kingdom could supply. The mere mention of the names of a few of those who addressed the public through this organ, during Jeffrey’s editorship, is of itself sufficient to attest the high character of the instruction given, and to guarantee its safety. How could a periodical work be but magnificent, of which it could be said that it was carried on by such men as the following, all in the full force of their powers, and each zealous on his favourite subject, viz :—Jeffrey, Smith, Horner, Brougham, Thomas Brown, Walter Scott, John Playfair, Hallam, Malcolm Laing, George Ellis, Wilberforce, Lord Melbourne, John Allen, Coleridge, Malthus, Payne, Knight, Professor Lesley, D. Mackintosh, Daniel Ellis, Moore, Dr. John Gordon, Palgrave, Leigh Hunt, Romily, Foscolo, Dr. Chalmers, Professor Wilson, J. R. Macculloch, Empson, Dr. Arnold, Sir William Hamilton, Macaulay, Carlyle, Robert Grant, Hazlitt, Alexander (Sanscrit) Hamilton, Thomas Campbell, Peter Elmsley, Phillimore, James Mill, Macvey Napier, Chenevix, Bloomfield, Sir H. Parnell, General William Napier. Many other bright stars might be added; but the sky that blazes with these constellations is bright enough. Their influence in illuminating the age may be ascertained by every man for himself. Let any regular reader of this Review recollect, and say how many of his opinions, and of the reasons for them, were formed from its successive articles; and how largely the feelings and principles that he now owns were breathed into him by its general spirit.

“Jeffrey’s value as *Editor* was incalculable. He had not only to revise and arrange each number after its parts were brought together, but before he got this length, he, like any other person in that situation, had much difficult and delicate work to perform. He had to discover, and to train, authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject, and, more offensive still, to improve, contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master’s judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. The merit of getting so many writers to forego the ordinary jealousies of authors and of parties, and to write invisibly, and without the

fame of individual and avowed publication, in the promotion of a work made up of unconnected portions, and assailed by such fierce and various hostility, is due to him entirely. He acquired it by his capacity of discussing almost any subject, in a conciliatory spirit, with almost any author; by the wisdom with which his authority was exercised; by the infusion of his personal kindness into his official intercourse; and his liberal and gentlemanlike demeanour."

Jeffrey's literary pursuits did not interfere with his professional labours, and his industry and talent gradually raised him to eminence in the most arduous of all professions, that of the law. This assertion—independently of the consideration that the *fact* was really as we have stated it—requires some elucidation. In England, and in this country, a barrister is at liberty to employ the energies of his earlier years in literature, and possibly, his success in that field will be carried to the credit of his general account for mental capacity with the public. But, should a period arrive when clients honour him with their confidence, and when common honesty imperatively claims his time and exertions in the paramount behalf of their interests, to the exclusion of intellectual exercises and scholarly vanities, from that hour forth the sole function of his pen is to note his briefs. The reason is well known, even to the *utter* public—if the reader will pardon a technical phrase, borrowed for the nonce, from professional caste. The Law at Westminster, and in our Four Courts, is not merely a *principle* that may be mastered by a mind prone to *generalize*—it is a *practice* that can only be fully acquired by a memory powerful to *accumulate*. But, in Scotland, it was far otherwise in Jeffrey's time. His biographer, Lord Cockburn, "one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland," and who filled the post of Solicitor-general under Jeffrey at the time when the latter was Lord Advocate, informs us that "The Law," as established in the last named country, "is not much upheld by the dim mysteries which are said *elsewhere* to be necessary. It is perhaps, the best, and the *simplest* legal system in *Europe*. It is deeply founded in practical wisdom—aided by that conjoined equity which"—mark this—"is equity *to the world*, as well as to *lawyers*. Its higher practice has always been *combined with literature*"—these are his words—"which indeed is the hereditary fashion of—the *profession*!" But, we shall fall into a grave error if we conclude that *any* man can make a lawyer, even in Scotland.

From the first period in which society consented to live by a Rule, to this very hour, the expositors and umpires of that Rule have constituted a distinct caste, with uncommon attributes of mind, with a peculiar basis of contemplation, and a defined limit of action; and, we have no doubt, it will be so to the end of time. "Every man his own lawyer" is apocalyptic—synonymous with the Final Confusion. Be that as it may, we do not mean to underrate Jeffrey as an advocate. He was all that an acute, conscientious, instructed, and eloquent counsel could be, and this in an age when Curran was remembered, Erskine still living, Brougham ascendant. We shall do well to keep in mind this condensed result of his professional labours, since matters of a more general and public interest will presently demand our remaining space, and since it is at once useless and impossible to drag the reader step by step from the junior's "first fee" to the judge's retiring pension. Enough that he attained the highest honours of his profession, that he was Lord Advocate during a period of great public interest, to which we shall have occasion afterwards to refer, and that the Bench sustained the weight of his advanced years. At this point of his destiny, it is "passing strange" to go back to that year 1801, and to refresh our recollection of his early repulse with a brief quotation from the first pages of his biography. "There were no regular reporters of the decisions of the court at this period, except two advocates, who were elected by their brethren. Both offices becoming vacant, Jeffrey presented himself as a candidate for one of them, and was rejected by a large majority. It was made a mere *party question*."

"And thus," may we truly say with Shakspeare, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

His merits as a judge are carefully set forth by his biographer, himself a judge—

"Notwithstanding one questionable habit, the judicial duties have rarely been better performed than they were by him. His ability need not be mentioned—nor the sensitiveness of his candour—nor his general aptitude for the law. Surpassed, perhaps, by one or two in some of the more mystical depths of the law of real property, his general legal learning was more than sufficient to enable him, after ordinary argument, to form sound views, and to defend them, even on these subjects. The industry that had turned the vivacity of his youth to account, and had marked all his progress, followed him to the bench. His opinions were always given fully, and with

great liveliness, and great felicity of illustration. His patience, for so quick a person, was nearly incredible. He literally never tired of argument, and therefore had rather a leaning against all devices for shortening proceedings not on matters of mere form. This was partly the result of a benevolent anxiety to make parties certain that they had at least been fully heard; but it also proceeded from his own pleasure in the game. Though not exactly denying the necessity of rules for ending discussion, he scarcely liked them; and half pitied a party whose desire to say still more on his own matter, which was everything to him, was resisted for the convenience of other matters, for which he cared nothing; and has been known to say, that if there was only one cause in the world it would never end; and why should it? What are other causes to a man who has not done with his own? He who was inclined to hold this paradox must have been a very patient judge. It was his patient activity that reconciled him to it, even as a paradox.

"The questionable thing in his judicial matter consisted in an adherence to the same tendency that had sometimes impaired his force at the bar—speaking too often and too long. He had no idea of sitting, like an oracle, silent, and looking wise; and then, having got it all in, announcing the result in as many calm words as were necessary, and in no more. Delighted with the play, instead of waiting passively till the truth should emerge, he put himself, from the very first, into the position of an enquirer, whose duty it was to extract it by active processes. His error lay in not perceiving that it would be much better extracted from him by counsel, than it generally can be by a judge. But disbelieving this, or disregarding it, his way was to carry on a running margin of questions, and suppositions, and comments, through the whole length of the argument. There are few judges in whom this habit would be tolerated. It is disagreeable to counsel, disturbs other members of the court, and exposes the individual to inaccurate explanation and to premature impression. But, as done by Jeffrey, it had every alleviation that such a practice admits of. It was done with great talent; with perfect gentleness and urbanity; solely from an anxiety to reach justice; with no danger to the ultimate formation of his opinion; and with such kindly liveliness, that the very counsel who was stranded by it, liked the quarter from which the gale had blown. Accordingly, he was exceedingly popular with every body, particularly with the bar; and the judicial character could not be more revered than it was in him by the public."

As a politician, Jeffrey was earnest, active within the limits which his multiform avocations imposed, and useful to the full extent permitted by the conditions of his situation, his time, and country. In the summary of his varied exertions in connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, we have already seen Lord Cockburn assign to him his measure of praise as a recognized and worthy leader of liberal opinion. But we must

observe that the pages of the *Review* did not constitute the sole medium of action of which he availed himself to fulfil his duties to the political world. The platform, the hustings, and the benches of parliament, successively presented an arena to his energy, and his eloquence ; and, although, as a member of the legislature, he was circumscribed by the policy of the administration of which he was a member, his active mind was not weakened by the repression, but the rather condensed into a compass of increased efficiency. And this latter circumstance of his necessary subordination to the views of the men with whom he acted, is in no way discreditable, since it was unattended by any departure from principle. Nor was it humiliating in a merely intellectual point of view, since he whose destiny it is to be all things cannot be in each supreme. Jeffrey, in some respects, was the Crichton of his age, and centered in his person the qualities of the intellectual character of his time. This is to us his chief value. He lived the life of a nineteenth century man in the nineteenth century—the life of the pen, the life of the tongue, the life of free opinion, of social intercourse, of speculation, of action too, and above all, of labour—the life of a child of the people, whose sheer merit exalted him above, but did not sever him from, the people—who, like the Italian of old, in Sismondi's history, "carried his castle in his heart," and stood at length in the shadow of feudal roofs, the equal of their lords. But we must not fail to note, that he did not prove an exception to the truth of the observation, that a character remarkable for the universality of its qualities includes conditions compatible with deficiency of power in particular gifts, as compared with the manifestation of the latter, solely and severally vested in individual recipients. And yet, making this allowance for Jeffrey's *variation*, the wonder still remains, that the magnet of his spirit ever pointed to truth—that he, who was all things in turn, was all things so well. It has now become our duty to present him in his political aspect, and we may here remark that Lord Cockburn's volume is exceedingly interesting from the graphic minuteness of many details of the great Reform struggle. We have, however, already quoted so largely, in reference to other topics, that allowing ourselves much further liberty in that respect would be unjust to the author who has a right to expect a full review from our pen, but can scarcely covet an abridged edition from our scissors.

The following extract has reference to the year 1809, and it is not a little curious that it might be written in the year 1852 :—

“ His opinions were in substance just those of the Whig party ; but with this material qualification, that he was one of those who always thought that even the Whigs were disposed to govern too much through the influence of the aristocracy, and through a few great aristocratical families, without making the people a direct political element. He stated this view in the following letter to Mr. Horner, 26th October, 1809. ‘ In the main, I think our opinions do not differ very widely ; and, in substance and reality, you seem to me to admit all that I used to contend with you about. In the first place, you admit now that *there is* a spirit of discontent, or disaffection if you choose to call it so, among the people, which must be managed and allayed, in some way or other, if we wish to preserve tranquillity. And, in the next place, you admit that the leading Whigs belong to the aristocracy, and have been obliged to govern themselves a great deal by the necessity of managing this aristocracy. Now, all I say is, that there is a radical contest and growing struggle between the aristocracy and democracy of this country ; and agreeing entirely with you, that its freedom must depend in a good measure on their coalition, I still think that the aristocracy is the weakest, and ought to give way, and that the blame of the catastrophe will be heaviest on those who provoke a rupture by maintaining its pretensions. When I said I had no confidence in Lord Grey or Grenville, I meant no more than that I thought them too aristocratical, and, consequently, likely to be inefficient. They will never be trusted by the Court, nor cordial with the Tories ; and, I fear, unless they think less of the aristocracy and its interests and prerogatives, they will every day have less influence with the people.

“ ‘ I have no doubt of their individual honour and integrity, and am disposed to think highly of their talents. You ask too much of the people, when you ask them to have great indulgence for the ornaments and weaknesses of refined life. You should consider what a burdensome thing Government has grown ; and into what dangers and difficulties they have been led by trusting implicitly to those refined rulers. As long as they are suffering and angry, they will have no indulgence for these things ; and every attempt to justify or uphold them will be felt as an insult. I still think our greatest immediate hazard is from without. But I differ from you still more in your opinion that we are more in danger of falling under a military tyranny through the common course of internal tumult and disorder, than of having our present Government consolidated into something a good deal like despotism without any stir. The very same want of virtue which make all popular commotion likely to end in military tyranny, gives reason to fear for the result of a passive obedience on one hand, and bad, unprincipled measures, on the other. Unless something be done, or happen, to conciliate, one or other of the parties will come to act in a decided manner by and by. I own to you,

that with the Government in the hands of Wellesleys and Melvilles, and with the feeling that something vigorous ~~must~~ be hazarded, I should rather expect to see the Habeas Corpus Act suspended—Cobbett and the Edinburgh Review prosecuted—newspapers silenced—and all the common harbingers of tyranny sent out, than to witness any alarming symptoms of popular usurpation and violence. The same cause, however, promises to avert both disasters. The people are both stronger and wiser, and more discontented, than those who are not the people will believe. Let the true friends of liberty and the constitution join with the people, assist them to ask, with dignity and with order, all that ought to be granted, and endeavour to withhold them from asking more.' * * * So as his uniform recommendation of uniting reasonableness of object with temperance of means, was acceded to, he never shrunk from coming forward when required; and, consequently, was always in the van. The battles he had to fight, like most of the common battles of party after they are over, may seem insignificant now. But they were of very serious importance at the time, insomuch that there are many who will consider a failure to explain them as depriving Jeffrey of much of his public merit. But I cannot think that any exposition of their detail is necessary, or that reasonable curiosity may not be satisfied by a general reference to transactions which, even at the distance of thirty years, there is some pain in remembering. I shall therefore only state, that as it was clear that the battle of internal reform had begun, there was no place where this truth was perceived with greater horror than at Edinburgh. The reason of this was that Edinburgh was the great seat of the influence of Government in Scotland. The most numerous, and the highest class of political competitors was there, and there was more patronage to fight for. Complaint had been so habitually crushed, that the defenders of the old system considered every effort towards independence as rebellion; while those who made these efforts treated opposition to them as tyranny. Neither of these feelings was at all unnatural, in the position of the parties. But the conflict was carried on with very different arms; which I shall not describe or contrast. The Whigs made no secret that their object was to emancipate Scotland. They were opposed with great bitterness, and with unhandsome weapons. These local animosities lasted some years, and brought Jeffrey and his associates into constant collision with their opponents. During those protracted and irritating proceedings, his judgment and his eloquence were often required, and nearly as often exerted; to the effect of greatly animating the spirits, and advancing the cause, of his party all over the country * * * In December 1830, the Whigs came into office, and he, by pre-eminence, was appointed Lord Advocate. This, in one unexpected moment, changed his whole habits, prospects, and avocations. He had hitherto lived entirely in Edinburgh, or its neighbourhood, enjoying his fame and popularity with his private friends,—an honourable and happy life. But he had now to interrupt his profession; to go into Parliament at alarming pecuniary risk; to forego the paradise of Craigcrook, and his delicious vocations; to pass many weary months, and these summer

ones, in London ; to be no longer the easy critic of measures, but their responsible conductor; and to be involved, without official training, in all the vexations of official business. These calamities he would have avoided if he could. But being assured that his party and the public were concerned, he submitted.

" Within a few weeks after his elevation, he was returned member for what were termed the Forfarshire Burghs ; on which occasion he had the honour of being pelted by what he calls the '*The brutes of Forfar*,' being a gang of blackguards who thought that this was a good way of promoting the cause of his opponent. But there was a flaw in the proceedings which soon unseated him. He had only got the return by the vote of the Dundee delegate, and this burgh having been previously disfranchised, it was ultimately decided that it had no right to vote. But as the judgment of disfranchisement was under appeal, he was advised to take his seat till the appeal should be disposed of.

" And so he was in office and in Parliament. ' I come into public life in stormy weather, and under no very enviable auspices, except that our *cause*, and our *meaning*, are good.'—(To Richardson, 27th July 1831.)

" The Reform Bill was propounded on the 1st of March 1831. Three days thereafter he made his first speech. ' I have proposed to speak twice, but could never get in. I think I must to-night. But not a word has yet been said as to Scotland, nor do I think the House would bear three sentences on that insignificant subject. I must therefore go into the general question.'—(To me, 4th March 1831.) He did so, in a speech, of which Macintosh says, ' Macaulay and Stanley have made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament. Jeffrey's, though not quite so debating and parliamentary, was quite as remarkable for argument and eloquence. No man of fifty-five* ever began a new career so well.'—(Memoirs, ii. 479). This speech was published immediately afterwards, at the special request of Government, and made a strong impression on those who really wished to understand the question. It is certainly general, and too much above the common grapple of parliamentary contention ; but out of the whole speeches that were delivered throughout the two years that the question was discussed, no better argument in favour of the principle and necessity of the measure, on its general grounds, is extrac.

Having been unseated for the Forfarshire Burghs, we are informed that " Lord FitzWilliam let him have his burgh of Malton," for which he was accordingly elected, but, a fortnight after this, Parliament was dissolved. He was put in nomination for Edinburgh ; the town council—thirty-two in number

* He should have said above fifty-seven.

—composed the whole body of the electors; and he was rejected by an overwhelming majority. But—courage!—the day of retribution is at hand.

He was re-elected for Malton, and in July, 1831, brought in the Scotch Reform Bill—

“The Scotch Bill passed the Commons about midnight on the 27th of June 1832.

“This did not end his anxieties, but it greatly relieved them. It left little beyond the general principle of the measure to be discussed, and this was virtually settled by the English case; though there were some persons, and even in high places, who wished to protract the struggle, on the curious ground that though the representation of England had been reformed, that of Scotland had better continue as it was. But this could not disturb him, and the intrigues and discussions and wranglings that had agitated the preceding eight months, were virtually at an end. Being the official manager of the measure, he, like every one else in that position, had to resist the most opposite proposals, both from friendly and from hostile quarters, and was blamed accordingly.”

“His reflections on getting the measure through the Commons were these:—‘It is odd how strangely I felt as I walked home alone last night after all was over. Instead of being elated or relieved, I could not help feeling a deep depression and sadness, and I rather think I dropped a tear or two, as I paused to interrogate my own feelings in St. James’ Square. I cannot very well explain this, but a sense of the littleness and vanity even of those great contentions, was uppermost in my mind.’”

The chief object of his ambition now was to represent his native city of Edinburgh. The Honble. James Abercrombie and Jeffrey received a requisition to permit themselves to be nominated as candidates—

“He and Jeffrey received a requisition to let themselves be put in nomination, signed by about 1200 electors. They consented, and went through the usual processes of addressing meetings of the constituents, and of seeing and conferring with the district leaders. These things have become common since; but this was the first time that the people had ever exercised the elective franchise; and the novelty of the proceedings gave them an interest that can never be felt again. People stared at the very sight of the hustings; all from curiosity, many with delight, some with unaffected horror. One party saw, in these few rare planks, the fulfilment of a vision long cherished; another the end of a system which they had hoped to perpetuate. The nomination was on the 17th of December 1832, the declaration of the poll upon the 19th. Their opponent on the Tory side was a most excellent gentleman, Mr. Forbes Blair, a

banker. The result was, that 4058 voted for Jeffrey, 3865 for Mr. Abercrombie, 1519 for Mr. Blair. It is due to the electors to state, that the two first were returned free of expense."

And here once more do we affirm, "thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." For we cannot even now forget that year 1801, when Jeffrey was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of reporter to the Court of Session, rejected by his brethren of the bar, whose votes then elected to the situation. "It was made a *mere party question*," says Lord Cockburn, noticing that transaction. Who could then have foreseen, that, thirty years after, this same Francis Jeffrey should be a "party" to a "party question," whose partizans should number in their ranks an overwhelming majority of the enfranchised citizens of a great city? There is much to ponder on in these two elections, and in their results, both as regards the man, and the community. Remember that his early disappointment in the year 1801 is linked with his final success in 1832; and fail not to mark these footprints of Providence with as eager an eye as that of Crusoe beholding, for the first time, the vestige of a human foot in the sand "by the sad sea waves," that girdled his lonely island-kingdom. "Whatever," says Lord Cockburn, speaking of the first of the two events we are now considering, "whatever this rejection proved to the party from whom it proceeded, it was to Jeffrey, personally, a most fortunate occurrence. This exclusion increased his despair of success in the law, and co-operated with his literary ambition in leading him into the scheme and management of that great work" (the *Edinburgh Review*) "with which his name is now permanently associated, which for the next twenty-seven years became the business of his life." It was this circumstance, then, which laid the foundation of the private fortunes of the man; its further action upon the public of these islands has been already amply considered; and the united operation of these twofold influences presents itself to our view in a confluent aspect in the first election at Edinburgh subsequent to the Reform Bill. Thus may we discern the providential relation between distant events of a totally different complexion, yet solidly and subtly linked together in one common chain of cause and effect through a long lapse of years and change of circumstance: thus the career of a single individual, considered in its life-long shiftings and accomplish-

ed results, becomes an evidence, and record for ever, to "vindicate the ways of God to man;" and thus may we note in the sand of destiny, as we pace this Fernandez-shore of our life, traces significant as those which rivetted the gaze of Defoe's mariner in the story—such traces, we mean, as fail not to print the way where Providence has passed, and to give assurance that a Being other than ourselves has gauged the limits, and shares with us the knowledge, of our little world."

In the relations of private life, Jeffrey possessed every solid virtue, and every amiable attraction, that could command respect, or win admiration. His correspondence is full of thoughts, reflections, and expressions, such as indicate the rare union of a delicate susceptibility with manly earnestness and strength of character. In this respect he resembled many of his gifted and worthy race. A Scot can reconcile numerous apparent contrarities, which refuse to dwell peaceably together in the lives and bosoms of most men not born in that "renowned, romantic land." He can talk metaphysics, and cast up accounts, knows how to be theoretical with the abstract, and how to be more practical than the practical themselves, can take a cheerful cup with a friend, and keep a cool head for his enemy. If he should stumble on Keats' question, and the reply thereto, touching the "two brothers" of Isabella, in the *Pot of Basil*,

" Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years,"

he will probably exclaim, "Hech! Sirs—the sillers braw, but the 'sangs of Grecian years' are gude thae day, if the bardie that cheerped them is like our ain Robin." This happy constitution of the national character, beneath whose well-poised roof-tree so many various mental manifestations, and affections, and susceptibilities sit down together in peace "in their ain house at hame," was largely shared by the subject of this biographical notice, whose acute, solid, and active intellect fraternized with a sensitive, genial, and noble heart. Never did sword so keen, so elastic, so well-balanced, repose in a scabbard more rich in the softness of velvet, the embroidery of gems, and inlaying of gold. We are but too often enjoined to regard the world in either of two extreme lights; as a tawdry Vanity-Fair to the fortunate and the idle, a place of harping

and pirouetting, built in the classic spirit of bridal-cake architecture; or, on the other hand, as a cell of stripes, and fastings, and ascetic meditations, to the suffering and thoughtful children of toil. Great, then, is our gratitude, when a man such as Jeffrey arises to rebuke the laughing and the weeping philosophers alike, and to cry out with all his might, "A curse on both your houses." Great is our joy, when a strong spirit has conquered the world, and a genial spirit enjoyed it. Great is our profit, when we see the learning of the courts and the energy of public places, transmute themselves into the cordial friendships, and subtler affections, of the hearth; when sense, spirit, and feeling are reconciled in the career of a gifted, and a good man. But it is time to let Lord Cockburn say something on this topic. Speaking of his friend's reputation in society, the latter says:—

"This popularity, by which he was less elated than softened into gratitude, was the result of his character and of his conversation.

"The last I have not skill to describe, except negatively. He was certainly a first-rate talker. But he was not an avowed sayer of good things; nor did he deal, but very sparingly, in anecdote, or in personalities, or in repartee; and he very seldom told a story, or quoted; and never lectured; and though perpetually discussing, almost never disputed; and though joyous, was no great laughier. What then did he do? He did this:—His mind was constantly full of excellent matter; his spirit was always lively; and his heart was never wrong; and the effusion of these produced the charm. He had no exclusive topics. All subjects were welcome; and all found him ready, if not in knowledge, at least in fancy. But literary and moral speculations were, perhaps, his favourite pastures. And in these, as in any region whatever, for nothing came amiss, he ranged freely, under the play of a gay and reasoning imagination; from no desire of applause, but because it gratified his mental activity. Speaking seemed necessary for his existence. The intellectual fountains were so full, that they were always bubbling over, and it would have been painful to restrain them. For a great talker, he was very little of an usurper. Everybody else had full scope, and indeed was encouraged; and he himself, though profuse, was never long at a time; except perhaps when giving an account of something of which he was the mere narrator, when his length depended on the thing to be told. Amidst all his fluency of thought, and all his variety of matter, a great part of the delight of his conversation arose from its moral qualities. Though never assuming the office of a teacher, his goodness of feeling was constantly transpiring. No one could take a walk, or pass a day, or an evening, with him, without having all his rational and generous tastes confirmed, and a steadier conviction than before, of the dependence of happiness on

kindness and duty. Let him be as bold, and as free, and as incautious, and hilarious, as he might, no sentiment could escape him that tended to excuse inhumanity or meanness, or that failed to cherish high principles and generous affections. Then the language in which this talent and worth were disclosed! The very words were a delight. Copious and sparkling, they often imparted nearly as much pleasure as the merry or the tender wisdom they conveyed. Those who left him might easily retire without having any particular saying to report, but never without an admiration of mental richness and striking expression. His respect for conversational power made him like the presence of those who possessed it. But this was not at all necessary for his own excitement, for he never uttered a word for display, and was never in better flow than in the ordinary society of those he was attached to, however humble their powers, and although they could give him no aid but by affection and listening. There was so much in his own head and heart, that, in so far as he was concerned, pouring it out was enjoyment enough. It may appear an odd thing to say, but it is true, that the listener's pleasure was enhanced by the personal littleness of the speaker. A large man could scarcely have thrown off Jeffrey's conversational flowers without exposing himself to ridicule. But the liveliness of the deep thoughts, and the flow of the bright expressions, that animated his talk, seemed so natural and appropriate to the figure that uttered them, that they were heard with something of the delight with which the slenderness of the trembling throat, and the quivering of the wings, make us enjoy the strength and clearness of the notes of a little bird."

The following, too, will be read with interest from its connection with the name of Moore; but it has a still higher claim to our consideration—who are the biographers of Jeffrey, and whose proper business is with the latter, the merits of the former finding their allotted place elsewhere in this number of our Review—since it bears testimony at once to the cordiality and delicacy of feeling which ever walked hand in hand together in Jeffrey's heart, like the strength of Adam and the grace of Eve in Eden—

"It was reported about this time that Mr. Thomas Moore had fallen under some severe pecuniary misfortune, on which Jeffrey wrote as follows to Mr. Rogers:—

"Edinburgh, 30th July 1819.—My dear Sir, I have been very much shocked and distressed by observing in the newspapers the great pecuniary calamity which has fallen on our excellent friend Moore; and not being able to get any distinct information, either as to its extent, or its probable consequences, from any body here, I have thought it best to relieve my anxiety by applying to you, whose kind concern in him must have made you acquainted with all the particulars, and willing, I hope, to satisfy the inquiries of one

who sincerely shows interest in his concerns. I do not know, however, that I should have troubled you merely to answer any useless inquiry. But in wishing to know whether any steps have been taken to mitigate this disaster. I am desirous of knowing also, whether I can be of any use on the occasion. I have unfortunately not a great deal of money to spare. But if it should be found practicable to relieve him from this unmerited distress by any contribution, I beg leave to say I should think it an honour to be allowed to take a share in it to the extent of £300, or £500, and that I could advance more than double that sum over and above, upon any reasonable security of ultimate repayment, however long postponed. I am quite aware of the difficulty of carrying through any such arrangement with a man of Moore's high feeling and character, and had he been unmarried, or without children, he might have been less reluctantly left to the guidance and support of that character. But as it is, I think his friends are bound to make an effort to prevent such lasting and extended misery as, from all I have heard, seems now to be impending. And in hands at once so kind and so delicate as yours, I flatter myself that this may be found practicable. I need not add, I am sure, that I am most anxious that, whether ultimately acted upon or not, this communication should never be mentioned to Moore himself. If you please you may tell him that I have been deeply distressed by his misfortunes, and should be most happy to do him any service. But as I have no right to speak to him of money, I do not think he should know that I have spoken of it to you. If my offer is accepted, I shall consider you and not him as the acceptor. And he ought not to be burdened with the knowledge of any other benefactor.

“‘Is there any chance of seeing you in Scotland again?’”

“Jeffrey partook in 1826 of the sorrow and consternation of all Scotland, on the disclosure of the pecuniary misfortunes of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Constable, the publisher of the Review, whose bankruptcy produced the crash, was Jeffrey's debtor to a very considerable amount on account of that work. The claim, after some negotiation, was settled. But even while his recovering anything seemed extremely doubtful, all feeling for his own loss was forgotten amidst his grief for the severer calamity that had fallen upon Scott. Indeed it never disturbed his serenity. Writing to Mr. Richardson, who acted as usual as his professional friend in London, he says, (21st January 1826)—‘It is grievous to annoy you with all this dull stuff, which I am happy to tell you does not make me in the least unhappy. Cockburn has taken advantage of it to indite what he terms a *Constable dinner*; to be held at my house next Saturday, and to be continued weekly till I get out of my difficulties.’”

The mention of Moore reminds us of another Irishman of whom we find brief mention in Lord Cockburn's volume. We are indebted to Jeffrey for a portrait of O'Connell, which, for unpretending and life-like fidelity, we do not hesitate to place beside Mr. Carrick's celebrated miniature. He describes him

thus : "Large and muscular. with an air and an eye in which a half natural, and half assumed indolent good-nature and simplicity is curiously blended with a kind of cunning, and consciousness of superiority. He spoke very fearlessly and readily on all subjects, without study, or apparent attention to words or effect. * * He is in my opinion indisputably the greatest orator in the House ; nervous, passionate, without art or ornament ; concise, intrepid, terrible ; far more in the style of old Demosthenic directness and vehemence than anything I have heard in this modern world."——

Our task is nearly ended. We have touched on the pedantry of Jeffrey's boyhood, fostered by over-culture, till, at the early age of fifteen, he flatters himself into the dishonest belief, that the vanity which prompted him to obtrude his crude correspondence on his old master was "an emotion in the powers of the will, rather than of the intellect ;" we have seen him outlive the sinister precocity, and devote the growing energies of his young life to a course of study, at once original and laborious ; we have marked the early years of his manhood, employed in honorable emulation with his contemporaries, contemporaries, the greater number of whom reflected back on him in the course of their own splendid career the full measure of the illumination they derived from the companionship of his talent and his worth ; we have blushed with him at that invidious repulse his "patient merit of the unworthy took ;" we have risen with him to "the height of his great argument,"—the *Edinburgh Review* ; we have shared the anxieties of his arduous practice at the bar ; we have glowed with him in the struggles of the political arena, and applauded his public spirit, his moderation, and integrity ; we have seen the avenues of power made holy by his gentle, earnest, and loving approach, and the crown of judicial dignity awarded to his diligence and worth ; we have been (through the intermediate introduction of a genial biography) as a friend amongst his friends, in the innocent hours when the fire upon his hearth was a star of comfort to all within the influence of its light ; and what remains to tell is but a Date—SATURDAY, THE 26TH OF JANUARY, 1850, ÆTATIS 77.

"He was not so much distinguished" says Lord Cockburn, "by the predominance of any one great quality, as by the union of several of the finest. Rapidity of intellect, instead of misleading, as it often does, was

combined in him with great soundness ; and a high condition of the reasoning powers with an active and delightful fancy. Though not what is termed learned, his knowledge was various ; and on literature, politics, and the philosophy of life, it was deep. A taste exquisitely delicate and largely exercised, was one of the great sources of his enjoyment, and of his unmatched critical skill. But the peculiar charm of his character lay in the junction of intellectual power with moral worth. His honor was superior to every temptation by which the world could assail it. The pleasures of the heart were necessary for his existence, and were referred by him to every other gratification, except the pleasures of conscience. Passing much of his time in literary and political contention, he was never once chilled by an unkind feeling, even towards those he was trying to overcome. An habitual gaiety never allowed its thoughtlessness, nor an habitual prudence its caution, to interfere with any claim of charity or duty. Nor was this merely the passive amiableness of a gentle disposition. It was the positive humanity of a resolute man, glowing in the conflicts of the world.

“ He prepared himself for what he did by judicious early industry. He then chose the most difficult spheres in which talent can be exerted, and excelled in them all ; rising from Obscurity and dependence to affluence and renown. His splendour as an advocate was exceeded by his eminence as a judge. He was the founder of a new system of criticism, and this a higher one than had ever existed. As an editor, and as a writer, he did as much to improve his country and the world, as can almost ever be done, by discussion, by a single man. He was the last of four pre-eminent Scotchmen, who, living in their own country, raised its character and extended its reputation, during the period of his career. The other three were Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers ; each of whom, in literature, philosophy, or policy, caused great changes ; and each left upon his age the impression of the mind that produced them. Jeffrey, though surpassed in genius certainly by Scott, and perhaps by Chalmers, was inferior to none of them in public usefulness, or in the beauty of the means by which he achieved it, or in its probable duration. The elevation of the public mind was his peculiar glory. In one respect alone he was unfortunate. The assaults which he led against error, were efforts in which

the value of his personal services can never be duly seen. His position required him to dissipate, in detached and nameless exertions, as much philosophy and beautiful composition as would have sustained avowed and important original works. He has raised a great monument, but it is one on which his own name is too faintly engraved."

ART. III.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

NO. II.

IN the majority of European cities the most ancient streets are usually to be found in the vicinity of the castle or chief fortress of the town, the protection afforded by which was an object of paramount importance to the burghers during the unsettled state of society in the middle ages. Castle street, in the city of Dublin, or "*Vicus castri*," as it is styled in the old records, is nearly coeval with the first establishment of the Anglo Norman power in Ireland. In the year 1235, while Henry III. filled the throne of England, we find a portion of this street mentioned as the habitation of certain artizans engaged in the manufacture of armour; and from a pipe roll of A.D. 1260, it appears that the king's exchequer was situated on the south west part of Castle street, even before that early period. The antiquity of the locality was further confirmed by the discovery there, about a hundred years ago, of an ancient leaden water pipe, bearing upon it an inscription of the thirteenth century. "The entrance into the castle from the city," says a writer in 1766, "was on the north side, by a drawbridge, placed between two strong round towers from Castle street, which took its name from the fortress. The towers were called the gate-towers, and the most west-ward of them till lately subsisted, the other having been some time before pulled down, to make a more commodious entrance into the court of the castle. The gate-way between these towers was furnished with a port-cullis, armed with iron, to raise or let down as occasion required, and to serve as a second defence, in case the drawbridge had been

surprised by an enemy. Since the invention of artillery, two pieces of great ordnance were planted on a platform opposite to the gate, to defend it, if the drawbridge and portcullis should happen to be forced. From the western gate-tower, a strong and high courtin extended in a line parallel to Castle-street as far as another tower which in the last century took the name of Cork-tower upon the following occasion. On the first of May, 1624, about nine o'clock in the morning, this tower suddenly fell down, and being only in part re-built at the charge of the publick, Richard Boyle, the opulent and first earl of Cork, in the year 1629, undertook to finish it at his own expence, and in the accomplishment thereof disbursed 408*l*. His arms, and an inscription were fixed in the wall, at the place from whence he carried the work. This tower has been since demolished to make room for other buildings."

On the south side of the street was situated Austin's lane, extending to Austin's gate in Ship street. "This took the name of Austin's gate, either as it was dedicated to that saint, or, as it afforded a passage to the friars of that order to attend the citizens in their nightly confessions and other duties, when the principal gates of the city were kept close shut and guarded." On a portion of this lane stood the house of sir James Ware, which is described in 1618, in an official document, as "all the place, tenement, or house and shop, occupied by Thomas Pinnocke, goldsmith, deceased, and now by James Ware, esq., with two small gardens annexed, situate within the precinct of the castle ditch; and extending from the castle bridge to the city wall west of the said bridge; and from the castle west and north of the said castle." The first of the old French family of de Warr, le Ware, or Ware who settled in Ireland, was James Ware who came over as secretary to lord deputy Fitz William in 1588, five years after which he was appointed clerk of the common pleas in the exchequer. "He afterwards obtained a reversionary patent for the office of auditor general to commence on the death, forfeiture or surrender of the then present officer (Christopher Peyton), dated the 28th July, 44 Eliz. This last was an employment of good reputation and considerable profit, which continued near a century in his family, except for a short interval during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and the several succeeding governments until the restoration. The benefit and income of this office enabled him to make several considerable

purchases in the county and city of Dublin and elsewhere." His eldest son, James, born in Castle street in 1594 studied with distinction at Trinity college, Dublin, then under the government of its fourth provost, the learned William Temple, grandfather of the celebrated Irish author and statesman of the same name, and also distinguished for having been the secretary of sir Philip Sidney, until the death of that accomplished knight after the battle of Zutphen, after which he acted in the same capacity for the earl of Essex.

"Ware continued about six years in the university ; and having left it he prosecuted his studies at his father's house with the utmost application. It was here he fell under the notice of Dr. Usher, then bishop of Meath, who discovering in him a great propensity to the study of antiquities, and an inclination of employing himself among old records and manuscripts, encouraged him in that sort of learning, in which he so much delighted himself: and from that time there continued a close and intimate friendship between them. That learned prelate concludes the first edition of one of his immortal works in these words, ' Interim dum nos, &c. In the meantime having finished that task, which I looked upon as a debt due by me to my country and fellow-citizens, while I am entering into the consideration of digesting into method the antient chronology of the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and other nations, the courteous reader may, from the labours of sir James Ware of Dublin, knight, our most worthy auditor-general, expect the annals of Ireland, together with a catalogue of the writers of our country, out of which may be drawn a considerable supplement to those particulars in which I have been defective.' And it was in that very year 1639, in which the archbishop's book *de Primordiis* came out, that our author published his treatise '*de scriptoribus Hiberniæ*.' But this was after his father's death. His father thinking it convenient he should marry, procured him a match to both their satisfactions. It was Mary, the daughter of Jacob Newman* of the city of Dublin, esq. But this alteration in his condition did not in the least take him off from his beloved studies. He had begun to gather manuscripts, and make collections from the libraries of Irish antiquaries, and genealogists, and from the registries and cartularies of cathedrals and monasteries, in which he spared no expence. He had recourse, when he pleased,

* He was clerk in the rolls office in the court of chancery. Among the "Lansdowne Manuscripts" in the British Museum are preserved extracts "out of the white book of the exchequer which was burnt in sir Francis Aungier's closet at Jacob Newmans in 1610." From this book, otherwise known as "*liber albus scaccarii*," sir John Davies quotes certain curious old English verses in his "*Discoverie of the true causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, nor brought under obedience to the croune of England*," till the reign of James I.

to the choice collections made by Dr. Usher, as well as to those of Daniel Molyneux, Ulster king at arms, a very curious antiquary, between whom the similitude of their studies had cemented a strict friendship. Our author takes occasion in one part of his works to call him, '*venerandæ antiquitatis cultorem.*' When he had gleaned all he could for his purpose at home, he resolved to take a journey to England, not doubting but he should reap a plentiful harvest by consulting the libraries both public and private there. He arrived at London in the beginning of April, 1626, where he had the satisfaction to find his dear friend Dr. Usher, then archbishop of Armagh, who introduced him into the acquaintance of sir Robert Cotton, and obtained him a ready access to his curious and valuable library. Sir Robert entertained him with much friendship, and kept up a constant intercourse of correspondence with him for the five remaining years of his life. Having furnished himself with many materials from sir Robert's vast treasury, and from many other places, particularly from the records of the tower of London (great collections from both which places I have seen in his hand-writing, and which are now in the college library), he returned into Ireland in company with the primate of Armagh, and immediately published a tract entitled, '*Archiepiscoporum Cassiliensium et Tuamensium vitæ, duobus expressæ commentariolis.*' Dublinii, 1626, 4to. Two years after he published another piece intitled, '*De præsulibus Lageniæ, sive provinciæ Dubliniensis. Liber unus.*' Dublinii, 1628, 4to. These two treatises he afterwards melted into one book under the more general title, '*De præsulibus Hiberniæ.*' About this time also, he published his '*Cænobia Cistertientia Hiberniæ;*' which was afterwards included in his '*Disquisitiones de Hibernia,*' and, with other monasteries, completed the twenty-sixth chapter of his *Antiquities*. In the latter end of the year 1628, he passed again into England, and carried with him some manuscripts, which he knew would be acceptable to sir Robert Cotton, particularly a fair cartulary formerly belonging to St. Mary's abbey near Dublin; in the title page whereof sir Robert wrote these words, which are yet to be seen in his own hand-writing, viz., '*Donum viri clarissimi Jacobi Waræi.*' In this journey he added considerably to his collections, and having been made acquainted with Mr. Selden, and other learned and curious men, he returned home about the end of summer 1629, and soon after received the honour of knighthood from the hands of the lords justices, sir Adam Loftus, lord chancellor, and Richard Boyle, earl of Cork, lord treasurer, the latter of whom had a great friendship for him, and by his last will as a testimony of his affection and love bequeathed to his worthy friend sir James Ware, '*a gelding of his own breed.*' His father was still living; so that there were two knights of the same name and surname residing together in one house at the same time, they always living together."

After the death of his father in 1632, sir James was called from his studies to fill the vacant office of auditor general, and soon became distinguished for his knowledge and judg-

ment in public affairs. He was considered a "very honest and able officer" by the lord deputy Strafford, who consulted him on all occasions, and procured him a place in the privy council. The clergy and bench of bishops held so high an opinion of his integrity that the two houses of convocation in 1634 specially requested that he should be one of the commissioners to whom their affairs were to be referred by the state. "Nor was he wanting on his side to cultivate this good opinion conceived of him, not only by his services to them upon all occasions, but also in the affairs of his office of auditor general, by remitting the fees due therein to clergymen and clergymen's widows, which he never would receive." In 1639 he was elected to represent the university of Dublin in parliament, where he strenuously, though vainly, opposed the proceedings of the enemies of his patron Strafford, to whom he had dedicated his history of the "writers of Ireland," published in 1639, his edition of Spenser's View of the state of Ireland, and the Irish histories of Campion and Hanmer. After the rising of 1641 Ware distinguished himself by the active support which he gave to the royal cause, and in 1643 he was dispatched with lord Edward Brabazon and sir Henry Tichborne to arrange with Charles I., relative to a treaty with the confederate Irish.

"They left Ireland early in December 1644, and arrived safely to the king at Oxford. While they stayed with the king, sir James employed all the time he could spare from his publick business, in conversing with the learned men of that university, or in studying in the publick libraries, collecting whatever materials he judged might be afterwards useful in compiling the books which he had in view to publish. During his attendance he was complimented with the honorary degree of doctor of laws, and highly caressed by most of the considerable men then at Oxford. At length, the business these commissioners went about being concluded, about the end of December they took leave of his majesty, not without many kind expressions of grace and favor. On their return to Ireland, they were pursued at sea by a parliament ship commanded by captain Swanley. Sir James finding no hopes of escaping, just as the enemy were boarding the vessel, cast the king's packet of letters, directed to the marquis of Ormond, into the sea. They were sent prisoners to the tower of London, where they continued upwards of ten months; but were at last released in exchange for the lady Moor, sir Robert Meredith, sir Robert Hanway, sir Patrick Wemys and others, who had been committed prisoners in Dublin, being taken up for a treacherous attempt to betray the town of Drogheda to the Scotch covenanters. Our author employed some part of this tedious imprisonment in writing an imaginary voyage to an Utopian island."

Having regained his liberty he returned to Dublin and was appointed, with the earl of Roscommon and the lord Lambart, to enquire into the conduct of the earl of Glamorgan. "In the progress of the war, when the Protestants of Ireland had divided themselves between the king and the parliament, our author sided with the royal party, and zealously adhered to the marquis of Ormond, who ever after entertained a great and personal affection for him, which he evidenced upon all occasions, both before and after the restoration of king Charles the second. Thus we see him high in the favour of two chief governors, and both of them exact judges of merit." On the surrender of Dublin to the parliamentarians in 1647, Ware was one of the hostages for the full performance of the treaty.

"The agreement for the surrender of the city of Dublin being fully executed, the hostages were licensed to depart. Our author returned to Dublin, where he lived for sometime in a private condition, having been stripped of his employment of auditor-general, which was given to doctor Robert Gorges, who enjoyed it until the restoration of King Charles II. Michael Jones, governor of Dublin, sometime after took umbrage at our author, and thought it not convenient, that a person of such unshaken loyalty to the royal family, and one who had obstinately refused their darling covenant, should continue in that city; where he might have had the opportunity of forming a party prejudicial to the cause he was engaged in; and the rather, as at that time the marquis of Ormond, who had returned into Ireland, began to grow formidable by an union with the army of the supreme council, and many of the Presbyterians under the command of the lord Ardes. Jones therefore sent a peremptory order to sir James Ware to depart the city, and transport himself beyond the seas into what country he pleased, except England. He chose France for the place of his banishment, and Jones furnished him with a pass for himself, his eldest son, and one servant, signed April the 4th, 1649. He landed at St. Maloes, where he resided a short time, of which he takes notice in the eleventh chapter of his Antiquities. From St. Maloes he removed to Caen in Normandy, and from thence to Paris; where the acquaintance he contracted with some eminently learned men, made the misfortune of his banishment sit easy on him. The frequent conversations he had with the famous Bochart delighted him extremely; in whose company he could have been contented to have spent the residue of his life. He highly admired that learned man, and had so great an esteem for his works, that, upon his return to Ireland, he thought his 'Hierozoicon' a present worthy to be made to the library of the university of Dublin. He wrote at this time a book, entitled, 'Itinerarium Gallicum,' which in his return through England, he presented to Sir Robert Cotton in manuscript."

After a residence of two years in France, the parliament granted him a licence to return, and in 1654 he published "his masterpiece" entitled "*De Hibernia et antiquitatibus ejus disquisitiones*," which was followed in 1656 by his edition of St. Patrick's writings, styled "*Sancto Patricio, qui Hibernos ad fidem Christi convertit, adscripta opuscula*." After the restoration he was reinstated as auditor general and obtained other offices of importance through the influence of the duke of Ormond, who, "being constituted lord lieutenant of Ireland, was pleased to distinguish him in a very peculiar manner, by advising with him upon all occasions, and when the gout hindered his attendance at the council table, the duke would frequently visit him at his own house.—His majesty, in consideration of his faithful services for a great number of years, and possibly not forgetting a handsome sum of money which he had sent him in his exile, was graciously pleased to offer to create him a viscount of the kingdom of Ireland. He thankfully refused the honour, and in regard his estate, by a general entail created on the marriage of his eldest son, was likely to go to a female heir. For the same reason he refused to be created a baronet. But at his request the king granted him two blank baronets' patents, which he filled up and disposed of to two friends, whose posterity to this (1745) day enjoy the honours. Afterwards, when the magistracy of the city of Dublin was dignified with the title of lord mayor in 1665, it was well known how instrumental he was, by the favour he had with the duke of Ormond, in obtaining a grant from the crown of 500*l.* a year, for the maintenance and support of that new dignity. The hurry of business (which upon such a revolution, and total change of affairs, must be very great) being now over, our author found leisure to put the last hand to some works which he designed for the public." Accordingly in 1662 appeared his annals of Ireland during the reign of Henry VIII., followed in 1664 by a portion of the works of venerable Bede, and in 1665 by his history of the Irish bishops, under the title of "*De præsulibus Hiberniæ commentarius; a prima gentis Hibernicæ ad fidem Christianæ conversione, ad nostra usque tempora*." His death, on the first of December, 1666, prevented him from continuing his publications for which he had amassed considerable materials.

"Our author, sir James Ware, was of a very charitable disposition, and frequently contributed good sums of money to the relief of

the indigent and necessitous, especially to the decayed cavaliers (as they who adhered to the royal cause were then called) whom he often invited to his plentiful table, being noted for hospitality. He always forgave the fees of his office to widows, clergymen and clergymen's children; and was frequently known to lend money, where he had no prospect of repayment, not knowing how to deny any body who asked. There is one remarkable instance of his generosity. A house in Dublin, forfeited by the rebellion, was granted to him. He sent for the widow and children of the forfeiting person, and conveyed it back to them. He had a great love for his native country, and could not bear to see it aspersed by some authors; which put him upon doing it all the justice he could in his writings, by setting matters in the fairest light, yet still with the strictest regard to truth: and this was not an easy task for one who had not a perfect skill in the Irish language; 'who could make a shift to read and understand it (says a late author) but was utterly ignorant in speaking it; and yet by his great industry, and diligent inquiries among those who were perfectly knowing in it, he collected more Irish monuments, than some who pretended to be better versed in the language.' He always kept in his house an Irish amanuensis, to interpret and translate the language for him, and at the time of his death one Dudley Firbisse* served him in that office. He was at the pains of making a large collection of valuable manuscripts relating to the affairs of his country; for some of which he spared no costs in the purchase. They fell into the hands of the earl of Clarendon, when he was lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the reign of king James II, who carried them with him into England, where they were afterwards sold to the duke of Chandos, who at this time

* This was Duaid Mac Firbis, the most learned Irish historian of his day. He belonged to the ancient clan of the same name which enjoyed a castle and lands in Tireragh, by virtue of their hereditary office of historiographer. While in Dublin Mac Firbis translated the Registry of Clonmacnois, and Annals of Ireland from A.D. 1443 to 1468, with the following epigraph: "This translation began by Dudley Firbisse, in the house of sir James Ware, in Castle-street, Dublin, 6th November, 1666." These annals, together with the author's history of the tribes and customs of Tireragh, have been published by the Irish Archaeological Society, as noticed in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I.

The death of Mac Firbis took place in 1670 and by it "our antiquities received an irreparable blow:" his genealogical manuscript, transcribed by Mr. Curry, is one of the most valuable documents in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. The Rev. William Reeves informs us that "The Clarendon manuscripts in the British Museum are, in a great measure, composed of sir James Ware's compilations and collections. They embrace an immense mass of historical treasure not to be found elsewhere. Among other matters they contain the extracts from the rolls and the various authorities which formed the basis of Ware's history of the Irish bishops. Lord Clarendon took them to England; after whose death they were purchased by the duke of Chandos, and at his sale they passed to dean Milles, who bequeathed them to the Museum."

(1745) hath them in his possession. There was a catalogue of them printed in Dublin before the year 1641, and another at Oxford in the year 1697 among the manuscripts of England in large folio. The works he published gained him great reputation both at home and abroad, especially his 'Antiquities;' in which his skill and industry are peculiarly conspicuous. Most authors both foreign and domestick, who have occasion to mention him, speak honourably of him, and they are not a few in number. Waving what others have said, let it suffice to instance Dr. Nicholson, late bishop of Derry, who among other encomiums calls him the Camden of Ireland."

Few distinguished men of the seventeenth century have left behind them a more amiable character than sir James Ware. Amid the active employments of public life he contrived to produce those elaborate works which still maintain a high character in the Irish historical library. Respected abroad for his learning, and venerated at home for his loyalty, integrity and philanthropy, he passed through the stormy times in which he lived without creating a single personal enemy; happy in the consciousness of having scrupulously fulfilled his duty in the important offices which were entrusted to him, of having advanced the literary fame of his country, and of having applied a considerable portion of his wealth to the relief of suffering humanity. Although, as noticed in a former paper, no monument exists to denote his last resting place in St. Werburgh's church, the Irish Archæological Society have testified their respect for his memory by placing his portrait on the title pages of the works issued under their superintendence. On a portion of the site of Austin's-lane and sir James Ware's house, the buildings forming Hoey's court were erected in the seventeenth century, apparently, by sir John Hoey, founder of the family of Dunganstown, county Wicklow.

In the "Declaration of the commons assembled in parliament, concerning the rise and progress of the grand rebellion in Ireland" we find the following among other charges; "That in March, 1639, the earl of Strafford carried with him into Ireland, sir Toby Matthews, a notorious, pernicious English jesuited priest (banished at the beginning of this parliament upon the importunity of both houses) lodged this priest over against the castle of Dublin, the house where the earl did himself reside, and from whence this priest daily rode to publique masse-houses in Dublin, and negotiated the engaging of the Papists of Ireland in the war against Scotland." This sir Toby Matthew, one of the most extraordinary characters

of his time, eldest son of the erudite and witty archbishop of York of the same name, was early distinguished for his learning, which procured him the intimate friendship of sir Francis Bacon, whose Essays he translated into Italian. During his travels abroad, Matthew was induced to embrace the Roman Catholic religion by the learned jesuit, Robert Parsons, and received holy orders in 1614 from cardinal Bellarmin, at Florence. On his return to England he was imprisoned, but through Bacon he obtained his liberty and repaired to the Continent, where he became acquainted with the duke of Buckingham, who procured him permission to return to England, and brought him on the expedition with prince Charles to Spain, relative to the match with the infanta. For his services in the latter affair, king James received him into favor and created him a knight in 1623. He became a general favorite at court from his versatile talents, for he distinguished himself as a politician, a poet, a painter, an author and a man of gallantry; of the last he gave indisputable proof by his verses on Lucy, countess of Carlisle, "she being the goddess that he adored." He was highly esteemed by the earl of Strafford, and bitterly hated by the Presbyterians; sir William Boswell, the king's agent at the Hague, describes him as follows, in a letter written in 1640 :—

"Sir Tobie Matthew a jesuited priest, of the order of politicians, a most vigilant man of the chief heads, to whom a bed was never so dear that he would rest his head thereon, refreshing his body with sleep in a chair for an hour or two; neither day nor night, spared he his machinations, a man principally noxious, and himself the plague of the king and kingdom of England; a most impudent man, who flies to all banquets and feasts, called or not called; never quiet, always in action and perpetual motion, thrusting himself into all conversations of superiors. He urgeth conferences familiarly, that he might fish out the minds of men. Whatever he observeth thence, which may bring any commodity or discommodity to the part of the conspirators, he communicates to the pope's legat, and the more secret things he himself writes to the pope, or to cardinal Barbarino. In sum he adjoins himself to any man's company, no word can be spoken, that he will not lay hold on, and communicate to his party. In the mean time whatever he hath fished out, he reduceth into a catalogue, and every summer carrieth it to the general Consistory of the politician jesuits, which secretly meet together in Wales, where he is an acceptable guest."

An English Protestant writer, who gives us a somewhat more

Shortly after the commencement of hostilities, the lords Justices, wanting money to pay the army, issued a proclamation, on the fourteenth of January, 1642, ordering "all manner of persons of what condition or qualitie soever, dwelling in the city or suburbs of Dublin, as well within the liberties as without, within ten daies next after publication of the said order, doe deliver or cause to be delivered half or more of his, her or their plate to William Bladen, of Dublin, alderman, and John Pue, one of the sheriffes of the same citty, taking their hand for receipt thereof, to the end use may be made thereof for the present relief of the said officers. And this board by the said order did give the word and assurance of his majestie and this state, that as soone as the treasure shall arrive forth of England, due satisfaction shall be made after the rate of five shillings the ounce, for such plate as is true tuch, and the true value of such as is not of such tuch to the owner thereof, together with consideration for forbearance for the same, after the rate of eight pound per cent per annum." The inhabitants of the county of Dublin were also invited to contribute on the same terms, and it was ordered "that the said William Bladen and John Pue doe meet every day (except the sabbath day) at the dwelling house of the said William Bladen, scituate in Castle street, in Dublin, and there continue every forenoon from nine till eleven of the clock, and every afternoon from two till four of the clock, there to receive the said plate, and to give acknowledgments of the receipts thereof, expressing the parties name from whom it comes, and the weight, tuch, and value thereof—and we thinke fit that the said William Bladen and John Pue doe call to their assistance Gilbert Tongues and Peter Vandenhoven (goldsmiths), who with the said William Bladen and John Pue are to view the said plate and the value thereof." The silver* thus

* The remembrance of this transaction was preserved in the name of an alley on the south side of Castle-street, named "Silver court," in the second house of which, "next door to the sign of the Golden hammer and hart," the "Dublin Intelligence" was published in 1728; as also another newspaper with the following title:—"R. Dickson. The Silver court gazette, containing an impartial account of the most material news, foreign and domestick." Printed by Richard Dickson in Silver court in Castle-street, opposite to the Rose Tavern."

At the "Civet cat in Castle-street, opposite to the Rose tavern," lived Dr. Jaque (1706) who used "to practice according to the laudable

obtained was "hastily coined into several kind of species of different shapes. One kind has only the weight stamp on them, as nineteen penny-weight eight grains—nine penny-weight eight grains—three penny-weight twenty grains—one penny-weight six grains. Another sort, instead of the weight, has only the value, V. for five shillings." William Bladen was lord mayor of Dublin in 1647, and he appears to have held the office of state printer both under Charles I. and the commonwealth; in noticing the low condition to which the press was reduced at this period, the Rev. Dr. Ieland tells us that "an order was sent to Ireland, conceived in the full spirit of arbitrary power. 'That the printer (for there was but one) in Dublin should not suffer his press to be made use of, without first bringing the copy to be printed to the clerk of the council; who, upon receiving it, if he found anything tending to the prejudice of the commonwealth, or the public

custom of Holland for the easy fee of one shilling for each visit, and to attend families for fifty-two shillings per annum, and single persons at twenty-six shillings, according to his printed proposals."

On the north side of the street stands Pembroke court, apparently so called from the earl of that name who was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1707. Many of the early publications of the celebrated George Faulkner was printed in this court; among others, the first collected edition of the "drapier's letters" (1725), and a periodical called the "country gentleman." Of the various booksellers and printers who resided in Castle-street we may notice John North (1659); Samuel Dancer at the sign of the "horse shoe" (1663); John Leach (1666); Joseph Wilde (1670); M. Crooke (1671); Samuel Helsham at the "college arms," next door to the "bear and ragged staffe" (1685); Patrick Campbell (1695); William Dowdall, next door to the sign of London (1704). At the "stationers' arms" in Castle-street, in the reign of James II. was the shop of Eliphal Dobson, the most eminent Dublin bookseller and publisher of his day. He was attainted in the parliament of 1689, and returned to his former habitation after the evacuation of Dublin by the Jacobites. "Eliphal Dobson's wooden leg," says an English writer in 1707, "startled me with the creaking of it; for I took it for the *crepitus ossium*, which I have heard some of our physicians speak of. Mr. Dobson is a great Dissenter, but his pretence to religion does not make him a jot precise. He values no man for his starched looks or supercilious gravity, or for being a Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, &c. provided he is sound in the main points wherein all good men are agreed." Dobson was succeeded by his son and namesake; and in 1737 we find Stearne Brock, bookseller, at the "stationers' arms," Castle-street. Of the other publishers in the locality it may suffice to mention Thomas Benson at Shakespeare's head (1728); Laurence Flynn (1766); and John Hillary, of 54 Castle-street, who published "Pue's Occurrences" after purchasing that newspaper in 1776.

peace and welfare, should acquaint the council with the same, for their pleasures to be known therein.'” The printer of Castle street, it may be observed, was the ancestor of colonel Martin Bladen, appointed comptroller of the mint in 1714, three years after which he declined the office envoy extraordinary to the court of Spain. His translation of Cæsar’s commentaries appeared in 1750; he was also author of two dramatic pieces. Pope describes him as a gamester, and notes that he lived in the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open table frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France. Colonel Bladen was uncle to two distinguished men—William Collins, author of the ode on the passions, and Edward lord Hawke, “one of the greatest characters that ever adorned the British navy; but most remarkable for the daring courage which induced him on many occasions to disregard those forms of conducting or sustaining an attack, which the rules and ceremonies of the service had before considered as indispensable.” Speaking of colonel Martin Bladen, Warton observes, “He was uncle to my dear and lamented friend Mr. William Collins the poet, to whom he left an estate, which he did not get possession of till his faculties were deranged and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoëns inserted in his essay on the epic poets of all nations, and that Voltaire seemed before entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoëns.”

Sir Daniel Bellingham, the first lord mayor of Dublin, held his mayoralty in the year 1665 in a “large elegant structure” erected by himself on the site of a portion of an ancient passage named Cow-lane, at the corner of Fishamble-street and Castle-street.

While the Scandinavians ruled Dublin, its chief magistrate appears to have been styled *mor maer* or “great steward”; after the Anglo-Norman settlement we find the name changed to provost. The provosts and bailiffs were generally men of Norman or French descent, and of those who distinguished themselves by their munificence John le Decer, provost in 1308, 1309, and 1324, may be noticed:—

“He at his own charge made a marble cistern in the publick street to receive water from the conduit in Dublin for the benefit of the inhabitants (such as was never before seen there.) He also a

little before built a bridge over the Liffey, near the priory of St. Wolstan, and a chapel dedicated to the B. V. Mary in the Franciscan monastery, wherein he was afterwards buried himself. He also erected another chapel to the B. V. Mary in St. John's hospital. His bounty to the Dominicans is also celebrated ; for he erected a large and elegant stone pillar in their church, and presented to the friars a large stone altar with all the appurtenant ornaments, and entertained them at his own table every Friday out of charity. It is also recorded in the registry of the Dominicans of Dublin, that this generous magistrate in a time of great scarcity raised a vast sum of money, and furnished out three ships to France, which returned in two months laden with corn, and that he bestowed one of the ships loading on the lord justice and the militia, another on the Dominican and Augustin seminaries, and reserved a third for the exercise of his own hospitality and bounty. At the same time the prior of Christ-church being destitute of corn, and having no money to buy it, sent to this worthy mayor a pledge of plate to the value of 40*l*. but he returned the plate and sent the prior a present of twenty barrels of corn. These beneficent actions moved the Dominicans to insert the following prayer in their litany, viz. :—‘ Orate pro salute majoris, ballivorum, et communitatis de omni civitate Dubliniensi, optimorum benefactorum huic ordini tuo, nunc et in hora mortis.’ ”

The position of Dublin, surrounded on every side by hostile native clans, rendered it necessary that the citizens should be prepared to resist their incursions, and occasionally to carry the war into the enemies' country ; the provost consequently became a semi-military character, generally marching at the head of the city troops when the lord lieutenant sallied forth to do battle with the Irishry. In consideration of the services thus rendered to the crown of England, Henry IV. in 1407 granted a licence that the provost for the time being, and his successors for ever, should bear before them a gilded sword, for the honor of the king and his heirs, and of his faithful subjects of the said city, in the same manner as the mayors of London had borne before them ; and in 1409 the title of provost was changed into that of mayor.

“ The military forces of the city were antiently composed of twenty corporations, commanded in chief by the principal magistrate, and every company under the guidance of their respective masters, as captains, subordinate to whom were appointed lieutenants, and other inferior officers. The foot, consisting of twenty companies, were mustered and exercised four times a year. First, on Easter Monday, commonly called ‘ black Monday,’ from a disastrous accident which happened (A.D. 1209) to the citizens of Dublin on that day. Secondly, on May-day ; Thirdly, on Midsummer-eve ; and Fourthly,

on St. Peter's eve. On 'black Monday' and Midsummer-eve the mayor and sheriffs mustered and commanded the forces in person ; but on the other two days the mayor and sheriffs of the 'bull-ring' had the chief command of the bachelors, who were then mustered before them. The horse were mustered on Shrove-Tuesday, and then commanded in chief by the sheriffs of the city. The charges of these musters were defrayed by fines levied on such freemen as had been married the foregoing year. The mayor, and principal citizens, sat at these musters under a pavillion or tent erected on the top of a butt ; and every person so married, being below the estate of paying a fine in money, presented the mayor with an orange, as an acknowledgement for the fine, which by the constitution and custom of the city he was liable to. The mayor of the 'bull-ring' was an officer eligible by the citizens yearly, to be captain or guardian of the bachelors of the city.—He took his name from an iron ring in the corn-market, to which the butchers fastened their bulls for bailing ; and when any bachelor citizen happened to marry, the custom was for the mayor of the bull-ring, and his attendants, to conduct the bridegroom, upon his return from church, to the ring, and there with a solemn kiss receive his homage and last farewell : from whence the new married man took the mayor and sheriffs of the bull-ring home to dinner with him, unless he were poor ; in which case, the mayor and his bachelors made a collection for him, which they gave to him at the ring, upon receiving his homage. But this office seems to have been ludicrous, and established merely by custom, without any foundation of authority."

A writer in 1586, well acquainted with Dublin and its citizens, has left us the following notice of the chief officers of the city in his time :—

"The hospitalitie of the maior and the shiriffes for the year being, is so large and bountifull, that soothlie (London fore priced) verie few such officers under the crowne of England keepe so great a port,* none I am sure greater. The maior, over the number of officers that take their dailie repast at his table, keepeth for his yeare in maner open house. And albeit in tearme time his house is frequented as well of the nobilitie as of other potentats of great calling : yet his ordinarie is so good, that a verie few set feasts are provided for them. They that spend least in their maioraltie (as those of credit, yea and such as bare the office haue informed me) make an ordinarie account of five hundred pounds for their viand and diet that yeare : which is no small summe to be bestowed in houskeeping, namelie where vittels are so good cheape, and the presents of friends diuerse and sundrie. There hath been of late yeares (1554) a wor-

* State or attendance :—

"Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead ;
Keep house, and port, and servants as I should."

Taming of the Shrew.

shipfull gentleman, named Patrick Scarsefield,* that bare the office of the maioraltie in Dublin, who kept so great port in this year, as his hospitalitie to his fame and renowne resteth as yet in fresh memorie. One of his especiall and entire friends entring in communication with the gentleman, his yeare being well neere expired, mooued question, to what he thought his expenses all that yeare amounted to? Trulie James (so his friend was named) quoth maister Scarsefield, I take between me and God, when I entered into mine office, the last saint Hierome his day (which is the morrow of Michaelmasse, on which daie the maior taketh his oth before the chiefe baron, at the exchequer, within the castell of Dublin) I had three barnes well stored and thwackt with corne, and I assured my selfe, that anie one of these three had been sufficient to haue stored mine house with bread, ale, and beere for this yeare. And now God and good companie be thanked, I stand in doubt, whether I shall rub out my maioraltie with my third barne, which is well nigh with my yeare ended. And yet nothing smiteth me so much at the heart, as that the knot of good fellowes that you see here (he ment the serjeants and officers) are readie to flit from me, and make their next yeares abode with the next maior. And certes I am so much wedded to good fellowship, as if I could mainteine mine house to my contentation, with defraieing of five hundred pounds yearelie; I would make humble sute to the citizens, to be their officer these three yeares to come.ouer this, he did at the same time protest with oth, that he spent that yeare in housekeeping twentie tuns of claret wine, ouer and aboue white wine, sacke, malmeseie, muscadell, &c. And in verie deed it was not to be maruelled; for during his maioraltie, his house was so open, as commonly from five of the clocke in the morning, to ten at night, his butterie and cellars were with one crew or other frequented. To the haunting of which, ghests were the sooner allured, for that you should neuer marke him or his bed fellow (such was their buxomnesse) once frowne or wrinkle their foreheads, or bend their browes, or glowme their countenances, or make a soure face at anie ghest, were he neuer so meane. But their interteinment was so

* This family was of Norman extraction; among those summoned from Ireland in 1335 to attend John Darcy, justiciary, with arms and horses in his expedition to Scotland, were John Sarsefield de la Belagh, and John Fitz David de Sarsefield. The Sarsefields filled the office of lord mayor of Dublin in 1531, 1554, and 1566. It appears from the unpublished records of the court of exchequer in the reign of James I. that sir William Sarsefield held the manor of Lucan in capite by annual service of four pair of gloves and a tabor; "the payment, thereof many yeares in arrear and but lately come to light being cleane forgotten to be remembered, called upon and written for till perusal of the ancient pipe rolls of this court by Roger Downton, clerk of the pipe, same found out and by him recontinued in charge. He shall bring into court ten pair of gloves and one tabor, and for the residue referred to the commissioners of arrears." A demand was accordingly made for "twenty two tabors and so many payre of gloves," Sarsefield, however, pleaded his patent to "Gerald, late earl of Kildare." Of this branch came Patrick Sarsfield, the celebrated earl of Lucan.

notable, as they would sauce their bountifull and deintie faire with heartie and amiable cheere. His porter or anie other officer durst not for both his eares giue the simplest man that resorted to his house Tom drum his interteinment, which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders. For he was fullie resolued, that his worship and reputation could not be more distained, than by the currish interteinment of anie ghest. To be briefe (according to the golden verses of the ancient and famous English poet Geffreie Chaucer :—

‘ An housholder, and that a great, was hee,
Saint Iulian he was in his countrie.
His bread, his ale, was alwaie after one,
A better viended man was no where none.
Without bakte meat was neuer his house,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteouse.
It snewed in his house of meat and drinke,
Of all deinties that men could thinke.
After the sundrie seasons of the yere,
So changed he his meat and his suppere.
Full manie a fat partrich had he in mew,
And manie a breme, and manie a luce in stew.’

“Some of his friends, that were snudging peniefathers, would take him up verie roughlie for his lauishing and his outragious expenses, as they tearme it. Tush my maisters (would he say) take not the matter so hot : who so commeth to my table, and hath no need of my meat, I know he commeth for the good will he beareth me ; and therefore I am beholding to thanke him for his companie : if he resort for need, how maie I bestow my goods better, than in releiving thepoore ? If you had perceiued me so far behind hand, as that I had bene like to have brought haddocke to paddocke, I would patientlie permit you, both largelie to controll me, and friendlie to reprove me. But so long as I cut so large thongs of my owne leather, as that I am not yet come to my buckle, and during the time I keepe myself so farre aflote, as that I haue as much water as my ship draweth : I praie pardon me to be liberall in spending, sith God of his goodnesse is gracious in sending. And in deed so it fell out. For at the end of his maioraltie he owght no man a dotkin. What he dispended was his owne : and euer after during his life, he kept so worthie a standing house, as that hee seemed to surrender the princes sword to other maiors, and reserued the port and hospitalitie to himselfe. Not long before him was Nicholas Stanihurst their maior, who was so great and good an housholder, that during his maioraltie, the lord chancellor of the realme was his dailie and ordinarie ghest. There hath beene of late worshipfull ports kept by maister Fian, who was twice maior, maister Sedgraue, Thomas Fitz Simons, Robert Cusacke, Walter Cusacke, Nicholas Fitz Simons, James Bedlow, Christopher Fagan, and diuerse others, And not onelie their officers so farre excell in hospitalitie, but also the greater part of the ciuitie is generallie addicted to such ordinarie and standing houses, as it would make a man muse which waie they are able to beare it out, but onelie by the goodnesse of God, which is the upholder and furtherer of hospitalitie. What should I here speake of their charitable almes, dailie and hourlie extended to the needie. The poore

prisoners, both of the Newgate and the castell, with three or foure hospitals, are chieflie, if not onelie, relieued by the citizens. Furthermore, there are so manie other extraordinarie beggers that dailie swarme there, so charitablíe succored, as that they make the whole ciuitie in effect their hospitall. The great expenses of the citizens maie probablíe be gathered by the worthie and fairlike markets, weeklie on wednesdaie and fridaie kept in Dublin. Their shambles is so well stored with meat, and their market with corne, as not onelie in Ireland, but also in other countries, you shall not see anie one shambles, or anie one market better furnished with the one or the other, than Dublin is."

A charter of Charles I., dated at Westminster, 9th July, 1641, constituted the six senior aldermen of the city justices of the peace, and the mayor a lord mayor. This grant, however, does not appear to have been acted upon, and sir Daniel Bellingham, of Castle-street, is generally recognized as the first lord mayor of Dublin, although he was not elected till 1665, in which year Charles II. granted the city £500 per annum to support the dignity, in lieu of the command of a foot company in the standing army, to which the chief magistrate was entitled, by a regal grant made in 1661, when the king also presented to the city a golden ornament known as the "collar of SS," which was lost during the wars of the Revolution. The collar at present used by the lord mayor of Dublin, was procured for the city in 1697, by Bartholomew Van Homrigh, father of Swift's "Vanessa." In connexion with sir Daniel Bellingham, we find the following description of a city pageant in 1665 :—

"The title of lord mayor had been lately conferred upon the chief magistrate of Dublin, and sir Daniel Bellingham was the first that bore that title. He had been just before chosen into that office, and when the duke of Ormonde was on October 17 to make his entry into the city, he took particular care that nothing should be wanting, which could contribute to the advantage of the solemnity. When his grace was advanced within six miles of the place, he was met by a gallant troop of young gentlemen, well mounted, and alike richly attired; their habits a kind of ash colour, trimmed with scarlet and silver, all in white scarfs, and commanded by one Mr. Corker, a deserving gentleman, employed in his majesty's revenue, with other officers to complete the troop; which marched in excellent order to the bounds of the city liberty; where they left his grace to be received by the sheriffs of the city, who were attended by the several corporations in their stations. After the sheriffs had entertained his grace with a short speech, the citizens marched next; and after, the maiden troop, next to that his grace's gentlemen; and then his kettle-drums and trumpets; after them the sheriffs of the city bare-

headed ; then the serjeants at arms, and their pursuivants ; and in the next place followed his grace, accompanied by the nobility and privy councillors of the kingdom ; after them, the life-guard of horse. Within St. James's gate his grace was entertained by the lord mayor, aldermen, and principal members of the city on the right hand, and on the left stood six gladiators stript and drawn ; next them his grace's guard of battle-axes ; before them his majesty's company of the royal regiment, the rest of the companies making a guard to the castle. The king's company marched next ; after the citizens ; then the battle-axes ; and thus through a wonderful throng of people, till they came to a conduit in the corn market, whence wine ran in abundance. At the new hall was erected a scaffold, on which were placed half a-dozen anticks ; by the Tollsels was erected another scaffold, whereupon was represented Ceres under a canopy, attended by four virgins. At the end of the Castle street a third scaffold was erected, on which stood Vulcan by his anvil, with four Cyclops asleep by it. And the last scaffold was raised at the entrance into the castle gate, whereupon stood Bacchus, with four or five good fellows. In fine, the whole ceremony was performed, both upon the point of order and affection, to his grace's exceeding satisfaction, who was at last welcomed in the castle with great and small shot ; and so soon as the streets could be cleared of coaches (which was a good while first, for they were very many) the streets and the air were filled with fireworks, which were very well managed to complete the entertainment."

Bellingham was re-elected lord mayor for 1666, but declined the office, and obtained a letter from the duke of Ormond to the corporation, stating that " it would be a great hindrance to his majesty's service if he should be continued lord mayor for another year," as he was deputy receiver in exchequer to Arthur, earl of Anglesey, vice treasurer. His house in Castle-street was occupied in the middle of the last century by Thomas Bond, a tobacconist.*

* And subsequently by another person, named Molony, engaged in the same business : " I was directed," says an English traveller in 1791, " by the facetious Doctor O'Leary, to a Mr. Molony, a tobacconist in Castle-street, for a remarkable kind of rapee, of which I am very fond. Mr. Molony happened to be in the shop. I had some conversation with him, and found him exceedingly well informed. Opposite to his door, I observed an old wooden house, which, he assured me, had been constructed in Holland, more than a century ago. It is constructed in such a manner as to be taken down and put up at pleasure." This house, which stood at the corner of Werburgh-street, was the last of the old cage-work houses of Dublin; it was taken down in 1813, and an engraving of it will be found in the Dublin Penny Journal.

The present " Castle steps" stand nearly on the site of " Cole alley" which, however, only extended to the junction with " Hoey's court."

Sir Daniel Bellingham bequeathed certain lands near Finglas, value about £50 per annum, for the relief of poor debtors confined in the city and four courts marshalseas. Two of the trustees, Tisdal, clerk of the crown, and Richard Geering, one of the six clerks in chancery, obtained possession of these lands and evaded the purposes of the testator. About the middle of the last century the fraud was discovered by dean Bruce of Charleville, Co. Cork, who made an attempt to recover the property, then enormously increased in value. An offer was made by Geering's representative to allocate to the original purpose an annual sum of fifty pounds, on condition that legal proceedings should be suspended and a general release given for the profits and issues of the lands to that period. This proposal was rejected, and we possess no specific information relative to the final adjustment of the affair.

Thomas Dogget, one of the most celebrated actors of his day, and author of a comedy, published in 1696, styled "the country wake," was a native of Castle-street. His first appearance was made on the Dublin stage, and he subsequently, in conjunction with his townsman Robert Wilks, and Colley Cib-

Ralph Elrington, the actor, resided there in 1736; and in 1742, we find notice of "handsome brick houses, with pleasant terrace walks, in Cole alley," where also, Daniel Thompson, bookseller, resided in the reign of queen Anne, and later in the century we find there Robert Marchbank, an eminent printer. About the same period the "Royal chop house" in this alley was a place much resorted to for playing billiards, &c., and in the great room of that tavern (1768) the Philharmonic catch club used to dine on their anniversaries, when one of their principal performances after dinner was the "Ode for St. Cecilia's day," arranged by Samuel Murphy, one of their members. After the passing of the act to insulate the castle of Dublin, the houses on each side of Cole alley were removed, and the passage extended to Ship street. Some glaring errors were committed in a recent antiquarian publication by the editor having confounded "Cole alley" off Castle street, with a locality of the same name in the earl of Meath's liberty. In a patent roll of 1613 we find notice of "A house and backside in Castle street, called Coningham's-inn, now or late in the occupation of Nicholas Netterville, esq." Tokens were issued in the seventeenth century by the following residents of Castle street: Anthony Derrey, 1657; Henry Rugge, apothecary; Jespar Roads, Barbadas, 1657; John Bush, 1656; Richard Martin, 1657; Robert Batrip, 1657; and Robert Freeman, merchant. Robert Rigmaiden, watchmaker, lived in Castle street, in the reign of William, and Mary and here at the same period was the bank of Elnathan Lum, M.P., who died in 1708. The law or plea office of the exchequer was also held in Castle street till the year 1770.

ber, became joint manager of Drury lane theatre ; his share in which, although estimated at £1000, per annum, was surrendered by him in 1712, owing to a disagreement with his partners. Some of Congreve's plays were said to owe much of their success, to the admirable manner in which Dogget performed the parts which were expressly written for him. The intimacy which existed between the actor and the poet, probably originated while the latter was a student in the university of Dublin, and engaged in writing "the old bachelor," that wonderful "first play" which excited the admiration of the veteran Dryden. The following notice of Dogget has been left us by one of his friends and fellow actors, who made his performance of certain parts the subject of long study, and considered himself to have attained perfection in his profession, when he was able, successfully, to imitate his model :—

"To speak of him, as an actor: He was the most original, and the strictest observer of nature, of all his contemporaries. He borrowed from none of them: His manner was his own: He was a pattern to others, whose greatest merit was, that that they had sometimes tolerably imitated him. In dressing a character to the greatest exactness, he was remarkably skilful; the least article of whatever habit he wore, seemed in some degree to speak and mark the different humour he presented; a necessary care in a comedian, in which many have been too remiss, or ignorant. He could be extremely ridiculous, without stepping into the least impropriety, to make him so. His greatest success was in characters of lower life, which he improved, from the delight he took, in his observations of kind, in the real world. In songs and particular dances too, of humour, he had no competitor. Congreve was a great admirer of him, and found his account in the characters he expressly wrote for him. In those of 'Fondlewife,' in his 'Old Bachelor;' and 'Ben' in 'Love for Love,' no author, and actor could be more obliged to their mutual masterly performances. He was very acceptable to several persons of high rank and taste: Tho' he seldom cared to be the comedian, but among his more intimate acquaintance."

Dogget, who died in 1721, was a staunch Whig, and to commemorate the Hanoverian accession, he bequeathed a sum of money to purchase a coat and silver badge, to be rowed for on the Thames, on the first of August, annually, by six young watermen, whose apprenticeship expired in the previous year. The Garrick club of London possesses an original portrait of Dogget which, we believe, has never been engraved. The coat and badge are still regularly contended for on the Thames;

but, like another Irishman, sir Hans Sloane, founder of the British Museum, Doggett, while munificent to strangers, left nothing to perpetuate his memory in his native country. The following lines on his bequest are said to have been written extempore, on a glass window at Lambeth, on the first of August, 1736 :—

“ Tom Dogget, the greatest sly drole in his parts.
In acting, was certain a master of arts,
A monument left—no herald is fuller,
His praise is sung yearly, by many a sculler ;
Ten thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long,
Tom Dogget will still be the theme of their song.
When old Nol, with great Lewis and Bourbon are forgot,
And when numberless kings in oblivion shall rot.”

In Castle-street, at the close of the seventeenth century, stood the bank of Benjamin Burton, and Francis Harrison. The former, a zealous Whig, and grandson of the first of the family of Burton which settled in the county of Clare, early in the reign of James I., was attainted by the Jacobites in 1689, appointed lord mayor of Dublin in 1706, and was four times elected to represent the city in parliament. In 1712-13, a newspaper entitled “The Anti-Tory monitor” was published under his auspices, to support himself and his fellow parliamentary candidate—the recorder of Dublin—in their opposition to the election of the proposed Tory members, sir William Fownes, and Mr Tucker. Party, at that time, ran high in the city; the Tories were distinguished on election days by white roses; while the evergreens which the Whigs wore procured for them the title of the “laurel party.” The ladies took a prominent part in these contentions, employing every artifice, even to tears, to induce all whom they could influence, to support their favourite candidate; hence, a poet of the day describes a fashionable lady as

“ In party, furious to her power ;
A bitter Whig, a Tory sour.”

Burton’s extensive monetary transactions, and the various estates which he purchased, procured him the reputation of unbounded wealth, and the expression “as safe as Ben Burton” was universally used in the city as synonymous with solvency. On the death of his partner, Harrison, in 1725, the liabilities

of the bank, beyond its assets, were found to be upwards of £65,000—a large sum in those days. After Harrison's death, the survivor took into partnership his own son, Samuel Burton, and Daniel Falkiner, securing the latter against the liabilities referred to. Alderman Burton died in 1728, and the bank continued its business to June, 1733, when it stopped payment, heavily indebted to the public: the legislature interfered, and passed an act in the same year, vesting all the real and personal estates of the bankers in trustees. Of the four acts of parliament passed relative to Burton's bank, the last dates in 1757,—twenty-four years after the stoppage—the creditors had then received fifteen shillings in the pound, and the payment of the entire principal was anticipated. One of alderman Burton's daughters became viscountess Netterville, in 1731; and by intermarriage of another branch of the family of Burton with that of Conyngham, the title and estates of the latter devolved to the Burtons, from whom the present marquis of Conyngham is thus descended.

At the house of his brother, a bookseller, in Castle-street*, George Farquhar, the celebrated Irish dramatist,

* In Castle-street, in the reign of Charles II. stood the Feather tavern to which we find the following allusion in that exceedingly rare play, "Hic et ubique, or the humours of Dublin," privately printed A.D., 1663:—

Phantastick. Enough, enough, sir, let's go to the tavern. The knowledge that this gentleman has of the city, will inform us where's the best wine. Come, old sir John, you'll favour us with your company.

Thrivewell. What tavern d'ye pitch on? the London tavern?

Bankrupt. No, no, we have had too much to do with London taverns already.

Thrivewell. Why then, the Feathers."

Of the other taverns and coffee houses formerly situated in Castle-street, the following may be mentioned: the "Garter tavern" (1696), the vestiges of which are still preserved in "Garter court," on the south of the street: the "Duke's head," kept here, in the reign of William and Mary, by the widow Lisle; "Tom's Coffee house, at the Castle gate, on the right hand side turning into the Castle," demolished in 1710, by the commissioners appointed for enlarging and widening the streets leading from Cork hill to the castle; the "Thatched house tavern" (1728); the "Drapier's head;" the "Plume of feathers tavern" (1753), in which the marquis of Kildare and his constituents used to hold their dinners; the "Harry of Monmouth" (1735), where the Hanover club dined on their anniversaries; "Catlin's," (1754) frequented by gentlemen from the north of Ireland; "Carteret's head" (1750), which remained within our own memory, on the north side of the street, and was entered by a long narrow passage close to the present Hibernian bank;

resided during his visit to Dublin in 1704. It was on this occasion that he failed signally in the performance of the character of sir Harry Wildair, in his own comedy of the "constant couple," which had a run of fifty-three nights on its first production in the year 1700. Farquhar's dramatic works were republished in 1840, under the superintendence of Leigh Hunt, who, according to Macaulay, "has paid particular attention to the history of the English drama, from the age of Elizabeth down to our own time; and has every right to be heard with respect on that subject." In this opinion we cannot coincide, as portions of Mr. Hunt's "biographical and critical notices," prefixed to the volume in question, exhibit incontestable evidence of his ignorance of some leading facts in the lives of those "comic dramatists," and their compeers.

On a portion of the city wall, on the south side of Castle-street, stands the bank of messieurs La Touche, a family which was originally settled near Blois, where it was distinguished by

this tavern, much frequented in the last century, now forms a portion of the premises of Mr. Andrews. The "Rose tavern," one of the most noted in Dublin, stood on the north side of Castle-street, nearly opposite to the present "Castle steps." This establishment, kept by Robinson, continued in fashion from the first part of the eighteenth century to about thirty years before the Union. In it the "Hanover," "Boyne," "Cumberland," and other political clubs (1740-50) held their anniversary dinners. "The ancient and most benevolent order of the friendly brothers of St Patrick," which still exists, used to meet here on the 17th of July, annually, to elect their president; a general grand knot of the order assembled on the 17th of March, the "prefects" met at nine, and the "regulars" at 10, a.m., to transact business, according to their constitution; after which they attended his "benevolence," the president, to Patrick's church whence, after having heard a sermon preached for the occasion, they returned and dined at the "Rose" at 4.p.m. The members of the order wore gold medals, suspended from a green ribband, bearing on one side a group of hearts with a celestial crown encompassed with a knotted cord, and two dolphins with a label from their mouths, with the motto, "Quis separabit?" on the obverse was a cross with a heart fixed in the centre, surmounted by a crown, with the words "fidelis et constans." This society frequently discharged the debts of poor prisoners, and in 1762 we find its branch in Tipperary offering a reward of £100, for discovery of any of the agrarian conspiracies in Munster, and £50 for the apprehension of persons enlisting troops for foreign service. At their expence a brass statue was erected to General Blakeney, governor of Minorca, in 1756. This statue was cast, expressly for the order, by J. Van Nost of Dublin, and first exposed to public view on the Mall, in Sackville-street, on St. Patrick's day, 1759. The grand master's lodge of Freemasons met regularly (1763) to dine at the "Rose tavern" on the first Wednesday of each month, and the house continued to be frequented by guilds and other public bodies until its final closure.

ennoblement and peculiar privileges. Their present name is derived from La Touche, one of their ancient estates in the mother country. David Digges La Touche, the first of the family who came to Ireland, was an officer in Calimotte's* regiment of French refugees in the service of William III., during the Irish wars of the Revolution, after the conclusion of which he entered into trade,—became a banker in Dublin, and died suddenly in 1745, while on his knees, attending divine service in the castle chapel. "Ce David," says a French writer, "était venu de France, lors de la révocation de l'édit de Nantes et par une continuelle industrie de plus de quarante ans avait acquis une fortune très considérable : quoique banquier,† c'était un homme humain et charitable : on rapporte, que sur ses vieux jours, il ne sortait jamais sans avoir ses poches pleines de shillings, qu'il donnait aux pauvres ; comme on lui représentait, que s'il donnait à tous ceux qui lui demanderaient, il ferait la charité à bien des mauvais sujets : 'oui,' répondit il, 'mais si mon shilling tombe à propos une fois dans dix, c'est assez.' L'église (Belvue, Co. Wicklow) dans laquelle on voit son monument avoit été bâtie par lui : on lit sur

* Colonel Calimotte, the younger son of a noble family in France, remarkable for its attachment to the Reformed religion, left his country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and was appointed by William III. to command one of the Huguenot regiments levied for the wars of the Revolution. The colonel served through the disastrous campaign of 1689, under the marshal duke de Schonberg at Dundalk ; a letter written by him, signed "Calimotte, R." and dated "Au camp de Dundalk, ce 23e 7bre '89", is still extant. He was mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne in 1690 where he commanded the three Huguenot regiments which crossed the river about the centre at Old-bridge. His regiment, notwithstanding the overwhelming superiority in numbers and equipments of the forces of the prince of Orange, was completely ridden through by king James's Irish horse guards, who, on the same occasion, despatched another famous soldier,—the duke de Schonberg. Colonel Calimotte was brother of the marquis de Ruvigny, whose bravery at the head of the French horse mainly gained the unequal battle of Aughrim, and who was afterwards created earl of Galway, and finally appointed commander in chief of the Allied forces in Spain.

† The original firm was La Touche and Kane ; the present edifice in Castle-street was built by David La Touche, junior, and the bank was removed to it in 1735, from another locality in the same street. Alderman Nathaniel Kane was elected lord mayor of Dublin in 1734. A portrait of him is extant painted by Slaughter and engraved by Brooks. He was denounced by Lucas for speculation of the city revenues, and the documents published relative to his conduct do not set his character in a very favourable light. Next door to the castle gate, a door below La Touche's bank, on another portion of the city wall, was, towards the middle of the last century, the manufactory of George Lamprey, the celebrated cutler, which now forms the eastern wing of the bank.

le portail cette inscription touchante, 'Of thy own, oh! my God, do I give unto thee.' "

During the dispute relative to the power of the English cabinet to impose Wood's spurious copper coin on the people of Ireland, one of the La Touche family, in conjunction with another French refugee, rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the popular party, by dissenting from the verdict of the grand jury of Dublin, when it ignored the bills presented by government against the printer of the "Drapier's letters." This transaction was made the subject of a street ballad, in which the following verses occur:—

" Poor monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it?—A judge or a peer.

Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.

Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson, challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.

Which nobody can deny.

There's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland, and haters of Wood.

Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.

Which nobody can deny.

But Perrier and copper La Touche we'll excuse—
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse,
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.

Which nobody can deny."

When Charles Lucas commenced his crusade against the board of aldermen, he found an active colleague in James Digges La Touche*, who aided him both by his writings and

* He published a collection of documents relative to these transactions with the following title "Papers concerning the late disputes between the commons and aldermen of Dublin, 8vo., Printed by James Esdall, at the corner of Copper alley, on Cork hill, 1746;" the most valuable portion of this publication, which consists of extracts from the municipal records, was claimed by Lucas, who also charged his opponent with having

personal exertions. They, however, became opposed to each other in consequence of a vacancy in the representation of Dublin in 1745, which both of them desired to fill. After the parliamentary condemnation of Lucas, La Touche was elected member for the city in opposition to the court candidate; the government, incensed at the success of the popular member, interfered, and illegally deprived him of his seat; on the sole ground of his connection with Lucas. The citizens were much exasperated at this conduct, as La Touche had deserved well of them by his conduct while master of the corporation of weavers, during which period his exertions had enabled them to erect their hall on the Coombe, and to bring the affairs of the guild into order. His father had also rendered himself popular by his efforts to promote the manufactures of Ireland. In 1757, we find that David La Touche was treasurer to the society for the relief of foreign Protestants; and during the pa-

endeavoured, for personal emolument, to injure certain branches of the trade of Ireland. James Digges La Touche also published "Collections of cases, memorials, addresses, and proceedings in parliament, relating to insolvent debtors, customs and excises, admiralty courts, and the valuable liberties of citizens. To which are added observations on the embargo in Ireland." 8vo. London: 1757.

Before the Union, the La Touches were noted for the magnificent fêtes which they gave at their beautiful residences—Harristown and Marlay; the following is the programme of a private juvenile performance at the latter place, the seat of the Right Hon. David La Touche:—

"Mignonette-Theatre, Fairy Land.

By command of their majesties Oberon and Titania.

This present Monday, the 30th of September, 1776, will be presented the masque of Comus. Comus, Mr. Whyte. Elder brother, Miss Emilia La Touche. Younger brother, Miss Harrietta La Touche. First spirit, Miss Mariann La Touche. Second spirit, Miss Ann La Touche. Bacchanals and bacchantes, Master La Touche, Master George La Touche, Master John La Touche, Master Dunn, Miss Whyte and Miss Maria La Touche. Euphrosyne, Miss Dunn. Pastoral nymph, Miss Maria Monro. Sabrina, Miss Gertrude La Touche. The lady, Miss La Touche. Sweet Echo, Mrs. La Touche, echoed by Mrs. Dunn. In Act 1, a glee by Mr. Dillon, Mrs. La Touche, and Mrs. Dunn. End of Act 1, a lesson on the harpsichord, by Mrs. J. La Touche. End of Act 2, a hornpipe, by Miss H. and Miss Em. La Touche. In Act 3, a double minuet, by Miss H. La Touche, Miss Emilia, Miss Mariann, and Miss Ann La Touche; with a reel by the same. To conclude with a country dance by the characters. An occasional overture, by Miss Quin. Prologue, by Mr. Whyte. And the epilogue, by Henry Grattan, esq.; spoken by Miss La Touche.

Lilliput: Printed by Robin Goodfellow, master of the revels, and serjeant-printer to Oberon, king of the fairies."

Miss Elizabeth La Touche, the speaker of the above epilogue, was the famous beauty who became countess of Lanesborough in 1781; her portrait was painted by Horace Hone, of Dublin, and engraved by Bartolozzi.

nic occasioned by the stoppage of the Dublin bankers in 1760, the committee appointed by the house of commons, on the petition of the several merchants and traders of Dublin relative to the low state of public and private credit, came to the following resolutions :—

“Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that the banks of Gleadowe and company, David La Touche and sons, and Finlay and company, have, respectively, funds much more than sufficient to any demands which the publick may have against them respectively. Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that it will be expedient, at this critical and distrustful season, and contribute much to re-establish credit, and quiet the minds of the people, if this House shall engage to make up to the creditors of the said three banks any deficiency in their effects, to answer such demands as may be made upon them respectively, on or before the 1st day of May, 1762, to the amount of any sums, not exceeding 50,000l., for each of the said banks.”

In 1767 John La Touche contested the representation of Dublin with the marquis of Kildare ; the partizans of the latter did not hesitate to stigmatize La Touche as a foreign intruder, and at their political banquets in the “weaver’s arms,” Francis-street, the principal toasts were—“may the city of Dublin never be represented by a banker ;” and “may the influence of stamp paper never be able to return a representative for this city.” La Touche’s friends, at their meetings in the “Phoenix” in Werburgh-street, drank with equal fervor, “a speedy return and success in the election” to their candidate ; “may the city of Dublin never become a borough, obedient to the will of one man, however distinguished by birth and station,” and “may the citizens of Dublin, regardless of title and station, have discernment and virtue enough to chose a proper representative from among themselves.”

In the year 1778 the marquis of Buckingham, lord lieutenant of Ireland, found that the Irish treasury was completely exhausted, and that the selfish policy of the English ministers had reduced the country to a state of utter prostration ; in this dilemma he applied to messieurs La Touche, who immediately advanced him a sum of twenty thousand pounds.

“The bank of messieurs La Touche not only upheld the shattered credit of government, but prevented the dissolution of the state ! Who could have believed, if the letters of the viceroy had not proved it, that the king of Great Britain, like a poor debtor, or an

idle spendthrift, would have been obliged to apply at a private gentleman's house, and ask for a loan of money, in order that he might be enabled to carry on the semblance of government, and keep up the insolent mockery of these 'desperate political gamblers,' as Mr. Flood called them, who first squandered the revenues of the state, and then left her defenceless; and this, as afterwards appeared, not with a view to remedy abuses, but to confirm them; not to extend the trade of Ireland, but to uphold the principle of the embargo; not to procure markets for her manufacture, but to discourage the consumption of all native manufactures, and get her people not to wear Irish clothing at the very time when Irish artisans were starving by thousands! Will after-ages credit these astounding facts? and would not the assertion be denied, if the irrefragable evidence of these letters did not bring home the proof of 'high crimes and misdemeanors,' and justify Ireland in recording, as she must, the solemn verdict of guilty? It is in vain that kings or ministers strive to conceal their offences or their crimes, and think they can efface every mark of mischief and every vestige of iniquity; though buried for ages, like the blood of the murdered man, they will yet arise, and call to Heaven for justice, if not for vengeance. In the letter of the 16th of May, the lord lieutenant discloses the progress of the bankruptcy, and its necessary consequences, namely, that he was obliged to stop payment; accordingly, he suspended all salaries, all pensions, all civil—all military—all parliamentary grants; all clothing arrears, and all ordinary payments; and, in addition, those in the barrack and in the ordnance department, which were held by contract, and used to be punctually paid. He states that he was obliged to resort to these 'extraordinary measures,' to enable him to encamp the army. He sends Mr. Clements, (who was at the head of the treasury,) express to lord North, to London, to procure assistance, and is again obliged to go to messrs. La Touche to beg another 20,000*l.* The bankers, not without surprise that his majesty, George the third, should be so ill provided, learning that he had no money left in Ireland, and could not afford to send any from England, very prudently, and like sensible men of business, 'returned for answer, that it was not in their power, though very much in their inclination;' that they could not lend a second 20,000*l.*; and thus the king, the viceroy, and the country, were left to extricate themselves out of this dilemma as well as they could. The immediate consequence was, that the march of the troops was stopped, and the encampment did not take place. The people, however, did not remain passive spectators of national ruin and disgrace; they had recourse to the advice of their parliamentary supporters, and, under their guidance, they took up a position, on the side of their country, from which they could neither be seduced, or driven, or terrified."

The bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics of Ireland presented to the House of Commons in 1792, was rejected without entering on its merits, on the motion of the Right Hon. David La Touche, although, as well known, policy

obliged the legislature to sanction it after the conclusion of a few months.

On the foundation of the bank of Ireland in 1783, David La Touche, junior, was chosen its first governor; of the five of this family who sat in the Irish parliament at the period of the Union, but one was found to vote in favor of that measure. The present establishment of messieurs La Touche, in Castle-street, still maintains its pristine position, and can boast of being the oldest bank in Ireland.

The bank of James Swift and company was held in Castle-street, in two houses opposite the castle gate, from 1741 to 1746, in which year that firm appears to have been succeeded by Thomas Gleadowe and company, whose successor, William Gleadowe of Killester, having married Charlotte, daughter and heiress of Charles Newcomen,* of Carrickglass, in the county of Longford, was created a baronet in 1781, and assumed the arms and surname of Newcomen. Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen's bank was held at 19 Mary's abbey, from 1777 to 1781, in the latter year it was removed back to Castle-street, to the new edifice constructed by Thomas Ivory, an eminent native architect. "The plan," says a critic of the last century, "considering the great restraint and irregularity of the ground is well contrived, and if the excess of ornament had been spared, the fronts would have been more perfect." This banker acquired an unenviable notoriety by his conduct in the Irish parliament with reference to the measure of the legislative Union, of which a contemporary has given the following particulars :—

"Sir William Gladowe Newcomen, bart., member for the county of Longford, in the course of the debate, declared he supported the Union, as he was not instructed to the contrary by his constituents. This avowal surprised many, as it was known that the county was nearly unanimous against the measure, and that he was well ac-

* The family of Newcomen appears to have been settled in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth. In 1689-90 lady Sarah Newcomen vainly attempted to defend the strongly-fortified family residence at Mosstown, co. Longford, against the king's troops commanded by the Hon. William Nugent, brigadier, colonel of foot, and lord lieutenant of the county. In Mosstown house was preserved a series of historical pictures on a large scale, painted on panel, representing the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim; these valuable remains however disappeared in the present century, in consequence of the ill treatment which the building received after it had been deserted by its old proprietors.

quainted with the fact. However, he voted for lord Castlereagh, and he asserted that conviction alone was his guide : his veracity was doubted, and in a few months some of his bribes were published. His wife was also created a peeress. One of his bribes has been discovered, registered in the rolls office—a document which it was never supposed would be exposed, but which would have been ground for impeachment against every member of government who thus contributed his aid to plunder the public and corrupt parliament.

The following is a copy from the rolls office of Ireland :—

‘ By the lord lieutenant and general governor of Ireland.

CORNWALLIS.

Whereas sir William Gladowe Newcomen, bart, hath, by his memorial laid before us, represented that, on the 25th day of June, 1785, John, late earl of Mayo, then lord viscount Naas, receiver-general of stamp duties, together with sir Thomas Newcomen, bart. and sir Barry Denny, bart, both since deceased, as sureties for the said John, earl of Mayo, executed a bond to his Majesty, conditioning to pay into the treasury the stamp duties received by him ; that the said earl of Mayo continued in the said office of receiver-general until the 30th day of July, 1786, when he resigned the same, at which time it is stated that he was indebted to his majesty in the sum of about five thousand pounds, and died on the seventh of April, 1792 ; that the said sureties are dead, and the said sir Thomas Newcomen, bart., did by his last will appoint the memorialist executor of his estate ; that the memorialist proposed to pay into his majesty's exchequer the sum of two-thousand pounds, as a composition for any money that might be recovered thereon, upon the estate being released from any further charge on account of the said debt due to his majesty. And the before-mentioned memorial having been referred to his majesty's attorney-general, for his opinion what would be proper to be done in this matter, and the said attorney-general having by his report unto us, dated the 20th day of August, 1800, advised that, under all the circumstances of the case, the sum of two thousand pounds should be accepted of the memorialist on the part of government, etc., etc., J. TOLER.'

By this abstract it now appears, even by the memorial of sir William Gladowe, that he was indebted at least five thousand pounds, from the year 1786, to the public treasury and revenue of Ireland ; that, with the interest thereon, it amounted in 1800 to ten thousand pounds ; that sir William had assets in his hands, as executor, to pay that debt ; and that, on the Union, when all such arrears must have been paid into the treasury, the attorney-general, under a reference of lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh, was induced to sanction the transaction as reported ; viz., ' under all its circumstances ' to forego the debt, except two thousand pounds. Every effort was made to find if any such sum as two thousand pounds was credited to the public, and none such was discovered. The fact is, that lord Naas owed ten thousand pounds, consequently sir William owed twenty thousand ; that he never bonâ fide paid to the public one shilling, which, with a peerage, the patronage of his county, and the pecuniary

pickings also received by himself, altogether formed a tolerably strong bribe, even for a more qualmish conscience than that of sir William."

On the 30th of July, 1800, lady Newcomen was raised to the Irish peerage by the title of baroness Newcomen of Moss-town, and, in 1803, she was advanced to the dignity of viscountess Newcomen. She was succeeded by her son, sir Thomas Newcomen, bart., viscount Newcomen, on whose death in 1825, the title became extinct. Newcomen's house in Castle-street is at present occupied by the Hibernian joint stock banking company.

On a portion of the acclivity now known as "Cork hill" formerly stood Dame's-gate, "anciently called the eastern gate, and St. Mary's-gate, and so mentioned by Maurice Regan, which did not take its name from the mill-dam near it, as some have conjectured, but from the church of St. Mary les dames, contiguous to it on the inside of the walls; and till the reformation the image of the Virgin Mary stood in a niche of stone work over the gate; the pedestal and other footsteps whereof remained there till the gate* itself was demolished within our

* The site of this gate was one of the places where proclamation was made when war was declared; on these occasions the following was the routine observed in the last century. The procession, preceded by a troop of horse, moved from the parliament house, then followed the state kettle drums and trumpets, the state pursuivants, serjeants at arms with their maces, Athlone pursuivant, Ulster king at arms in his tabard, the whole, closed by a squadron of horse, proceeded to Cork hill, where Dame's gate stood, and being there met by the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, recorder, and all the city officers on horseback, in their formalities, the king at arms demanded of the lord mayor entrance into the city to proclaim war, and, having produced his authority, he was immediately admitted. The lord mayor and city officers then fell into their ranks behind the king at arms, and, having arrived at the castle, the sword was presented to the lord lieutenant, who drew it, repeating the words "God help!" The declaration was then read at the castle gate, the tholsel, the corn-market, the old bridge, Ormond and Essex bridges, by the king at arms, and proclaimed aloud by the Athlone pursuivant. Proclamation was subsequently made in the county of Dublin, and in the liberties of the archbishop and the earl of Meath.

Opposite to the castle gate was Preston's inn, "which," says a writer of the last century, "was a large space of ground bounded by the castle ditch, the city walls, extending from Dame's gate to Izod's tower, (on the site whereof Essex gate was afterwards erected) Scarlet alley, called also Izod's lane, or the upper Blind quay, Smock alley, or Smoke alley, and so up to Castle-street. On this void piece of ground a party, sent by Thomas Fitz Gerald in 1534, to besiege the castle, planted their batteries, and which since that time has become the property of divers per-

own (1766) memory. From this gate, the street called Dame's-street derives its name, extending in a line from east to west to Hoggin green. This gate was built with towers castle-wise, and was armed with a portcullis. It was one of the narrowest entrances into the city, and standing upon an ascent was, when business increased, and the town grew more populous, much thronged and encumbered with carriages; for remedy whereof, the earl of Strafford attempted to have the passage enlarged by throwing down a part of the city wall, and some houses adjoining thereto; but the neighbouring proprietors could not be prevailed on to yield their consents upon the terms proposed, and the project came to nothing." The French romance ascribed to the twelfth century mentions the assault made in 1170 by Asculph Mac Torcall and the Scandinavians on "la porte sainte Marie," the full details of which were given in our notice of St. Werburgh's-street. Henri de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin in the early part of the thirteenth century,

sons. Cork house, now (1766) Lucas's Coffee house, the old exchange, and the adjoining houses, were erected on a part of it; a part of it was occupied by Copper alley, another part of it has been taken up by a range of buildings extending from Copper alley to Castle-street, and the remainder, opposite to Cork house, became the property of the lord chief baron Bysse, and sir Dudley Loftus, and was what in latter times remained under the denomination of Preston's inn, until it changed its name to the lord chief baron's yard, on which the said chief baron Bysse erected a fair house, which was demolished in the year 1762 with other buildings, when Parliament-street was opened, in which it stood."

John Bysse (or de la Bisse), recorder of Dublin during the Protectorate, was appointed chief baron of the exchequer after the restoration; he died in 1679, and was buried in St. Audoen's church. His daughter Catherine was married to sir Richard Bulkley of Old-bawn, father of the eccentric knight of the same name, who wrote an "Account of the Giant's causeway, 1693;" "A letter about improvements to be made in Ireland by sowing of maize;" "An account of the propagation of elm seed;" and "Proposals for sending back the nobility and gentry of Ireland." Another of Bysse's daughters, Judith, the survivor of twenty-one children, was mother of our famous viscount Molesworth. In 1708, a newspaper with the following title was published here: "The Flying post, or the post master—printed by S. Powell and F. Dickson, in the lord chief baron's yard on Cork hill, where fresh and full news will be hereafter printed, without imposing old trash on the publick." Among the printers and booksellers in this locality we find Thomas Hume (1716) "at the sign of the Bible, on the lower end of Cork hill;" Patrick Campbell and Philip Hodgson "on the lower end of Cork hill, near Smock alley" (1719); Patrick Dugan (1723); Edward Exshaw (1744); James Esdall (1749), of whom an account will be given in our notice of the "Blind quay"; John Exshaw (1750); and R. Marchbank (1783), No. 2, Cork hill.

conferred the church of St. Mary upon the treasurer of St. Patrick's cathedral; and the crown used in 1487 at the coronation of the youth, known in history as Lambert Simnel, was taken from a statue of the Virgin in this church. The following is the contemporary account of a scene which took place here on the 30th of July, 1488, between sir Richard Edgecombe, the commissioner of Henry VII., and the earl of Kildare, relative to James Keating, the turbulent prior of Kilmainham and Thomas Plunket, chief justice of the common pleas, supporters of the cause of Simnel, who, says the old chronicler, "was sure an honorable child to looke upon:"—

"Both the erle and the seyd sir Richard, and the lordes spiritual and temporal met at a church callid our lady of the dames in Dublyn; and ther great instaunce was made agen to the seyd sir Richard to accept and take the said justice Plunket, and the said prior of Kilmainham to the kings grace, and that they mought have their pardons in likewise as othir had, forasmooch as the kyng had grantid pardon generally to every man. The said sir Richard answerid unto theme with right sharp words, and said, that he knew better what the kings grace had commaunded him to do, and what his instructions were, than any of theme did; and gave with a manfull spirit unto the seyd justice Plunket, and prior, fearful and terrible words, insoemuch that both the seyd erle and lordes wuld give no answeare therunto, but kept their peace; and aftir the great ire passed, the erle and lordes laboured with souch fair means, and made such profers, that the seyd sir Richard was agreed to take the seyd justice Plunket to the kyngs grace; and soe he did, and took his homage and fealty upon the sacrament; but in no wise he would except or take the seyd prior of Kilmainham to the kyng's grace, and that ere he departid unto his lodging, he took with hym divers judges and othir noblemen, and went into the castle of Dublyn, and there put in possession Richard Archiboll, the king's servaunt, into the office of the constable of the seyd castle, which the king's grace had given unto him by his lettres patent; from the which office the said prior of Kilmainham had wrongfully kept the said Richard by the space of two yeres and more, and ere then he departid out of the seyd church of dames, the seyd erle of Kildare delivered to the seyd sir Richard both his certificate upon his oath under the seal of his arms, as the obligation of his sureties; and ther the seyd sir Richard in the presense of all the lordes deliverid unto him the king's pardon under his gret seal in the presence of all the lordes spiritual and temporall; and that day after dinner the seyd sir Richard departid out of Dublyn to a place called Dalcay, six miles from Dublyn, where his ships lay; and the archbusshopp of Dublyn, justice Bermingham, and the recorder of Dublyn, with many othir nobles, brought

him thither ; and that night he took his ship, and ther lay at road all night ; because the wind was contrarye to him ; and the ships lay in such a road, that he could not get them out without perill."

In the reign of Henry VIII. the parish of St. Mary, which "included little more of the city than that portion wherein the castle is built," was united to the parish of St. Werburgh by George Browne, the first Protestant archbishop of Dublin.

After the dissolution of religious houses, Richard Thompson, treasurer of St. Patrick's demised (1589) to sir George Carewe, for sixty-one years, the house, messuages, church and church-yard of St. Mary, by the castle of Dublin, with all buildings, court-yards, back-sides, gardens, orchards or commodities thereto belonging, for the annual rent of six marks, nine shillings, Irish. Shortly after this period it came into the possession of the first earl of Cork, from whom it took the name of "Cork house."

Richard Boyle, born in 1566, the second son of a younger brother, was originally a student in the middle temple, and being unable to defray the expences necessary for the completion of his studies, he became a clerk to sir Richard Manwood, chief baron of the English exchequer. Dissatisfied with the emoluments of his office, he resolved to visit "foreign countries," and he tells us that "it pleased the Almighty, by his divine providence, to take me, I may say, just as it were by the hand, and lead me into Ireland, where I happily arrived at Dublin on Midsummer eve, the 23 June, 1588." His first step to fortune in Ireland was his marriage in 1595 with Mrs. Joan Apsley of Limerick, who brought him a dower of £500 per annum. Of his early adventures in this country he has left the following account:—

"When I first arrived in Dublin, all my wealth was then 27*l.* 3*s.* in money, and two tokens, which my mother had formerly given me, viz. a diamond ring, which I have ever since, and still do wear, and a bracelet of gold worth about 10*l.* a taffety doublet cut with and upon taffety ; a pair of black velvet breeches laced ; a new Milan fustian suit laced and cut upon taffety ; two cloaks ; competent linen and necessaries ; with my rapier and dagger. And, 23 June, 1632, I have served my God, q. Elizabeth, k. James, and k. Charles, full 44 years in Ireland, and so long after as it shall please God to enable me. When God had blessed me with a reasonable fortune and estate, sir Henry Wallop, treasurer at war ; sir Robert Gardiner, chief justice of the king's bench ; sir Robert Dillon, chief justice of the common pleas ; sir Richard Bingham, chief commissioner of Connaught ; being displeased for some purchases which

I had made in the province, they all joined together, and by their letters complained against me to q. Elizabeth, expressing, 'That I came over a young man, without any estate or fortune; and that I had made so many purchases, as it was not possible to do it without some foreign prince's purse to supply me with money; that I had acquired divers castles and abbies upon the sea-side, fit to receive and entertain Spaniards; that I kept in my abbies, fraternities and convents of friars in their habits, who said mass continually; and that I was suspected in my religion, with divers other malicious suggestions.' Whereof having some secret notice, I resolved to go into Munster, and so into England, to justify myself; but, before I could take shipping, the general rebellion in Munster broke forth; all my lands were wasted, as I could not say that I had one penny of certain revenue left me, to the unspeakable danger and hazard of my life: yet God so preserved me, as I recovered Dingle, and got shipping there, which transported me to Bristol, from whence I travelled to London, and betook myself to my former chamber in the middle temple, intending to renew my studies in the laws till the rebellion was passed over. Then Robert, earl of Essex, was designed for the government of this kingdom, unto whose service I was recommended by Mr. Anthony Bacon; whereupon his lordship very nobly received me, and used me with favour and grace, in employing me in suing out his patent and commission for the government of Ireland; whereof sir Henry Wallop having notice, utterly to suppress me, renewed his former complaint to the queen's majesty against me; whereupon by her majesty's special directions, I was suddenly attached and conveyed close prisoner to the gatehouse; all my papers seized and searched; and although nothing could appear to my prejudice, yet my close restraint was continued till the earl of Essex was gone to Ireland, and two months afterwards; at which time, with much suit, I obtained of her sacred majesty the favour to be present at my answers; where I so fully answered and cleared all their objections, and delivered such full and evident justifications for my own acquittal, as it pleased the queen to use these words: 'By God's death, all these are but inventions against this young man, and all his sufferings are for being able to do us service, and these complaints urged to forestall him therein: But we find him a man fit to be employed by ourselves, and we will employ him in our service; and Wallop and his adherents shall know, that it shall not be in the power of any of them to wrong him, neither shall Wallop be our treasurer any longer.' And, arising from council, gave order not only for my present enlargement, but also discharging all my charges and fees during my restraint, gave me her royal hand to kiss, which I did heartily; humbly thanking God for that great deliverance. Being commanded by her majesty to attend at court, it was not many days before her highness was pleased to bestow upon me the office of clerk of the council of Munster, and to commend me over to sir George Carew (after earl of Totness) then lord president of Munster; whereupon I bought of sir Walter Rawleigh his ship, called the pilgrim, into which I took a freight of ammunition and victuals, and came in her myself

by long sea ; and arrived at Carrigfoile in Kerry, where the lord president and the army were then at the siege of that castle ; which when we had taken, I was there sworn clerk of the council of Munster, and presently after made a justice of peace and quorum throughout all that province. And this was the second rise that God gave unto my fortune. Then, as clerk of the council, I attended the lord president in all his employments, waited on him (who assisted the l. d. Mountjoy) at the whole siege of Kingsale, and was employed by his lordship to her majesty with the news of that happy victory (obtained over the Irish under the earl of Tyrone, and the Spaniards, 24 December, 1601) ; in which employment I made a speedy expedition to the court ; for, I left my lord president at Shandon castle, near Cork, on Monday morning about two of the clock, and the next day delivered my pacquet, and supped with sir Robert Cecil, being then principal secretary, at his house in the strand ; who, after supper, held me in discourse till two of the clock in the morning, and by seven that morning called upon me to attend him to the court, where he presented me to her majesty in her bedchamber ; who remembered me, calling me my name, and giving me her hand to kiss, telling me, that she was glad that I was the happy man to bring the first news of the glorious victory. And after her majesty had interrogated with me upon sundry questions very punctually, and that therein I had given her full satisfaction upon every particular, she gave me again her hand to kiss, and commanded my dispatch for Ireland, and so dismissed me with grace and favour. At my return into Ireland, I found my lord president ready to march to the siege of Beerhaven-castle, then fortified and possessed by the Spaniards and some Irish rebels, which after battering, we had made assaultable, entered and put all to the sword. His lordship then fell to reducing these western parts of the province to subjection, and obedience to her majesty's laws : and having placed garrisons and wards in all places of importance, made his return to Cork ; and in the way homewards acquainted me with his resolution to employ me presently into England, to obtain licence from her majesty for his repair to her royal presence : at which time he propounded unto me the purchase of all sir Walter Rawleigh's lands in Munster, which, by his assistance, and the mediation of sir Robert Cecil, was perfected, and this was a third addition and rise to my estate. Then I returned into Ireland with my lord president's licence to repair to court, and by his recommendation was married, 25 July, 1603, to my second wife, Mrs. Catherine Fenton, the only daughter of sir Jeffrey Fenton, principal secretary of state, and privy councillor, in Ireland, on which day I was knighted by sir George Carew, l. d. of Ireland, at St. Mary's abbey, near Dublin."

His subsequent promotion was exceedingly rapid : he was successively created privy councillor, earl of Cork, lord justice, and high treasurer. During his tenure of office, previous to the arrival of lord Strafford, we are told by his panegyrist, that " his

lordship, at a very great personal expense, encouraged the settlement of Protestants ; the suppression of Popery, the regulation of the army, the increase of the public revenue, and the transplantation of many septs and barbarous clans, from the fruitful province of Leinster into the wilds of Kerry." On the commencement of the wars of 1641, Boyle and his elder sons exerted themselves strenuously to defend their possessions from the incursions of the natives whose total extirpation they earnestly advocated. His death took place in 1643, and he is now chiefly remembered as the father of the philosopher Robert Boyle, of whom Ireland may well be proud. Ingenuous as the "true remembrances" of his life left by the "great earl of Cork" may appear, it cannot be doubted that the greater part of his vast estate deserved the title of a "hastily gotten and suspiciously kept fortune," given to it by a noble writer. "I am very confydent," says sir Christopher Wandesford, "since the suppression of abbeyes no one man in either kingdome hath so violently, so frequently layde prophane hands, hands of power, upon the church and her possessions, (even almost to demolition where he hath come) as this bolde earl of Corke." "Lord Cork," observes Crofton Croker, "is said to have powerfully advanced the English interest in Ireland, and it must be granted, if the severest intolerance has been beneficial to the cause of union : the bigotry of the Protestants against their Roman Catholic brethren in those towns under his influence reached a degree of marked violence unknown in any other part of the kingdom." He is by no means clear of the blood of Atherton, bishop of Waterford, the lands belonging to which see are still held by the earl's successors, and had not Strafford been hurried to the block there can be little doubt that he would have made an effort to restore to the church the property wrested from her by Boyle.

The earl's residence on Cork hill appears to have been early used by the government. During the panic in Dublin consequent on the rising of 1641 "the council was removed out of the castle to Cork house, and the rolls and records of several offices removed to the same place;" shortly after, we find the marquis of Ormond and other members of the privy council meeting in the gallery of Cork house to arrange certain public affairs with a deputation from the house of commons. During the Protectorate the building was occupied by the council of state and their subservient officers. The committee of transplantation sat in this edifice, in 1653,

and here in 1654 it was determined at a council of war that the army should pay Dr. Petty one penny per acre for surveying the forfeited lands. The following extracts relative to Cork house are now published for the first time from the records of the Irish privy council :—

“13th October 1651. It was ordered by the council that commissioners should survey the 4 courts and the gallery at Cork house and report how much it would cost to repair the decays. On 20th January 1652-3 order was given for the supplying of boards, posts, nails, hinges, wood for ballusters door case &c. for fitting up rooms in Corke house for clerks attending the commissioners of parliament for the affairs of Ireland.

By an order of council dated 1st August 1653, it was ordered, that

Roger Lord Broghill
Sir Hardress Waller
Col. Hierome Sankey
Col. Richard Laurence

Scout Master Genl. John Jones
Adj. Genl. Hy. Jones
Adj. Genl. Wm. Allen
Major Anthy. Morgan

• The following is the official report of the proceedings of a council of war at Cork house on the ninth of March 1651, relative to lieutenant colonel Prime Iron Rochfort, ancestor of the now extinct earls of Belvedere :—

Lieutenant General, President.

Mr. Corbett, Col. Jones, Mr. Weaver, Col. Hewson, Muster-Master-General, Col. Lawrence, Adjutant-General Long, Major Meredith, Lieut. Col. Arnap, Major Jones, Captains Pierce, Campbell, Sankey, Mansfield, Hore, Haycock, Manwaring, Sands.

“THE defendant being this day convened before the court held at Cork-house, in the presence of the right hon. the commissioners of parliament, the lieutenant-general being president. 1. It being put to the question whether the blow received by Turner upon his head from lieut. col. Rochfort, was the cause of the said Turner's death? Resolved in the affirmative. 2. Whether upon the evidence presented to the court, it appears that lieut. col. Rochfort gave the mortal wound unto the party slain, out of malice and with intention to kill him? Resolved in the negative. 3. Whether upon the whole evidence it appear-eth, that lieut. col. Rochfort wounded the said Turner in his own defence? Resolved in the negative. 4. Whether lieut. col. Rochfort be guilty of the death of the said Turner within the seventh article of duties moral? Resolved in the negative. 5. Whether lieut. col. Prime-iron Rochfort, in killing of major Turner by the wound he gave him in the head, be guilty of manslaughter within the last article of war, under the title of administration of justice? Resolved in the affirmative. 6. Whether, upon the matter of evidence appearing to the court, he be guilty of a breach of the fifth article, under the title of duties in the camp and garrison? Resolved in the affirmative. 7. Whether, upon the whole matter, lieut. col. Rochfort shall suffer death? Resolved in the affirmative.”

Rochfort was shot on 14th May, 1652, pursuant to the sentence of the court, and a branch of the family would have become extinct by his death, but for an extraordinary instance of moral courage and contempt of death which he exhibited a few hours before his execution.

Col. Rob. Barron

Lt. Col. Arnop

Qr. Mr. Genl. Vernon

Dr. Philip Carteret and

Major Henry Jones

or any five of them be a standing committee to sitt at Corke house every Monday Wednesday and Friday, to consider all matters referred to them by the commissioners of the common wealth, to offer suggestions from time to time how oppressions may be removed and redressed, and what else they conceive may be for the public service, and particularly how trade may be advanced, and how the great work of transplantation may be managed and carried on with the most advantage to the common wealth.

On August 1653, it was ordered that the long gallery in Corke house be fitted up for the said standing committee.

"On 16th April 1685 by a further order of council it was ordered that Corke house be repaired, especially the roof—and the gallery also; as also that a convenient passage be made through the gallery from Corke house into the castle. Yet so that convenient chambers and rooms be prepared in the said gallery for the meeting of the committees and others.

On 22d June 1655, it was ordered by the council

Whereas the lord deputy and council are necessitated to remove out of Cork house to sitt in the old council chamber in the castle for some tyme while Cork house is in repaying, and for as much and whereas there is a necessity for having the conveniency of some rooms in the said castle for clerks and other officers to attend the council, It is ordered that all such rooms that were formerly belonging to the old council chamber in the castle be forthwith repayed: And on 28th June 1655, It was by order of council, dated at Dublin castle, referred to chief justice Pepys, one of the council, and Mr. attorney genl. Basill, to consider of such evidence and writings as relate to the house called Corke house in Dublin, and to reporte what they hold advisable as to the having a longer lease made of the said house."

The lease, however, does not appear to have been renewed, and Cork-house was relinquished as a government office. After the Restoration the earls of Cork came again into possession, and in 1660, it is described as "abutting on Dame's gate and the city wall on the east; to the street on the north; to the High-street, leading to the castle, on the west; and to the mearing stone, set in the wall of the gallery, distant one hundred feet from the castle wall, on the south." In 1670, "at the charges of the commissioners of the customs an exchange place was made in the garden of Cork-house (formerly the grave-yard of St. Marie la dame), very convenient with buildings erected on pillars to walk under in foul weather, where merchants and others met every day at the ringing of the bell to treat of their business." In 1685,

William Mendey, bookseller kept his shop in the Exchange; and a Williamite writer of the day, tells us that by the rudeness of the Papists, in the times of James II., "the Exchange was entirely ruined; neither buyers nor sellers being able to keep in it, by reason of the insolencies of the new Popish officers who walked in it, affronted or assaulted every body, or extorted their goods from them for nothing, the shopkeepers not daring to refuse to trust them." This statement, however, must be received with caution, as an original proclamation, now before us, issued by the king from Dublin castle on the 24th of November 1689, decrees death against any "souldiers and others of our army" guilty of "any manner of waste, spoyl or destruction whatsoever" in the city or liberties of Dublin.

The Exchange appears to have been removed from Cork-house during the reign of William and Mary; in 1707 we find notice of "Cork change," and a part of it was subsequently occupied by Pressick Rider* and Thomas Harbin, printers; among whose publications in "the Exchange on Cork hill" may be noticed the first edition of Tickell's charming ballad:—

"Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace."

They also published here in 1725 a periodical called the "Dictator," issued on Mondays and Fridays; and some years later (1749) Christopher Plunket, an expert fencing master,

* He was "obliged to abscond on his printing an inflammatory pamphlet against government, a proclamation having been issued, and a reward of one thousand pounds offered for apprehending him. He took on him the name of Darby (his wife's name) and for many years was an itinerant comedian in England." His son, Thomas Rider, subsequently manager of the Dublin theatre, became one of the most celebrated actors of his age. Opposite to Lucas's was the "stationers' hall" which was occasionally let for various purposes. In 1737 we find notice of a sumptuous banquet given in it to the lord lieutenant, and it was also used as an auction room for the sale of plate and valuables. From 1730 to 1768 Cornelius Kelly, noticed in our paper on Fishamble-street, kept his fencing school at the stationers' hall, in which he gave lessons on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Kelly visited London in 1748 where, in a public match before a large number of nobility and gentry, he signally defeated the best fencing master in England, and was universally admitted to be the most expert swordsman then known. The "Dublin news letter" (1740) published on Tuesdays and Saturdays, was "printed by and for R. Reilly at the stationers' hall on Cork-hill." Among various curiosities exhibited here "in a warm-room with a good fire" from nine in the morning to eight at night in 1731, were "a painting by Raphael, and several fleas tied by gold chains." On Cork-hill were

kept his school "over the old Exchange." Towards the close of the seventeenth century a portion of Cork house was converted into one of the most fashionable places of public resort in Dublin, known as Lucas's coffee house. In a satire published in 1706 we find it described as

"That famed place where slender wights resort,
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court ;

located Solyman's coffee-house (1691); St. Laurence's coffee-house (1698); the Union coffee-house, where we find pamphlets printed in 1708; the Globe tavern, on the site of which three houses were built in 1729; the Hoop tavern (1733) where a musical society used to hold their meetings; the Cock and punch bowl (1735) in which a masonic lodge assembled on every second Thursday. Close to the castle was a billiard table kept in 1712 by John Gwin; we find notice of Shaw a bookseller here in 1698, and an English writer of the same period gives the following account of Mat Read, a barber on Cork-hill, who, it may be observed had travelled through a considerable part of Europe. "He is a man willing to please, and the most genteel barber I saw in Dublin, and therefore I became his quarterly customer; but as ready as he is to humor his friends, yet is he brisk and gay, and the worst made for a dissembler of any man in the world; he is generous and frank, and speaks whatever he thinks, which made me have a kindness for him; and it was not lost, for he treated me every quarterly payment, and was obliging to the last; he has wit enough, a great deal of good humour, and (though a barber) owner of as much generosity as any man in Ireland. And if ever I visit Dublin again, Mat Read, or in case of his death, his heir and successor, is the only barber for me. And as for his spouse though her face is full of pock holes she is a pretty little good-humoured creature, and smiles at every word." The "cock pit royal" was located on Cork-hill early in the last century. The amusements during the season began here at 12 A.M., and matches were fought between the various counties and provinces generally for about forty guineas a battle and five hundred guineas for the main or odd battle. Noblemen and persons of the highest rank as well as the lowest classes frequented the cock pit, where wagers to the amount of several thousand guineas were frequently risked on the result of the conflicts. Here also was the Eagle tavern (1733), kept by Lee, where a masonic lodge assembled on every second Wednesday; and in which the Hanover club, John Plunkenett, secretary, met on every Wednesday evening. On their public anniversaries the members went in procession from the castle and marched round Stephen's-green, whence they returned to a banquet at the "Eagle;" one of the gold medals of this society, bearing on it the arms of the house of Hanover, is preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. In this tavern also were held the dinners of the Aughrim and the Sportsman's clubs. In 1755 the duke of Hamilton and his duchess (Elizabeth Gunning) visited Dublin and dined at the Eagle tavern, the approaches to which were rendered for the time impassable by the vast crowds who thronged to see the beautiful Irishwoman whose attractions had created such a wonderful sensation in England. Isaac D'Olier, goldsmith, resided at the "bear and hammer" on Cork-hill in the early part of the last century, and removed thence during the improvements of 1762 to a house in Dame-street formerly occupied by Grogan, a noted mercer.

Where exiled wit ne'er shews its hated face,
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place ;
Where sucking beaux, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharpening gamester, and the bully red,
O'er stock'd with fame, but indigent of bread."

At noon Lucas's was usually crowded by the city beaux ; dressed in all that was fine and gay, with prim queues or martial Eugene wigs, bugled waistcoats, Steinkirk breast ruffles, and gold clocks in their silk stockings, they strutted about the coffee-house, read the newspapers, sipped coffee, rolled to the park or playhouse in a chair or coach and six, and passed a part of their evenings either in the galleries of the houses of parliament or in the theatres, where the stage was thronged with them on benefit nights ; and the sober citizens complained that even at divine service they were distracted by those extravagant petit maitres. In a poetical description of a "pretty fellow" of the time of queen Anne, we are told that

"At Lucas's he spends the day,
And for a month won't miss a play ;
Pays all his visits here and there,
And cannot walk without a chair,
Unless it be in Stephen's green,
To shew his shapes and to be seen ;
The coach or chair must stand and wait,
While our doughty hero walks in state."

Of the various extraordinary characters who frequented Lucas's one of the most eccentric was an ancestor of the authoress of "Castle Rackrent," who was appropriately styled the "prince of puppies."

"It is reported of this colonel Ambrose Edgeworth, that he once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at a distance of about one day's journey from his house, and that he travelled to see him with his led horse, portmantuas, &c. As soon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three suits of fine cloaths, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bedchamber, together with his night-gown, and shaving plate, disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner : I am going directly home says the colonel. Lord ! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I can't stay with you at present ;

y just came to see you and my sister, and must return home
 morning. And accordingly his cloaths, &c. were packed up,
 ff he went. But what mint soever the colonel might have had
 ast of, his son Talbot Edgeworth excelled him by at least fifty
 length. Talbot never thought of anything but fine cloaths,
 did furniture for his horse, and exciting, as he flattered himself,
 rsal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole in-
 , which, at best, was very inconsiderable: in other respects, he
 not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding
 ome fellow, well shaped, and of good heighth, rather tall than
 e middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he
 f age, to shine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during
 holereign of George the first. He bethought himself very happily
 e extravagance, well suited to his disposition: he insisted upon
 olusive right to one board at Lucas's coffee house, where he
 t walk backwards and forwards, and exhibit his person to the
 of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almost
 rsally; but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his
 ege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his
 ; and when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, blus-
 sk the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in
 ble-book, as a man he would fight when he came to age. With
 d to the female world, his common phrase was, 'They may look
 lie.' In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of
 omen. This unhappy man, being neglected by his relations in
 nacy, was taken into custody during his madness and confined
 idewell, Dublin, where he died."

ie generality of the frequenters of Lucas's* were, however,

he other fashionable places at this time, including the Bason, the
 d, Ringsend and Templeoge, shall be hereafter noticed in detail.
 linstown in the county of Dublin was the resort of the sporting
 men who repaired thither to hunt with the earl of Meath's hounds.
 1744, the inn at Loughlinstown was kept by Owen Bray, and was
 t period one of the best houses of accommodation in the kingdom,
 equence of the singular attention of the host, who was a man of
 education, of much plain, solid, good sense, and so remarkably
 ng, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently made parties to
 t Loughlinstown. Here particularly, from a similar motive—to pro-
 his interests—were held the cock-fights, which, though now happily
 ten. were then a favorite amusement of this country." The fol-

far more dangerous members of society than the luckless Edgeworth. The insane rage for duelling which pervaded Europe at the period extended to Ireland, and the hot politics of the time

Were ye full of complaints from the crown to the toe,
A visit to Owen's will cure ye of woe;
A buck of such spirits ye never did know,
For let what will happen they're always in flow,
When he touches up Ballen a mona, oro.
The joy of that fellow for me.

Fling leg over garron, ye lovers of sport,
True joy is at Bray's, tho' there's little at 'court;
'Tis thither the lads of brisk mettle resort,
For there they are sure that they'll never fall short,
Of claret, and Ballen a mona, oro.
The eighty-fourth bumper for me.

Mean-spirited reptiles deservedly sink,
But Owen shall sing, and shall hunt, and shall drink,
The boy that from bumpers yet never did shrink;
Nor till threescore and ten, shall he venture to think
Of leaving off Ballen a mona, oro.
Long life to gay fellows for me."

In addition to his fully recognised merits as a worthy landlord and liberal purveyor of venison and claret, Owen Bray was also distinguished as a sportsman, in which character he figures in the "Kilruddery fox hunt," the authorship of which celebrated song has been ascribed to him:—

"In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
The fifth of December—I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery, in search of a fox;
The Loughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
With squire Adair, sure, was with us that day;
Jo Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we went out."

"A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again.
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore gad, he had shook like an aspen for fear."

After Owen Bray's death in 1763, Loughlinstown house was kept by Christopher Clark. "Squire Adair" was John Adair of Kilternan, co. Dublin, collector and customer of the port of Limerick, noted for "his bumpers, his beef and good cheer," and who, says an old song, was

— "possess'd of a pretty estate,—
And would to the Lord it was ten times as great."

A song of the middle of the last century relates how old Time took a frolic

"By the help of good claret, to dissipate cares,
The spot was Kilternan,—the house was Adair's.
Not us'd to the sight of the soberer race,
With the door in her hand, the maid laugh'd in his face;
For she thought by his figure he must be, at least,
Some plodding mechanic, or prig of a priest.
But soon as he said, that he came for a glass,
Without any reserve, she reply'd he might pass;
Yet smook'd his bald pate as he totter'd along
And despis'd him as moderns despise an old song.

rendered single combats as frequent in Dublin as at Paris or London. The yard behind Lucas's coffee-house was the place to which the fiery disputants usually retired to settle

Jack Adair was at table with six of his friends,
Who, for making him drunk, he was making amends ;
Time hoped, at his presence none there was affronted—
'Sit down, boy,' says Jack, 'and prepare to be hunted.'

They drank hand to fist, for six hours and more ;
'Till down tumbled Time, and began for to snore ;
Five gallons of claret they pour'd on his head,
And were going to take the old flincher to bed."

Adair, who died in 1760, is also commemorated in some verses detailing the revels at Kilternan in July, 1745 :—

"Jack Adair said so fleet were his horses and dogs,
That nothing could match his old bay, sir,
For leaping o'er ditches and scamp'ring thro' bogs,
And hanging by heath upon Bray, sir.
St. Leger by laughing, and drinking pell-mell,
Soon put the whole man in a blaze, sir ;
Tho' unus'd to be conquer'd, he now broke the spell,
And the bottle did stand in a maze, sir.

Ye Fland'rikins stont may boast of your war,
May kill all the French, sir, and spare none.
But shew me the man wou'dn't rather by far,
Be drinking with Jack at Kilternan.
Ye Trinity drones with your logick so stale,
May plod over Burgers to learn on,
But who wou'd prefer college mutton and ale
To the claret and beef of Kilternan ?

Were I possess'd of all the chink
That was conquer'd by Cortez, Hernan,
I'd part with it all for one good drink
With Johnny Adair of Kilternan.
The soldiers may drink to their Cumberland brave,
The sailors may drink to their Vernon,
Whilst all merry mortals true happiness have
With Johnny Adair of Kilternan."

A French writer, in a notice of Hollybrook, county Wicklow, relates the following anecdote of another jovial squire Adair; the invader in this case was as unsuccessful as the two English adventurers noticed at page 334. "C'est dans cette maison que vivait, ce Robert Adair, si fameux dans nombre de chansons en Ecosse et en Irlande. J'ai vu son portrait, il est l'aïeul de lord Molesworth, et de sir Robert Hodson à qui Olly Brook appartient. On m'a conté son histoire de cette manière. Un Ecossais, un maître ivrogne apparemment, ayant entendu parler des prouesses Bachiques de Robert Adair, vint d'Ecosse exprès pour le défier à la bouteille: à peine débarqué à Dublin, il demanda à de tout le monde dans son jargon, 'Ken ye, one Robin Adair,' tant qu' à la fin on lui indiqua son homme. Il se rendit chez lui, demanda à lui parler et lui fit part de son projet: Robert Adair était alors à table; il lui offrit de vider le différent sur le champ, mais l'Ecossais ne voulut rien accepter chez lui, et lui dit que tout était prêt à l'auberge de Bray. Nos deux champions, se rendirent sur le champ de bataille, mais après dix bouteilles l'Ecossais se laissa tomber sous la table: Robert

their differences in a hostile manner. The company flocked to the windows to see that the laws of honor were fully observed, and to bet upon the probable survivor of the infatuated men who were crossing their swords beneath in deadly combat; and when death terminated the encounter, the thoughtless spectators retired to discuss the relative qualities of their Margaux, Graves or Haut-brian claret, the then favorite wines. The portrait of Jack Gallaspy will give an idea of the class of men who held high positions among the "bloods" of their day:—

"Gallaspy was the tallest and strongest man I have ever seen, well made, and very handsome. He had wit and abilities, sung well, and talked with great sweetness and fluency, but was so extremely wicked, that it were better for him, if he had been a natural fool. By his vast strength and activity, his riches and eloquence, few things could withstand him. He was the most prophane swearer I have known:—fought everything, debauched everything, and drank seven in a hand; that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. This was a common thing, I find from a book in my possession, in the reign of Charles the second, in the madness that followed the restoration of that profligate and worthless prince. But this gentleman was the only man I ever saw who could or would attempt to do it; and he made but one gulp of whatever he drank; he did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher. When he smoaked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smook of both out of his nostrils. He had killed two men in duels before I left Ireland, and would have been hanged, but that it was his good fortune to be tried before a judge, who never let any man suffer for killing another in this manner. (This was the late (1742) sir John St. Leger). He debauched all the women he could, and many whom he could not corrupt, he ravished. I went with him once in the stage-coach to Kilkenny, and seeing two pretty ladies pass by in their own chariot, he swore in his horrible way, having drank very hard after dinner, that he would immediately stop them and seize them: nor was it without great difficulty that I hindered him from attempting the thing; by assuring him I would be their protector, and he

Adair la dessus, tira la sonnette, en demanda une onzième et en présence des garçons se mettant à cheval sur le pauvre Ecossais, il l'avalla entièrement sans prendre haleine et se mit à hurler huzza à gorgée déployée. Quand le bon-homme d'Ecosse, eut cuvé son vin, il s'en retourna en ville: son histoire avait fait du bruit, et l'on venait lui demander en ricannant, 'Ken ye, one Robin Adair,' et il répondait, 'I ken the Dill.' "

pass through my heart before he could proceed to offer them the least rudeness. In sum, I never saw his equal in impiety, especially when inflamed with liquor, as he was every day of his life, and it was not in the power of wine to make him drunk, weak, or indisposed. He set no bounds or restrictions to mirth and revels. He slept every third night, and that often in his cloaths in a room where he would sweat so prodigiously as to be wet quite through; as wet as if come from a pond, or a pail of water had been poured on him. While all the world was at rest, he was either fighting or dancing, scouring the public-houses, or riding as hard as he could drive his horse on some iniquitous project. And yet, he was never sick, nor did he ever receive any hurt or mischief. In health, and plenty, he passed life away, and died about a year ago at his residence in the county of Galway, without a pang or any kind of pain. He was Jack Gallaspy. There are, however, some things to be said in his favour, and as he had more regard for me than any of his acquaintance, I should be ungrateful if I did not do him all the justice in my power. He was in the first place far from being quarrelsome, and if he fought a gentleman at the small sword, or boxed with a tradesman or coachman, it was because he had in some degree been ill-used, or fancied that the laws of honour required him to call an equal account, for a transaction. His temper was naturally sweet. In the next place, he was the most generous of mankind. His purse was always at his friend's service: he was kind and good to his servants: to the poor a very great benefactor. He would give more money away to the sick and distressed in one year, than I believe the richest pious people do in seven. He had the blessings of friends, for his charities, and, perhaps, this procured him the protection of heaven."

The characters of the men of this period were composed of a strange and inconsistent mixture of good and evil qualities, that it appears difficult to decide whether their outrages against human and divine laws, were counterbalanced by their numerous acts of charity and philanthropy. Duelling was an inevitable consequence of the state of European society in the early part of the last century, when deep drinking was esteemed good fellowship, and when profligacy was regarded as one of the virtues of a "fine gentleman,"—whose chief ambition was to be able to imbibe an enormous quantity of wine, and to use the small sword with sufficient dexterity to despatch, in single combat, any man who presumed to question his statements, however false or absurd. An illustration of the extraordinary extent to which the duelling mania was carried at the period is afforded by the following anecdote of two Englishmen who came to Ireland purposely to kill or be killed by the hostile Mr. Mathew of Thomastown, of whom they knew

nothing save that he was reputed one of the best swordsmen of his day :—

“ It was towards the latter end of queen Anne’s reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin, after his long residence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with such violence as in that city, inasmuch, that duels were every day fought there on that score. There happened to be, at that time, two gentlemen in London who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing ; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed ; the former a major, the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight-errants, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon enquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, resolved the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with him ; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterwards boasted of it in the public coffee-house, saying, that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it. There happened to be present a particular friend of Mr. Mathew’s of the name of Macnamara,* a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in

* The Macnamaras of Thomond sprang from Oliol-Olum, king of Munster in the middle of the third century, by his son Cormac-Cas, founder of the dynasty of north Munster, or Thomond. The principal representative of this race on the Continent in the last century was an officer in the French navy, John Macnamara, vice-admiral, grand cross chevalier of the royal and military order of St. Louis, and governor of Rochefort. The French biographer of Louis XV., after observing how Louisburgh in north America fell into the hands of the English, through the fault of the naval officer, M. de la Maisonfort, captain of the *Vigilant*, sent with supplies for the place, then remarks—“ As for the rest, the victory of M. de Macnamara, a simple captain of a ship, appointed to the command of a squadron of 5 vessels and 2 frigates, designed for the American islands—where he met with several of the enemy’s men-of-war, whom he fought, and obliged to sheer off—supported the honour of the French flag.” In 1755, on the renewal of hostilities between France and England, Macnamara commanded the following, of the two squadrons, fitted out in Brest and Rochefort, against the English : his own vessel—*La Fleur de Lys*, 80 guns—*L’Heros*, 74—*Le Palmier*, 74—*L’Eveill  *, 64—*L’Inflexible*, 64—*L’Aigle*, 50—*L’Am  tiste*, 30—*La Fleur de Lys*, 30—*L’Heroine*, 24. He was remarkable for the diligence and skill with which he preserved from the enemy the fleets of merchant vessels entrusted to his convoyance. Lord Cloncurry tells us of John Macnamara a high tory politician, upon intimate terms with Pitt, who was severely injured at the Westminster election where he took an active part against Fox : the unfortunate miss Ray, mother of the late Basil Montague, was leaning on his arm when she was shot by the Rev. Mr. Hackman. The same writer notices another Macnamara

Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and said, he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront intended, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot: but if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The major said that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companions would wait their commands. Immediately on his arrival, Mathew being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Maonamara. Being shewn into the room where the two gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying, he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator, so, sir (addressing himself to Creed) if you please, I shall have the honor of entertaining you in the same manner. Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, 'Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?' 'yes,' said Mathew, very composedly, 'and you shall instantly Pack after him;' at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, 'Creed, I think

who acted in London as agent for political affairs to several of the public men of Ireland. "His table was open to his Irish employers and their connexions; and there was to be met the *elite* of the London society of the day. At his villa at Streatham, near Croydon, where his hospitality shone out with the greatest brilliancy, his larder was a sort of public curiosity, and was usually shown to his visitors as such. It was always provisioned as for a siege, which, in fact, it sustained every Sunday, when a large and very often a most agreeable, dinner-party assembled. On these occasions it was no unusual event for the prince of Wales to attend uninvited, as did also men of the highest rank and note in both houses of parliament."

we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle.' For a long time their lives were despaired of, but to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotish idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured."

It must however be recollected that at this period, according to a learned writer, "the ignorance and immorality of the great mass of society in England were gross and disgusting. By the generality of fashionable persons of both sexes, literary and scientific attainments were despised as pedantic and vulgar. 'That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was then rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured.' Politics formed almost the sole topic of conversation among the gentlemen, and scandal among the ladies; swearing and indecency were fashionable vices; gaming and drunkenness abounded; and the practice of duelling was carried to a most irrational excess. In the theatre, as well as in society, the corruption of Charles II.'s reign continued to prevail; and men of the highest rank were the habitual encouragers of the coarse amusements of bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and prize fighting." The commencement of the reformation of this degraded state of society has been unanimously and truthfully ascribed to a native of Dublin—sir Richard Steele—who, by originating periodical literature, "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses;" we hope to shew in a future paper what a considerable proportion of intellect was contributed by Ireland to the aristocracy of wit and learning in the first half of the eighteenth century.

Lucas's coffee-house continued to be frequented till a short time before the year 1768, when it was removed, together with adjacent buildings, by the commissioners appointed to widen the approach to the castle. The latest notice we find of it is in 1768 when a collection of wild beasts was exhibited "in the large room over the coffee-house;" the total sum paid to government for Cork-house amounted to £8329 3s. 4d. After the completion of the plans for the present Parliament street it was found that the

ould not be carried in a direct line with an entrance
 a castle-yard without destroying a considerable number
 rtant buildings, and it was proposed that a chapel for
 nent with a high cupola should be made the termination
 ew street. The merchants of Dublin however presented
 on to parliament "setting forth their want of a proper
 ground to erect an exchange on; that the difficulties
 ured under for want of such ground was a detriment
 , and that if a lot of ground was granted to them in
 treet, opposite Parliament-street, it would be a great ad-
 ge to the commerce and trade of the city of Dublin." Their
 was granted, and a plot of ground of one hundred feet
 was reserved for the proposed erection which appears to
 riginated from the following circumstances:—"Mr.
 Allen having, in 1763, been appointed by patent to
 cure place of taster of wines, and endeavouring to en-
 fee of two shillings per ton on all wines and other
 imported into this kingdom, the body of merchants of
 y, alarmed at what they considered as a new mode of
 y taxation, formed an association, entered into a sub-
 n, and appointed a committee of twenty-one of their
 rs to conduct a legal opposition to the measure: the
 e did not last long, or cost much; and turning their
 ts to the best mode of applying the redundant subscrip-
 ey unanimously adopted the idea of building a commo-
 uilding for the meeting of merchants and traders: such
 o have been the origin of the idea of building this Ex-
 , and a situation having been fixed upon, the purchase-
 £13,500 was obtained from parliament by the zeal and
 of doctor Charles Lucas, then one of the city repre-
 es." To defray the expenses of the building a sum of
 orty thousand pounds was raised by lotteries conducted
 merchants with the greatest integrity, and premiums
 been offered for the best and most suitable architectural
 the plans of Thomas Cooley were finally accepted,
 the second premium was awarded to James Gandon, and
 d to T. Sandby. The duke of Northumberland, while
 utenant of Ireland, had taken a lively interest in the
 nce of the erection of the Exchange, and had ob-
 a charter incorporating the trustees for which it was

however, prevented him laying the first stone of the edifice which was executed on the second of August, 1769, by lord Townshend, accompanied the lord chancellor, the archbishop of Dublin and the trustees; all the bells in the town rang out the ships in the harbour displayed their colors, and after the ceremony the lord lieutenant was entertained in a magnificent manner at the Tholsel by the trustees. The foundation was laid upon a rock formerly well known as "Standfast Dick," which extends along Parliament-street, under Essex-bridge to Liffey-street on the north side of the river. The preliminary arrangements had scarcely been completed, when an attempt was made by the corporation of the city to obtain control over the intended edifice; this was successfully resisted by the merchants in whom parliament finally vested the property. "The trust being thus arranged, not only did the merchants provide the necessary funds for erecting the Exchange without any assistance from parliament, but a fund for upholding the building was provided by a tax on their entries at the custom house, the surplus of that fund being subsequently appropriated towards erecting the commercial buildings, and corn exchange, for the further accommodation and use of the trade of Dublin. The merchants at the same time appropriating £1000 towards re-building the blue-coat hospital, and several other large sums exceeding £15,000 to the marine school, Hibernian school, and to the hospitals of the city."* The Exchange was first opened in 1779, having been ten years in erection, and the following is a contemporary description of the interior of the edifice at that time :—

"The inside of this edifice, possess beauties that cannot be clearly expressed by words, being a great curiosity to those who have a taste for architecture. The dome is spacious, lofty, and noble, and is supported by twelve composite fluted columns, which rising from the floor, form a circular walk, in the centre of the ambulatory; the entablature over the columns, is enriched in the most splendid manner, and above that, are twelve elegant circular windows. The

* See the able "statement relating to the royal Exchange of Dublin," 8vo., the production of a gentleman no less distinguished for his high position in the mercantile world, than for his knowledge of the literature and history of Ireland; and whose late munificent conduct in attempting to preserve for this country one of the most valuable relics of her ancient art (described in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. i. p. 613) will not soon be forgotten.

of the dome is decorated with stucco ornaments, in the taste, divided into small hexagonal compartments, and in the is a large window that illumines most of the building. n two of the columns, opposite the entrance of the north n a white marble pedestal, is a statue in brass, of his present , George the third, in a Roman military habit, crowned with and holding a truncheon in his hand ; it was executed by Mr. ost, and cost seven hundred guineas. On each side of the columns that support the dome, are semi-pilasters of the Ionic hat extend to upwards of half the height of the columns ; e pilasters is an entablature, and above that, in the space , the columns, are elegant festoons of drapery, and other ntal decorations ; with a clock over the statue of his majesty, ctly opposite the entrance at the north front. Behind four olumns, answering to the angles of the building, are recesses, ska, and other accommodations for writing, these are not y convenient, but serve to square the walks that surround icipal one in the centre ; those side walks are supported by lasters, that are continued round the building, with blank , in which seats are placed ; the floor through the whole am- y is handsomely inlaid, particularly in the central part. The , pilasters, arcade, floor, stair-cases, &c., are all of Portland hich creates a very grand effect. At each extremity of the de of the exchange, are oval geometrical stair-cases, which the coffee-room, and other apartments on the same floor : ar-cases, are enlightened by flat oval lanterns in the cieling, s embellished by handsome stucco ornaments : In some of apartments, are represented figures found in the ruins of neum, with the grounds colored, In a niche on the west stair- a beautiful pedestrian statue of the late Dr. Charles Lucas, ed in white marble by Mr. Edward Smyth* of this city, the

artist was only in his twenty-third year when he produced the f this statue. " In the history of sculpture," says a late critic, ps, there is not another instance of such maturity having been d at such an age. This statue has long been the object of great ion ; it has also been occasionally the subject of most stringent . Many of its admirers, however, are not at all unwilling to hat more sobriety of air, and less energy of action, would have it more within the pale of conventional excellence ; but, whilst ld this concession they contend for the breathing eloquence

expense of which, was defrayed by a number of gentlemen, admirers of the deceased patriot; on the body of the pedestal in bas-relief, is a representation of liberty seated, with her rod and cap. The coffee-room, extends from one stair-case to the other, almost the whole length of the north front, and its breadth is from the front to the dome: In point of magnificence, it is perhaps equal to any coffee-room in Great Britain: It receives its lights by the windows in the north front, and by oval lanterns in the flat of the ceiling, which is highly ornamented, and from which is suspended a grand lustre. The other embellishments of this room are in good taste, and entirely convenient: In one side of the room is a clock, surrounded with stucco ornaments. At the west front, is a spacious and handsome room, wherein the merchants deposit in ranges of drawers, samples of their different commodities; at the fourth end is a Venetian window, which helps to light it: This room leads to the apartments of the housekeeper, &c. At the east front, is an elegant room for the committee of merchants to meet in, finished in a good stile, with a Venetian window at the south end which assists in lighting it, similar to that in the room at the west front; adjoining to this apartment is a convenient anti-chamber."

The Exchange does not appear ever to have been extensively used for its intended commercial purposes, and it early became a place for holding public and political meetings. "Under the Exchange" says a writer in 1794, "did the memorable volunteers of Ireland most commonly muster for reviews or campaigns, whose noble exertions will be remembered to their honor, while the country experiences the advantages rising from a free-trade, and abrogation of such acts as were otherwise inimical

obstructions which not only oppose his progress, but threaten, by their impending weight, to crush him on his passage. There is a bold daring about the figure, which neither verges on the bully nor the bravo, but, whilst it seeks redress for the wrongs of others, spares not itself in the struggle. It is a noble impersonation of the patriot man." The members of the Irish bar intended, in 1782, to erect a statue to Grattan, but he declined the honor, and the plan was abandoned. Edmund Burke, in a letter to lord Charlemont, recommended for the purpose Hickey, a young Irish sculptor, who, he writes, "I really think, as far as my judgment goes, is fully equal to our best statuary, both in taste and execution." Mr. Grattan's son tells us, that, after his father's death, "a statue in marble (executed by Chantry in a manner most creditable to his genius and taste) was erected by private subscription, and is placed in the royal Exchange, Dublin; to the messrs. La Touche, James Corry, Anthony Blake, and a number of other ardent and generous minded friends, this honour is due, and by Mr. Grattan's family was thankfully appreciated." Of late years the groupe in the Exchange has been augmented by the addition of Hogan's statues of Thomas Drummond and Daniel O'Connell.

to the rights of a free people; from the clang of arms the vibrating dome caught the generous flame; and re-echoed the enlivening sound of liberty." In 1783 the Exchange was selected as the place of meeting for the delegates of the national convention for parliamentary reform; being, however, found inadequate to the accommodation of a very large deliberative assembly, it was resolved to transfer the sittings of the convention to the Rotunda, and we have the following account of the proceedings on the tenth of November, 1783, by one who himself took a prominent part in them:—

"The citizens of Dublin excelled in their hospitality; they appeared in crowds every where, forcing their invitations on the country volunteers; every soldier had numerous billets pressed into his hand; every householder, who could afford it, vied in entertaining his guest with zeal and cordiality. Every thing was secure and tranquil; but when it was considered that 300 members had virtually proclaimed a concurrent parliament, under the title of a national convention, and were about to lead a splendid procession through the body of the city, to hold its sittings within view of the houses of legislature, the affairs of Ireland seemed drawing fast to some decisive catastrophe. But it was also considered, that the convention was an assembly of men of rank, of fortune, and of talent. The convention, therefore, possessed an importance and a consistence that seemed to render some momentous consequence absolutely inevitable: the crisis did arrive, but it was unfortunate; Ireland tottered, retrograded, and has fallen. The firing of twenty-one cannon announced the first movements of the delegates from the royal Exchange to the Rotunda; a troop of the Rathdown cavalry, commanded by colonel Edwards, of Old-court, county of Wicklow, commenced the procession; the Liberty brigade of artillery, commanded by Napper Tandy, with a band, succeeded. A company of the barristers' grenadiers, headed by colonel Pedder, with a national standard for Ireland, borne by a captain of grenadiers, and surrounded by a company of the finest men of the regiment came after, their muskets slung, and bright battle-axes borne on their shoulders. A battalion of infantry, with a band, followed, and then the delegates, two and two, with side arms, carrying banners with motto and in their respective uniforms—broad green ribands were worn across their shoulders. Another band followed playing the special national air* alluded to. The chaplains of the different regiments, in their cassocks, marched each with his respective corps, giving solemnity to the procession, and as if invoking the blessing of heaven on their efforts, which had a wonderful effect on the surrounding multitude. Several standards and colors were borne by the different corps of horse and foot; and

* This was the following "simple noted" march, composed by some of the musicians of Dublin in 1780 for the general adoption of the volun-

another brigade of artillery, commanded by counsellor Calbeck, with labels on the cannons' mouths,* was escorted by the barristers' corps in scarlet and gold (the full dress uniform of the king's guards); the motto on their buttons being 'Vox populi suprema lex est.' The procession in itself was interesting, but the surrounding scene was still more affecting. Their line of march, from the Exchange to the Rotunda, was through the most spacious streets and quays of the city, open on both sides to the river, and capable of containing a vastly larger assemblage of people than any part of the metropolis of England. An immense body of spectators, crowding every window and house-top, would be but an ordinary occurrence, and might be seen or described without novelty or interest; but, on this occasion, every countenance spoke zeal, every eye expressed solicitude, and every action proclaimed triumph: green ribands and handkerchiefs were waved from every window by the enthusiasm of its fair occupants; crowds seemed to move on the house-tops; ribands were flung upon the delegates as they passed; yet it was not a loud or a boisterous, but a firm enthusiasm. It was not the effervescence of a heated crowd—it was not the fiery ebullition of a glowing people—it was not sedition—it was liberty that inspired them: the heart bounded, though the tongue was motionless—those who did not see, or who do not recollect that splendid day, must have the mortification of reflecting, that (under all its circumstances) no man did before, and no man ever will 'behold its like again.'"

teer corps throughout the kingdom, that all might be accustomed to march to the same air at their reviews:—

IRISH VOLUNTEERS' MARCH.



"As a composition, it appears," says the above writer, "to claim no merit whatever, being neither grand nor martial; but it was universally adopted by the volunteers, and was played at all public places, theatres, and in the streets, etc., by every sort of performer, and on all instruments; at public dinners and meetings it invariably accompanied St. Patrick's day in the morning."

* Their motto was:—"oh Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall sound forth thy praise!"

ing the troubles of 1798, the Exchange was converted into a kind of military dépôt in which courts martial were held and punishments inflicted on all suspected persons.

It tells us that torture was made use of here, "under the direction of the immediate agents and confidential friends of government, in the immediate vicinity of the castle, in such a position that the screams of the sufferers might have been heard in the very offices where the ministers of the government were to perform their functions." Speaking of the arbitrary conduct of town major Sirr during this period, Dr. Madgwick observes, "there was no redress for these acts: the man might be fool enough to seek it, would become a marked subject to be taken up on suspicion, sworn against as in any case, and perhaps hanged. A gentleman of the name of Adrien, was seen looking up at the windows of the Exchange, where some prisoners were confined; he was tapped on the shoulder by the major, and told, at his peril, to turn round on that side of the street again."

On the 9th of March, 1811, Walter Cox, editor of the *Irish Chronicle*, pursuant to the sentence passed on him by lord Castlereagh, for having published a "vision" called the "Painter's Vision," in reference to the disruption of the connection between Great Britain and Ireland, was conducted from Newgate to the royal gaol, where he stood for an hour in the pillory prior to his punishment, without receiving the slightest notice from a crowd of about twenty thousand persons who had gathered to witness the exhibition. In 1814 nine persons were killed and many severely wounded by the fall of the scaffolding in front of the Exchange, which gave way to the pressure of a crowd assembled to view the public whipping of a convict. "After the assimilation of currency, and alteration of the banking system respecting bills on England, the Exchange became unnecessary for its original purpose. The Chamber of commerce therefore applied to government to be allowed to sell the building, and apply the produce to purposes beneficial to the trade of the port (government having previously intimated a wish to be the purchaser for £35,000). Proceedings were suspended, chiefly in consequence of difficulties—various acts of parliament requiring that all courts of bankrupts' commissioners, &c., should be held at the Exchange, and these acts could not be repealed until the bankrupt courts, &c., were completed." It is unnecessary

for us here to recapitulate the various public assemblies which have been held in the Exchange previous to its present adaptation for the purposes of the corporation of the city; and had not centralization been partially arrested in its desolating progress, we should most probably have seen realized the forebodings of the anti-Union poet :—

“ Thro’ Capel-street soon as you’ll rurally range,
You’ll scarce recognize it the same street;
Choice turnips shall grow in your royal Exchange,
Fine cabbages down along Dame-street.”

At “sir Isaac Newton’s head,” on Cork hill, facing Lucas’s coffee house, in the first half of the last century resided John Brooks, an Irish engraver of very high merit. In his early years it is said that “he made a copy from the print of Hogarth’s Richard III., in pen and ink, which was esteemed a miracle, for when it was shewed to Hogarth, who was desired to view it with attention, he was so far deceived as to reply he saw nothing in it remarkable, but that it was a very fine impression, and was not convinced until the original was produced to shew that this was a variation in some trifling circumstances.” Brooks was the teacher of Spooner, Houston, and James Mac Ardell, the latter is considered to have been the best mezzotinto portrait engraver of his day. Houston and Spooner were also distinguished artists; the portrait of Mrs. Brooks, wife of his master, engraved by Richard Houston, from a painting by Worlidge, is one of the most pleasing specimens of the art extant. In the last century, before centralization and absenteeism had deprived Dublin of the wealthy classes to whom the cultivators of the fine arts might naturally look for support and patronage, many painters and engravers found employment in the Irish metropolis. We have now before us a copy of proposals issued in 1742 by Brooks for engraving by subscription one hundred portraits to be decided on by lots drawn by the subscribers. This scheme was partially carried out, the subscription was 2s. 6d. to each plate and the lots were drawn in the committee room of the parliament house, and in 1743 he also issued proposals for engraving by subscription a number of country seats within thirty miles of Dublin; how far these plans were

realized will appear from the catalogue* of his works. The erratic character of Brooks combining with a discovery which he had made induced him to quit Ireland. In 1746 he settled in the Strand, in London, where he was for a time patronized by the prince of Wales, and some of the nobility of Ireland and England.

"On his arrival in London he produced a specimen of an art which since has been applied and extended to a very considerable manufacture at Liverpool and other places in England, which was printing in enamel colors to burn on china, which having been shown to that general patriot and worthy character sir Theodore Jansen, who conceived it might prove a national advantage, readily embarked in it, took York house at Battersea, and fitted it up at a considerable expense, MrGlynn, a native of Ireland, a very ingenious designer and engraver, was employed with Mr. John Hall, who that time was very young. The subjects were chiefly stories from Ovid and Homer, and were much admired for their beauty of design, and engraving, as well as novelty of execution, and were much sought after by the curious for pendants in cabinets, or covers to toilet boxes, &c., &c. This manufacture might have been very advantageous to all the parties, but through the bad management and dissipated conduct of Brooks it was in great measure the cause of the ruin of Jansen, who was lord mayor of London at that time; but the commission of bankruptcy was withheld until his office was expired, because he did not wish to receive the usual annual stipend

* There is not yet extant a catalogue of the works of any of the Dublin engravers, a deficiency which we purpose to supply in our subsequent papers on the various localities in which they resided. The following alphabetical list of the prints engraved by Brooks, together with the catalogue of Ford's works at page 346, is now for the first time given to the public:—Aldrich, alderman William: Annesley, hon. James. Belisario, after Vandyke. Blessington, prospect of. Boulter, primate. Bowes, chief baron. Boyle, Henry. Boyne, battle of, after Wyke. Boyne, Obelisk at. Callaghan, Cornelius. Carter, Thomas, M.P. Chesterfield, earl of. Cook, Sir Samuel. Coram, captain Thomas. Curragh of Kildare, prospect of the races at. Derry, siege of. Devonshire, duke of. Gardiner, Luke, M.P. George II. Grenadiers' exercise, 21 plates. Grey, Samuel, commissioner of the revenue in Ireland. How, Thomas, alderman. Howard, Robert, bishop of Elphin. Kane, Nathaniel, alderman. Lanesborough, Humphrey, earl of. Ligonier, general. Leixlip and the waterfall, view, of. Leland, John, D.D. Lingen, William. Mac Kercher, Daniel, jurisconsult. Madden, rev. Samuel. Malcolm, Sarah. Molesworth, Richard, Viscount. Nevil, general Clement. Newport, Robert, lord. Plunket, Margaret. Powerscourt waterfall, after Vanderhagen. Rawdon, lady. Rowley, hon. William, admiral of the white. Singleton, Henry, chief justice. St. George, general Richard. Taylor, Dr. preaching. Wainright, baron. Winstanley, John.

for his support, which is customary under such circumstances, which they rewarded him for afterwards, by chusing him into the office of chamberlain, which he held until his death. At the breaking up of this manufactory he went and lodged at a public house in Westminster, kept by one Rose, and never stirred out of his apartments for several years. On Rose's quitting this house, he followed him to the white hart, Bloomsbury, where he remained in the same manner for years, and was at last compelled to leave the house, it being sold at the death of his landlord. His old friend Hall, who now (1793) is very eminent, took him home, from whose house he never moved until turned out by the undertakers. He designed and engraved for booksellers, and prostituted his abilities to a celebrated work (published at this period). As the composition for printing these plates, was a secret only known to Brooks, he made it his occasional philosopher's stone, and raised money by subscriptions on popular subjects, the last were heads of the king of Prussia and general Blakeney, but his character became so notorious no one that knew him would have any dealings with him. He left London with a lady and went to Chester, where he had the address to live free of expence for a considerable time at an inn, under pretence of being possessed of considerable property, where he was taken ill; before his death, he made a will and left the inn-keeper a considerable legacy, with other pretended friends in London. The inn-keeper buried him expensively, and made a journey to London and found himself deceived, and that Brooks had completed his character, by dying as he lived."

After the departure of Brooks from Dublin, his house on Cork hill was occupied by another engraver named Ford, who changed the former sign of "sir Isaac Newton's head" to that of "Vandyke's head." Michael Ford, son of the Rev. Roger Ford, archdeacon of Derry (1685-1727), and brother of one of the prebendaries of St. Patrick's cathedral, studied the fine arts under a Dublin painter named Mitchel. While resident here, Ford engraved several plates, and died in another part of the city in the year 1764: his house on Cork hill was subsequently converted into an auction room. The prints published in Dublin by Brooks and Ford,* many of which we have now before us, are mostly of large size, and will bear honorable comparison with the best works of any engravers of the time:

* Engravings published in Dublin by Michael Ford:—Anson, admiral. Baldwin, Dr. Richard. Belisarius. Boulter, primate. Boyle, Henry. Boyne, battle of. Boyne, lord. Cobbe, Chas, D.D., archbishop of Dublin. Cromwell and Lambert. Cumberland, duke of. Garrick as Richard III. Kildare, earl of. Marlay, chief justice. Singleton, chief justice. St. George, general Richard. William III. and Schonberg.

in general, they excel in softness, depth, and beauty the productions of Faber, John Smith, or Valentine Green, and can scarcely be considered inferior even to the productions of Mac Ardel. Many Irishmen attained to great eminence in the art of engraving in mezzotinto, which, we may observe, was first practised in England by Henry Luttrell, a native of Dublin. "I shall here affirm," says an English writer, "that if our sister-kingdom had produced such great men, in the other branches of the fine arts, as she has in mezzotinto engraving; she might say to Italy, I too have been the mother of immortal painters." This, however, it should be added, was written before Ireland could boast of Maclise, Mulready, and Danby. Notwithstanding the impetus which the fine arts have of late received by the establishment amongst us of the government schools of design, and although numbers of presumptuous dilettanti are to be found in our cities, the grossest ignorance still prevails relative to the history of art in Ireland. Of this, perhaps, no stronger evidence can be given than the statement publicly put forward in print, that the first portrait of a lord lieutenant engraved in Ireland was that of our late vice-roy, the earl of Clarendon: while another writer, apparently acquainted with the history of the fine arts on the Continent, but unmindful of Algarotti's axiom, that "*ogni scrittore dee stare nel suo paese*," assures us, in an equally dogmatic manner, that: "it was owing to the establishment of the Art union, that a copper-plate printing press was for the first time set up in Dublin." By similar displays of ignorance of their country's history have the so-called literary classes of Ireland earned for themselves abroad the degrading character of being—according to Camden's paraphrase of Cicero—"strangers on their own soil and foreigners in their own cities."

ART. IV.—MODERN FRENCH NOVELS.

1. *La Chasse Au Roman*—par Jules Sandeau. Paris, 1848.
2. *Le Centilhomme Campagnard*—par Charles de Bernard, 5 tomes. Paris, 1846.
3. *Le Dernier Irlandais*—par Elie Berthet. Paris, 1852.
4. *La Belle Drapière*—par le même, Paris.—Translation by Frank Thorpe Porter. Duffy: Dublin, 1852.
5. *Clovis Gosselin*—par Alphonse Karr. Paris, 1852.
6. *François le Champi*—par George Sand. 1848.

SYDNEY SMITH, in his queer, half grave, half laughing humour, tells us, "There used to be in Paris, under the ancient régime, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers;" and having shown how all the scandals of the regency have come down to our age, in the pages of gossiping writers such as Grimm, the French Boswell, and of Madame D'Epinay, he laments that we should peruse such books, but adds, "if all the decencies and delicacies of life were in one scale, and five francs in the other, what French bookseller would feel a single moment of doubt, in making his election?" There was, and indeed there is, much justice in these observations of the witty canon, but it happens unfortunately that the men and women, who rave in a pious and virtuously indignant horror, at the mention of French novels, fancy that all the French women "violate all the common duties of life," and that, therefore, a picture of French life, must be a picture of sin and dissoluteness. No one can doubt that amongst a certain class of persons in this country, French novels are read, and openly read, of so bad a tendency, that no virtuous woman in Paris, would either place them upon the table of her boudoir, or read one single line of their contents. But this proves nothing for those maudlin purists, who brand all the light literature of our neighbours with the stigma of immorality. English and Irish, men and women, buy an objectionable class of foreign novels, for the same reasons that they buy French gloves, French waistcoats, French boots, or chocolate bon bons, simply, because they are more agreeable, and more piquant than can be procured in London or Dublin. Our argument is, not that all French novels are harmless, but that very many

French novels are particularly good. We assure the reader, that whoever can read *Telemaque* without a dictionary, and chooses to take a little trouble, will find abundance of books of fiction, in the language of that work, distinguished by the qualities that mark excellence, in every variety of that department of literature, if the undersigned are allowed to be such.

An interesting story. The final purpose never lost sight of, and proposed at an early stage of the narrative, plot simple but agreeably diversified by dialogues and descriptions, and imbued with the local colour of the time, the place, and the state of society of the period.

Descriptions of scenery and characters, dialogues and other adjuncts, helpful and proportioned to the story, and not overcharging it, like a profusion of unskilfully applied lace, hiding the colour, and quality, and cut of the garment.

A healthy tone of unforced morality, so that the author need be at no loss either for moral observations throughout, or to point his particular moral at the end.

Wit, or at least genial humour, when appropriate to the occasions that present themselves; triumph of the good, over the evil principle, so that when even poetical justice, like the ordinary justice of real life remains blind, and the virtuous characters are unsuccessful, and the vicious prosperous at the denouement, there must be still a lively impression of the mental misery, ever waiting on vice, and the consolation of the truly good and religious under the most uncheering prospects.

An absence from the picture, of horrible, disgusting, and vicious images. Generally, a prevalence of light over shade, and, in consequence, more attention and time given to the cheerful, pleasing, and humorous characters, incidents, and descriptions, than to their opposites; one chief light and shade, instead of a succession of sharply defined masses of both, without any interposing breadth of harmonious middle-tint, or keeping, or aerial perspective, as we observe in old engravings.

Dramatis personæ not too numerous, and (omitting other essential qualities) if the denouement is to be tragic, the numbers killed so moderate, that the survivors may be able to inter them *without* too much inconvenience to themselves.

In the variety of works of fiction, some of the above properties are necessarily absent or modified, as the painter who

delights in presenting the storm tossed billows of the angry firth, with the barks hanging on the edge of the yawning chasm under the gloomy sky ; or in portraying the solemn interior of an old cathedral, with only a few portions brought out into strong relief, by the sun beams streaming in through the painted glass, while the greater part remains in clear middle grey tones, relieved by dark warmly tinted shadows ; or again, as he who seated in the inner recess of a long retiring sea cavern, fills his canvas with rugged rock and dark deep cavities, save where the ripples of the waves at the mouth, flash glittering along the greenish azure of the sea ; as each of these artists uses the same colours, but in very different proportions and combinations, as Fielding or Jutsum, when they bring before our delighted eyes the lovely bits of old grassy banks, and gaps through broken hedges, and winding lanes, with the clear and transparent shade thrown across them by the high hedges of softly tinted trees, while all the open green spots, bask in the warm sunshine ; so the true artist in fiction, is allowed the choice of many modes or styles, but all the parts of his composition should be then developed in unison therewith. The object he aims at should be visible, and he must make his readers sympathise with his favoured characters and with himself, in desire for its attainment ; as a traveller whose evening resting place is to be a lodge on a distant hill, never lets his eye wander from it for any length, or suffers it to dwell with too much interest on the intervening valleys, little eminences, copses, or low lying meadows, except to trace the course of his path through these different temporary resting places. These are the characteristics of all good French novels, and begging the virtuous reader to take some comfort from our assurance, that the mass of young ladies in France, are no more likely to have their minds poisoned by the profusion of bad works in their native tongue, than the daughters of our Irish and English nobility, to be corrupted by the perusal of “ Reynolds’s Mysteries of the Court ;” we will proceed to the consideration of the works we happen to know, and, knowing to approve. We begin with the *Chasse au Roman* of Jules Sandeau. We will not inflict on the lazy English reader, an analysis of his peculiar style and genius ; let him form his own judgment from the extracts here presented :—

“ About the year 1788 there lived in Paris a young man named

Valentine. He was twenty years old, reasonably witty, and had for patrimony an uncle by whom he was idolized.

"He was indeed the jewel of an uncle, this good Mr. Flechambault—a real comedy uncle.—It is a pity that the species is so common on the stage and so scarce in real life.

"With his nephew's weal solely in view, he had declared at the death-bed of his sister, that he would never marry; and he kept his word in spite of a strong inclination to that state.

"Thanks to his allowance, and the celibacy of this worthy man, Valentine might sleep, as they say, on both ears. Though not living in great style, he still saw good company among whom he passed for an accomplished cavalier, particularly in the eyes of mothers duly informed of the amount of his expectations. While discussing the question of a profession, his uncle had said to him '*do whatever you please*;' and on due reflection Valentine had decided on doing *nothing*. Rich and generous, he had many friends; without talent, or superiority of any kind, he had not a single enemy. To these advantages were annexed others, despised indeed by poetry, but appreciated at their full value by prosaic reality. He enjoyed robust health, and a good appetite, and availing himself of the relations between his uncle, a long established fitter-out at Nantes, and the American captains, he never smoked other than Havannah cigars. Now may I not ask was there ever a lot more worthy of envy; and yet much was wanting to complete our hero's happiness.

"Even as a miserable little worm is able to spoil the fairest fruit, a bias of the mind is sufficient to trouble a life the most serene, to destroy felicity the most perfect. We shall see, by and by, how this young man had come to despise the pleasures and comforts that lay, as it were, under his very hands."

Mr. Flechambault had long since resigned commerce, and settled in his little farm of Cormiers at some distance from Nantes, on the banks of the Sevre. It was here that Valentine grew up, the object of so much love and solicitude, that he never thought of asking himself whether he were an orphan or not.

"At eighteen years he was a handsome and good young man, knowing very little Greek or Latin, but a fearless rider, managing his horse like the Lapithae, and being the joy of his uncle, who saw no obstacle to his dearest wish, which was, that Valentine should become the husband of the daughter of his dearest old friend Varembon.

"Mr. Varembon and Mr. Flechambault were friends of the old school. Their attachment is still as proverbial at Nantes, as that of Orestes and Pylades, Euryalus and Nisus, or Damon and Pythias. I will give but one example of it, but that one is worth a thousand. Having discovered, unknown to each other, that both were in love with the same lady, they embarked secretly in different vessels, each

believing that he was thus leaving the field free to his rival. The two ships arrived the same day at New York, and the two friends encountered each other in setting foot to land. On their return to Nantes, Flechambault cast himself on his knees to the lady, and implored her to espouse Varembon; but Varembon, an hour before this, with clasped hands, had implored her to wed Flechambault; and both were ignorant that the young widow, in their absence, had wedded her cousin, to whom she had been long attached.

“Varembon some years after took a wife, and was blessed with a little daughter who received the name of Louisa, and was espoused, one hour after her birth, to Valentine, who was then at the ripe age of three years. I will say but one word about Mme. Varembon: when a woman is introduced, under whatever title, to the intimacy of two men hitherto attached to each other, and when her presence far from troubling their union, serves but to render it still more strict, be sure that this woman is endowed with rare qualities. Such was Madame Varembon, and so she died at the age of twenty.”

Mr. Varembon meets with reverses of fortune, and departs for New Orleans. The two affianced children renew their vows at parting; Mr. Flechambault having retired from business, presses Mr. Varembon to return; but he is determined not to do so, till he can come back in easy circumstances; Valentine and Louisa are no way opposed to their future union, when ill luck introduces Valentine to the chevalier St. Amaranth. This chevalier had been a regular heartless roué at court, and so little improved were his morals at sixty years of age, that those of his peasants who had young wives or daughters, were in the habit of carrying their cream and eggs to the castle with their own hands.

Being now desolate in his pigeon-hole of a castle, and nailed down to his sofa with the gout, he passed his time in reading romances, of which he preferred those of the present day, as affording him an opportunity of contrasting his own with the modern epoch, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. His love of this exercise became a mania, so that when the hero for the time being, did not conduct himself to the old gentleman's satisfaction, he would twist himself on his sofa, pitch the volume through the window, and exclaim that no St. Amaranth would ever have acted so.

Valentine having one day in the ardour of the chase, trespassed on the old gentleman's grounds, felt himself bound to call on him and make an apology. The rooms are open, all but one, on entering which he finds himself face to face with

the chevalier, who was in one of his fits of rage, caused by the ill conduct of the hero of the last novel.

"He was walking like a madman backwards and forwards; the apparition of the unlooked for visitor irritated, rather than appeased, his fury.

" 'Yes, I will maintain it against the whole world,' he cried, on perceiving Valentine, who stood aghast in the doorway; 'it is a shame, an infamy; it was not so that the gentlemen of my time demeaned themselves.'

" 'Sir,' replied he mildly, 'permit me to say that I rank not as gentleman; I am simply the nephew of Mr. Flechambault.'

" 'That is nothing to the purpose.'

" 'Pardon me, sir, without being a gentleman, I think I can form a correct judgment where honor and loyalty is concerned; I consider your expressions too strong: I can see in the matter neither shame nor infamy: perhaps on reflection you will consider it only as a piece of blameable heedlessness.'

" 'Heedlessness, ah, do you call it heedlessness: do you know what they would call it in my time, young man?'

" 'Pray sir be calm; it is not the first time that the ardour of the chase ——'

" 'No ardour of the chase can excuse an act of felony, before which, even Nimrod himself, would have recoiled.'

" 'I assure you, sir, that the damage is not so serious as you suppose.'

" 'The damages! ventre bleu, you have selected a nice word: damages! on my word I like the expression.'

" 'Doubtless, sir, it is a loss, but not an irreparable one, I trust.'

" 'Irreparable, monsieur, irreparable! this time you have hit on the correct word. Still young, still in the full bloom of grace and beauty; the Marchioness Miraflore dies, ay dies, crushed——'

" 'Sir, it is a vile calumny,' cried Valentine, interrupting the chevalier; 'I have injured the field, but crushed no one: if the Marchioness Miraflore has perished I have had no hand in it: as to the damages I have done name the satisfaction yourself.'

" 'What do you say of satisfaction,' replied the chevalier, astonished in his turn: 'I tell you that the marchioness is dead, crushed by the weight of her sufferings. She would not survive the cowardly desertion of her lover, the Viscount Clochebourde, for whom she had sacrificed the very best of husbands. She died of despair, while the infamous viscount who knew well enough that she was on her death bed, was amusing himself at a stag hunt in the forest of Chantilly: and do you call this the heedlessness of a young man?'

" 'Let us try to understand each other: I was speaking of your field, and you answer me by talking of Viscount Clochebourde.'

" 'Why, zounds, sir,' replied the chevalier; 'I do not pass myself off as a severe moralist: I see no great evil in casting off a mistress, but still there is a way of doing it: for my own part, I have

abandoned several of them : I will not say that the thing was at all pleasant ; but this I affirm on my honor, that not a single one of them died of grief.'

" ' I believe you, sir ; I am very far from approving the conduct of the viscount ; and feel a sincere pity for the sad death of the poor marchioness ; but allow me, sir, to explain the cause of my visit.' "

The chevalier getting gradually out of the mist woven by his fancy, is so taken by the frankness and goodly presence of Valentine that he will not hear of recompence, adding :

" ' As to Clochebourde I am still of the same opinion he is a wretch.'

" Valentine considering that these personages were acquaintances of the chevalier, thought it only right to shorten his visit.

" ' Madame de Miraflore being one of your intimate friends, I respect your grief too much to intrude my presence further.'

" ' Not at all, not at all, you shall not get off so easily : you are my prisoner for this day : sit down and let us have some conversation.' "

Valentine now learns to his great astonishment, that neither the viscount nor marchioness had ever enjoyed existence, save in the chevalier's novel ; and has time to observe the dress and appearance of the little old withered mummy before him, encircled with a growing pile of romances in one part of the vast room, which is cut off from the rest by a screen of gilt Flemish leather.

The tapestry is worm eaten, the flooring injured ; and the old pictures look down with sorrow on the last miserable remnant of the family, while the rats and mice are in full career behind the wainscot.

* * * " ' Sir,' continued Valentine, ' you seem to think that these volumes give a true idea of society. I am inexperienced in the matter ; but I have often heard my uncle say, that they are extravagant pictures, and have scarcely anything in common with the reality of life.'

" ' My young friend,' answered the chevalier, ' I really feel for your uncle : he evidently has merely existed hitherto : he has never enjoyed life. These romances are the expression of the human heart, of human life : there is not one which is not a fragment of the history of humanity ; extravagant pictures indeed !! how then does it happen that society recognises its features in them as in a glass ; that youth draws from them its richest instruction ; and age (as in my instance) revives the memory of its early years ? I will go farther : real life is more romantic, more rich in incidents than the wildest pictures of fiction : imagination is only fed with the parings of reality.'

“‘How,’ cried Valentine in surprise, ‘is it possible to meet in the world Marchionesses of Miraflore and Viscounts of Clochebourde?’

“‘The world, my friend, is full of Mirlaflores and Clochebourdes: this, after all, is but a romance of real life, and like a Dutch painting of a kitchen, the most commonplace thing conceivable. Commend me to those delicious books where the unexpected gushes forth at every phrase: where the incidents crowd on each other—where the great passions come into play, and which are more rich in catastrophe than the Iliad in funerals. These are the works necessary to study in order to gain a knowledge of the world: here alone can we seize effectively on the curious combinations, strange complications, and bizarre fantasies of life.’”

The chevalier, to prove his theory, relates some of the stirring, and not very moral, incidents of his own career; keeps Valentine to dinner, and sends him home by moonlight with a romance in his pocket. Owing to the perusal, up to an early hour in the morning of the confounded chevalier's romances, and the lectures received from that unsafe, though aged, mentor, Valentine is convinced of the dislike that must now be felt for him by Louisa, and that which he ought to feel for her. Thus spoke the chevalier:—

“‘If the houses of Flechambault and Varembon had the luck to be hereditary enemies; if the perfidious Flechambault were plotting silently the ruin of Varembon; if the morose Varembon was secretly contriving the death of Flechambault; if Louisa and you had been brought up like young wolves destined to tear each other; then though you had been separated from each other by the Caucasus piled on the Andes; had they interposed between you all the mountains, all the rivers and all the oceans on the globe, you would still have found means to see and love each other, to declare your love and wed each other, in spite of Varembon and Flechambault's beards; but Flechambault and Varembon are old friends, Louisa and you have played together in the same cradle: what is the result? Suppress the hate of the Montague and the Capulet, you will extinguish, by the same stroke, the love of Romeo and Juliet. Then adieu to the sweet interviews by the light of the serene and starry heavens; adieu the balcony where the young lovers mingle their life in a last kiss; adieu their charming fright when the horizon begins to lighten, when the foliage quivers, and the early lark mounts singing into the azure sky. Juliet and Romeo would be no more than mere man and wife, destined to wed each other, and to hate each other cordially, in obedience to the physiology of the passions.’

“‘But where is the remedy? You cannot alter the conditions of human life. The heart is in the left side, you cannot change it to

the right. When did ever two sworn friends brag about the marriage of their children? Did the son of Orestes wed the daughter of Pylades; or the nephew of Damon the niece of Pythias? and no more will the nephew of Flechambault wed the niece of Varembon.' "

Under the tutelage of his worthy guide, Valentine's character undergoes a terrible change; life is now to him a large atelier filled with the strangest fortunes and reverses: he curses the inaction in which he lives; descending into the depths of his sensations he finds that he already hates Louisa; he suspects volcanoes under the most peaceful surfaces, and he even judges that his commonplace uncle must be a prey to the harrowing memories of the past: so one evening when sitting together——

" 'Uncle,' said Valentine, 'you have not always lived surrounded by these fields; your youth has passed in the crowd of men; you have seen extraordinary things; you have been concerned in mysterious events.'

" 'Yes,' answered M. Flechambault, 'I have been involved in catastrophes which I promise you I was far from desiring. Among these I need only allude to the failure of the house of Grapp and Co., a failure by which I lost more than 100,000 francs. It was like a thunder clap in the Great Square of Nantes. I will never forget how I received the news: I was leisurely shaving myself, when Varembon entered in a hurry, and throwing himself into a chair, cried out 'Grapp has failed.' I am proud to say that I shewed on this trying occasion a force of soul worthy of the best days of the Roman Republic.'

" 'What did you do, uncle?'

" 'I never opened my mouth, but shaved on.'

" 'Uncle,' replied Valentine, whom catastrophes of this kind did not interest much; 'you must have assisted at more moving dramas than this: you must have surmounted awful storms.'

" 'I assure you, nephew, that I have seen acted many moving dramas, but never one that affected me so much as the loss of my 100,000 francs. With respect to the storms which I have encountered, I remember particularly a hurricane in which I was caught on the bank of ——'

" 'Ah you misunderstand me; I speak of the storms of the heart; of the dramas of the passions.'

" 'I protest I never witnessed a drama except at the theatre; and as to the storms of the heart I cannot speak, not having felt them. I have labored, built up my fortune, and am enjoying my present state of ease with thankfulness. Let me only secure your happiness; let me grow old between Varembon and your young bride and yourself; and enjoy the sports of your little ones round our

table and hearth ; and I shall resign to God a soul satisfied with its lot on earth.'

"At these words Valentine, much affected, threw himself into his uncle's arms, feeling by intuition, how much this existence, simple, limited, honest and laborious, excelled in dignity and true poetry, all the follies and pranks of the Chevalier St. Amaranthe." * *

His consequent resolution to be content with the happy lot prepared for him is soon upset by subsequent interviews with his dissolute old genius ; and he finally takes up his residence in Paris, where he is sure that wonderful adventures and catastrophes will spring up in his way, as abundant as blackberries ; but no, even the shadow of a spicy intrigue or adventure is not to be obtained at any price.

Just as he is about being swallowed alive by ennui, he is saved by the apparition of a being, half angel, half sylph, and the remaining small fraction etherialized flesh and blood. He has the happiness of her hand at one of the ordinary festivals in the Banlieu ; and instead of presenting himself in the common way, and mentioning his connexions, he thus arranges mentally his debut :

"Elodie is to be swept into the recesses of the forest by the ardour of her steed ; she is on the point of being dashed against a tree when Valentine appears ; he seizes the bridle of the furious animal, and receives in his arms the falling heroine whom he straightway conducts to her frightened parents.

"After an hour's walk, Valentine turns pale and totters, his limbs lose their force, and he falls on the grass : Elodie shrieks, she has discovered that the courageous stranger to whom she owes her life is grievously wounded in saving her. She is about converting her embroidered lace handkerchief into a bandage, seeing Valentine's waistcoat stained with blood, but he assures her it is only a scratch, in fact, less than nothing. On arriving at the chateau of Mons. de Longpré, her father, Valentine faints. All surround him with the most hospitable care, and a special messenger is despatched to Paris for Dr. Lisfranc or Dr. Blandin."

Now, during his convalescence, there is nothing to prevent the course of love from running smooth enough, Valentine has only to express his intentions to the parents of his goddess, mentioning his connexions, &c. No, no, all this would be too commonplace. He will win the lady's affections clandestinely in the role of an outcast, disinherited, living at hazard on mysterious supplies whose source he knows not. The lady will fly with him to the worlds' end as her noble parents can never sanction the union. Now for embroilments, moving

scenes, &c. The lovers fly. Oscar, her brother, pursues with a tremendous sword, and, after the ordinary number of escapes, this same sword is about to descend on Valentine's head, when he suspends its sweep by announcing his rank, possessions, &c. Oscar checks his arm—the wrath of the Longpres is assuaged—and the tender Elodie, who thought she was following the steps of a banished outcast, falls, wild with joy, into the arms of her lover, who much regrets his not being a prince, to render the denouement more superb.

He hires a lodging, pending the arrival of this ordinary train of events, near the chateau of her parents, but not a sympathising steed can be discovered to commence the drama.

At last one good-omened morning, he discovers his seraph and her mother sitting at the edge of a pond, and does not his heart beat with the hope of seeing her fall into the dark and friendly lake? Vain hope! he watches for hours, and even the sole of her matchless slipper has not received a drop.

Suddenly the air is rent with the shrieks of the ladies, their unlucky English lap dog has made a dive after a group of gambolling frogs, and impeded and blinded by his long hair and ears, is now about to be engulfed in the slime. Mme. Longpré's arms were too short, or he was too far off to be saved by her, when Valentine, though ashamed of the ridiculous realization of his waking dream, comes to the rescue: he cheers the ladies, fears not to stain his varnished boots, will even plunge into the mud up to his middle, if need be, when his good luck points out a friendly stone.

“He takes advantages of this convenient stay, and stretches forth an arm which seems to lengthen beyond measure by the power of his will and assume fantastic proportions. At last by a herculean effort he seizes the ear of the cur, he elevates it from its slimy bed, flourishes it in the air, and casts it as a trophy on the bank, smeared with mud and slime, but still alive and kicking.

“Had Valentine saved the life of Elodie, Mme. Longpre could not have shewn more burning gratitude. She related the entire history of Zamora's life; she related instances of the intelligence of the little animal truly surprising, and worthy to figure in the annals of the most celebrated dogs: in fact, he wanted for nothing but speech; this faculty, thank goodness, his mistress wanted not: her mouth was a fountain, the jet of which was unfailing, and out came the words gushing, abounding, and pressing on each other.”

Of course, Valentine is now received on terms of intimacy;

he passess for the nameless unconnected victim of circumstances, to be loved for himself alone. The rest of the family receive him at first with a certain distrust ; but this soon gives place to a more genial demeanour. The chateau, however, is only a plain house, with green blinds. The father, brother, and mother are very uninteresting indeed, but the daughter, ah, the daughter !

“ Never before did creature so ideal place foot on earth : was she a daughter of man ? Was she not rather an angel descended on our planet, to exhibit to its admiring gaze, a specimen of the inhabitants of the celestial regions ? Her heart was all sentiment ; her soul all affection ; her large blue eyes constantly turned towards the sky, seemed ever in quest of her native regions. Often as Valentine dined with the family, he never remembered to have seen her take any nourishment, but a drop of cream and a bit of biscuit, whenever she felt by chance a spice of appetite. * * * One day, in presence of Valentine, as Mme. de Longpre happened to observe that, in the order of nature, mothers were in the habit of dying before their children, Elodie burst into tears, and could not be restored to tranquillity without a deal of trouble.

She partook strongly at the same time of the nature of the lily and the sensitive plant ; her tears were at the service of every one's woes ; she deeply felt for the fate of those little birds that happened to fall from their nests.

One afternoon as she was walking with her mother and Valentine, she found a wounded partridge ; she took it up, covered it with kisses, and brought it home. At dinner a magnificent bird was served up, but by one of these presentiments of which etherealized natures are alone susceptible, she felt that it must be her protegee, and so it was. By a refinement of cruelty, M. Longpre offered a wing to his daughter ; Elodie turned pale, arose, and retired to her chamber, exchanging with Valentine as she passed out, a look in which their very spirits mingled. Thus the exquisite sensibility of this most amiable being, revealed itself in the most trifling circumstances ; when she spoke of Oscar, to Valentine, it was with such affection, that he felt what must be the accents of love in such a mouth, in which even fraternal tenderness had such a charm : and if she was so delightful as sister, oh what would she be as the loving wife ?

“ Her love for the woods, the fields, the meadows, the streamlets, and their mossy banks, the white and rosy clouds, playing in the skies like a troop of swans and flamingoes, was of the same exalted cast ; the chirp of the grasshopper threw her into ecstasies, and she fell into deep reverie at the sight of a blade of wild oats : her soul, like a vase too full, flowed over on all creation.”

Love is declared. Elodie will leave all to share Valentine's blighted lot. We have not room for the love speeches, particu-

larly as they are all extant in James, and other amatory writers : but Valentine is paying a visit in the twilight intending to demand his charmer's hand next day, and thus reward her sincere and simple love. On approaching, he hears an animated discussion proceeding from the room, near the open window of which he is standing ; he is about retiring, when some very strange words roused his curiosity.

"He remained : I would have done the same in his place : this is what was heard by the nephew of M. Flechambault.

" 'I am determined,' said Elodie, 'the ceremony shall take place in this very identical Saint Cloud. I do not insist on marrying in great pomp ; but I am decided that all the tattlers of the village, and its environs, shall be witness of my success, even if they burst with spite. How often have they said, that I would never make any but a foolish marriage ? An hour after the nuptial benediction, I'll let them see me get into my travelling chariot and depart to my estate. Are you sure, Oscar, that there is no chateau ?'

" 'The house is good,' said Oscar, 'I know many a chateau inferior to it.'

" 'It is all the same : how nice it would be to say that one is going to one's own chateau.'

" 'Pardieu, and who will hinder you to say it ?'

" 'I will say it,' replied the cream-colored, gentle dove.'

" 'Blood and fire !' thought Valentine to himself, as he felt the cold perspiration stream down his temples, 'I am deceived, betrayed : yesterday she consented to fly with me, and now, when touched by her abounding love, I come to lay my fortune at her feet, I discover that she is forsworn. O you shall die, false love ! but first you shall see my rival perish, pierced with a thousand wounds.' "

He discovers, by the ensuing conversation, that his real status, &c., had been discovered at an early stage of the acquaintance, hence the seeming affection, &c.

Madame de Longpré.—" 'One thing afflicts me, namely, that he has no ancestors.' " (Madame's own ancestors were so completely enveloped in the fog of time, that not a trace could be discovered of any one of them.)

" 'We shall enoble him,' said Elodie. 'Do you think that I would ever consent to be called plain Madame Valentine. No, ma'am, your daughter shall be Countess of Cormiers.' "

Oscar.—" 'Behold what Oscar has done for his dear sister, Elodie ; Elodie will not be ungrateful ; what will she do in turn for brother Oscar ?'

" 'Nothing,' answered Elodie very sharply. 'Nothing, my lamb, that is very little indeed.'

"'It is quite enough,' replied Elodie. 'Master Oscar it is not to-day only that I have been remarking your comings and goings: you are a glutton and a spendthrift: you have scattered in taverns and cigar saloons, the savings of the family: you have gambled, drank, and smoked away my dowry.'"

Alluding to her determination to quit, an hour after the nuptial ceremony—

"'So, my child,' said M. de Longpré, in a tone of mild reproof: 'you will depart within an hour; you are then wearied of us; you are in a hurry to leave us.'

"'Easy, papa, replied the fair-haired beauty, in a sharp tone which Valentine could scarce recognise.—'I am sick of the country. These woods, these meadows, these trees press on me like a nightmare: I wish earnestly to depart, if it were only to escape the eyes of that aqueduct which seem eternally fixed on me. If my husband supposes that we are to live in the country like an Arcadian shepherd and shepherdess, he deceives himself dolefully, poor dear man.'

"Next morning Elodie received a note containing these words:
"Mademoiselle.

"'I have doomed myself to exile, I depart to return no more. You would follow my steps without hesitation; I know it: you would wed your lot to my wretched fate, as the ivy to the oak. But could I, without betraying the direst selfishness, draw you down with my miserable self into the abyss of gloom. Beauteous lily, continue to flourish in these serene regions, far from the lightning and tempests which, alas, I am preparing to encounter. I have inhaled the delicious perfume of your aromatic leaves, and now resume (with blessings on your head) the desolate path of eternal solitude.

"VALENTINE.

"P. S.—Preserve, for my sake, this sprig of clematis; I culled it yesternight between the hours of nine and ten, under the windows of your drawing room, while giving you, in my heart, an everlasting adieu.

"This lesson was good, but it did not profit Valentine in the least. He continued to run after adventures, the adventures continued to run before with feet swift as those of Atalanta, so that he could not even seize on the tail of one: every thing of the sort vanished, became commonplace, or changed its nature under his hand. The gloomiest wooded avenues, the darkest cross-roads were inundated with light as soon as he set foot in or on them. Events, which in the outset presented themselves in the most romantic light, resulted infallibly in the most vulgar possible denouement. An essay in intrigue had like to make him acquainted with the house of correction. He had calculated on heroic adventures; he fought and spent three months very uncomfortably in prison. Another duel ended in his treating his eight friends, and his opponent's six friends, and his opponent himself, to a dinner which cost only one hundred francs a head. They were all very gay, and kissed each other on the cheek at the

dessert; but Valentine felt that if he fought often, the fortune of M. Flechambault would soon go the way of all dross."

Ennui might, perhaps, have at last induced Valentine to return home, and await the gentle, good, and amiable Louisa, but that he met a worthy successor of his erewhile evil genius; this is Rodolph, who is a regular lady-killer, if his own words are to be trusted: he treats Valentine, after a short acquaintance, to a sight of his museum.

" 'This is the handkerchief of the Countess Orsini,' said he pressing it to his lips: 'for eight years it has preserved the sweet perfume of that divine person.'

" 'But the blood on it, the blood?'

" 'Ah poor Gina: she was writing a note to me, her husband surprised her, and, oh! horror!! before expiring she sent me this handkerchief steeped in her blood and tears.'

" 'It appears,' said Valentine, 'that the count did not understand jokes.'

" 'Ah! he was a Corsican: however he is now quiet enough; his remains lie in the convent of St. Marco, at Florence. I killed him as I would a hare.'

* * * " 'And this phial?'

" 'It is prussic acid: one drop of this liquid would extinguish a hippopotamus: one evening at Rome, I snatched it from the hands of 'the Giuliani,' as it was just at her lips.'

" 'But why there?'

" 'Because she had discovered in my pocket a glove that neither fitted her hand nor mine. Behold that glove! No woman in France could get more than two fingers into it. Poor Rosamund, how beautiful she was, and to die at twenty!'

" 'Of consumption?'

" 'No—of the Giuliani, who killed her in a fit of jealousy.'

" 'Gracious,—what a tigress must the beauteous Giuliana have been.'

" 'She was a Roman: these little accidents are so common at Rome that scarce any one thinks worth while to notice them.'

" 'And this poniard?'

" 'That—ah, that was the dagger which the lovely Marchioness Grijalva bore at her garter.'

" 'And these slippers?'

" 'Ah! they were forgotten by the Baroness Champreny. The same day in walks the baron on his return from the country. While chatting about various things, his eyes fell on the slippers which lay on the carpet with such an appearance of innocence and comfort as made the tears come to my eyes. 'I vow,' said the baron, 'that I have seen these slippers some where or other: I certainly know these slippers. Where in the name of all wonder have I seen the slippers! Thousand devils!' said he, bounding like a jaguar, 'I have

seen them on the feet of my wife.' We fought, and I need not say who survived.'

" 'The die is cast,' said Valentine: 'in eight days I will be on my way to Rome. Would it be presuming on my part to ask for some letters of introduction to those lovely ladies, countesses and marchionesses whom you have known abroad?'

" 'I declare, dear friend, that your request gives me pain. The greater part of these angels have met with violent deaths. The Giuliani is in a convent. The Brambilla, hearing lately that I was travelling in the East, has embarked at Civita Vecchia for Alexandria: At this precious hour, she is seeking me on the banks of the Nile. Ask me for some less delicate favor.' "

Towards the close of his adventures, Valentine receives the following letter from this estimable youth:—

" I am about crowning worthily, a life replete with the very poetry of adventure.

" Marriage, as you know, has been ever considered by me as one of the most trivial things in existence. Well—by a privilege the most rare, I have contrived to give to this most prosaic act, all the interest of a deeply impassioned romance, ay, of a most mysterious drama. A young lady whose very name seems not to belong to earth, whose voice was stolen from a seraph, has conceived for me an irresistible passion.

" She believes me poor, and yet prefers me to the richest of her admirers. Vainly has her family whose nobility dates from the first crusade, opposed our union with all its influence: She has even braved the paternal malediction by consenting to become my spouse. Prayers, menaces, all are vain. It only remains to apprise you of the name of this angel. Eight days hence I shall be the blessed husband of Mlle. Elodie de Longpré.

" Your friend, RODOLPHE."

We wish that our limits would allow our dwelling at full length on the triumph of the good Mons. Flechambault, when conducting his friend and the gentle Louisa home from the seaport, and his vauntings of Valentine's eagerness to see his betrothed.

On the lady's complacency, when gazing on the manly and frank features of Valentine, as depicted in his portrait, while his uncle is gone to search his room for the eager youth; on the said uncle's utter prostration when he finds his nephew's flight; on the lady's unaffected disappointment; on the author's sketch of her guileless and loveable character, &c. Had our unlucky hero got but a glance at that countenance, the mirror of a soul of affection and innocence, of course there would be an end to the story, the sequel of which we exhort

our readers to explore in the work itself. We could give, of course, a dry resumé of the subsequent portion of the story, and in doing so, act as friendly and just a part towards the author, as the patron of an artist, who, in order to give the public an idea of the beauty of a highly finished landscape of his protégée, makes an outline in black chalk of its principal features, and exhibits it to an admiring public.

In *Sacs et Parchemins*," the natural goodness of an ill matched pair overcomes the evil resulting from a marriage of mere money to a title. The same healthy tone pervades "*Un Heritage de Famille*." We do not counsel any of our readers to take up his "*Mariana*," though the moral on the whole is good: there is no comfort or edification in witnessing the struggles between inclination and duty, when we feel the patient going down the sliding scale to infamy. In his "*Doctor Herbeau*," there is no lack of entertainment: all the characters are distinctly drawn, and the ordinary incidents are made interesting by the creative power of the writer; but almost every one comes off badly in the end; and if any moral at all can be drawn from the tale, it is, that no matter how good our intentions may be, a certain train of events, or a defect in a people's social economy, will inevitably lead to evil in spite of all our efforts.

The successful drama of the *Man of Business* is founded on Sandeau's tale of *Mlle. de la Seigliere*.

In all of his works that have come under our notice, as well as in those of our other authors, there is nearly a thorough freedom from indelicate expressions, images, or inuendoes.

French literature has suffered a severe loss by the death of Charles de Bernard.

Could our own well-beloved Michael Angelo Titmarsh be put in the fire, well hammered and hardened, he would come out something like a second edition of De Bernard. There is in both writers the same genuine unforced humour, the same gift of stripping the cloak of seeming propriety and benevolence, off the unlovely limbs of vice, selfishness, and hard heartedness; the same delight in producing and witnessing the final triumph of innocence, frankness, and good nature, over craft and malevolence; but in De Bernard there is a compact vigour and strength which you will seek in vain in the other. Besides, Titmarsh frequently puts out his head at the side of the curtain, to add a sly observation to some of those made by his puppets, or to point out some defect in the armour of the

same puppets, where Bulwer would do likewise, merely to direct the attention of the audience to the very clever thing just issued from the puppet's mouth, or to his own skilful management of the wires. The Frenchman's whole scope and moral is made transparent by the actions and conversations of his characters. Titmarsh generally leaves the conduct of the story to the care of the characters; while they, the ungrateful rogues, abuse their trust and make out of the materials a very poor story indeed. Bulwer preaches on the text of high art, and if you will trust to his own assertions, and feel awed by his Greek mottoes, you may expect a story as closely knit, and with as undeviating a catastrophe, as those of any of the terrible legends of the Athenian drama. The promise, however, is sometimes very indifferently kept. In one of his fate-directed, and Eleusinian-mystery life-dramas, the catastrophe would have arrived indifferently in any of the three volumes, if the hero would merely lift his eyes off the newspaper, or if some other equally unimportant thing would happen. The author may ask, however, if the newspaper had been laid down too soon, what would become of the rest of the interesting story; where would be the opportunity of introducing enlarged moral and political views of our little Kosmos, and shallow and unsoundly glittering views of man's destiny, and motives, and duties? And he may ask, is not this an effect of high art to keep up the reader's attention and desires on the strain; every moment hoping to see the prince and princess hand in hand; the little loves and fairies balancing themselves on one toe; the cold greenish moonbeams falling on the outlines of the graceful and rounded forms, while the rose and amber hues of the reflected lights illumine the rest of the gorgeous tableau:—every moment, we say, looking out for this blaze of triumph, and still, by some hitch in the machinery, meeting nothing but a desolate heath—a bridge flung across a valley—bridge, perhaps, a mile long—towering black crags overhead, and beyond, a group of aerial-tinted and blue shaded hills. Now, with a work of this nature, the reader curses every moral observation and political essay he meets, and, at last, after hurrying with feverish haste to the denouement, he flings the book aside, and never looks at it again, and in vain in after hours strives to recal any piece of sound moral or political wisdom for a guide or stay in the direction of his own conduct, or that of his neighbours, or of his country. The parts of the

frame work of De Bernard's stories aptly fit into each other, and the same may be said, in a greater or less degree, of the best writers of the French school. The actors make the story transparent and easy to follow, and to be taken in with one glance at the end. You never hear the prompter, nor need the author distribute an outline in fly sheets among the audience. Will our readers pardon us the following illustration of the different modes followed by the writers of both countries? Suppose a moral to be inculcated in form and color: the English artist depicts a trellis with the vine-twigs presenting their purple branches at an inconvenient height: a conventional fox is resting his two fore paws on the side of the frame; his tail hangs on the ground; his head is drawn back; his mouth open; and he is evidently looking for something in the clouds, perhaps a frightened pullet. The apophthegm that the artist wishes to inculcate on the minds of his spectators, is thus infused into them by the Frenchman:—Two prim hens with respectable shawls, and altogether a puritanical outfit, are just entering the gates of a church. Their trusty footman in the shape of a stout mastiff, with gold band to his hat, knee breeches, nose in air, mistress's prayer books under one paw, and knotted stick under the other, walks after them, one eye on his mistress, and the other squinting at a corner where a villanous-looking monkey is whispering in the ear of a hungry fox, while he points to the prey with one hand, and stealthily presents a knife with the other. Reynard, you may suppose, is in a sufficiently persuadable mood for mischief, but ah, the cudgel! With hungry eagerness flashing out at the corner of his eye, he turns away his head in seeming disgust, and virtuously resists temptation.

There is no trap laid for jokes, but the humor and gaiety arise naturally from the buoyant spirits of the characters, and from the nature of the incidents; and harmonise with the serious, and sometimes, tragic tissue of the story, as in good landscapes, the sun-lit roads and bright patches of verdure enhance the gloom of caverns or dark woods; and still, by the interposition of intermediary tints all the parts harmonise.

De Bernard, Berthet, and Sandeau, may be contrasted with our fast school with some advantage to themselves.

In the English fast novels of this class we have great straining indeed after everything funny and comical; but now and then, a little bit of tragedy is introduced into the tale, pro-

ducing the same effect on the general character of the work as a black unmitigated daub on a view in which the sky, distance, middle and foreground are made out of bright, unshaded, and harsh colors; contrast everywhere and harmony nowhere. To use a dramatic comparison, these tragic bits have such a result as the breaking of the leg or arm of the clown, in the height of his most ludicrous manœuvres would produce on his laughing and friendly audience.

In most of our popular stories, there is sure to be a regular stage uncle, with fair round belly, snuff colored coat, wig and knee breeches, whose chief business seems to consist in poking the scapegrace hero's ribs, and gibing him when caught in a faux pas, but still with green silk purse rescuing him from the effects of his foolery.

Now, in De Bernard's works, we have an equivalent, but not uniform in character or mode. You get on his first introduction an impression that he is very selfish, or very cold blooded, or very indifferent; but, as the tale proceeds, you see the ties that unite him to the fortunes of the amiable, but thoughtless or romantic hero, becoming visible, and strengthening as the fortune of the scapegoat becomes desperate. Sometimes by stripping the mask or cloak from pretence, or selfishness, or hatred, he succeeds; sometimes through the force of circumstances he too is foiled, and misery is wrought by hypocrisy, or conventionality, or fear of Mrs. Grundy. Our Michael Angelo Titmarsh has adapted one of his stories, "The Feet of Clay," with rather indifferent success. The bitter bad characters that sometimes move through De Bernard's scenes, can neither be created nor imagined by the Englishman, who, if ever he attempts a tragedy, will surely achieve an awful and unnatural affair. Michael can neither depict the very earnest nor the terrible. Is there, in all "Vanity Fair" a thoroughly evil doing personage, except in the article of self-indulgence? They are selfish, and sensual, and self-willed; but not one of them will go a foot aside to do another an injury, not even an inch if it is attended with the slightest trouble. Becky may perhaps be named, but will the careful reader mention one spiteful or intentionally injurious exploit perpetrated by her? The author takes pains enough to blacken her portrait, but with all his efforts she is merely, first and last, a lover of good cheer, fine clothes, and a comfortable suite of rooms, and does not remember her catechism. There

is noble in the man's composition, and both in his written and painted pictures the deep shades are wanted. He thinks he is very satirical, but can only tickle where the French writer gives the skin an unmistakeable scrape. We can scarcely, as Irishmen, forgive him for the profusion of his worthless and disreputable O'Mulligans and Captain Costigans, nor for leaving Stephen's Green with one side in ruins, and not a human being to be seen, but a couple of beggars at pitch and toss on the steps of a door, and the poker holding up one of the windows of the Shelbourne Hotel; but for the circumstance of his quitting Dublin with empty pockets, having spent all his travelling stock in relieving poverty and misery wherever he met them, we could not pardon him.

Having mentioned the fast school in general, we will allude to a variety of it, and have done. Let us suppose an audience, each individual having either paid a shilling, or got a free ticket, sitting before a curtain concealing for a moment a large historical picture. After a suitable pause, up wrinkles the baize; a light flashes on the canvass, and the attention of the crowd is at once centered on the principal group composed of two warriors in full panoply engaged in deadly combat. You see in the compressed, frowning, and hate-breathing features of the one whose face fronts the audience, and in the firm set limbs, and in the action of the sinewy arms threatening inevitable death that no child's play is meant. But what is this? A braying ass's head for the crest of one warrior; a pantaloon's visage, with goat's beard and frizzled toupee on the flashing shield; and, sprawling along the back plate of the knight whose reverse is seen, our old friend the everlasting clown, with white and red face tattooed after the wood cuts of Simson's Euclid, one hand in breeches pocket, the other exalting a fluttering goose, his toes inturned, his mouth from ear to ear, and therefrom issuing the legend, "How are you all? Oh, see what I found." This is the modern English humour; this is the species of absurdity which has won a name for Mr. A'Becket's, Comic History of Rome, and Comic History of England.

We are not inclined to deny that in the Comic England, in several instances, and in the Rome in a few, there are most mirthful passages, chiefly in the pictorial department, where laughter comes from the heart at once, at the shewing up, in a contemptible and ludicrous light, the real motives and actions of

hypocrites and knaves; and genial humour is seen in the skilfully jumbled ancient and modern costumes and customs, and in exaggerating the designs of early artists, and pushing the lucubrations of antiquaries to the proper point of incongruity and whimsicality. But whatever apology the history of England may present, even the good-natured Charles Surface thought he was entitled to take some liberties with his own ancestors, the attack on the poor old Romans somewhat resembles the exhuming of long buried bones, and, by means of wires, making them go through disgusting and dismally comic evolutions.

In a flat and uninteresting play, the actor or author takes occasion at times to utter some clap-trap which is sure of obtaining applause; and these being afterwards paraded on a critique night, induce a reader to judge that the play was a well written and interesting play enough; while from another play that really enchained the attention of the audience, and was finally rewarded with unmistakable success and fervent applause, any selection may seem uninteresting, when deprived of its context; as from a beautiful landscape you may cut out a piece of flat colored sky, or road, or grass, and present it to a connoisseur without exciting any very high opinion of the un-mutilated piece: so in our selections from De Bernard, we may probably fail in conveying to the minds of such of our readers, as are unacquainted with his works, the impression produced on ourselves. We select our extracts from his latest work "Le Gentilhomme Campagnard" chiefly, as no translation of it has hitherto appeared.

A new Bourg has, in process of time, been separated from the original old town, situated higher up the hill; a feeling, the reverse of cordial, exists between the two little communities: the new town despising the primitive ways and aristocratic prejudices of the old nest, and they, in turn, looking down in both senses, on the conceit and littlenesses of the parvenus.

"Communal interests in France frequently defeat the spirit of unity professed by the administration, this spirit of which it seems to wish to make a point of honor as well as a case of conscience. Let a town be partly built on a hill and on a plain (the position, mostly, of early founded ones) this mere fact at once separates it into two sections, sharply distinct, upper town and lower town.—We need not inhabit Geneva to feel what a badly managed family is implied by these four

words.—Is the town begirt with Faubourgs? these are its natural enemies, and accuse it incessantly for the selfishness of its administration; while the poor town, itself, burthened with its octroi (*taxes paid at the gates*) envies them their immunities. If, by chance, a river traverse the town, you may build bridges till you are tired without succeeding in cordially uniting the portions on each bank.”

* * * * *

Our lower town has the Manor-house on the West, the Parish Church and Court-house on the sides; and fronting it, on the East of the Bourg, stands the Inn with its redoubtable sign.

“On an azure ground, which for brilliancy need not envy ultramarine, so dear to our painters, appeared in strong relief a prancing steed, milk white, with his left ear, the only one visible, nearly hidden by an enormous tri-color cockade.

AU CHEVAL PATRIOTE,—THE PATRIOT HORSE.

“Such was the bizarre union of words that replaced under the triumphant steed, the commonplace inscription, *Au Cheval Blanc*,—The White Horse, which had flourished there till the three days of July, 1830. At this epoch the white color having got to be suspected of disloyalty, the rabid patriotism of some inhabitants of Chateaugiron hinted to the innkeeper the policy of altering the anti-revolutionary color of his sign, if he did not choose to become one of the suspected himself. Fearful of losing some of his best customers at a time when his business was most flourishing, for nothing is so provocative of thirst as political discussions; being a red hot patriot himself besides, he did not hesitate to promise a prompt compliance. With the view of pleasing his patriot masters, who would make him raise the spirit of his sign to the level of the purity of his principles by an alteration of color; with the view also of sparing his purse by keeping the expense at a minimum, he imagined the ingenious device of the cockade applied to the ear of the animal.

“This operation was, however, very far from gaining the approval of the little club of Chateaugiron, which assumed to itself the right of directing public opinion.

“‘With or without cockade,’ said one of the master spirits of the club, ‘it is still but a white horse, and no one shall persuade me that this color does not savor of Carlism.’ ‘And pray,’ said the innkeeper, ‘will you, who know how to harangue so well, inform us what was the color of Lafayette’s horse?’ ‘All the world knows he was white,’ said several of the members, who seemed struck with this argument. ‘Well, what will you say,’ rejoined Toussaint Gilles, (*the Innkeeper*) ‘if henceforth my beast shall be the charger of Lafayette?’

“This time the idea started won universal admiration, and next day the sign bore this inscription:—

AU CHEVAL DU HEROS DES DEUX-MONDES.

The horse of the hero of the two worlds.

“Two years had scarcely elapsed, however, when the hero, among other inconveniences more serious, had completely alienated the

hearts of the Chateaugiron patriots, who not seeing arise, at any point of the horizon, the lucky union of monarchical and republican institutions foretold by the illustrious citizen, declared solemnly that he too had lost their confidence. Now came a new summons to Gilles to put his ensign in harmony with the spirit of public opinion.

"The worthy Boniface valued his customers much more than all the heroes of the five quarters of the globe. He at once sung out, in a higher key than any one else, that himself had retired his confidence from General Lafayette before the rest, and engaged to remove, that very day, the too adulatory inscription. To replace it by one suited to their taste, he meditated to put it under the patronage of some other great man, who might be just then in the full blow of public esteem. The extreme left could not fail to furnish names in plenty, but besides the misfortune of great patriots being, in general, but sorry horsemen, and the difficulty of establishing an obvious relation between any one of them and a white horse, he thought of the short-livedness of popularity, and the expense and trouble of employing the painter twice a year; more especially as he could not, in decency, call on his fellow patriots to pay the said artist's bill.

"It was then that, enlightened by a sudden inspiration, and acting by his own proper authority, he promoted the horse of his sign-post to the dignity of a reasonable animal, conferring on him a brevet of patriotism, which, in all likelihood, ran no risk of being torn up some day by the inconstancy of public opinion. The event showed the justness of his calculation. * * * * Not the most rigorous of the club thought fit to accuse the lukewarmness or degeneration of the civism of the white horse, now become the patriot horse; for such is the title he enjoys at this day, and which we hope he will long continue to enjoy."

The old town has no lack of grievances, all laid at the door of the new town. The old chateau has been dismantled, and a new one built on the west side of the lower and favored rival. Several social and legal privileges, which are detailed at full length, and show the intimate knowledge of provincial jurisprudence possessed by the author, are conferred on the younger town to the prejudice of the old one.

* * * "There took place in an obscure corner of Charolais, that sort of general breaking up house which occurred later in time, and on a much wider theatre, when, at the voice of Louis XIV, the courtiers deserted Saint-Germain for Versailles, this unworthy favorite, which was not long till its own hour of desolation arrived."

The new citizens are too fine to go up hill to mass on Sundays. A new church is built in the lower town. The parochial seat is transferred, and so would the relics of Saint Gon-

tran, the pious king of Burgundy, of which the old parish had justly been proud for centuries.

"Hitherto the folks of old Chateaugiron had shown exemplary resignation. Their Lord had departed without any one casting themselves at his feet to detain him. They had looked with tearless eyes on the removal of the paraphernalia of justice. The exodus of the stocks, the ornament and glory of the villages of former days, did not seem to have inflicted sorrows of any depth; but as soon as mention was made of the abstraction of the relics of their patron saint, indignation and fury blazed up in their long patient souls. The lambs, so patient, hitherto, under the very shears of their foes, now became devouring wolves. There was a popular outbreak; the more fiery swore they would tumble the remains of the old chateau down on the heads of their greedy neighbours, if they persisted. The threat appeared easy of execution, on account of the steep descent from the platform of the castle yard; so the new town citizens felt it prudent to temporise, for, though they coveted the saint, they felt no wish to share the fate of the rear guard of Charlemagne at the pass of Roncesvalles."

The old church preserved the relics but lost its parochial dignity, and became, perforce, a chapel of ease.

"Among their other grievances one particularly afflicted the old inhabitants, a simple and devout race as could be found, and having only one eye open to the lights of the age."

During the reign of terror the goddess of reason had driven St. Gontran, the patron of the old Bourg, and St. Pantaleon, (who in his time had been a holy physician) the patron of the new Bourg, from their seats, having closed both places of worship. On the restoration of worship, reasons of economy, and lack of clergymen, allowed but of the opening of one asylum, which, of course, was the new town church,—the citizens, regarding the patron of the old Bourg as something of an aristocrat, allowed his relics and banner the use of a side chapel only. The author remarks that they did not address many more prayers to their own saint, but they esteemed him, at least, as a citizen, which was as much as could be expected from such radicals. The poor old town denizens, seeing the inferior station assigned to their own patron, bent their heads in confusion, and observed that as all things were being turned *top side th' other way* the end of the world was at hand.

"Thus mortified in their interests, in their vanity, and in their

belief, the dwellers in old Chateaugiron seemed retrograding to the condition of serfs in an age of progress and liberty. Years on years had passed without amelioration; but, at last, as Moses was sent to the Hebrews, William Tell to the Swiss, Bolivar to Columbia, and O'Connell to Ireland, so was sent to Chateaugiron the old, the man whom we are going to introduce to the reader."

Here follows a pleasant description of a comfortable house and garden in the upper or old town, the property of the Baron de Vaudry, otherwise Henry de Chateaugiron, uncle of the Marquis Heracius de Chateaugiron, the reigning lord of the manor, who is to day expected from Paris to pay his first visit since his marriage, to his chateau in the lower town. In the garden, mentioned is now pacing backwards and forwards, with a glance through a telescope, every now and then to the inferior Bourg, this providential personage, the coming man alluded to.

"Tall and stout, about fifty years old, but not seeming so much, of a shape most symmetrical in his youth, but now inclining to embonpoint. If he had lost something in the way of elegance and agility, by way of amends, the breadth of his shoulders, the massive proportions of his limbs, and the powerful energy visible in his slightest movements, announced an athletic power on which the decline of years had yet made no impression. Though a lively breeze blew at times along the terrace, this personage had his head bare; and his hair cut short, seemed to defy the inclemency of the air. A short curling beard, dashed with grey, covered the lower part of a handsome face, whose severe regularity wore at times an expression of good natured raillery. His clear grey eyes, surmounted by brows apt on occasions to contract, were such as never look but in your face, and before which the eyes of such as have reason to fear an examination, involuntarily quail."

His dress, the description of which follows, is rustic enough.

"But under these homely habits, borne with an ease allied to dignity, you not only recognised the master of the house, but also the man used to good society and of a superior education; in fine, what the English call a *gentleman*."

An enormous mastiff with a spiked collar is walking at the heels of his master, without going an inch out of his track, while a large white cat sits on one of the two culverins, placed at each end of the terrace, enjoying the warmth of the morning sun.

"From her lofty bed of dignity, the cat regarded the mastiff, as often as he passed before her, with a certain degree of disdain. She evidently criticised that servile disposition of his which so closely attached him to the steps of his master. You might have compared her to the Genevan sage looking with contempt rather than pity on the slavish assiduities of a courtier of the *Œil de Bœuf*.

"This quiet scene was interrupted by the arrival of two new personages.

"The first in order of appearances was a fine hound, who, sweeping round an angle of the house, bounded thence on the terrace in a series of gambols.

"The white cat, recognising an enemy, jumped down from the cannon and ran up the trunk of the next lime tree, very nimbly, notwithstanding her embonpoint. The mastiff, on the contrary, gave a lazy half bark, rather from a habit of vigilance than a spirit of hostility, and resigned himself with a sort of serious condescension to the frolics of the new comer. While dog and spaniel were thus fraternising, the second personage appeared from round the corner."

This is the gamekeeper, a fine stout young man, appropriately equipped.

"Holding his casquette in one hand and wiping his moist brows with the other, after the fashion of folks who, fearing to be accused of unpunctuality, wish to disarm reproach by showing that they have been hurrying.

"Seeing him approach the Baron frowned, stopped his walk, and drew out his watch.

"'A quarter past 8, Rabusson' said he, with a severe tone,—'to-day you have loitered again and this is the third time in a fortnight.'

"'Colonel,' answered Rabusson with a contrite air, 'I know I am in the wrong, but it was because,—because,—' 'what cause?' 'Why, sir, in returning from our wood of Tremblaye, I passed through the town where I have been delayed longer than I expected.'

"In pronouncing the word *town*, with a tone of ironical emphasis, the guard directed his eyes towards the Bourg.'

"'All this means,' answered M. de Vaudry, 'that to come from Tremblaye to this you have described a parabola instead of a right line; indeed you need not have stated that you came from the town,—I was looking at you.' 'With your devil of a telescope,' said Rabusson, glancing through the corner of his eye at the treacherous instrument.

"'Yes, with my devil of a telescope' answered the Baron, unable to prevent a smile, 'I perceive for some time that you go often to town, but let it pass for this once; it appears that something uncommon is passing below in town.'

"For the third time the Baron had laid the ironical stress on the word which the guard had used: this was a traditional pleasantry at the old town; it was one of those thousand and one inoffensive vengeance which the resentment of the oppressed indulges in at the expense of the oppressor.

“Remarking the smile of the Baron the guard recovered his ordinary composure.

“‘I well believe you, sir, every thing is topsy turvy. You would think it the earthquake of Babylon.’ ‘You mean to say Lisbon,’ said the colonel, smiling again, for there was more severity in his face than in his heart, and he could not help being indulgent to the foibles of his garde de chasse who, having belonged to his own squadron, was a sort of confidant.

“‘It was at Lisbon, sure enough, colonel.’

“‘But why any earthquake at all, Lisbon or Babylon?’ ‘Oh! just a manner of speaking, colonel. The citizens are preparing a reception for the marquis and marchioness equal to that of Alexander at ———.’

“‘Babylon, now at all events,’ said his master. ‘Then it appears that the new citizens, our lords and masters, have changed devilishly for the better. In ’89 they set about burning the father, they paraded the son round the castle with the fork on his neck, and now they go forth with cross and banner to meet the grandson.’ ‘Not counting what they did to yourself, colonel.’ ‘Oh! not being in the direct line, they contented themselves with giving me a bath in the moat for four hours by the clock, the water to my chin, and a rope at my arm-pits.’ ‘The brigands!’ cried out Rabusson, ‘and to a child of six.’ ‘Ah, you flatterer!’ I was eight; and after all it was nothing, as Toussaint Gilles, the father, said, while he was managing the cord.’ ‘The scoundrels! they are not a bit better to-day, and the innkeeper, Gilles, is every bit as big a rascal as his father. Would not they be glad to resume their innocent sports of the old time? I don’t think, however, they’d let you down in the moat again.’ ‘Well, I suppose not, the cord would be apt to break,’ said the colonel, looking down with complacency on his colossal person; ‘besides, I think, you and I would duck a few before ourselves entered the bath.’”

The guard goes on to relate the exertions of the irascible, but good-natured, magistrate, Bobilier, in preparing a triumphal arch, and a welcome hymn to be sung by the young girls of the town, whose shrill caterwauling is heard by the colonel and his man through the open window of the sacristy. And how the fire brigade, with new casques, are to be paraded; and that while the magistrate of the extreme right is devising, directing, and worrying every one to death, Toussaint Gilles, of the extreme left, is growling, preparatory to the howl he meditates, and the unfortunate chicken-hearted mayor is worried, striving to keep the fox from the goose, and the goose from the sheaf of wheat.

“‘But how the plague have you found out all these details?’ said the colonel. ‘I was going to tell you, colonel,’ said the guard, a little embarrassed. ‘As I was passing the manufactory by chance,

Mlle. Virginie, the chamber maid of Madame Grandperrin, was just coming out.' 'Aye, and by the merest chance in life also, I'll engage,' said the Baron, with a good-humoured grin."

Toussaint Gilles, with his red cap on one side, his cravat of red cloth, and tunic cut à la carmagnole, is regarding from before his door the erection of the triumphal arch, surmounted by the Chateaugiron arms, with an eye, the reverse of friendly; and the talk of the surrounding groups is drowned in the shrill strain of melody coming through the open window of the sacristy, where the voices of thirty of the young girls of the Bourg, under the direction of the Curé, are celebrating the attributed good qualities of the newly expected lady of the chateau.

" 'What is this I see,' said an old peasant, Cocquard by name, 'at the end of the Place? Is it the shrine for a procession?' 'You are in for it,' answered Gilles. 'Yet it is not the day of the Fete-Dieu.' 'Nor of St. Pantaleon,' said another. 'Nor even of St. Gontran' said a third. 'That does not prevent Father Cocquard from hitting the nail on the head' said Gilles, now removing his pipe, for the itch of haranguing had seized him: 'it is true that it is neither the day of St. Pantaleon nor St. Gontran, but better, it is the day of St. Aristocracy, patron of those stupid slaves that are at work yonder.' 'St. Aristocracy' cried out several of his hearers; 'we never heard the name before.' 'I believe you,' said the Orator contemptuously. 'You peasants after you have wrought like the ox or ass never think of anything but eating, drinking and sleeping. Hence one cannot have a word of rational conversation with you: I might as well address myself to your bullocks.' 'Monsieur Toussaint Gilles,' said Father Cocquard, 'I think that as an innkeeper you should not speak so badly of those who think but of eating and drinking.' 'Neither do I,' cried he, 'on the contrary I respect them, and as a proof, I beg to say, that after the audience is over to-day, the best of every thing will be had here at a reasonable price. But what I mean to say is, that my blood boils when I think on the ignorance that the priests on the one side, and the nobles on the other, and the government over all, keep my fellow-citizens in. This is what causes my indignation, Father Cocquard.' 'Then I am right after all,' said Cocquard; 'it is a shrine.' 'No,' said a young villager humbly, 'it is what they call a triumphal arch.' 'And I,' said Gilles, 'am of the same opinion as Cocquard, and maintain that is a true shrine, but instead of a saint they are burning incense before a Cidevant: but know, that a Bourgeois of Chateaugiron, or one worthy to be such, and perhaps I could mention one at all events, will recognise neither count, nor duke, nor marquis, nor grant these superannuated titles, or rather these ridiculous nicknames to any person whatever.'"

In the middle of his tirade, a person, who in the end turns

out to be no better than one of Albert Smith's Gents, popping his head out at the window, requires his services. Addressing him by the title of Viscount, with his hand to his red cap at the same time, he pops into the inn, roaring like a mad bull at his only assistant.

" ' Ah ha ! ' said Cocquard, ' it appears that viscounts are still kept in our host's Calendar, though dukes and marquises are scratched out. ' "

After some trouble, the arc of triumph is properly crowned by the canvass, on which is emblazoned, by no meaner hands than those of the worthy Bobilier, the arms of the ruling family. In the lower part of the shield appears a set of what we may call spokes, alternately red and yellow, diverging from a point in the centre. Above, on a blue field, shines the body of a castle, white entirely, save a few details. The coronet of a marquis surmounts the shield, supported by two lions, whose terrific manes, flaming red mouths, and terrible claws, had more than once frightened the painter himself.

" ' Monsieur Toussaint Gilles, ' said Father Cocquard, ' you, who are a scholar, be good enough to explain this sign which they have set up over their altar. A body can understand something of your sign at least. A white horse, every body knows what that means ; but this rebus, yonder, which they tell me of, for I don't see it myself, would puzzle the devil himself to make out the Latin of it. ' "

" All gathered round the innkeeper to ascertain if his knowledge of Latin exceeded that of the black gentleman in question.

" ' That daub a sign, ' said Gilles ; ' why, a sign when well painted has merit, while this is only fit to frighten the sparrows. ' ' Well, well, but what does it mean ? ' ' It is what the nobles call arms, a piece of impudence merely to vex the people. ' ' But Monsieur Toussaint Gilles, these devils of beasts that walk on their hind legs, and open their jaws that look like lighted ovens, are they monkeys ? I never saw such big ones. ' ' Monkeys, ' laughed out Gilles, ' they do really look more like monkeys than lions. ' ' But are they lions, in earnest ? ' ' Oh ! it is an allegory. Formerly, when nobles did as they pleased, some of them reared up lions in their castles. ' ' They must have been expensive to feed, ' said Cocquard. ' Oh ! it was all the same to the beggars ; when butchers' meat ran short what do you suppose they did ? ' ' Well, what was it ? ' ' They took the first serf they met and threw him into the lion's den ' ' The first cerf (stag) they met, ' cried out an astonished peasant, ' it was no great economy after all. ' ' It appears by that, ' said another, ' that in those old times the game was much plentier than now. ' "

" The learned innkeeper smiled with pity.

Mlle. Virginie, the chamber maid of Mr. coming out.' 'Aye, and by the mer- gage,' said the Baron, with a good-

you blockheads ; tyrants of Ci-de- old times ; to those ch as you.' 'Well, to , much affected, 'and the lions.'

Toussaint Gilles, with his red cloth, and tunic cut a before his door the erecti by the Chateaugiron ar and the talk of the

all the world knows it. arms and legs and pitch him, nise you it is soon all over with

shrill strain of me'

ed through the listeners.

the sacristy, wh

Mr. Toussaint says,' cried out one of the

the Bourg, un'

if, once at Autun, on a picture in the church

the attributer'

poor serfs in the middle of a half dozen of lions

chateau.

aker alluded to a picture of the prophet Daniel, which

to be seen in the cathedral of Autun, but none of the au-

" 'W' were prepared, for the moment, to rectify the mistake of the the en villager.

in fo

Well, we must confess' said another, 'that the lot of the poor

'N

was worse then than even now,—devoured by the beasts if

'

that were scarce ;—save and bless us.' 'These beggars,' said Gilles,

with the confidence of a man sure of his audience, these curs of aris-

ocrats, had a number of inventions to thin the people when they be-

came troublesome. In the domains of Montjoye, for example,

when the lord was returning from the chase, and was fearful of catch-

ing a cold, he made one of his vassals be ripped up that he might

warm his feet in the smoking blood. What do you say to that?

'Oh, the wretches! the brigands! the scoundrels!' cried out, with

one voice, the auditory, who took for gospel, as their forefathers did

in '89, the atrocious calumny reissued by Toussaint Gilles. 'Do you

think, Mr. Toussaint,' said one of the bystanders, 'you who know

everything, that they had a den for lions in this old Chateaugiron?

'It is probable, but I will not affirm what I am not thoroughly sure

of. It is certain, however, that when they were removing the old

tower, to repair the aqueduct, they found the remains of a cell where

it is likely many a poor serf found a prison and perhaps a tomb.'

'But many people say,' objected Cocquard, 'that it was merely a

cellar, and surely the people of the castle had as good a right to drink

as we.' 'I won't deny them cellars,' said Gilles, 'but to show you

that this was a dungeon vault, and not a cellar, I must tell you that

instruments of torture were discovered in it: yes, instruments of

torture. Iron hoops, which, after being reddened, were clapped on

the bodies of the poor wretches. The hoops were then riveted to the

wall, the door closed, and the poor creature left to expire with hunger.'

"A new shudder of indignation seized on the credulous crowd.

" 'It would seem,' observed the sceptical Cocquard, 'that the

men of old were four times as big as they are now. I have seen

those iron hoops you speak of at Mr. Bobilier's; they are the size of

wine-puncheon hoops, and are as like them as two flies.' 'Puncheon

hoops!' cried out Toussaint Gilles, 'it is Bobilier, and such as he

that spread these ridiculous reports, and I am not sure, Father Cocquard, that you are not becoming one of their converts.'

"The cunning old peasant made no answer, for he read in the faces of his neighbours their total disapprobation of his criticism.'"

Other parts of the coat of arms, are commented on, and explained, in the same lucid and rational mode, but room is wanted for this, as also for the Baron de Vaudrey's citing the hero of the tale, a young counsellor, before the magistrate for the breaking of a paling; the real cause being the shooting of the Baron's game without permission, which would have been readily got if asked.

Also for the tragi-comical turmoil in which the poor magistrate is kept by the tantalizing Baron reading sheet after sheet of council's opinion, while the arrival of the Marquis is instantly expected. And then no Bobilier to deliver the welcome address, to superintend the manoeuvres of the fire brigade, or the chanting of the inaugural ode.

The cordial offer of friendship by the Baron to the counsellor, when the cause is pleaded.

Their generous rivalry, and the sacrifices made by our *Gentilhomme Campagnard* to the advocate, who is the son of one of his dearest old friends, &c., these we must omit.

Being of that division of the human family who go to the theatre only when comedies are played, and prefer cheerful to dismal subjects, we have passed by the exciting and tragic portions of our author's works, premising that his powers of representing such scenes are of the first order.

None of our readers need be told that intrigues, and their unhappy results, form the staple of a great part of the French novels.

De Bernard usually takes the part of the husband that is to be victimized, and pillories the would be seducer, but, in a few instances, he quits the good standard, and befriends the rogues. We subjoin the names of such of his tales as are best fitted to the perusal of well minded readers, *Les Ailes d'Icare*—*Un Homme Sérieux*—*Le Peau de Lion*—*La Chasse aux Amants*—*Le Gendre*—*L'Anneau d'Argent*—*La Femme de Quarante Ans*—*Le Pied d'Argille*—*L'Arbre de Science*—*Le Vieillard Amoureux*—*La Rose Jaune*—(some of these have been translated into English and edited by Mrs Gore,) and the *Gentilhomme* whom we have quoted from. *Gerfaut* and *Le Beau Père*, are powerful fictions, but inclining to the School of that Modern Apostle, Eugene Sue.

In Mrs. Trollope's amusing work, "The Robertses on their Travels," the young hopeful of the family, judging of the virtue and tastes of the Parisian ladies from their portraits drawn by the novelists, feels it incumbent on himself, though having no particular inducement, to pay his addresses to the lady with whom his family are on visiting terms. So he sees all the other visitors off one day, when the poor lady is at the moment anxious to go about her ordinary business, and, after wearing out her patience with his embarrassed remarks, &c., he plumps down on his knees to declare his overpowering &c. The lady looks a little disconcerted, and then coolly walks out of the room, leaving him to make his own exit as he might, his future entrances being henceforth prevented. One of Mrs. Gore's walking English gentlemen acts similarly in a French family, where they all suppose him to be about to propose to the unmarried sister who is attached to him. However, the sorrow which he sees his conduct has excited in both ladies brings him round to a right way of thinking and acting, and all ends as it should. We have seen many a one, young and old, at a pantomime, laugh and chuckle at the unscrupulous disregard of honesty exhibited in the clown's proceedings, whom we would not fear to entrust, notwithstanding, with valuable property if we had it—and so, perhaps, those ennuyed ladies and gentlemen in Paris, and the remaining small portion of France, who peruse those peppery little books, may not be such bad observers of conjugal fidelity as they are supposed to be.

Having nearly exhausted our space, we cannot dwell on the peculiarities of Alphonse Karr's productions as we would desire. His style is the perfection of artificial simplicity, and his wit of the most biting kind. He enters with great relish into the simple plans and wiles of innocent, well disposed, young or rustic characters of his story. With the hope of expatiating on a future occasion upon one of his charming little stories, we give a few lines from one of the small volumes which succeeded his *Wasps*.

"When about to publish my *Wasps*, I commissioned an honest gentleman to print and sell my little books: this is what they call taking an editor. (The word is synonymous with the English publisher.) This gentleman made me sign a paper by which I secured the printing and sale to him for one year. I'll not trouble you with all the annoyances the above named individual gave me. However, the longest year will end, and I announced to my patron that I would

contrive for the future to do without him. The gentleman now took the liberty of supposing that my permission for the one year implied an engagement for two, and he accordingly sued me at law.

"They say that this Monsieur has not in his house a chair, a pair of slippers, or a box of Lucifers, that has not been the subject of a lawsuit. Well, they appointed arbiters and received our explanations: for my own part I was obliged to speak for two hours. I'll certainly never forgive those who made me do it.

"My gentleman also spoke at length, and then the judges decided by a majority of two to one; First, that a year consists of twelve-months, and that I ought to be thankful for the overruling of the difficulties in that decision. Secondly, that the title of the book having been invented, introduced, and written by me, was no more my property than his, who had neither invented, introduced, nor written it.

"In this they seemed to show less wisdom than Solomon, for they killed the child at the desire of the pretended mother.

This second decision seemed to me less clear than the first, and so I asked, with great humility, if I still owned the privilege of calling myself Alphonse Karr, and they graciously answered that I certainly still possessed that privilege.

"I expressed in the best manner I could my profound gratitude, and withdrew."

Une Folle Histoire—Une Histoire Invraisemblable—La Famille Alain—Clovis Gosselin,—all by this writer, may be safely and pleasantly read.

The chief merit of Elie Berthet consists in the construction of a very interesting story, connected with some historical epoch or personage, or local usage or scenery. One of them, *La Belle Drapiere*, translated by Mr. Porter, and published by our townsman, Mr. James Duffy, may be referred to as a fair specimen of his powers. It is strange that there are no more of his works rendered into English, as the garb and spirit of them are essentially the same as those of the best of our own romantic fictions. We have with much pleasure read all his works, but "*Le Dernier Irlandais*, which for obvious reasons, and being his sincere admirers, we are afraid to open.

Le Chateau des Desertes by George Sand is an impersonation of Dramatic Art, adorned with a Cap and Bells. After the vials of wrath poured on this writer by our critics and moralists, and which so many of her books most richly merit, we claim approval for a few of her latest works, viz. *La Mare au Diable*,—*La Petite Fadette*—and the delightful and edifying *François le Champi*.

We have not so much endeavoured to criticise, as to dissect, these works, the contents and tone of which we have placed before the reader. We know that wise souls who would, in virtuous anger, pelt the backsliding author with the Ten Commandments, may consider the name, George Sand, quite unfit to be mentioned in the hearing of moral and christian people, and, beyond all doubt, if the reader is one of the class, who consider that, because Congreve, and Farquhar, and Aphra Behn were witty immoral dramatists, that therefore the whole world of dramatic authors must be witty and immoral, he should at once resolve to suspend his or her judgment, and should not, without enquiry, hurl moral thunderbolts upon poor, glittering, literary butterflies.

In a future number we shall return to this subject, and give the general reader some further information, upon those French novels most adapted for the perusal of the intelligent, the virtuous, and the good.

ART. V.—MOORE.

ON the twenty-eighth day of May, seventeen hundred and eighty, a young barrister entertained a party of friends at dinner, in his lodgings, number twelve, Aungier Street, in the city of Dublin, the house of John Moore, a respectable Roman Catholic grocer. It was a noisy, and somewhat riotously convivial gathering, and, Jerry Keller being one of the guests, the fun at no time flagged, but, as the small hours stole on, the joyous laughter from the drawing room rang cheerily through the house. In the midst of the wildest burst of merriment, the maid servant entered the room, and informing the host that Mrs. Moore had just given birth to a son, and was very ill, it was hoped the company would enjoy themselves in a manner less noisy. The entertainer proposed they should adjourn to a tavern a few doors off, and there conclude the evening; the proposal was of course acceded to, Keller saying, amidst the laughter of all, "It is right we should adjourn *pro re nata*." The child, whose birth gave occasion for this bon mot, was Thomas Moore.

The early life of our great poet was passed in Dublin, and in the humble house where he was born. John Moore, although long established in his shop, at the corner of Little Longford Street, was not a very opulent citizen. He belonged to the proscribed religion, and his chief anxiety was to grow rich, without exciting the ill-will of any of the men in brief authority, who, in those days, lorded it over the small traders of the city. But although John Moore was of this easy disposition, Mrs. Moore was actuated by other views: she meant that her son should rise above the position of a petty grocer, and at an early age he was sent to the school of Mr. Samuel Whyte, at that time the most respectable academy in Dublin. Whyte had been the preceptor of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and had, after a year's tuition, declared him to be "an incorrigible dunce." However much he might have been mistaken in his estimate of Sheridan's ability, Whyte, from the first, entertained a very high opinion of Moore's talents, and being fond of theatrical performances, he very often indulged himself, and his pupils, by allowing them to perform little pieces adapted to their years and intellect, and on one occasion, that of a ball given in the year 1790, by Lady Borrows, we find the epilogue, written by Whyte, and called "a Squeeze to Saint Paul's," spoken by Master Moore. Moore, however, did not confine his talents to the mere recitation of verses; he tried his poetic powers at a very early age, so early indeed, that he could not recollect the period at which he began to act, sing, and rhyme; but, during the summer vacation of 1789, while staying with other young companions at Clontarf, they got up, and represented, the Poor Soldier, and a Pantomime; Moore played Patrick, and Harlequin, and wrote an epilogue, ending thus:

" Our Pantaloon, who did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book;
Our Harlequin who skipped, laughed, danced, and died,
Must now stand trembling by his master's side."

Amusements, such as these, could not fail to develope all the latent springs of genius in a mind like Moore's, whilst the pride and pleasure which his parents, his mother more particularly, found in witnessing his young triumphs, furnished him, as he tells us, "with that purest stimulus to exertion—

the desire to please those whom we, at once, most love and most respect." Even in the brightest hours of his after life, when he had enjoyed all the honors of literature, and had struck every string of his lyre with unfailing success, his heart turned "with love's true instinct," back to the old days, when in his fifteenth year he had written a masque and (as he tells us in a sweet home picture), "I adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, and the masque was acted under our own humble roof in Aungier-street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little drawing room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young * * * now an eminent professor of music in Dublin—enacted the part of orchestra at the piano-forte." Thus it was that in youth, the love of music and poetry, which was, in later years, to render him the "idol of his own" circle, was fostered and encouraged by his parents in their humble home.

The quick and ready ability with which he had availed himself of all the means of improvement, placed so thoughtfully, and so liberally, around him by his mother, excited in her breast the hope, that her son might one day rise to eminence in some learned profession; but to what profession could he look? "Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slave's yoke around my neck, and it was all in vain, that the fond ambition of a mother looked forward to the bar as opening a career, that might lead her son to honour and affluence. Against the young Papist all such avenues to distinction were closed; and even the University, the professed source of public education, was to him 'a fountain sealed.'" The iron rule of the penal code, however, was at last relaxed, and in 1793, the gates of Trinity College were flung open to the Irish nation, and amongst the first young Helots who entered, we find the name of Thomas Moore. Then, as now, the emoluments of collegiate distinction were withheld from all, save the members of the Established Church; but, knowing that next to attaining these honors and emoluments, his mother would be most gratified by his showing that he deserved them, Moore entered as a candidate for Scholarship, and had not his religion been a bar, he would have carried off the honor sought, as his answering was in all points sufficient. His college life was, like that of many other men of genius, neither very brilliant nor very useful, solely, because he neglected all studies excepting those which suited his particular tastes, and views of future fame.

Two events, however, which marked his career in Trinity, are of importance, and must not be omitted. The first circumstance which drew attention to his poetic genius, was his having given in, an English poem as his theme, at one of the quarterly examinations. This, as a matter of course, at once, drew attention to him, as it was usual to write these themes, looked upon as mere form, in Latin prose. With a beating heart he watched the examiners whilst they looked through the themes, and his anxiety increased, as he saw the Fellow, in whose judgment the fate of the poem rested, coming towards him; leaning across the table, he asked the anxious boy if the verses were his own composition, and Moore, having answered in the affirmative, he said cheerfully—"They do you great credit; and I shall not fail to recommend them to the notice of the Board." "This result," writes Moore, "of a step ventured upon with some little fear and scruple, was of course very gratifying to me; and the premium I received from the Board was a well bound copy of the Travels of Anacharsis, together with a certificate, stating, in not very lofty Latin, that this reward had been conferred upon me, "propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum."

He had written verses long before this time. In the year 1793 he had sent to that old Dublin monthly, "The Anthologia Hibernica," the following lines:

"To the editor of the Anthologia Hibernica.

"Aungier-street, Sept. 11, 1793.

"Sir—If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige

A Constant Reader,

T—H—M—S—M—R—E.

TO ZELIA,

On her charging the Author with writing too much on Love.

" 'Tis true my muse to love inclines,
And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines;
Quits all aspiring, lofty views,
And chaunts what Nature's gifts infuse;
Timid to try the mountain's height,*
Beneath she strays, retir'd from sight,
Careless, culling amorous flowers;
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers.

* Parnassus.

When first she rais'd her simplest lays
 In Cupid's never ceasing praise
 The god a faithful promise gave—
 That never should she feel love's stings,
 Never to burning passion be a slave,
 But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

" Ah, Celia! when wilt thou be kind?
 When pity my tears and complaint?
 To mercy, my fair! be inclin'd,
 For mercy belongs to a saint.

" Oh! dart not disdain from thine eye!
 Propitiously smile on my love!
 No more let me heave the sad sigh,
 But all care from my bosom remove!

" My gardens are crowded with flowers,
 My vines are all loaded with grapes;
 Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
 And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

" The shepherds admire my lays,
 When I pipe they all flock to the song;
 They deck me with laurel and bays,
 And list to me all the day long.

" But their laurels and praises are vain,
 They've no joy nor delight for me now,
 For Celia despises the strain,
 And that withers the wreath on my brow.

" Then adieu, ye gay shepherds and maids!
 I'll hie to the woods and the groves;
 There complain in the thicket's dark shades,
 And chaunt the sad tale of my loves!"

He next addressed the following lines, printed also in the Anthologia, to his schoolmaster, and was referred to by the editor as, "our esteemed correspondent."

" TO SAMUEL WHYTE ESQ.

" Hail! heav'n-taught votary of the laurel'd Nine
 That in the groves of science strike their lyres:
 Thy strains, which breathe an harmony divine
 Sage Reason guides, and wild-eyed Fancy fires.

" If e'er from Genius' torch one little spark
 Glow'd in my soul, thy breath increas'd the flame;

“ Thy smiles beam’d sunshine on my wand’ring bark,
That dar’d to try Castalia’s dangerous stream.

“ Oh, then ! for thee, may many a joy-wing’d year,
With not a stain, but still new charms appear ;
Till, when at length thy mortal course is run,
Thou sett’st, in cloudless glory, like a sinking sun !

“ January 1, 1794.”

“ THOMAS MOORE.

These are the verses, and these the subjects, we might expect from the pen of one, who was afterwards compared to “Cupid sporting on the bosom of Venus ;” but he tells us, that “in the year 1794, or about the beginning of the next, I remember having for the first time tried my hand at political satire ; accordingly my first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty King Stephen of Dalkey, contrasting the happy state of security in which he lived among his merry lieges, with the metal coach, and other such precautions against mob violence, which were said to have been adopted at that time, by his royal brother of England.” The following lines occur in the Ode :—

“ In Dalkey Justice holds her state,
Unaided by the prison gate ;
No subjects of King Stephen lie
In loathsome cells, they know not why.
Health, peace, and good humour, in music’s soft strains,
Invite and UNITE us in Dalkey’s wide plains.
No flimsy sheriff enters here ;
No trading justice dare appear ;
No soldier asks his comrade whether
The sheriff has yet cleaned his feather :
Our soldiers here deserve the name,
Nor wear a feather they don’t pluck from fame.
How much unlike those wretched realms
Where wicked statesmen guide the helms :
Here no first-rate merchants breaking ;
Here no first-rate vessels taking ;
Here no property is shaking ;
Here no shameful peace is making ;
Here we snap no apt occasion
On the pretext of invasion ;
Here informers get no pensions
To requite their foul inventions ;
Here no secret dark committee
Spreads corruption through the city :
No placemen or pensioners here are haranguing ;
No soldiers are shooting, no sailors are hanging ;

No mutiny reigns in the army or fleet—
For our soldiers are just, our commander discreet."

These verses, and a metrical translation of the fifth Ode of Anacreon, had all been written and printed before the college theme, but the theme was the first of his poetical efforts which had ever been submitted to a really competent critic; we can all, therefore, readily understand the delight with which he carried home to the "humble roof in Aungier-street," the Travels of Anacharsis, and the certificate in Thomas à Kempisish Latin.

On Thursday, the 28th of September, 1797, Arthur O'Connor, and Thomas Addis Emmet, published the first number of their once notorious newspaper, "The Press." Its bold, daring tone, was of the kind most suited to catch the fancy of an earnest boy like Moore, and, accordingly, he felt a great anxiety to become a writer in its pages. With a trembling hand, he placed in the Editor's box the following "fragment," which he had the satisfaction of reading, in the tenth number of "The Press," October 19th, 1797:—

" Extract from a Poem in Imitation of Ossian.

" O! why, my soul, rollest thou on a cloud? O! why am I driven from thy side, Elvira—and ye, beams of love, to wander the night on the lonely heath? But why do I talk? Is not Erin sad, and can I rejoice? She wailleth in her secret caves, and can I enjoy repose? The sons of her love are low, the mural hand of power is over them; and can my bed, though my love be there, afford me comfort? Yet not with their fathers do they lie—then, indeed, would I joy—for their souls would exult in their clouds, and their names with freedom be blessed. But hard is the fate of the low—no beams of the Sun cheer their frames—but putrid damps consume! No eddyng breezes lighten their souls, but depressing are the airs which surround! Nor can those, yet like me unconfined to the gloom, boast of fortune or choicer regard—for Usurpers prevail, and partial are thy courts, O! Erin; and corruption is the order of the day! That Freedom, O! Brethren of Woe, which once was yours, is driven from your isle, and now cheereth some Nations abroad; but Britannia commands, and Oppression is joined to *your* fate! Armies are bound to oppose your peace, and their ranks are filled from the land of strangers;—even your brethren of the soil are against you: from your *green* hills are you driven, and your hamlets are strewed on the earth! like the dun Roe off the pale, which the grey dog hath chas'd to the heath, and desisteth: its accustomed haunts are afar, and it ent'rith unfriended and alone—for those of its kind are afraid, as they think that the hunter is nigh,

and, therefore, approach not the stranger! Thus wander my brethren despoiled, whose cots are no longer their home, for the flames of the foe have devoured them, and their ashes are given to the winds! Nor dare the beholder assist; the hand of the spoiler is also *his* fear; and at bay must the friendless be kept, tho' his heartstrings are sharing their woe! Nor dare we, unhappy, complain, or resist the recomplished decree—for the dungeon awaits, and the hulk of the tender appears—so bound are our tongues, and our hands must desist from redress! Our voice is unheard in the state, and our groans pass our court in the winds. *There* the voice of the stranger is free, and oppression devolves from his vote—but *thy* voice, O ERIN! is condemned in thy home, and slavery dwells with thy sons. Unimperial is the throne of thy Isle, and smiles fall unequal around. Not so was the Court of Fingal—not so were the Halls of Selma. There council'd the Chiefs of Innisfail—there sang sweet Ossian, sacred Bard of Tara! Your sons, sister isles, were then happy and free; for just was the soul of Fingal, and not less the heroes of Morven;—noble, also, were our fathers:—their fame, like that of yours, dwelt behind them, like the beams of the parting sun, when it looks through surrounding clouds over *Collin* of the mounded summit:—as these beams, their fame also is gone, and no more swelleth the soul to their praise from the songs of the bards of Jura! But now Tyranny strides o'er our land dreadful as the gloom on his brows, and the pangs of despair are beneath him as he treads the subjected soil! 'Tis, therefore, O, Erin, thou art sad, and 'tis, therefore, thou wailest in thy secret caves; 'tis, therefore, I am driven from thy side, O! Elvira, of love; and 'tis, therefore, I wander the midnight snows, and sigh forth my woes to the wind! Thy beams, O, Moon! fall in vain on my frame; they illume not the breast of the wretched! Thy blasts, O, Wind! of the North, are futile to me; they disperse not the mist from my soul! O! children of Erin! you're robb'd: why not rouse from your slumber of Death? Oh! why not assert her lov'd cause, and strike off her chains and your own, and hail her to freedom and peace? Oh! that OSSIAN now flourished, and here; he would tell us the deeds of our Sires, and swell up our souls to be brave! for his Harp flow'd a torrent around, and incitement enforced as the stream; but silence now reigns o'er its ruins! It met the fate of Jura!"

So far he had succeeded in getting his productions inserted, and he now resolved to attempt a higher flight, and, accordingly, he wrote the following letter, which appeared in "The Press" of December 2nd, 1797. His friend Edward Hudson was the only person informed of the authorship, and when Moore opened the paper, on the evening of publication, he was almost unable to read the leaders aloud for his little home circle, as his own letter was honoured with the most prominent place. He did, however, contrive to get through it, and had the satisfaction of having it much praised; but its

tone being considered "very bold," he was silent as to the writer:—

"To the Students of Trinity College.

"The person who thus takes the liberty of addressing you, has the honor of being a member of your body. He has perceived with satisfaction among you that predominant spirit of liberality which is the natural emanation of minds expanded and purified by erudition. He has seen the young patriot catching fire from the page of Demosthenes, and feeling with the orator, when he exclaimed: 'Let us march against the Tyrant; let us conquer or die.' He observed these emotions with delight, but he saw with equal disgust the exertions of monastic bigotry, to depress the maturation of this spirit; he saw the government of the University assimilate itself to the government of the country; its rulers goading—its measures coercive and arbitrary. A few generous youths opposed themselves to check this unauthorised oppression, but they were made the victims of scholastic tyranny, and the partizans of mutual freedom were exiled as rebels from your walls. You had a society too—the only ornament of your college; where all its men of talent were assembled into one bright galaxy of genius. But they began to think for themselves—to speak for themselves—they promoted that collision of opinion, from which sentiments of truth are elicited—they became consequently obnoxious to the board, and at length were arbitrarily expelled. Another society has succeeded to this—'*fumus es fulgore*,' where the energies of the human mind (Heaven knows!) are manacled enough—where every generous effluence of the heart is frightened back from the lips, without utterance, by the sombrous frowns of some monkish despot, whose malignant presence is intended to canker the germination of genius—such are the mounds, my fellow students, they oppose to the progression of mind; such are their efforts to break that resiliency of spirit, which, I hope, nay I trust, will strengthen with resistance. On *you* the eyes of all, who, even in these days of persecution, still cherish a prospective hope, and look forward to that hour of retribution, when the recreant agent of tyranny shall shudder before the sovereignty of the people. On *you* their eyes are expectingly turned. In *you* they behold the seeds of their statesmen—their heroes—their *Buonapartes*! In *you* they see the talents that will illumine the resurrection of Ireland; that will raise her to that rank in the climax of nations from which she is fallen so many, so many degrees! Do not disappoint their expectations—study to be a scourge to tyrants—study to 'deserve well of your own country'—and oh! my fellow students, look to that country—that sunk, that injured country! and if your hearts are yet free from the infections of a court; if they are not yet hardened by ministerial frost, can you see poor Ireland degraded, tortured, without burning to be revenged on her damned tormentors? All her characteristic traits, by which Nature had distinguished her in creation, sullied and effaced by the bloody hand of Oppression? Her courage emasculated, or made the unnatural instrument of wounding herself and butchering her friends! Her

good-nature abused and debased into imbecility—her frankness after betraying herself, succeeded by the sullenness of mistrust.—Can you behold, without indignation, that horde of foreign depredators, who murder the happiness of our country and gorge on the life-blood of Ireland?—who stretch us on the rack of persecution, and wonder when we struggle and groan amid our torments. Can you behold with patience those mercenary prefects, sent hither as to a province devoted to rapine and desolation? these wretches whose souls are the emblems of the government; rotted by pollution and prolific in damnable machinations! who exult in the wages of prostitution, and, like an animal that feeds on its own ordure, live by the corruptions which themselves have germinated. Has not justice thrown away her scales, and exchanged her sword for the poniard of the assassin? Is not hatred to Catholics the *established religion* of government, and the oath of extermination their only sacrament? Is not perjury encouraged, and murder legalized? Is not the guiltiest outrage of the soldier connived at, while the sigh or the groan of the peasant is treason? What is the trial by jury? A mere show—a farce—where the jury is *acted by drunkards*; a villain personates the accuser—and the doom of the victim is hiccupped out by a Bacchanalian, or pronounced with true stage effect, amidst the tears of a dramatic judge!—even this scenic illusion is renounced as superfluous and dilatory; judiciary power is confided to the soldier and the orangeman, and the fire and the bayonet are found to be more speedy than the gallows.—Alas our afflicted country! how long will her green plains be dyed with the gore of butchery, and obscured with the ashes of conflagrations? When will she profit by the lessons so brilliantly exhibited to her eyes, and which she has been so slow, so very slow, in learning? Oh! when will ‘the Nemean Lion’ rouse from his trance, and shake off the vermin that engender on his crest? That is the period we pant for—that is the goal we press to—and surely—surely it is not far distant; that deity who is the guardian of those imprescriptable rights, which he has imprinted on the heart of MAN, and characterized on his heaven-directed brow, that deity will avenge these encroachments on the prerogative of human nature—He will punish the hand that poisons the chalice of Religion with the amaritude of bloody dissension. *You, my fellow students, have explored the page of history where the insect courtier is forgotten—the despot is blasted in infamy, and the glorious tyrannicide is immortalized—Can you remember one instance of a people naturally brave, and wanting but the will to be illustrious, succumbing to the domination of their own servants—their minions—and passively agonising under the extremities of oppression? No—Ireland is singular in suffering and in cowardice—she could crush her tormentors and yet they embowel her—She COULD be free—yet she is a slave.**

At a period like this then when neutrality should alone be counted

* The passage in italics was extracted and sent up to the House of Commons with other papers, as showing the state of feeling. See Appendix to Report of Secret Committee, 1798.

treason, in the name of our country—our liberty—our God—let us not, my friends, by a silent and criminal apathy, sanction the riveting of chains which perhaps may be indissoluble for ever. In spite of the informers and blood hounds of administration, in spite of the drivelling despots of our monastery, let us cherish and diffuse amongst us that soul of liberty, that etherialized spirit of opinion, which eludes the grasp of the tyrant, and acquires elasticity by compression. Let us speak to the Nation—let us speak thro' the organ of the PRESS, as long as that echo of Freedom can reach the ears of Irishmen, and rally them round the standard of their country! Let us show these ministerial minions—those political calamities who insult us—that Ireland has Sons untutored in the school of corruption, who love her Liberties, and, in the crisis, will die for them.

“A SOPHISTER.”

During the three years succeeding his entrance into College, he pursued his peculiar course of study with very praiseworthy regularity, and had begun to collect materials for notes to a projected metrical translation of the odes of Anacreon. Few men were more anxious and careful, in the study and preparation, of subjects and references, than Moore; and even at this early period of his literary life, these characteristics were very remarkable. He spent many solitary days, in that quaint and quiet nook, in the shadow of St. Patrick's Cathedral—Marsh's Library—engaged in a most unwelcome task—collating passages, and searching through old and curious glosses. From all this labour, there came a vast store of out-of-the-way learning, which enriches every page of his works, and Anacreon, though in an English dress, is truly before us,

“Wreath'd, as in Athens, with the Cnidian Vine.”

In the memorable year 1798, Moore and Robert Emmet were admitted members of the College Historical Society, having been previously members of the Debating Society, which was a species of nursery for the former. Moore, in acknowledging the honour, wrote a very witty burlesque letter of thanks in verse, which is now in the possession of his friend George Smith, Esq., of the firm of Hodges and Smith. During these quiet, boyish years of the poet's life, there was a spirit springing up in the land, which, for good or evil, spread wider each day, and embraced amongst its worshippers many honest and well-meaning men. The “dragon's teeth” had not

sprung up ; but the French Revolution, and its Propagandists, had roused the people of Ireland to a full sense of the multitudinous wrongs, inflicted on the country, and they looked then to France, as they unfortunately look now towards America, and prayed, " May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure." Living in a state of society such as this, and seeing, that, as one of the proscribed race, he was excluded from most of the prizes of an intellectual man's ambition, it was very natural that Moore should feel strongly upon the subject of Irish independence. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with Robert Emmet, and, as time passed on, Emmet grew more violent and republican in his speeches at the Historical Society, he approved of Moore's letter to Arthur O'Connor's paper, " The Press ;" and so the bond of friendship and sympathy became firmer and closer between them. Though not implicated in any of the wild schemes of the United Irishmen, or a member of any seditious club, Moore heard, with feelings of very considerable anxiety, that Lord Clare, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, was to hold a visitation, for the purpose of inquiring into the state of the students' minds, upon the political plots of the time. Dr. Duigenan, and his Lordship opened the inquiry on the appointed day, and the Poet thus describes the scene, and his own conduct and feelings on the occasion :—

" At last, my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat, with severe look, the Vice-Chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Dr. Duigenan—memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics. The oath was proffered to me. ' I have an objection, my Lord,' said I, ' to taking this oath.' ' What is your objection?' he asked sternly. ' I have no fears, my Lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself ; but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day ; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. ' How old are you, Sir?' he then asked. ' Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord.' He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. ' We cannot,' he resumed again addressing me, ' suffer any one to remain in our Univer-

sity who refuses to take this oath.' 'I shall, then, my Lord,' I replied, 'take the oath—still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with *you*, Sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witnesses' chair. The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal, at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms or ammunition?' 'Never, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposition made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?' 'Oh, no, my Lord.' He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me—'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?' 'I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural.' There had been two questions put to all those examined on the first day—'Were you ever asked to join any of these societies?'—and 'By whom were you asked?'—which I should have refused to answer, and must, of course, have abided the consequences. I was now dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it, by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me;—not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description;—it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish." To that home where, as he wrote to his sister,

"Haply, if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!"*

* To Miss Moore. 1803. From Virginia.

Having escaped these dangers of the time, Moore continued his labours as a translator, and early in 1799, while yet in his nineteenth year, he left Ireland for London, with the two, not very congenial, objects, of keeping his terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing by subscription his work of *Anacreon*. During the progress of the work, Moore had selected a few of the Odes already finished, and had submitted them to the perusal of the late Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Kearney, then one of the Senior Fellows of the University, with the intimation that he meant to place them before the Board, hoping they would approve the translation. Kearney having read them, stated that he did not think the Board of the University could sanction by a public approval, the convivial and amatory writings of so free a Poet as *Anacreon*, he however, praised the version, and advised Moore to complete and publish it, saying, "young people will like it."

Moore, as we have already stated, had long contemplated this translation of the Greek poet, and so early as the month of February, 1794, we find in the *Anthologia** a "Paraphrase of *Anacreon's* Fifth Ode, by Thomas Moore," which we here subjoin—

"Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, Love's blushing flower entwine.
Fancy's hand our chaplet's wreathing,
Vernal sweets around us breathing
We'll madly drink, full goblets quaffing,
At frightened care securely laughing.
Rose! thou balmy-scented flower,
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
To gods themselves can give delight:
And Cyprea's child, with roses crown'd
Trips with each Grace the mazy round.
My temples bind,—I'll tune the lyre,
Love my rapturous strains shall fire,
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
While roses fresh my brows entwine,
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

By this extract it will be seen that his ability, at this early period,

* Vol. iii. p. 137.

as a translator was of no mean order, and that he was pleased with this specimen, is proved by the fact, that more than fifty years afterwards he reprinted it, with two trifling alterations, in the collected edition of his works. Thus, at little more than eighteen years of age, our Poet left his native land, that land, whose sorrows and whose joys, whose old, past by, glories, and whose old, yet never passing wrongs, he was in after years to sing, in that deep diapason, which has swelled through every civilized nation of the universe. Thus the son of the Aungier-street grocer, left the city which now esteems it a proud distinction, that within its boundary, Thomas Moore was born.

From the period at which he left this country, March, 1799, to the day of his death, there was no failure, and little change in his sunny fortunes. He had no recollections, with great Samuel Johnson, or genial Oliver Goldsmith, of weary days of hunger, and want, and the contumely of the booksellers. To him, the truth of that sad wail of De Quincey, "Oxford-street, stony-hearted step-mother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children," was a thing unknown and unexperienced. High in hope, strong in all the bravery of his bright genius, he went forth, as Tennyson sings,

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years
would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field.
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn;
And his spirit leaped within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looked at, in among the throngs
of men."

Once settled in London, Moore soon found means to publish the translation; it appeared in the year 1800, and through the kind interposition of the Earl of Moira, he was permitted to dedicate the work to George the Fourth, then the "warm and young" Prince of Wales. The Odes taken as literal trans-

lations are not what might be looked for, but, taken as the clear and beautiful transmutations of the bright ore of Anacreon's genius, they are more perfect than any metrical translation of the sort in our language—although, during the seventy years preceding, five different translations had been published, by men of great ability.*

An absurd outcry was raised against these Odes, and against Moore, at the time of publication, and whilst Anacreon in Greek was considered a fitting gift to be presented by Dr. Troy from the Pope to the Library of Trinity College, a version in English was reprobated. The Odes, it was said, should have been suffered to lie buried in a dead language, or be known in English only through the older translations. These were, and are, very plausible objections in support of virtue, but sounded rather anomalously in an age in which, only five years earlier, Creeche's Lucretius had been published with glosses sufficiently curious in their indecency to have satisfied the attic fancy of Joe Scaliger. The success of the work was very considerable, and its author was readily received into society. His London was not the grim city where, five and twenty years before, John Philpot Curran had lived in the next room to a man dead two days, and who lay there "without the smallest attention paid him, except a dirge each night on the Jew's harp" from Curran,† and he could not live this life. The glitter and hurry of a fashionable, convivial, and gay existence, was that, for the enjoyment of which, Moore, with his flashing Irish temperament, was formed.

The latest years of the last century, and the earliest of the present, were not very remarkable for morality, and, as a necessary consequence, their literature was not pure; it bore, as the literature of all nations and all times must, the moral impress of the period and of its people. Living at this particular time, amongst a brilliant and literary circle, and flushed by the success of Anacreon, it was very right that Moore should again apply himself to poetic composition, and, it was

* In 1713, there appeared a translation by various hands, including some odes by Cowley. In 1735, John Addison published his version. In 1760, the very clever version by Fawkes and Broome appeared. In 1768, an anonymous translation into verse was published. In 1787, a metrical translation by Urquhart appeared.

† Curran's Life of Curran, Vol. i. p. 37.

equally natural, that he should produce just such a book as that which appeared in the year 1803, bearing on its title page the *nom de plume*, Thomas Little. Most poets at some period of life sing of love, and so general is the custom, that Langhorne, in referring to the fact, that Collins never wrote amatory verses, says, "He is one of the very few poets who have sailed to Delphi without touching at Cythera," and certainly Moore appears to have, not only "touched at Cythera," but to have remained so long on shore, that evil communication corrupted his morals very seriously. The book, however, had a very large sale. Within a few months after the publication of Little's Poems, Moore was appointed, through the interest of Lord Moira, to the office of Registrar to the Court of Admiralty, at Bermuda. James Thomson had been named to the post of Surveyor of the Leeward Islands, but he had held the office by deputy, and Moore, after a few months residence in Bermuda, followed the example of the Bard of Indolence, and leaving the duties of the office to the care of an assistant, he sailed for America, and having made a short tour through the northern states and the Canadas, he returned to England after an absence of fourteen months, and in the year 1806 there appeared a volume of "Epistles, Odes, and Poems, by Thomas Moore Esq.," dedicated to Lord Moira. Amongst these poems are those wondrous and vivid descriptions of external nature in that fair tropic land where,

"Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower—droops the heavy-blossomed tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

Of these descriptions Captain Hall writes :

"The most pleasing and most exact description which I know of Bermuda is to be found in Moore's 'Odes and Epistles,' a work published many years ago. The reason why his account exceeds in beauty as well as in precision that of other men probably is, that the scenes described lie so much beyond the scope of ordinary observation in colder climates, and the feelings which they excite in the beholder are so much higher than those produced by the scenery we have been accustomed to look at, that unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the diction sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener's fancy remains where it was. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in

the midst of a feast which, to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived, by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him, with a fervour, which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention.

"It is not by describing, however graphically, as it is called, one or two, or even one hundred striking points in the landscape, that the bewitching effect of Moore's description is produced, but by selecting, as it were by chance, those features which the instinct of his genius and exquisite taste tells him are characteristic; and afterwards, by combining these, at his own choice, in such a way as to give them, in the fullest sense of the word, the character of generalization, without depriving them of any part of their individuality. His descriptions, accordingly, are the true 'beau ideal' of the art, which, though very different from mere copies of nature, are something greatly better." *

In the volume containing these poems, Moore reprinted those published in the year 1803, and generally known as "Little's Poems." He stated in the preface, writing of the imaginary author who had died young, "The 'aurea legge s'ei piace ei lice,' he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years could have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy." He did live, lived to regret these poems, and made the only reparation in his power, by omitting, in the collected edition of his works, the most objectionable of the number. Upon the appearance of the book, it was attacked most savagely and unfairly by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*.† He attempted to fix on Moore the frightful stigma of wilfully attempting to corrupt the age, and to introduce to English readers, the foul obscenity of Rochester, or the shameful Poesies Erotiques of France. The young poet had not at this time learned the terrible weapon he possessed in his satiric genius; the *Edinburgh Review*, had not been taught by the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," that genius, because young, cannot be crushed with impunity, and Jeffrey, the censor of thirty-two years old, having

"A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,"
was, in that duelling age, challenged by Moore. The particulars

* Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Vol. ii. p. 121, First Series.

† No. 16, July, 1806, p. 456.

of this duel are known to all the reading world : Byron's sneer against Jeffrey—"When Little's leadless pistol met his eye," will be remembered for ever, not as having drawn the laughter of the world on the combatants, but as having been the cause whence sprang his Lordship's intimacy with our Poet. Of the duel, Jeffrey gives the following account, in a letter to Francis Horner :

"I am happy to inform you that the business is at length amicably settled. Moore agreed to withdraw his defiance; and then I had no hesitation in assuring him (as I was ready to have done at the beginning, if he had applied amicably) that in writing the review I considered myself merely as the censor of the morality of his book, and that I intended to assert nothing as to the personal motives or personal character of the author, of whom I had no knowledge at the time. Those, I think, are the words of my explanation. We have since breakfasted together very lovingly. He has professed his penitence for what he has written, and declared that he will never again apply any little talent he may possess to such purposes; and I have said, that I shall be happy to praise him whenever I find that he has abjured those objectionable topics. You are too severe upon the little man. He has behaved with great spirit throughout this business. He really is not profligate, and is universally regarded even by those who resent the style of his poetry, as an innocent, good-hearted, idle fellow. If he comes to Scotland, as he talks of doing in November, I hope you will not refuse to sit down with him at my table. We were very near going to Hamburgh after we had been bound over here; but it is much better as it is. I am glad to have gone through this scene, both because it satisfies me that my nerves are good enough to enable me to act in conformity to my notions of propriety without any suffering, and because it also assures me that I am really as little in love with life as I have been for some time in the habit of professing."*

So the affair ended, and Moore being now in some measure free from the, as poor Maturin called them, "cold or bitter blasts of the north," which had chilled and blighted the aspirations of many a light young hopeful heart, he and Jeffrey continued to the last most firm friends, and in later life, Moore learned to call him "the great master of the art of criticism, in our day—one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends."

The next events of importance in Moore's life were, the publications in the year 1808, without the author's name, of the Satires, Corruption, and Intolerance, and in the following

* Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey, vol. i.

year, *The Sceptic*: these are in the style of Juvenal, and, if judged by that test of success, the honor of a second edition, were failures.

In the year 1809 appeared Byron's famous Satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and although the laughter with which the statement, about the bulletless pistols, had died away long before, and though the fact had been denied, in the public journals of the time by Moore, Byron once more revived the half forgotten slander in the lines on Jeffrey,

" Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?"

Upon the appearance of this, which Byron made still more offensive by an explanatory note, Moore, then in Dublin, wrote upon the 1st of January, 1810, to the noble satirist, requesting him to state, whether his lordship might be considered as the author of the Poem in question, and whether he was aware, that the imputation had been denied. Byron had left England before the letter reached his publisher, and he never received it; but, upon his return to England, in 1811, Moore again addressed him upon the subject. Byron answered, by a letter dated, Cambridge, October 27th, 1811, stating that the former letter had not been received, that he had never seen Moore's contradiction, as to the statement concerning the pistols, that *he* was not the person against whom the satire of the lines was directed, that he, Byron, was of course prepared to give him any satisfaction in any manner he pleased, because "it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way," that he would be in London in the beginning of the week, at No. 8, St. James's-street, and that Mr. Rogers or any other gentleman delegated, would find him "ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which should not compromise his own honor,—or, failing in that, to make the atonement he, Moore, deemed it necessary to require."

During the year and a half which had elapsed, between the writing of Moore's first letter and his last, he had been married to Miss Bessy Dyke, and this appears to have rendered him less anxious to pursue the quarrel, for we find him writing a very peaceful, and quakerly-minded reply, to Byron's Cam-

bridge letter, to which the latter responded with some little hauteur, and this tone, assumed by the lordly satirist, piqued our Poet, who tried to bring the matter to an abrupt conclusion, by stating that he was satisfied. Byron then wrote a very frank, and friendly letter, on the receipt of which, Moore, for the first time, mentioned the whole affair to Samuel Rogers, then staying at Holland House. Rogers at once proposed that Moore, Byron, and himself should dine at his (Rogers) house; Moore wrote, in Rogers' name to Byron, conveying the invitation, which Byron accepted. It was originally intended that the party should consist of the two Poets and their Poet-entertainer, but, upon the morning of the appointed day, Thomas Campbell having called upon Rogers, was requested to join the party, and consented. "Such a meeting," writes Moore, "could not be otherwise than interesting to us all. It was the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen by any of his three companions: while he, on his side, for the first time, found himself in the society of persons whose names had been associated with his first literary dreams." Thus the quarrel was happily arranged and an intimacy commenced with Byron, which was afterwards to form so important a feature in the life of each.*

On the 9th of September, 1811, Moore brought out, at the Lyceum Theatre, the operatic farce, entitled *M. P.; or, the Blue Stocking*, but it proved a complete failure, and a source of some loss to poor Arnold, the lessee. Poets are seldom good playwrights; the poetry and songs of their pieces may become popular, but the plays in which they are introduced, in general fall quickly into oblivion. John Gay produced, in the year 1716, his mock-heroic tragedy, named "*What d'ye Call It*," and although the first representation was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, it proved unsuccessful; as Gay tells us, "Theobald called me a blockhead for writing it, and Mr. Pope a knave for praising it"—it is now only remembered as containing the fine ballad, "'Twas when the seas were roaring." Our Poet's *Blue Stocking* is now only known as the piece in which that beautiful song, "Young Love lived in an humble shed" was introduced. Leigh Hunt, then trying to push "*The Examiner*,"

* For the whole of the above affair, and the letters in full, see, Moore's *Life of Byron*, p. 142, ed. 1851.

noticed the farce in a very fair, but unflattering manner, yet this unfriendly notice was the source whence, as we shall find hereafter, sprang his acquaintance with the author. Upon the failure of the piece, Byron wrote the following, as he called them, "Versicles upon Moore's last Operatic Farce, or Farcical Opera."

"Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce ;
The Poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That *Little's* Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*."

During this period Moore lived in London, in the house now numbered 27, in Bury-street, Saint James's, but humble as was this abode, the company of its master was anxiously sought, and in all the brilliant assemblies of Holland House, at every re-union of the Marquis of Lansdowne's, at all the pleasant breakfasts given by Samuel Rogers, in his hospitable residence in Saint James's-place, Moore was the most welcome and most honoured of the guests. All felt towards him, and could say, as Sir Walter did twenty years later, "he 's a charming fellow, a perfect gentleman in society; to use a sporting phrase, there's no kick in his gallop."—In the year 1811, the Prince of Wales was appointed Regent, and Moore had the honour of being one, amongst fifteen hundred guests who were invited to the fête given upon the occasion. The wretched taste exhibited by the Prince, in the adornment of the rooms, and his absurd habit of crowding the most incongruous objects together, were afterwards unmercifully satirized in the eighth letter of "The Twopenny Post Bag," in the lines beginning,

"You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace ;
And each to make the olio pleasant
Had sent a State-Room as a present.
The same *fauteuils* and *girandoles*—
The same gold Asses, pretty souls !
That in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home."

In the year 1812, Moore's old friend, Lord Moira, (Marquis of Hastings) was appointed Governor-General of India, and before leaving England, he offered to procure some post for the Poet, which, although in the Presidency, could be exchanged for one more suitable to his taste at home. Moore, with that sense of honor which all through his long, and not always prosperous life, distinguished him, refused, fearing, that if he were to accept office from the Ministry in power, it might be construed as a desertion from the principles of his older friends. This is the act for which Leigh Hunt, then a ranting, rampant, patriot, gave him so much, and such well merited praise. But although he thus refused to hide himself in place, he accepted an other offer from Lord Moira, who proposed, that he should use the valuable and extensive collection of books possessed by his Lordship, as if they were his own. Moore accordingly gave up his London residence, and moved to Mayfield Cottage, close to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and near Lord Moira's seat, Donington Park. Mayfield Cottage was, as he wrote, "a poor place, little better than a barn; but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable and comfortable."

He had grown weary of London, and felt possibly, that he was formed for some other, and better life, than that of a *flâneur* in Pall Mall, or a worthless drawing-room dawdler, with a reputation for *bouts rimes*, and *vers de société*, little surpassing that of William Spencer. All the joyous spirit with which he had entered into the project of the Private Theatricals in Kilkenny, in the years 1808, and 1809, when he had played, Robin Roughhead, and Mungo, and Sadi, and Peeping Tom, and Spado, in poor O'Keefe's little drama, and was the life of the party, writing Prologues and Epilogues, and when, as he said,

"In short like Orpheus his persuasive tricks
Made *boars* amusing, and put life in *sticks*:"

all this spirit had become in some degree changed, he wished to withdraw, for a time, from his gay-world friends, and resolved to execute a project formed long before, though more encouraged in it by the suggestions of friends, than impelled by any confident promptings of his own ambition. The proposed project was the composition of a Poem upon some

Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions, which Scott's late triumphs in that form, had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation was opened with Longman in the same year, but, until a year or two afterwards, no further steps were taken in the matter, Moore not being willing to apply to any other house upon the subject. Whilst residing at Mayfield Cottage, and shortly after the first steps had been taken in the affair of the Oriental story, a circumstance arose, to which we must refer, as it proves Moore to have been neither ashamed nor afraid, of his country or of his principles.

When Lord Byron, in the year 1814, was about to publish *The Corsair*, he resolved to inscribe it to Moore, and he accordingly sent a copy of the intended dedication to Murray, in which the following passage referring to the report that Moore was engaged in writing an Eastern story, appeared :

"The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found ; and Collins, when he denominated his *Oriental*, his *Irish Eclogues*, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky ; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of Oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians." To this passage Murray objected, and Byron wrote a second dedication as follows :—

" January 7th, 1814.

" MY DEAR MOORE—I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because though it contained something relating to you, which every one had been glad to hear ; yet there was too much about politics, and poesy and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, and none very amusing,—one's self. It might had been re-written : but to what purpose ? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly established fame ; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance, as your regard is dear to

" Yours most affectionately and faithfully,
" BYRON."

Having written the two dedications, Byron enclosed both to Moore, with the following note :—

“ January 8th, 1814.

“ As it would not be fair to press you into a dedication, without previous notice, I send you *two*, and I will tell you *why two*. The first, Mr. Murray, who sometimes takes upon him the critic (and I bear it from astonishment) says, may do you *harm*—God forbid !—this alone makes me listen to him. The fact is, he is a damned Tory, and has, I dare swear, something of *self*, which I cannot divine, at the bottom of his objection, as it is the allusion to Ireland to which he objects.”

Moore, being an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic, and having written in favour of his country and of his faith, was certainly a rather remarkable personage ; and when Murray, a safe, easy-going man, not unlike Baillie Nichol Jarvie, in his love of peace and order, found these antecedents of the Poet so prominently brought before the world, it was quite in keeping with his ways that he should feel some anxiety about the probable effect of the dedication upon the sale of the Poem. Moore, however, on receiving Byron's note, with that genuine pluck that always marked his conduct, at once accepted the first, and, in Murray's opinion, to him, Moore, injurious one, and, accordingly, Byron wrote thus to Murray :—

“ January 15th, 1814.

“ Mr. Moore has seen, and decidedly preferred, the part your Tory bile sickens at. If every syllable were a rattlesnake, or every letter a pestilence, they should not be expunged. Let those who cannot swallow, chew the expressions on Ireland.”

We give this incident in Moore's life, because, as we have written, it proves him to have been a man neither ashamed of his country, nor afraid of his Catholicity. Let the reader bear in mind, that, at the period to which we refer, the name, Irishman, was a stigma of meaner inferiority than even now, and, to be merely a Roman Catholic then, gave no claims to a constituency, and no right to Castle blandishments, as at present.

Although the design of the Oriental story had been, for a time, laid aside, it was not forgotten either by the Poet or by his friends. Accordingly, about the middle of the year 1814,

Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, induced him to call on the Longmans, and promising to attend upon the occasion, as the friend of both Poet and publisher, and between Perry's zeal, and Longman's liberality, Trade and Poetry shone out very advantageously. Perry contended, that a Poet, of Moore's fame, should receive the very highest sum that had been given, at that period, for a Poem, and, as three thousand guineas had been paid for Childe Harold, he demanded a like price for the copyright of Moore's projected work. Longman very naturally objected, that he had not seen a line of the Poem, and that, in fact, he believed not a line of it was written. Perry insisted, that this was of no consequence whatever; that Moore was able to produce a Poem worth the sum demanded; that Murray had *his* noble Poet, and paid him well; that Moore was the only other Poet of the day; and that, as William Farran said afterwards to Alfred Bunn, "If there's only one cock salmon in the market, you must pay for it, if you want it." The Poet, however, was a little startled at the large sum demanded by his friend, but, to the eternal honour and glory of romance, it was agreed, before the parties separated, that Moore should receive, as Longman has informed us, three thousand pounds upon the day of publication.

The work thus before him, a golden harvest just within his reach, possessing a fame quite sufficient to urge him onward in the acquisition of one still greater, Moore set himself resolutely to his glorious labour. Years before he had been a welcome guest at Donington Park, and had met there the late Duke de Montpensier, and had spent the long days of Summer in the Library with the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philip); the Poet's dreaming fancy, building mind castles, changing as the waves, of which

" One no sooner touch'd the shore, and died,
Than a new follower rose!"

the future king, the wisest France has seen, gathering all the great philosophic truth that glorifies the page of Clarendon. Now, the Poet had returned, and lived over, once again,

" All the sunny morns and moonlight nights,
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights."

Once more he commenced the study of old favourite authors

in the now deserted library. He took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to him. D'Herbelot was his handbook, but all the quaint tales of Tavernier, and Flemming, and a hundred other writers on the East, were studied, till his life seemed but a day-dream of the far off wondrous world, and, gazing upon the books around, he might have fancied himself, as Letitia Landon, when looking out by moonlight on the wonders of her Cape Coast home, "living in *The Arabian Nights*."

Moore was ever a slow and pains-taking author, and his chief object in this careful course of reading was, that he might form a store-house, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental; and the undoubted, and often acknowledged accuracy of his descriptions of scenery, and of Eastern life, proves the great value, even in poetry, of that prosaic quality, industry; it shows too how, by the slow and laborious collection of small facts, the first foundations of a fanciful Romance were laid.

Moore spent many anxious weeks in composing the Poem. He began, and threw aside several attempts, the results of many days' labour; one Poem, which did not please him, ran to the great length of four hundred lines, and he often referred to a fragment of yet greater length, and still unpublished, which he considered might be one day finished, and given to the world. He had begun to despair of success in producing a work worthy of himself, and sufficient to merit the large sum agreed on; but it at length occurred to him, that the fierce struggle, long carried on between the Ghebers, or Fire-worshippers, of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters, formed a noble subject for a Poet. A new and deep interest then possessed him; freedom and toleration were the inspiring themes of his song; he had felt the galling oppression of a Penal Code, and the spirit that spoke in the *Irish Melodies*, soon found itself at home in the East. With all the riches of that country's tales, and songs, and history, he had, by his long and quiet study, imbued his mind, and, as quick as fancy, in her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the spell work. Thus it is that Moore himself tells us the Poem was commenced, and in March, 1815, having made some considerable progress in the work, he wrote to inform the Longmans of the fact, stating also, that he was prepared, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for the consi-

deration of the firm : they, however, replied—" We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem ; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable." At length, in October, 1816, there was sufficient matter finished to place in the hands of the printer ; but after the close of the great war, which had so long engaged the kingdom, prices were much reduced, and all things had fallen off to such a very great extent, that Moore feared the time was not very favourable for the publication of a long and expensive Poem. He, therefore, wrote to the Longmans, and proposed, that they should be at liberty to postpone, or modify, or relinquish their engagement, " the time being unsuited for Poetry and thousands being named together ;" but they, on November 9th, 1816, answered, in the following terms :—" We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for ' poetry and thousands ;' but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment."

In the last week of May, 1817, the Poem was published in a quarto volume : it bore the title, " Lalla Rookh," and, " To Samuel Rogers, Esq., This Eastern Romance is inscribed, by his very grateful and affectionate Friend, Thomas Moore." Its success was unprecedented, and the publishers were very soon in possession of a profit more than the amount paid to the author : twenty separate editions of the Poem have been published. The chief travellers in the East have borne testimony to the wonderful accuracy of its description ; it has been translated into most languages of the civilized world, and, Luttrell expressed the fact when he wrote,

" I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
 (Can it be true, you lucky man ?)
 By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
 Along the streets of Ispahan."

When, in the year 1822, the present Emperor of Russia (then Grand Duke), visited Berlin, an entertainment was performed at the Royal Château, entitled, " Lalla Roûkh, Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danses." The characters were—

Fadladin, Grand Nasir,	-	Comte Haach, Maréchale de Cour.
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie,	-	S. A. I. Le Grand Duc Nicholas de Russie.

Lalla Roûkh,	-	-	S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.
Arungzebed, le Grand Mogul,			S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume (Frère du Roi.)
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris,	-	-	S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland
La Reine, son épouse,	-	-	S. A. R. La Princesse Louise d Radzivil.

Some portions of the scenery were magnificent, especially the gate of Eden, with its crystal bar, and occasional glimpses of splendour jetting through and falling upon the repentant Per. At the close of the entertainments, Son Altesse Impériale la Grande Duchesse, and now Empress of all the Russias, made it is said, the following speech :—" Is it, then, all over? Are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? And lives there no poet who will impart to others and to future times some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?" In answer to this irresistible appeal, one of the actors, the poetical Baron de la Motte Fouqué, stepped gallantly forward, and vowed that *he* would give the Poem to the world in German dress. On hearing which, the Empress Lalla Rookh "graciously smiled."

The Grand Opera, "Nourmahal," composed by Gaspar Sponti, chief Maestro, at the Prussian court, was founded on Lalla Rookh, and produced in the year 1823.

Byron was very anxious about the title. Writing to Moore, from Venice, March 25th, 1817, he says, after referring to the title "Talking of tale, I wish you had not called it a *Persian tale*. Say a poem or romance, but not tale. I am sorry I called some of my things tales, because I think they are something better. And, on the same day, he writes to Murray: "'Lalla Rookh,' you must recollect that, in the way of title, the 'Giaour' has never been pronounced to this day; and both it and Child Harold sounded very facetious to the blue bottles of wit and humour about town, till they were taught and startled into proper deportment; and, therefore, Lalla Rookh, which is very orthodox and oriental, is as good a title as need be, if not better. I could wish rather he had not called it 'a *Persian tale*.' Firstly, because we have had Turkish tales, and Hindoo tales, and Assyrian tales, already; and *tale* is a word of which it repents me to have nicknamed poesy. 'Fable' would be better; and, secondly, 'Persian Tale' reminds one of the lines of Pope on Ambrose Philips; though no one can say, to be sure, that this tale has been 'turned for half-a-crown,' still

it is as well to avoid such clashings. ‘Persian story’—why not?—or romance? I feel as anxious for Moore as I could do for myself, for the soul of me, and I would not have him succeed otherwise than splendidly, which I trust he will do.” And again, writing to Moore from La Mira, July 10th, 1817: “Murray, the Mokanna of booksellers, has continued to send me extracts from *Lalla Rookh* by the post. They are taken from some magazine, and contain a short outline and quotations from the two first Poems. I am very much delighted with what is before me, and very thirsty for the rest. You have caught the colours as if you had been in the rainbow, and the tone of the East is perfectly preserved. I am glad you have changed the title ‘Persian Tale.’”

Having received the Poem, he wrote from La Mira to Murray, September 15, 1817,

“I have read ‘*Lalla Rookh*,’ but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and—two or three other things; so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any of the bad feelings which success—good or evil—sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the Poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it: I say of the *Poem*, for I don’t like the prose at all; in the meantime, the ‘*Fire-worshippers*’ is the best, and the ‘*Veiled Prophet*’ the worst of the volume.”

Moore’s residence at Mayfield Cottage was marked by other triumphs than the success of *Lalla Rookh*. He here composed the greater part of *The Two Penny Post Bag*, his *Sacred Songs*, and some numbers of the *Melodies*, and Sheil dedicated to him his tragedy, “*Evadne*.” It is quite unnecessary to offer any remarks upon *Two Penny Post Bag*. It equals in humour, the well-known “*Bath Guide*” of Anstey, and excels it in polished and keen, home-striking sarcasm. The success of the book was so great, that fourteen editions were issued in the space of thirteen months. Some of the poems appeared in the daily papers before the publication in a collected form, and Byron thus refers to them in his *Diary*, and expresses his opinion of Moore and of his genius:—

“ Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents,—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what—everything, in the “ Post Bag !” There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to Hunt speaks ‘ trumpet tongued.’ He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here.”*

The celebrated Parody on the Regent’s letter was printed, at first anonymously, and for private circulation, and Moore tells how much provoked a friend of his seemed, because he did not enjoy the fun of the satire, particularly the lines,

“ A strait waistcoat on *him*, and restrictions on *me*,
A more limited monarchy could not well be,”

as fully as the other listeners.

These were happy times, bright and glorious triumphs, won even amidst those days, when, as Byron said, Moore frittered away his years “ among dowagers, and unmarried girls,” for Byron thought that all men should love, with him,

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene.”

Moore was not of this class, he liked the world, and the world’s shady ways, and the success of his *Lalla Rookh* seemed to urge him to bolder flights, and higher thoughts, in the after written numbers of the *Melodies*.

The *Melodies*—The *Irish Melodies*—What nation possessed such treasures in its music? What music, like ours, came swelling up from the heart, telling all the joys, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, of an ever suffering, yet never despairing, of a never deceived, yet ever trusting people? But this music was vulgar, it was known only to the peasant, and those strains, light and gay enough to be the music of fairy land, or sad and wailing, as the sound of the winter wind, sighing through a

* Life, p. 204. Ed. 1851.

mother's grassy grave, were heard only as the country girl milked her cows, or when the poor villagers had gathered at a merry making. Rough, uncouth words were sung to the tunes, but the melody was there, in all its richest tones, and required but the master-hand, to wed it to immortal verse. The old Harpers, the last representatives of the ancient Bards, had, through the darkest, because the latest, ages of the Penal laws, preserved the native music of our country, through oppression, and amidst sorrow, often too, despite cruel punishment. But when the great music meeting was held in Belfast, in the year 1792, only three of these wandering minstrels could be discovered. Then it was that Bunting, one of those earnest, deep hearted men, who, in the silent walks of a humble life, do deeds that shame the loud heroism of the conqueror, commenced the publication of his collection of National Music, and in the year 1797, Thomas Moore first learned, that the melodies of his country were the sweetest of all music, and, as young Edward Hudson played them on his flute, their tones stole into the Poet's heart, and he discovered that great mine, from the working of which his future fame was to derive its brightest lustre and most unwithering wreath.

To arrive at a proper appreciation of the great debt due to Moore by his native country, we must remember, that when he began the composition of these poems and songs, he had to adapt them to melodies already written, and was bound to follow the spirit of the music in the adaptation of the words. The only works to assist him, within his reach, were O'Halloran's History of Ireland, and a very bad translation of Keating's book. When we recollect this fact, and perceive the wonderful facility with which he has turned, even the poor materials these works afford, to suit his purpose, we think, how gloriously he would have sung the old legends, and great deeds of Ireland, and her wars, which the valuable labours of Curry, and the untiring diligence of O'Donovan, have placed before us; we regret, that in his day, no Irishman with the enthusiastic love for our country's military glory, and with a self denying patience, and calm research, equal to O'Callaghan's had arisen, to teach Moore the real truths of the nation's history. Had it been so, who can doubt, that the same bold spirit, which gave life and vigor to the brave strains of, Oh! The Sight Entrancing, and 'The Minstrel Boy, would have shone out still more brightly, till in the words of the Irish Poet, and in

the music of the Irish Melody, we could again hear in fancy, the wild swelling slogan, which rang, amid the gory fields and fierce charges of Boi-le-Duc, of Cremona, and of Fontenoy. We may well regret this loss, when we recollect, that the two songs so much admired, Erin, oh Erin, and The Song of Fionnuala, are founded on legends, the former told by Giraldus Cambrensis, the latter, found by Moore himself, amongst some manuscript translations made from the "old tongue of the Gaels of Erin," by order of the Countess of Moira.

Power, the publisher of the Melodies, was a man of some enterprise, and, although he had seen a rather discouraging return from the sales of Bunting's collection, and from the few songs written to Irish airs by Miss Owenson (Lady Morgan), he resolved to make a strong, bold effort, to rescue the National Music, from neglect and forgetfulness. Moore had long projected some such publication as Power now proposed, and the latter, having agreed with Sir John Stephenson to arrange the music, thus introduced the subject to public notice:—

"In the Poetical Part, Power has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters: particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir John Stephenson on the subject:—

" 'I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; and while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early songs.

" 'The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to those airs, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various sentiments, which they express, must feel and un-

derstand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains, we find some melancholy note intrude,—minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal. Another difficulty (which is however purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful Air, ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock to Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.”*

So far we have Moore’s statement at the outset, of the difficulties to be surmounted in mere composition; let us now observe his views, after three numbers of the Melodies had appeared, and we may also remark the defence here made against the charge, that the Melodies were the productions of a man covertly disloyal:—

“With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through any want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy and their tenderness. Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work

* Letter dated Leicestershire, February, 1807.

may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics,—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustine) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those, too who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness,—like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered,—to such men I shall not condescend to offer an apology for the too great warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet be of opinion that allusions, in the least degree inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who more sincerely deprecates than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude: but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers,—it is found on the pianofortes of the rich and the educated,—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them, and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.”*

It has been said by some parties in this country, particularly by some pseudo patriots, that Moore is not a National Poet, and that the Melodies are not, in the strict meaning of the term, Irish; that, in a word, the country owes no debt of gratitude

* Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal.

to Moore. If to make the native music of our country known and sung throughout the world, if to preserve it from the oblivion, the terrible oblivion, to which the stigma of 'vulgarity' could consign it, if to wed the sweetest thoughts, the truest aspirations, the most heart touching words, to our own dear music, gives no claim to the gratitude of Irishmen, and Irishwomen, we must learn the real merit, of our National Bard from the writers of other lands. It has been well said by one of France's great critics,

"Les paroles des chansons nationales, dans lesquelles l'Irlande a consigné ses longues souffrances, ont péri pour la plupart; la musique seule s'est conservée. Cette musique peut servir de commentaire à l'histoire du pays. Elle peint l'intérieur des âmes aussi bien que les récits peignent les actions: on y trouve beaucoup de langueur et d'abattement, une tristesse profondément sentie, mais vaguement exprimée, comme la douleur qui se retient parce qu'on l'observe. Quelquefois un peu d'espérance ou de légèreté s'y montre; mais, dans les refrains les plus vifs, il survient toujours quelque accord triste, quelque changement de mode qui ramène brusquement des teintes plus sombres, comme on voit, dans un jour nébuleux, un rayon de soleil paraître un instant pour se dérober aussitôt.

"M. Moore est à la fois poète et musicien, comme les vieux bardes de sa patrie; mais, au lieu de leur inspiration sauvage, il a toutes les grâces du talent cultivé: et son amour pour l'indépendance, agrandi par la philosophie moderne, ne borne point tous ses vœux à la délivrance d'*Erin* et au retour du *vieux drapeau vert*. Il célèbre la liberté comme le droit de tous les hommes, comme le charme de toutes les contrées du monde. Les paroles Anglaises qu'il a composées sur le rythme des anciens airs de l'Irlande sont remplies de sentiments généreux, bien qu'empreintes le plus souvent de la couleur et des formes locales. Ces formes, presque toujours mystérieuses, ont d'ailleurs un charme qui leur est propre. Les Irlandais aiment à faire de la patrie un être réel qu'on aime et qui nous aime; ils aiment à lui parler sans prononcer son nom, et à confondre l'amour qu'ils lui vouent, cet amour austère et périlleux, avec ce qu'il y a de plus doux et de plus fortuné parmi les affections du cœur. Il semble que, sous le voile de ces illusions agréables, ils veuillent déguiser à leur âme la réalité des dangers auxquels s'expose le patriote, et s'entretenir d'idées gracieuses, en attendant l'heure du combat; comme ces Spartiates qui se couronnaient de fleurs, sur le point de périr aux Thermopyles."

And Byron writes—"To me, some of Moore's last *Erin*

* Censeur Européen du 28 février, 1820.

sparks—'As a beam o'er the face of the waters'—'When he who adores thee'—'Oh blame not'—and 'Oh breathe not his name'—are worth all the Epics that were ever composed."

And the great French historian tells us,

"C'est un grand titre à la reconnaissance d'une nation que d'avoir su chanter, en vers capables d'être populaires, sa liberté présente ou passée, ses droits garantis ou violés. Celui qui ferait pour la France ce que M. Moore a fait pour l'Irlande serait récompensé au delà de ses peines par l'estime du public et par la conscience d'avoir rendu service à la plus sainte de toutes les causes. Dans les temps d'arbitraire, nous avions des refrains mordants pour arrêter l'injustice par la crainte frivole du ridicule; pourquoi, dans ces temps de liberté douteuse, n'aurions-nous pas des chants plus nobles pour énoncer nos volontés, et les présenter comme une barrière au pouvoir toujours tenté d'envahir? Pourquoi les prestiges de l'art ne se joindraient-ils pas à la puissance de notre raison et de nos courages? Pourquoi ne nous ferions-nous pas une poésie nouvelle, inspirée par la liberté et consacrée à sa défense: une poésie, non pas classique, mais nationale, qui ne serait pas la vaine imitation des génies qui ne sont plus, mais la peinture vivante des âmes et des pensées d'aujourd'hui: qui protesterait pour nous, se plaindrait avec nous, nous parlerait de la France et de son destin, du destin de nos aïeux et de nos fils?"

These are the witnesses to whom we appeal, in favour of him who was "poète et musicien, comme les vieux bardes de sa patrie;" but their inspiration was not an "inspiration sauvage." It was rather the "mens divinior" shining in the songs of those who were gifted with the "os magna sonaturum;" and possessing a language, as a great authority tells us, "surpassing in gravity the Spanish; in elegance, the Italian; in colloquial charms, the French—equalling, if not surpassing, the German itself in inspiring terror. Expressing briefly the jest, and the epigram, and so pliant and flexible, that the 'Uraiceacht na n-eigeas,' or, 'Precepts of the Poets,' lay down rules for more than one hundred different kinds of metre." This was not the language in which an "inspiration sauvage" could find expression, and Spenser has well written, "I have caused divers of Irish poems to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention; they are sprinkled with some pretty flowers of natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness to them."* These were songs and melodies

* See also "The Historic Literature of Ireland." Kelly, Dublin. 1852.

which Moore was worthy to perpetuate—these were the recollections and traditions which incited him to unbind his own Island Harp, and give all its

“Chords to light, freedom, and song.”

To song, such as Poet never again may utter. Our Irish Harp was his, and his alone—like that harp of sweet Saint Mona, which, struck by stranger hands, jarred and jangled in wildest dissonance, but, touched by the glowing fingers of its mistress, gave pure and heavenly music.

And why are the Irish Melodies so seldom heard in our drawing-rooms? What songs so sweet as I'd Mourn The Hopes That Leave Me? or Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms? The former, when sung by a sweet, low soprano, trembling while it swells, steals in upon the heart with a gentle charm, like that which we feel when the light, calm wind, plays at sun-set, through the fluttering leaves,

“In the bow'ry month of July;”

and, as the notes die softly away, the listener bows applause, or speaks it, in that hushed, low

“Sound so fine, there's nought 'twixt it and silence.”

Every body talks of the Melodies, but most singers neglect them, for some absurdity such as, “Will You Love Me Then as Now?” or for some, perhaps but half understood cavitina, in “that soft bastard Latin,” which only makes us wish the singer dumb, while we think of Grisi or of Mario, of Hayes or of Reeves.

The Irish Melodies come home to every human heart: they are sung by the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Russian, each in his native tongue.† The Cuban, too, who

“Dreams of Freedom in his bondsmaid's arms,”

possesses them in his own language, and, as the poor, ex-

* The Melodies have been translated into *Latin*.—“Cantus Hibernici,” Nicholas Lec Torre, London, 1835. *Italian*.—G. Flechia, Torino. 1836. Adele Custi, Milano, 1836. *French*.—Madame Belloc, Paris, 1823. Loeve Veimars, Paris, 1829. *Russian*.—Several Melodies, by the Russian Poet, Kozloff.

patriated Irishman, hews his way through the back woods of America, he hums the songs that have made his country and its story known throughout the world. He recalls the "brave days of old," and, in the dim vista of the far off future of Ireland, fancies their gleam those

"Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sun-set sea,
What once hath been, what now is not;
But, oh! what again shall brightly be."*

Even amid all the frippery of Parisian society, these songs have awakened feelings of gratitude in the hearts of those descended from the men who left,

"The green hills of their youth among strangers to find
That repose, which at home, they had sought for in vain."

In the year 1836, upon the appearance of the French translation of the *Melodies*, Moore received from the Countess —, a lady of Irish descent, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valour, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing are introduced the favourite emblems of Erin—the harp, the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick, together with scrolls, containing each, inscribed in letters of gold, the name of some favourite melody of the fair artist. The portfolio was accompanied by a letter, written in French, in which, Moore said of the lady: "Her Irish race, I fear, is but too discernible, in the generous indiscretion with which, in this instance, she allows praise so much to outstrip desert." The first number of the *Melodies* was issued in the year 1809, and the tenth, or last number, was published in May, 1834.

After the publication of *Lalla Rookh*, Moore, famous, popular, and, for a Poet, rich, resolved to make one of the holiday world that rushed to Paris in the autumn of 1817. Rogers was just on the point of starting for the gay capital, and hearing of Moore's intended visit, the Banker Poet offered him a seat in his carriage for the journey. It was Moore's first visit to France; and who, paying a first visit to Paris, is either disappointed or displeased? To Moore, it was

* The Epicurean, chap. viii.

a happy time ; he there met Curran, going back to London, and to his grave, a wreck of the former man, but still, with a wit and humour, all his own, gleaming and flashing around him. Our Poet renewed his acquaintance with the Princes, who had, as the reader may remember, been his fellow students in the Library at Donington, in the old days of their exile. It was a pleasant meeting for all parties ; fame and prosperity were smiling on Moore, whilst honour, dignity, and power, were once again possessed by the Bourbons.

Crowds of English tourists were, at this period, over-running the Continent ; Paris was the favourite resting place with all, and every well-to-do matron in England fancied herself in the condition of that lady, of whom it was sung,

“ Mistress Gill
Is very ill,
And nothing can improve her,
But to see
The Tuilerie,
And waddle through the Louvre.”

With a world, such as this, around him, how could Moore resist the temptation of satirizing it ? Accordingly, on the 20th of April, 1818, that book containing so much humour, pathos, thought, and genuine manly feeling, *The Fudge Family in Paris*, was published. Who forgets Mr. Bob, and his stays, and his love of good eating ? Who forgets Miss Biddy, and her romance, and her Brandenburg ? And then Phil, and Phelim O'Connor, who could form such characters as these, but Moore ? *The Fudge Family* was quickly followed by Tom Cribb's *Memorial to Congress*, and by the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*. The success of each was very considerable—particularly that of *The Fudge Family*.

In May, 1818, our Poet paid a visit to Dublin, and, on the 7th of June, he was entertained at a public dinner, given at Morrison's, in Dawson-street. The Earl of Charlemont presided, Moore's father sitting at one side of the chair, and the Poet himself at the other. The entertainment was very splendid, and was attended by Maturin, Sheil, O'Connell, Phillips, and, in fact, by all the celebrated men then residing in Dublin. At this dinner, Samuel Lover sang his first song in public, and Moore gave, for the first time, that sweet melody, *They May Rail at This Life*. It was a proud night for old John Moore,

then in his seventy-eighth year : he had the happiness to hear the welcome praises bestowed upon his son, and heard, too, the short, heartfelt reply of his brilliant, honest child. The cheers of the Poet's friends found an echo in Byron's deep and lonely heart. From Ravenna, he writes to the elder Disraeli :—

“The times have preserved a respect for political consistency, and, even though changeable, honour the unchanged. Look at Moore : it will be long ere Southey meets with such a triumph in London as Moore met with in Dublin, even if the government subscribe for it, and set the money down to secret service. It was not less to the man than to the poet, to the tempted but unshaken patriot, to the not opulent but incorruptible fellow-citizen, that the warm-hearted Irish paid the proudest of tributes.”*

In the autumn of 1819, Lord John Russell, then preparing a new edition of his “Life of Lord Russell,” proposed to Moore, that as both were going to Italy, the former to Genoa, the latter to Venice, for the purpose of paying his ever-memorable visit to Lord Byron, they should make the journey together as far as Milan. Accordingly, the Poet and the Statesman set off in company, and remained a fortnight in Paris, for the purpose of enabling Lord John to consult Barillon's Letters, and thence proceeded, by the Simplon road, to Milan. At Milan, they met the late Lord Kinnaid, and spent some days with him ; then Moore and Lord John parted, but not before our Poet had addressed to his fellow traveller the celebrated “Remonstrance, after a conversation, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all Political Pursuits,” and ending with the lines—

“Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine ;
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of her shrine.”†

Moore visited Rome, and there met Canova, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, and Eastlake. He was an uninitiated worshipper of sculpture and of painting, but he soon learned to appreciate their perfections, his companions being the high

* Byron's Work, p. 804, Ed. 1846.

† Poems, p. 458, Ed. 1846.

priests of Genius and of Art. He visited Saint Peter's with Canova and Chantrey; he roamed amongst the wrecks of ages with Eastlake and Lady Calcott, and received from Canova a set of engravings, representing his finest statues, together with a copy of Poems, written in their praise by Missirini, the Roman Poet.

Lord John Russell was to have met him at Genoa, and to have returned with him to England; but the Manchester riots rendered an early assembly of Parliament necessary. Lord John was forced to return alone, so Moore, with Jackson and Chantrey, visited the galleries of Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin. During this journey, the Rhymes on the Road were written or composed, as he tells us, "in an old *calèche*, for the purpose of beguiling the *ennui* of solitary travelling." But the most memorable circumstance of the tour is Moore's visit to Lord Byron, at La Mira, near Venice.

About two o'clock, on the 8th of October, 1819, he arrived at the villa: he found that the noble Poet had just taken his bath, but was informed that his Lordship would receive him in a few moments. Byron quickly appeared, and introduced Moore to the Countess Guiccioli, who had been, for some time, an inmate of La Mira. During our Poet's stay in Venice, Byron lived at La Mira, and Moore remained at his Lordship's residence in the city. The two Poets visited all the wonders and sights of the, to Moore, unknown world around them, and dreamed and laughed away some pleasant days, amidst the strange old halls and palaces, of "The Rome of the Sea." Moore's visit to his friend was brief—not more than a fortnight—and on the day which was to conclude his stay, after having seen that "picture by Giorgione,"

"Such a woman! love in life;"

and having talked of that last tie, which bound him, in his strange, wild, way to existence, Byron, as Moore tells us, "left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. 'Look here,' he said, holding it up—'this would be worth something to Murray though *you*, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'My Life and Adventures,' he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. 'It is not a thing,'

he continued, 'that can be published during my lifetime; but you may have it—if you like—there; do whatever you please with it.' In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added—'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it.' He then added, 'You may show it to any of your friends you think worthy of it:' and this is nearly, word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject."* "When it was time for me to depart," Moore continues, "he expressed his intention to accompany me a few miles; and, ordering his horses to follow, he proceeded with me in the carriage as far as Strà, where for the last time—how little thinking it was to be the last!—I bade my kind and admirable friend farewell."†

Before Moore left England for Italy, he was induced, by the wishes of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and by his old friendship for the truly noble man, to move into Wiltshire. He went to Bromham, a village near Bowood; but the house there recommended, he thought too large and too expensive; however, upon making a second visit in company with Mrs Moore, they found, hidden among the green lanes, a neat little cottage called Sloperton, of which they at once became the tenants. The cottage is situated near Round Way Down, and about half way between Calne and Devizes. It was not, when first taken by Moore, so extensive, or so pretty, as at present; but, through Mrs. Moore's taste, it was judiciously enlarged, and sweet climbing plants placed around it, till it became a charming songbird's nest, embosomed amongst roses, jessamine and clematis. To this cottage home, in which he left his wife and children, when starting for Italy, he was unable to return until the end of the year 1822. He found some letters awaiting his arrival in Paris, on his way home from Venice, and amongst them was one, conveying the intelligence, that the Deputy Registrar, at Bermuda, had embezzled the money received upon certain American ships and cargoes, and that an attachment had been issued against him (Moore), by the Board of Admiralty, as Registrar. He had taken no security from his Deputy, and he was now liable, it was supposed, for the large sum of £6000. This money it was quite beyond his power to pay, so he resolved to remain in France until some settlement

* Life of Byron, p. 422, Ed. 1851.

† p. 423.

be made with the defrauded parties, and with the Court nity. The latter Court was not in a mood to deal with a defaulting public servant however blameless. Theodore Hook had been attached about six months to this affair of Moore's, for the sum of £12,000, deficient returns, as Accountant General and Treasurer to the King. Why Hook or Moore had ever been appointed to offices as these, is one of those pieces of inexplicable folly, which can only be explained by assuming the notions to have been made, either through the most unfeeling partizanship, or the most ill-judged and injudicious friendship. Moore felt this to be the case, when he

“That I should ever have come to be chosen for such employment seems one of those freaks or anomalies of destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation: and went indeed, to realise Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of order by which, too frequently, qualification for place is neglected,—‘Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui fut.’”

By great difficulties interposing, it was found impossible to settle the claims in a satisfactory, and, at the same time, quiet manner; accordingly, Moore's family joined him in France, and they resided first at a cottage close to, and over-
looking, Sévres, and opposite the Park of St. Cloud; after a short time, they removed to a small house at Passy. Although embarrassed by his pecuniary difficulties, this was a pleasant period in Moore's life; his friend, Kenny, the artist, lived near him, and he formed an acquaintance with very agreeable Spanish families in the neighbourhood. It was a sweet, quiet spot, a sort of semi-seclusion rendered it a home for a Poet, like that abiding place, of which Alfred Lord Tennyson sings;

“Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love:
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock:
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass.”

There, in this cottage, he still found friends to cheer him,

and amongst the most welcome, and distinguished of his visitors, was that honor to American literature, Washington Irving; and, as they sat together upon the grass, by the path which leads to the Rocher, at La Butte, Irving read to Moore many of the scenes in his *Bracebridge Hall*, which he was then engaged in writing. Moore was not sufficiently rich to believe, with Charles Lamb, that, "Man is out of his element as long as he is operative," so he commenced the *Life of Sheridan*, a work which he had had for sometime in contemplation. Murray was to be the publisher, but writing at so great a distance from all authority, and so far removed from all sources of information, Moore quickly found that the *Life* could not be produced in a manner, fair towards Murray, just towards Sheridan's memory, or worthy of his own reputation. He wrote to Murray informing him of this obstacle, but commenced, at the same time, a poetical Romance consisting of letters founded on an Egyptian subject, differing little from that which some years after formed the ground-work of the *Epicurean*. These letters, after some considerable time had been employed in their construction and composition, he threw aside, but published them at the end of the Romance just named, and they are known as *Alciphron: A Fragment*.

He laboured hard to acquire a perfect knowledge of Egyptian customs, scenery, and habits, that he might be able to compose a work worthy to stand beside his successful Poem, *Lalla Rookh*. He found all the French scholars most willing to assist him. Denon lent him his drawings of Egypt; all the books of Fourier and Langlès were at his disposal, and the great Humboldt, then in Paris, gave him all the information in his power. He could not, however, please himself in the composition of a Romance, such as he desired to produce, but he wrote the Eighth Number of *The Melodies*, and a set of National Airs, and at length, when Murray feared he was about to resign all hope of success, at least for that time, the Poet recollected the old Eastern allegory of *The Loves of The Angels*. Byron was at the same period writing his famous Poem, or as Moore calls it, "the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, 'Heaven and Earth,'" and the latter used every effort to hasten the publication of his own work, as, from the great similarity of the plots, he dreaded the result of a comparison between his Poem, and that of his noble friend; both the works, however, appeared at the same time. The name,

loves of The Angels was not the title originally intended, and Byron writing from Genoa, to Moore, observes,

“They give me a very good account of you, and of your nearly ‘Emprisoned Angels.’ But why did you change your title?—you will regret this some day. The bigots are not to be conciliated: and if they were—are they worthy it? I suspect that I am a more orthodox Christian than you are: and whenever I see a real Christian, either in practice or in theory (for I never yet found the man who could produce either, when put to the proof), I am his disciple. But, till then, I cannot buckle to the tithe-mongers,—nor can I imagine what has made you circumcise your Seraphs.”

The negotiations carried on for the purpose of arranging the claims against our Poet, arising out of the Bermuda affair, were, after many disappointments, brought to a rather, for Moore, satisfactory conclusion, and in September, 1822, he learned, from Longman, that the American claimants had agreed to take one thousand guineas, in discharge of all demands. To the payment of this sum, the uncle of the defaulting Deputy, a London merchant of some wealth, had been, with much difficulty, brought to contribute £300.

Before leaving Paris, Moore was entertained at a public dinner given by his friends, and the admirers of his genius, residing in that city. The late Lord Kinnaird presided, and the following song, written for the occasion, by our fellow-countryman, T. C. Grattan, author of “High-Ways and By-Ways,” was sung by him to that glorious strain, in which Moore has enshrined the Melody, “Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour.”

“Farewell to the Bard! let the sorrowful sound,
Deep echo'd in friendship's vibrations go round;
But still with a tone of contentment unite,
While sadness steals bloom from the cheeks of delight;
For never was parting so hallow'd as this
By all that can sanctify pleasures or woes—
Where we mourn that we lose him, yet share in his bliss—
Where we wish he might *stay*, yet rejoice that he *goes*.

As the sun with the mild air of heaven combines,
Blending brightness and freshness to soothe while it shines,
So, the light of our circle, he beam'd on us long,
In the warm glow of genius and soft breath of song;

And now, as he slopes towards the Isle of the West,
 Where our hearts are all center'd, wherever we roam,
 A holier radiance he pours on each breast,
 Through the mist of departure and memory of home.

But though absence may throw its dark shadows between,
 His mind will be with us to hallow the scene ;
 Though he leaves us a blank, which we never can fill,
 His voice shall be heard to reply to us still—
 For as oft as the key-note of feeling we strike,
 The cadence runs quick through the bright chain of thought,
 That joins spirit to spirit, awakening alike
 And at once every link, whether near or remote.

Then, absent or present, we share in his soul,
 And we feel in the heart what we pledge in the bowl—
 May health fill his house, as renown tells his name !
 May the full sounds of friendship be chorused by fame !
 And when to the heaven of home-blessings he's borne,
 May he look back the signs of our greeting to see ;
 And be sure, as he waves us his hand in return,
 To drop down the skirt of his mantle on me !”

The entertainment was a very brilliant one, and after Grattan had sung his song of farewell, the toast, “ Prosperity to Ireland” was given, to which Moore thus responded—

“ As the Noble Chairman has, in compliment to the land of my birth, given the ever-welcome toast of ‘ Prosperity to Ireland,’ I beg to suggest a similar tribute to that other country, to which we all belong, and to whose real greatness and solid glory—all Irishman as I am, and with my political and historical recollections fresh about me—I am most ready to bear testimony and homage before the world. Yes, Gentlemen, there may be, and there are (for God forbid I should circumscribe virtue within any particular latitude), there may be, and there are, high minds, warm hearts, and brave arms, everywhere ; but for that genuine high-mindedness, which has honesty for its basis—the only sure foundation upon which anything lofty was ever built—which can distinguish between real, substantial greatness, and that false, inflated glory of the moment, whose elevation, like that of the balloon, is owing to its emptiness, or if not to its emptiness, at least to the levity of its freight—for that good faith, that punctuality in engagements, which is the soul of all commercial as well as all moral relations, and which, while it gives to business the confidence and good understanding of friendship, introduces into friendship the regularity and matter-of-fact steadiness of business—for that spirit of fairness and liberality among public men, which extracts the virus of personality out of party zeal, and exhibits so often (too often, I am sorry to say, of late) the touching spectacle of the most sturdy poli-

tical chieftains pouring out at the grave of their violent antagonists such tributes, not alone of justice, but of cordial eulogy, as show how free from all private rancour was the hostility that separated them—and, lastly (as I trust I may say, not only without infringing, but in strict accordance with that wise tact, which excludes party politics from a meeting like the present), for that true and well understood love of liberty, which, through all change and time, has kept the old Constitution sea-worthy—which, in spite of storms from without, and momentary dissensions between the crew within, still enables her to ride, the admiration of the world, and will, I trust in God, never suffer her to founder—for all these qualities, and many, many more, equally lofty and equally valuable, the most widely-travelled Englishman may proudly say, as he sets his foot once more on the chalky cliffs. ‘This is my own, my native land, and I have seen nothing that can, in the remotest degree, compare with it.’ Gentlemen, I could not help—in that fulness of heart, which they alone can feel towards England who have been doomed to live for some time out—paying this feeble tribute to that most noble Country, nor can I doubt the cordiality with which you will drink—‘Prosperity, a long prosperity to Old England.’”

Moore, in consequence of the Farewell Dinner, had remained in Paris a few days after the departure of his wife and family for England, but when Mrs. Moore arrived within two miles of Sloperton, she, and the two children who accompanied her, were met by the chief inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who conducted her home. The day was one of rejoicing in the village; the bells of the little church, at Bromham, rang merry peals of welcome, and, amongst the first visitors received by Mrs. Moore, was her husband’s noble friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Poet arrived in London, from Paris, in the last week of October, 1822, and the *Loves of The Angels* was published in the month of December following. He found, that owing to the kindness of a friend, the sum of £750, required to clear off the American claim, had been lodged at a banker’s to his credit, but still adhering to his resolution, of owing to his own exertions alone the means of release from his difficulties, he drew upon his publishers, or as he used to call it, “bank *in nubibus*, his future Poems,” and enclosed the cheque to his generous friend. When Jeffrey first heard of Moore’s embarrassments he wrote from Edinburgh, to Samuel Rogers, on the 30th of July, 1819, offering to contribute, £300 or £400, towards a fund to relieve our Poet from his unpleasant position; this is the best of the many good traits of Jeffrey’s character, and made one, among the numerous in-

stances, in which Moore's old enemies became his firm friends : it should be remembered too, that Jeffrey was not at this period a rich man. In June, 1823, Moore had the satisfaction of finding his account, at his publishers, in a very flourishing condition, £500 had been placed to his credit, from the sales of the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*, and *The Loves of The Angels* had produced for him £1000.

His next literary venture was in prose, and entitled, *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some account of his Ancestors. Written by Himself. It appeared in April, 1824, and its sale was most rapid. On the 20th of April, not a copy could be procured, a second edition was published on the 22nd of April, and in the *Times* of the 27th of that month, a most able and eloquent critique on the work was printed, in which the following passage occurs:—

“There are few writers who, in the language of painting, possess the same faculty of massing their tints, and grouping their figures, as the author of this lively yet solid and instructive publication. He seems to have found the true royal road to knowledge, divesting an obscure and unattractive history of whatever could alarm the indolent or perplex the dull, while the love of justice, humanity, and liberty, breaks out through every apostrophe of the author, however he may affect to veil his emotions under sarcasm, levity, or scorn.”

Captain Rock is a fierce, a witty, and an able onslaught on English rule, and mis-rule in Ireland. It was published anonymously, but Sydney Smith, in his notice of it in the *Edinburgh Review*, writes thus:—

“This agreeable and witty book is generally supposed to have been written by Mr. Thomas Moore, a gentleman of small stature, but full of genius, and a steady friend of all that is honourable and just. He has here borrowed the name of a celebrated Irish leader, to typify that spirit of violence and insurrection which is necessarily generated by systematic oppression, and rudely avenges its crimes : and the picture he has drawn of its prevalence in that unhappy country is at once piteous and frightful. Its effect in exciting our horror and indignation is in the long run increased, we think—thought at first it may seem counteracted, by the tone of levity, and even jocularly, under which he has chosen to veil the deep sarcasm and substantial terrors of his story. We smile at first, and are amused—and wonder as we proceed, that the humorous narrative should produce conviction and pity,—shame, abhorrence, and despair ! England seems to have treated Ireland much in the same way as Mrs. Brownrigg treated her apprentice—for which Mrs. Brownrigg is hanged in the first volume

of the Newgate Calendar. Upon the whole, we think the apprentice is better off than the Irishman; as Mrs. Brownrigg merely starves and beats her, without any attempt to prohibit her from going to any shop, or praying at any church, the apprentice might select; and once or twice, if we remember rightly, Brownrigg appears to have felt some compassion. Not so Old England, who indulges rather in a steady baseness, uniform brutality, and unrelenting oppression.”*

Captain Rock was not suffered to pass on his way unmolested. The book was replied to by the Rev. Mortimer O’Sullivan, in a work, entitled “Captain Rock Detected, by a Munster Farmer.”

Moore, whilst in France, had commenced, as the reader is already informed, a life of Sheridan, and, had laid it aside, owing to the impossibility of procuring the requisite information, at so great a distance from London. He wrote the four first chapters in France, and his chief anxiety, on arriving in England, was to complete the biography, in a manner worthy of our great countryman’s memory, and in a style befitting his own reputation. Sheridan, as all the world knows, died a beggar, why, or to whose shame, he died so, we cannot here enquire, but, owing to this fact, very great difficulty was experienced, in inducing his creditors to allow the free use of his papers to Moore; however, the biography was published in the year 1825, and, in the same year, a second edition was called for.

In the month of September, 1825, Moore wrote to Sir Walter Scott, then at Abbotsford, informing him that he was about to pay his long promised visit to Scotland, “and the characteristic opening and close of the reply,” writes Lockhart, “will not I hope be thrown away upon my reader, any more than they were on the warm-hearted minstrel of Erin.”

We give the letter of Sir Walter, and Moore’s account of his visit, begging the reader to bear in mind, that at this particular time, the Constable crash was, as the great Wizard knew, inevitable, and his regard for our Poet is exhibited in his acknowledgment of the authorship of the Waverley Novels.

“To Thomas Moore Esqre., Sloperton Cottage, Devizes.

“Abbotsford, Thursday.

“My Dear Sir,—Damn Sir—My Dear Moore,—Few things could give me more pleasure than your realizing the prospect your

* Rev. Sydney Smith’s Works, vol. ii. p. 467. Ed. 1845.

letter holds out to me. We are at Abbotsford fixtures till 10th November, when my official duty, for I am 'slave to an hour and vassal to a bell,' calls me to Edinburgh. I hope you will give me as much of your time as you can—no one will value it more highly. You keep the great north road till you come to the last stage in England, Cornhill, and then take up the Tweed to Kelso. If I knew what day you would be at Kelso, I would come down and do the honours of Tweedside, by bringing you here, and showing you anything that is remarkable by the way; but though I could start at a moment's warning, I should, scarce, I fear, have time to receive a note from Newcastle soon enough to admit of my reaching you at Kelso. Drop me a line however, at all events; and, in coming from Kelso to Melrose and Abbotsford, be sure to keep the southern side of the Tweed, both because it is far the pleasantest route, and because I will come a few miles to take the chance of meeting you. You do not mention whether you have any fellow-travellers. We have plenty of accommodation for any part of your family, or any friend, who may be with you.—Your's in great joy and expectation,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Mr. Moore arrived accordingly—and he remained several days. Though not, I believe a regular journalizer, he kept a brief diary during his Scotch tours, and he has kindly allowed me the use of it. He fortunately found Sir Walter in an interval of repose—no one with him at Abbotsford but Lady and Miss Scott—and no company at dinner except the Fergusons and Laidlaw. The two poets had thus the opportunity of a great deal of quiet conversation; and from the hour they met, they seem to have treated each other with a full confidence, the record of which, however touchingly honourable to both, could hardly be made public *in extenso* while one of them survives. The first day they were alone after dinner, and the talk turned chiefly on the recent death of Byron—from which Scott passed unaffectedly to his own literary history. Mr. Moore listened with great interest to details, now no longer new, about the early days of ballad-hunting Mat Lewis, the Minstrelsy, and the Poems; and 'at last,' says he 'to my no small surprise, as well as pleasure, he mentioned the novels without any reserve, as his own. He gave me an account of the original progress of those extraordinary works, the hints supplied for them, the conjectures and mystification to which they had given rise, &c. &c.' He concluded with saying, 'they have been a mine of wealth to me—but I find I fail in them now—I can no longer make them so good as at first.' This frankness was met as should have been by the brother poet; and when he entered Scott's room next morning, 'he laid his hand,' says Mr. Moore, 'with a sort of cordial earnestness on my breast and said—*Now my dear Moore we are friends for life.*' They sallied out for a walk through the plantations, and among other things the commonness of the poetic talent in these days was alluded to. 'Hardly a magazine is now published,' said Moore, 'that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation.'—

Scott turned with his look of shrewd humour, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, 'Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before those fellows;' but he added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, 'we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons.'—'In complete novelty,' says Moore, 'he seemed to think, lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days.'"

Moore and Sir Walter were men, who, when they had once become acquainted, should feel each for the other, that genuine friendship which true genius ever extends to its brilliant fellow; and when the Novelist and the Poet again met, during the following November, in Edinburgh, we find this entry in the great Scotchman's journal:—

"November 22.—*Moore*.—I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description, moreover he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it. I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore, and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself '*the great Twalmly—inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.*' He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's memoirs would satisfy his executors:—but there was a reason—*Premat Nox alta*. It would be a delightful addition to life, if

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 568, Ed. 1851.

T. M. had a cottage within two miles of me. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.”*

It was a glorious night at the Edinburgh Theatre—Scott accompanied Moore, and soon after their, at first, unmarked entrance, the attention of the audience, which had till then been engrossed by the lady-millionaire, Mrs. Coutts, was directed towards the new-comers, and according to a newspaper report, copied and published by Moore in one of his last prefaces, considerable excitement immediately prevailed. ‘Eh!’ exclaimed a man in the pit—‘eh! yon’s Sir Walter, wi’ Lockhart and his wife; and wha’s the wee body wi’ the pawkie een? Wow, but it’s Tam Moore just!’ ‘Scott—Scott! Moore—Moore!’ immediately resounded through the house. Scott would not rise: Moore did, and bowed several times with his hand on his heart. Scott afterwards acknowledged the plaudits of his countrymen, and the orchestra during the course of the evening played alternately Scotch and Irish airs.

Moore had been only a few days at home, after this Northern tour, when he received the intelligence of his father’s death. John Moore was appointed, in the year 1806, to a respectable post in the Civil branch of the Ordnance, and had been for some years before his death Barrack Master of Island Bridge Barrack, and died on the 17th of December, 1825, having lived to the age of 84 years. He was interred in St. Kevin’s Church-yard, within a short distance of the house in which his illustrious son was born.

In the year 1827, the *Epicurean*, Moore’s greatest work, judged by its sale, was published, dedicated to “Lord John Russell, by one who admires his character and talents, and is proud of his friendship.” Its success was very great, and it has been translated twice into French, twice into Italian (Milan, 1836—Venice, 1835), once into German (Inspruc, 1828), once into Dutch (Deventer, 1829). It is one of those works which only a genius, brilliant and fanciful, and glowing as that of Moore could produce. Thought, fancy, learning, all that deifies the Poet’s nature, shines in every page, and the lonely studies

* Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, p. 578, Ed. 1851.

of the old quiet days spent in Marsh's Library, and the deep research of the Paris months, have all proved advantageous in supplying matter for illustration. Moore thus describes his first views, and designs respecting the Epicurean, in a diary dated—

“Paris, July 5th, 1820.

“Began my Egyptian Poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it. The story to be told in letters from a young Epicurean philosopher, who, in the second century of the Christian era, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the elixir of immortality, which is supposed to be one of the secrets of the Egyptian priests. During a Festival on the Nile, he meets with a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of the priests lately dead. She enters the catacombs and disappears. He hovers around the spot, and at last finds the well and secret passages, &c., by which those who are initiated enter. He sees this maiden in one of those theatrical spectacles which formed a part of the subterranean Elysium of the Pyramids—finds opportunities of conversation with her—their intercourse in this mysterious region described. They are discovered, and he is thrown into those subterranean prisons, where they who violate the rules of Initiation are confined. He is liberated from thence by the young maiden, and taking flight together, they reach some beautiful region, where they linger, for a time delighted, and she is near becoming a victim to his arts. But taking alarm she flies, and seeks refuge with a Christian monk, in the Thebaid, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had consigned her when dying. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place, and she is seized (chiefly through the unintentional means of her lover), and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described, in a letter from the Solitary of the Thebaid, and the attempt made by the young philosopher to rescue her. He is carried off from thence to the cell of the Solitary. His letters from that retreat, after he has become a Christian, devoting his thoughts entirely to repentance and the recollection of the beloved saint who had gone before him. If I don't make something out of all this, the deuce is in't. According to this plan the events of the story were to be told in Letters, or Epistolary Poems, addressed by the Philosopher to a young Athenian friend: but, for greater variety, as well as convenience, I afterwards distributed the task of narration among the chief personages of the tale. The great difficulty however, of managing in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without growing prosaic, and still more, the diffuse length to which I saw the narrative in verse would extend, deterred me from following this plan any further: and I then commenced the tale anew in its present shape.”

In the month of January, 1830, the first volume of *The Life of Lord Byron* was published, and the second volume

appeared in the month of December following. Of all Moore's works, this was the most anxiously looked for. A Poet's life, written by a Poet, and written too, by one who had been the friend of him who made the subject of the biography, and compiled in part, from the papers and diaries, and letters of the deceased, was a publication that naturally excited the most intense curiosity. But amongst all the productions of Moore's pen, this Life of Lord Byron has drawn upon him the greatest display of slander, disingenuousness, and misrepresentation. As the reader is already aware, Byron, when Moore was about leaving La Mira, presented to him certain memoranda, which he called, "His Life and Adventures." Moore understood, that he received these papers, for the purpose of weaving them into a biography of his friend, and that this view of the case was correct, the following extract, from a letter of his Lordship's to Murray, dated Venice, October 10th, 1819, will prove—

"I gave Moore, who is gone to Rome, my life in MS. in seventy-eight folio sheets, brought down to 1816, But this I put into his hands for *his* care, as he has some other MSS. of mine—a Journal kept in 1814, &c. Neither are for publication during my life ; but when I am cold you may do what you please. In the mean time if you like to read them, you may, and shew them to any body you like—I care not. My Life is *Memoranda*, and not *Confessions*. I have left out all *my loves* (except in a general way) and many other of the most important things (because I must not compromise other people) so that it is like the play of Hamlet—'the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.' But you will find many opinions, and some fun, with a detailed account of my marriage, and its consequences, as true as a party concerned can make such account, for I suppose we are all prejudiced."

"I have never read over this Life since it was written, so that I know not exactly what it may repeat or contain. Moore and I passed some merry days together."*

And in a letter to Murray, dated Venice, December 9th, 1819, he writes—

"I sent home, by Moore (*for* Moore only, who has my Journal) my memoir written up to 1816, and I gave him leave to show it to whom he pleased, but *not to publish* on any account. You may read it, and you may let Wilson read it, if he likes—not for his *public* opinion, but his private ; for I like the man, and care very little

* Life, p. 425. Ed. 1851.

about his Magazine. And I could wish Lady B.— herself to read it, that she may have it in her power to mark anything mistaken or mis-stated; as it will probably appear after my extinction, and it would be but fair she should see it, that is to say herself willing.”*

So far, we think, that the facts are quite clear, and that Moore had full liberty to use the manuscript as he pleased, and in a very considerate and kind letter to him, Byron writes from—

“ Ravenna, Dec. 9th, 1820.

“ Besides this letter, you will receive *three* packets containing in all, eighteen more sheets of Memoranda, which, I fear will cost you more in postage than they ever will produce by being printed in the next century. Instead of waiting so long, if you could make anything of them *now* in the way of *reversion*, (that is after *my* death,) I should be very glad,—as with all due regard to your progeny, I prefer you to your grand children. Would not Longman or Murray advance you a certain sum *now*, pledging themselves *not* to have them published till after *my* decease, think you?—and what say you?

“ Over these latter sheets I would leave you a discretionary power; because they contain a thing or two which is too sincere for the public. If I consent to your disposing of their reversion *now*, where would be the harm? Tastes may change. I would in your case, make my essay to dispose of them, *not* publish now, and if *you* (as is most likely) survive me, add what you please from your own knowledge: and *above all contradict* anything if I have *mis-stated*; for my first object is the truth, even at my own expense.” Moore adds, “the power here meant is that of omitting passages that might be thought objectionable. He afterwards gave me this, as well as every other right, over the whole of the manuscript.” †

Moore, following the advice given in the extract just quoted, sold the manuscript to Murray for two thousand guineas, but after Byron’s death, and after the memoirs had been shown to his Lordship’s Executors, and to Lady Byron, Moore was prevailed upon to restore the two thousand guineas to Murray, receiving back the manuscript. After this arrangement, he commenced the composition, from his own and Murray’s Byron letters, using the memoirs occasionally, of that Life of Lord Byron, which we now possess. Of the suppressed manuscript, he writes—

“ In those memoirs (or, more properly memoranda) of the noble

* Life, p. 431.

† Byron’s Life, p. 465, Ed. 1851.

Poet, which it was thought expedient, for various reasons, to sacrifice, he gave a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from the first proposal to the lady, till his own departure, after the breach, from England. In truth though the title of 'Memoirs' which he himself sometimes gave to that manuscript, conveys the idea of a complete and regular piece of biography, it was to this particular portion of his life, that the work was principally devoted; while the anecdotes, having reference to other parts of his career, not only occupied a very disproportionate space in its pages, but were most of them such as are found in the various Journals and other MSS. he left behind. The chief charm, indeed, of that narrative, was the melancholy playfulness—melancholy, from the wounded feeling so visible through its pleasantry—with which events unimportant and persons uninteresting, in almost every respect but their connexion with such a man's destiny, were detailed and described in it. Frank, as usual, throughout, in his avowal of his own errors, and generously just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in the strife, the impression his recital left on the minds of all who perused it, was, to say the least, favorable to him,—though, upon the whole, leading to a persuasion, which I have already intimated to be my own, that, neither in kind nor degree, did the causes of disunion between the parties much differ from those that loosen the links of most such marriages."*

The *last sentence*, in this extract, was the cause of all Moore's trouble, arising from *The Life*. It was said, and Thomas Campbell, then editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, was the chief champion of Lady Byron, that the sentence bore only one construction, namely, that her Ladyship was a virtuous, cold, heartless woman, whose husband was in all respects the man calculated to make any wife happy, unless that wife were wilfully and perversely disposed; that Moore had only given as much of the suppressed memoirs as suited his purpose; that whilst pretending to be the friend of Lady Byron, he was her slanderer of that class,

"The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence would seem true;
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deals round to happy fools its speechless obloquy."

But not one word of this was true.

He might have published the manuscript, he might have made advantageous terms with Murray; the memoirs were his

* *Life of Byron*, p. 298, Ed. 1851.

alone, to act with them as he pleased, but, finding that Lady Byron wished to suppress some passages as being false, finding that Byron had mistaken facts and circumstances ; having seen Dr. Lushington's letter stating, that as the legal friend of her Ladyship, he could not consent to any return to co-habitation with Lord Byron ; having seen a declaration in her Ladyship's hand-writing, that no consideration could induce her to state the chief cause of her separation from her husband ; knowing too from Byron's own lips, that she had been a true and faithful wife, Moore, acting as a gentleman, as a man of honor, suppressed certain portions of the memoirs, which detailed the wayward life of one, who had been mis-reared as a boy, misguided as a man, and who, despite his God-like and abused genius, was, in every phase of his varied life, unhappy. That Moore may have misunderstood Lady Byron's character, is of course possible, but, to assert that he attempted to wound her feelings, is a base and groundless slander. The story of his life proves the falsehood of the charge. He might, in publishing the memoirs, have filled his pockets, and have set before the roué and the fool an exemplar of vice, surpassed only by the Confessions of Rousseau, or equalled solely by some scandalous chronicle of the French Regency ; but, in his nature there was nothing of the pander, he spurned the hopes of increased wealth springing from so foul a source, and to the best of his ability, and to the fullest of his knowledge, he told the whole truth of Byron, and the whole truth of Byron's wife.

The biography was very much criticized, and like many really good books, unfriendly reviews served but to extend the sale. Two thousand guineas were paid for the copyright, and two thousand copies of the first edition were printed ; it appeared in two large quarto volumes, but owing to the high price at which it was published, it never fully paid all its expenses, until printed in Murray's five shilling, per volume, edition, of *Byron's Life and Works*.

We have dwelt upon this subject, of the *Life of Byron*, at some length : we have done so, because we are aware that a little misconception prevails upon the point, and having placed the facts before the reader, we trust he may be able to refute the calumny, should it be uttered in his hearing—that Moore put money in his pocket by suppressing the manuscript memoirs. He was not the man to make money by insisting on the publication of that which could injure his Publisher. His offer, at

the publication of *Lalla Rookh*, to release Longman from the terms of his agreement to pay £3000 for the copyright, and the restoration to Murray of the two thousand guineas received for the memoirs, proves its falsehood; and as to the charge of casting a stigma upon Lady Byron, for the purpose of excusing the errors of her husband, by depreciating her Ladyship's good qualities, whilst pretending to be her friend, it is refuted by every act of his life: he was not the man

“To hug you to death, or stab you with a smile.”

In the year 1831, he published the *Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald*. It is unnecessary here to state that the compilation of the book was a labour of love, or that the task was performed fairly, honestly, industriously, and ably. Moore did for Fitz-Gerald's memory, all that Benjamin Disraeli has accomplished for that of Bentinck; each biographer has rescued the name of his subject from misrepresentation, by showing that it can bear, and by casting fully upon it, the clear light of ingenuous truth. Fitz-Gerald was fortunate in his biographer; the Bard of Ireland was worthy to be the life historian of the truest—the most unfortunate, and most unwise of all Ireland's sincerest lovers. He deserved his biographer:—

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

In issuing the *Life*, Moore, remembering the manner in which the spirit of the *Melodies* had been misrepresented, guarded himself, in the preface, against the suspicion of being influenced in the choice of his subject, by the then (1831) revolutionary condition of Europe, and stated that he had begun the compilation long before any unquiet spirit had been developed; and referring to the tone which he had adopted in his reflections on Fitzgerald, he writes—

“That I have regarded the task of writing this *Memoir* as one purely historical, will appear—too strongly, I apprehend, for the tastes of some persons,—in the free and abstract spirit with which I have here entered into the consideration of cer-

tain rights and principles which, however sacred and true in themselves, are in general advanced with more reserve, when either applied, or capable of being applied, to any actually existing order of things. For, the fears, however, that can be awakened by the assertion, however bold, of any great and incontrovertible political principle, I am not inclined, I own, to feel much respect or pity; well knowing that under such fears a consciousness of injustice either done or meditated, is always sure to be found lurking. Recollecting, too, from the history of both countries, for the last sixty years, how invariably and with what instructive juxta-position of cause and effect, every alarm of England for the integrity of her own power, has been followed by some long-denied boon to Ireland, I shall willingly bear whatever odium may redound temporarily upon myself, should any warning or alarm which these volumes may convey, have even the remotest share in inducing the people of this country to consult, while there is yet time, their own peace and safety by applying prompt and healing remedies to the remaining grievances of Ireland.”*

On the eighth of May, 1832, Anastatia Moore, the mother of our Poet, died, in her sixty-eighth year. Her remains were placed beside those of her husband in St. Kevin’s Churchyard, where six of their children now lie buried.

Moore’s country did not forget him; and fancying that the author of *Captain Rock*, and the *Life of Sheridan*, must possess that stuff, of which popular Patriots and Members of Parliament are made, the Electors of Limerick determined to offer to him the representation of their city. In the latter part of the year 1832, when Gerald Griffin was about to leave his native country for London, it was resolved that he, (the Irish Poet and Novelist) should convey, to the Poet of Ireland, the invitation of the people of Limerick. Gerald, who was accompanied to Sloperton by his brother Daniel, thus describes the visit, in a letter to his fair Quaker friend:—

“ To Mrs. * * *

Monday Morning, March 31st, 1833.
Pitman’s, Senior, Taunton.

“ My Dear L.—Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the Inn at Devizes, after our

* Life of Fitz-Gerald, Preface, p. 9, Vol. I.

first sight and speech of the Irish Melodist, I opened my writing case to give L.— an account of our day's work : then I put it off, I believe, till morning : then as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure : then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at least ; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year ; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh, dear L.— I saw the poet ! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me 'get out of his way.' as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his Majesty had spoken to him ; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me 'How I did, Mr. Griffin,' and to speak of 'my fame.' *My fame!* Tom Moore talk of my fame ! Ah, the rogue ! he was humbugging, L.— I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and perhaps he had pity on my long melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, 'I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can ;' for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him ? But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor dreamy-looking *Beltard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman. I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the Inn at Devizes, late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea (for which bye the bye we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol), when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling ; but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth ; an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side, but that's true—Tom Moore—and besides it is unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it ? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter, out came the important question, 'How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes ?' 'Sloperton, Sir ? that's Mr. Moore's place, Sir, *he is a poet, Sir.* We do all Mr. Moore's work.' What ought I to have done, L.— ? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little ? Well, we learned all we wanted to know : and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton ; drizzling rain, but a delightful country ; such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at

Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh, L.—! there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee,—The Veiled Prophet: Azim: She is far from the Land: Those Evening Bells. But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. 'Is Mr. Moore at home?' 'I'll see, Sir. What name shall I say, Sir?' Well, not to be too particular, we were shown up stairs, when we found the nightingale in his cage; in honester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half opened and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of 'Alps in the sunset;' not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality: in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs—and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company) and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a 'good-bye,' and left us to do as well as we could without him?"*

That Moore acted wisely in refusing the proffered seat, no body can doubt. A Poet, fifty years of age, entering the House, and succeeding, is a miracle we can hardly hope to witness; and when we recollect his slow and difficult method of composition, and find with how very little of that, as he

* Griffin's Life of Gerald Griffin, Vol. I, p. 382.

called it, "faculty of thinking on his legs," he was endued, we feel satisfaction that Moore did not make one amongst the many, whose reputations have been shattered in that assembly, where, but too often, in the race for fame, Salius has been passed by Euryalus—where Menander has succumbed to Philemon.

Moore's life was now as brilliant, and gay, and happy as his heart could desire. He wrote songs occasionally, and after Perry's death, he deserted the *Morning Chronicle*, and issued his short satirical poems, his poetic wasps, through the columns of the *Times*, then edited by his able friend Thomas Barnes. No party was considered perfect without Moore's merry laugh, sparkling eye, and inimitably whispered song. His days were passed between the quiet and repose of Sloperton, and the pleasant society of London. Of his appearance and life, at this period, Willis gives the following sketch—

" June, 1834.

"I called on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore, without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him."

This dinner was at Lady Blessington's. Willis had arrived but a few minutes when—

"Mr. Moore," cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore," cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a Prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had a frank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upwards) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips, as if his breath was not more spontaneous."

"Nothing but a short hand report could retain the delicacy and

elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass. Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his soubriquet of '*Bacchus*,' is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semi-circle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he was disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

"We went up to coffee and Moore brightened again over his *Chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta, and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he

gambled over the keys awhile, and sang 'When first I met thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"*

There was a genuine kindness in Moore's nature, which all the frivolousness of his early, butterfly existence, could neither blunt nor spoil. "I remember," writes Leigh Hunt, "it is one of my prison recollections, when I was showing him and Lord Byron the prison garden, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. 'How much better you behaved,' said he to me afterwards, 'in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with.' I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his Lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. 'True,' says he, 'but the devil of it was, that I was forced to remember it, by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on: and to return was very awkward.' His anxiety appeared to me very amiable."

"Amiable" is the proper expression, a genuine kindness of heart that was ever genial and ready. Hunt, with his usual flowing, and graceful, and facile pen, thus describes his impression of Moore's social qualities.

"I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine. He could not help being an interesting one: and his sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame. I never received a visit from him but I felt as if I had been talking with Prior or Sir Charles Sedley. His acquaintance with Lord Byron began by talking of a duel. With me it commenced in as gallant a way, though of a different sort. I had cut up an Opera of his (the Blue Stocking), as unworthy of so great a wit. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right, and an intercourse took place, which I might have enjoyed to this day, had he valued his real fame as much as I did.

* Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, p. 361. Ed. 1839.

"Mr. Moore was lively, polite, bustling, full of amenities and amenities, into which he contrived to throw a sort of roughening cordiality, like the crust of old port. It seemed a happiness to me to say 'yes.' There was just enough of the Irishman in him to colour his speech and manner. He was a little particular, perhaps, in his orthoëpy, but not more so than became a Poet; and he appeared to me the last man in the world to cut his country, even for the sake of high life. As to his person, all the world knows that he is as little of stature, as he is great in wit. It is said, that an austrious personage, in a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him into a wine-cooler; a proposition, which Mr. Moore took to be more royal than polite. A Spanish gentleman, whom I met on the continent, and who knew him well, said, in his energetic English, which he spoke none the worse for a wrong vowel or so. "Now we're's *Mooerr*, Thomas *Mooerr*: I look upon *Mooerr* as an active little man." This is true. He reminds us of those active little great men who abound so remarkably in Clarendon's history. Like them, he would have made an excellent practical partisan, and it would have done him good. Horseback, and a little Irish fighting, would have seen fair play with his good living, and kept his look as venile as his spirit. His forehead is long and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit, large and radiant, enough to transport a chronologist. His eyes are as dark and fine, as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves: his mouth generous and good humoured, with dimples; his nose sensual, prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline. There is a very peculiar character in it, as if it were looking forward, and scenting a feast or an orchard. The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled with care and passion: but festivity is the predominant expression. When Mr. Moore was a child, he is said to have been eminently handsome, a cupid for a picture; and notwithstanding the tricks which both joy and sorrow have played with his face, you can fancy as much. It was a recollection perhaps, to this effect, that induced his friend, Mr. Atkinson, to say one afternoon, defending him from the charge of libertinism, 'Sir, they may talk of Moore as they please; but I tell you what: I always consider him' and this argument he thought conclusive), 'I always consider my friend Thomas Moore, as an infant, sporting on the bosom of music.' There was no contesting this; and, in truth, the hearers were very little disposed to contest it, Mr. Atkinson having hit on a defence which was more logical in spirit than chronological image. When conscience comes, a man's impulses must take thought; but till then, poetry is only the eloquent and irresistible envelopement of the individual's nature; and Mr. Moore's wildest rages were a great deal more innocent than could enter into the imaginations of the old libertines who thought they had a right to them. I must not, in this portrait, leave out his music. He plays and sings with great taste on the pianoforte, and is known as a successful composer. His voice, which is a little hoarse in speaking (at least, I used to think so) softens into a breath, like that of the lute, when singing. In speaking, he is emphatic in rolling the letter

B, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the National peculiarity.*

In all ranks of society, Moore, the Aungier-street grocer's son, was a welcome, honored, valued guest; herein, by the force of his own brilliant genius, falsifying the observation made by himself, in the *Life of Sheridan*—that—

“Talents in literature or science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality;—it is a passport through the well-guarded frontier, but no title to naturalization within. By him, who has not been born among them, this can only be achieved by politics. In that arena which they look upon as their own, the Legislature of the land, let a man of genius, like Sheridan, but assert his supremacy, at once all these barriers of reserve and pride give way, and, he takes by right, a station at their side, which a Shakspeare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy.”

In Moore's own case—

Wit a diamond brought
And cut his bright way through.

In the month of July, 1835, the British Association held its meeting in Dublin, and amongst the crowd of learned and illustrious men who filled our city on that occasion, was Moore. He then visited the house in which he was born, and spent some time in his old haunt, Marsh's Library. He also read very often in the Library of Trinity College. On the 15th of August he dined with the Provost and Fellows and attended the Theatre Royal in the evening. It had been well known that Moore would appear in the Theatre, and the house was densely thronged. The plays were, “*The Jealous Wife*,” and “*Born to Good Luck, or An Irishman's Fortune*.” Macready playing Oakly, Miss Ellen Tree (Mrs. C. Kean) playing Mrs. Oakly, Miss Huddert (Mrs Warner) playing Lady Free-love. In the Farce, Power played Paddy O'Rafferty. Moore

* Hunt's *Byron and his Contemporaries*. Ed. 1828.

was repeatedly cheered during the night, and at length, the applause became so loud, and so general, that he could not avoid coming forward to bow his thanks, and we all know that a Dublin audience is not one to allow a man to continue silent, when they wish to hear him speak, or when they desire to have a song repeated. Moore, therefore, attempted to address the house, and said, he wished that he possessed the eloquence, and the voice, of their O'Connell, that his words might reach their ears, as clearly, and as fully, as their cheers had reached his own heart. He continued:—"I cannot say that I am altogether undeserving of your kindness, for if I said that, it would be paying but a bad compliment to the opinion of my friends. I do confess that I have this claim upon my countrymen, that I have endeavoured to be the interpreter of those deep feelings which breathe through the fine melodies you have just been hearing (cheers). In one of the songs which I composed I ventured upon a prophecy—

‘The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o’er the deep.’

(Much cheering). That prophecy has been fulfilled. The stranger has heard and has sympathised with her wrongs and her sorrows. He has heard her lament on his plains, and the sigh of her harp has been sent o’er the deep (cheering). I am enabled to assure you that upon the banks of the Vistula the Irish Melodies are sung, and the sentiments which they breathe, are caught up and adapted by that gallant people, the Poles, to their own situation (great cheering). I beg to assure you that there is no honor to which I can aspire, which I would so highly prize, as that of being considered the Poet of the People of Ireland."

In the year 1832, Moore published his polemical work, *The Travels of an Irish Gentleman In Search of Religion*. It was replied to by the Reverend Mortimer O'Sullivan, and by the late Blanco White. It shows a very extended range of study, and exhibits a most unmitigated dislike to the Established Church. It was followed, in the year 1835, by *The Fudges in England, a Sequel to The Fudge Family*. This work is a fierce attack on the Bible Societies, on Lord Roden, and on Dr. O'Sullivan. The book is witty, clever, and trenchant, but, like all continuations, or sequels,

is far below its precursor. The dislike exhibited in *The Irish Gentleman*, and *Fudges in England*, to all connected with ultra-sectarian feeling, was very great; and shortly after the publication of the latter work, Moore's portrait was painted by Newton, an American artist of ability: several friends of the Post called at Newton's studio, to examine the picture when it was finished, and amongst the others, Sydney Smith. Each of the party gave his opinion: one thought the eyes good, another objected to the nose, and the usual defences against all disparagements were resorted to by the artist. At length, observing Smith gazing intently at the portrait, he said, "Well, Mr. Smith, what do *you* think of it." Sydney, with the most intense gravity, looked still closer at his old friend's picture, and replied, "It's a most striking portrait, Mr. Newton, a most excellent likeness, but, don't you think you could throw into it a little more hatred to the Church Establishment?"

When the Melbourne Ministry came into office, in 1835, Moore was one of the first literary men to whom a pension was granted. He received the sum of £300 per annum. "The Whigs," as Sydney Smith wrote, "were then riding in chariots, with many faces looking out of the windows, which nobody remembered to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism." Moore was not one of these, he had refused place or pension from the Tories, and his name was placed upon the list, not as a bribe for service to come, but as an acknowledgment of his genius and his worth. In the year 1837, in the first session of the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, an effort was made to cast a slur upon Moore's reputation. During the debate on the Civil List, the following scene took place.

"Mr. *Bateman* said, Perhaps the right hon. Gentleman will answer me one question. I wish to know, whether one Thomas Moore, is on the pension-list, or not? and if he be, whether his pension was granted to him for making ballads for love-sick maidens, or for slandering George the Fourth.

"The *Chancellor of the Exchequer*: (Spring Rice) I think, Sir, that the hon. Gentleman might have made a further inquiry, which is, whether the pension to which he refers was given as a reward of great and distinguished talent. I believe that the hon. Gentleman has the honor of belonging to the same country as myself; and I should have hoped that there was no Irishman,

However he might differ from the political opinions of Mr. Thomas Moore, who would not have felt that that Gentleman was a credit to the country which gave him birth, and that the name of "one Thomas Moore" was a credit to the pension-list.*

Some Irishmen, unfortunately, did not think, with Lord Monteagle, that Thomas Moore "was a credit to the country which gave him birth." Although another writer, a "credit to the country which gave him birth," endeavoured, for many years, to induce the Royal *Irish* Academy to confer the Honorary Membership of their Society upon the National Poet, Moore was graced with the title only after it had been conferred on Wordsworth, Scott, and other natives of the more respectable Islands. The Academy is, of course, not accountable for this neglect, as the voting members should be fully satisfied that the distinctions in their power to confer, are only bestowed on deserving men; and, upon the occasion of Moore's being proposed, a member, now engaged in India, and in the employment of Government, and possessing just the quantity of soaring fancy befitting a profound geologist, asked "What has Mr. Moore done to entitle him to the Honorary Membership?" If all the Members of the Royal Irish Academy could, like those mind-kings who are enrolled in the French Institute, point to some triumph of genius as the qualification for admission, no man would question the justice of a coy and jealous hesitation in conferring the honor of Membership into a Society which, although it number in its ranks a few eminent Irishmen of our time, never possessed, and never can possess, one more worthy of honorary Membership than Thomas Moore, "The Poet of the People of Ireland."

We fear there is but too strong a foundation for the feeling prevalent in well informed circles, that Moore was not the only writer on our historic records whose exclusion from this Academy was attributable to other causes, than deficiency in such qualifications as abroad would have gained honorary distinctions from more exalted bodies, associated for the cultivation of national literature.

Moore's next, and last, literary labour was a History of Ireland, in four volumes, written for Lardner's Cyclopædia, to form a companion history for Mackintosh's History of England,

* Hansard, Vol. 39, Third Series, p. 161. November 23rd, 1837.

and Scott's History of Scotland. The fourth volume, although bearing Moore's name, is generally supposed not to have been written by him; however, it was, most probably, compiled from his papers. The first volume appeared in the year 1835, the last, the fourth volume, was published in the year 1846, and the entire set is dedicated to Moore's old friend, Thomas Boyse, of Bannow.

We have often wondered at the inaccuracies perceptible in this History of Ireland. Moore, we know, worked anxiously, and continually, and carefully, in the compilation of the work; but he had neither the materials before him, nor the acquired learning to aid him, in producing a perfect history of his country, worthy of Ireland, and of his own fame. In the year 1839, he paid his last visit to this country. He then spent sometime in the Library of Trinity College, and in the Royal Irish Academy, procuring authority and information, on which to found the forthcoming volumes of the book. He was introduced, at the Academy, by Dr. Petrie, to Mr. Curry, who was then engaged in his researches relative to the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and had before him several very old and valuable manuscripts in the Irish character; such as the "Book of Ballymote," the "Speckled Book," the "Book of Leacan," the "Book of Mac Firbis."* These manuscripts were handed to Moore, as being well worth examination, but he expressed great surprise, and seemed quite astonished, at finding such works in existence. He asked if it were possible that Mr. Curry could decipher them, and upon Mr. Curry's stating that he could do so, easily and perfectly, Moore said that he had been entirely ignorant of their existence, and that if he had known that such authorities could be found and deciphered, he would never have undertaken to write the History for Lardner's series. However, having commenced the work, he was bound to finish it, and had, subsequently, some verbal, and written, communications with Mr. Curry. Those who know the latter scholar will well understand that Moore found him no niggard informant, but one who belongs rather to the free, noble, age of Petrarch, than to the petty, squabbling, era of Warburton or Hurd.†

Whilst Moore was engaged on this History, Messieurs

* See Irish Quarterly Review, Vol. i. p. 418.

† Moore's original intention was to confine his History of Ireland to one small volume.

Hodges and Smith wrote to him, requesting that he would consider the possibility of weaving a good Irish historical novel from the life and deeds of Red Hugh O'Donnell, a subject, certainly, of great interest, and, in the hands of a practised and able novelist, capable of being rendered, in the very highest degree, effective. Moore replied, "I should feel happy to take flight under your auspices, but the history on which I am engaged demands my entire attention." How the Poet would have succeeded as a novelist may form a fresh chapter in the history of things that might have been. In our own minds, it would have been a companion failure to his first, and only, unsuccessful effort, the operatic piece, *The Blue Stocking*.

Of Moore's *Evenings In Greece*, the *Sacred Songs*, the *Summer Fête*, the *Songs from the Greek Anthology*, the *Miscellaneous*, the *Satirical*, the *Humorous*, *Poems*, and *Unpublished Songs*, we have written nothing. All these, like all Moore's *Poems*, have gone home to the hearts and minds of the educated and thinking world. It is not by, or through, such compositions that the fame of the Poet of Ireland must flourish bright and glorious. Wherever young hearts beat responsive, wherever Irish-born men exist, wherever genius and fancy find worshippers, there will the *Irish Melodies* be prized, there will *Lalla Rookh* be admired, there will a just value be placed upon the witty, the satirical, and the fugitive *Poems of Moore*; and though critics may snarl, though croaking essayists may prophecy forgetfulness for all his works, excepting the *Melodies*, they forget that for the love of these, the young, and fair, and happy, in the coming ages will read the others, and reading will admire; in our Poet's case, as in that of Homer, Horace, Chaucer, Milton, and Great Shakspeare, true Genius will live through all time, and

"Rule us from the page in which it breathes."

William Hazlitt, when half stupified by green tea, and whilst raving and writhing beneath all the horrors of dyspepsia sneered at Moore's pretensions as a Poet; Leigh Hunt, whilst galled by Byron's contempt, by Moore's sarcasm, and by the fact that Moore had prevented Byron's joining him and Hazlitt in a newspaper project, tried to blast Moore's fame; Mr. Thomas Davis blew a tootle of defamation against our Poet,

* See *Irish Quarterly Review*, Vol. i. p. 648 to 683.

on his penny whistle, in the Nation newspaper, and only paused when he found that it might be supposed *he* "MEANT TO RUN MOORE DOWN;" the public instructors who write in the paper just named, could see nothing National at a concert, made so, only because "some songs were sung, written by Thomas Moore, Esq., of Sloperton Cottage;" but we cease here, and, recollecting how the World values Moore, to each of these descendants of the hero of the Dunciad we say, with Jack Falstaff,

"Go to—peace Mouldy!—you shall go, Mouldy, it is time you were spent."

The spiteful, like Hazlitt, the envious, like Hunt, the presumptuous, like Mr. Thomas Davis, may snarl; but true genius, like that of Byron, of Thierry, of Scott, of Wilson, of Croker, of Macaulay, of Jeffrey, of Mackintosh, of Sheil, of Rogers, of Sydney Smith, ever glories in the triumph of its fellows: remembering Sir Thomas Browne's advice, in judging Moore they "bring candid eyes unto the perusal of men's works, and let not Zoilism or detraction blast well intentioned labors. He that endureth no faults in men's writings must only read his own, wherein, for the most part, all appeareth white. Quotation mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses, make not only moles but warts in learned authors, who, notwithstanding, being judged by the capital matter, admit not of disparagement."*

The closing years of Moore's life were not happy; and he had few motives for exertion. Of fame he had tasted all the sweets, he had sounded all the deepest depths of the human heart, and had skimmed along the surface of its lightest moods; and in each he had been successful. He knew too well the value of fame, and understood clearly that the sheen of the Poet's laurel, gained in the brilliant time of life's early morning, or won in its sunny noon, is too often dimmed by the colder, and less glowing light that gilds, but does not warm, the fancy at life's setting. Remembering Fenton's observation on Edmund Waller, that, "in his fifty-fifth year he passed the zenith of his genius," Moore devoted his later years to the collection and revision of his Poetical works.

* Christian Morals.

It was whilst thus engaged that he wrote the following statement of his own, and Burns' services to the national music, and the national song-writing. All that he here states of the great Scotchman applies, with equal truth, to himself as author of the Irish Melodies.

"That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the local and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, 'Fee him, father, fee him,' has been made the medium of one of Burns' most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, 'Hey tuttie, tattie' has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, 'Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled,'—a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than the eloquence of a Demosthenes. It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which, in our own times, we have seen so interesting an example in the few songs which bear the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright,* and the late Mrs. Hemans. Very different was the state of the song-department of English poesy when I first tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birth-day Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs, in general,—'Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.'"

Thus Moore wrote of a Scotchman, let us now observe what a great Scotchman, glorious Christopher North, writes of Moore:

"Lyrical Poetry, we opine, hath many branches; and one of them 'beautiful exceedingly' with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever heard the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailing along the mossy greensward when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glories wavingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. This is a fanciful, perhaps foolish, form of expression, employed at present to signify Song-writing. Now of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other

* Stephen Kemble's daughter; the composer of the music of Tennyson's "Queen of the May."

than Thomas Moore. True that Robert Burns has indited many songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he; and the man, woman, or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry—when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in ‘cauld clay bigging, as in marble palace. Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say, that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion, as Scotland is—and surely, without offence, we may say that it never was, and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a Lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the Ploughman.”*

The Poet had the misfortune to see his six children die. His four daughters died at Sloperton, his eldest son died in Algeria, an officer in the French Foreign Legion; his second boy died young, a scholar in the Charter House.

Occasionally Moore employed his vacant hours in writing some chapters of a projected life of an honest, genial man, the late Rev. Sydney Smith, and in re-reading and continuing a long and carefully kept diary, which Lord John Russell is now editing, and preparing for publication. Thus occupied, the quiet years of the Poet's life passed calmly on; but, in the year 1849, his mind grew weak, and his intellect, once so bright and flashing,

* Recreations of Christopher North, Vol. i. p. 272.

became clouded. Month by month these clouds grew more dark and thick ; he required constant watching and expensive care, and, in the year 1850, one hundred pounds per annum, additional pension, were granted to Mrs. Moore, "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health."

In the latter months of the past year he was removed to Bath for change of air and scene, the time for these things to benefit him had past, but he never felt "the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature," as he was borne back to Sloperton labouring under that disease of genius, softening of the brain, which cast a deep gloom over the last days of Swift, of Scott, of O'Connell, and of Southey—and so the game of life was played—Thomas Moore died at Sloperton cottage, on the 26th day of February, 1852, aged seventy-one years, eight months, and twenty-seven days.

His funeral was private, attended only by his Physician, and three or four friends living in the immediate neighbourhood of Sloperton.

He was buried in the little churchyard of Bromham, a quiet, green, resting place, such as that in which George Herbert would have a dead Poet sleep, until the time,

"When souls shall wear their new array,
And all our bones with beauty shall be clad."

And now that the bright sunny spirit, having set in clouds and darkness, has passed away for ever, and as his remains lie in a stranger's land, how does the country, whose music, whose genius, and the record of whose foul wrongs he has made immortal, propose to show its gratitude for his services, and its pride in the National Bard ? During the coming summer the travellers, it may be the pilgrims, from other shores will visit this island, as being the birthplace of the dead Poet ; and when they shall have viewed the house in which his early years were passed ; when they shall have visited that old Library, by Saint Patrick's, in which he spent the long lonely days ; when they shall have visited Avoca, "that valley so sweet ;" when they shall have viewed all the glories of that spot, where

"Spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers"

around the phantom Chief O'Donohue and his Mistress ; when

they shall have stood, as the Poet stood, upon the "breezy cliffs" of "Arranmore, loved Arranmore," and fancied that he saw,

"That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene ;"

when they shall have stood upon the world famed Tara, and shall have roamed by Lough Neagh's banks, and gazed into those magic waters where lie hidden the Round Towers of other days ; when they shall have seen that Moyle, by whose roaring waters Fionnuala longed for that sweet bell's ringing, which was to call her spirit to the fields above ; when they shall have visited that valley where dwelt the faithless wife of O'Ruark ; when, in a word, they shall have seen all those spots, rendered famous and illustrious by that genius which, like the fabled light that shone from the sacred fingers of the saints, made bright and glorious all upon which it rested, they may, perchance, ask—Where is the Statue of Thomas Moore ? Possibly they may be told that the sculptor is engaged in forming the effigy ; possibly they may be told that the sculptor will be soon engaged upon it ; but who can answer for the success of the Testimonial Committee ; who that can remember Daniel O'Connell, standing upon the Hill of Tara, a King, with the surging, roaring, multitude swaying around him, and obeying every word and look, who recollecting this, and knowing too that the great popular Tribune is five years dead, and has neither statue nor monumental tomb, can be sure that the memory of the National Poet will be preserved, notwithstanding all the promises of the Nation ?

We know that great men require no statues to keep bright the memory of their deeds ; whilst a star shines in the heavens the names of Galileo and of Newton must live ; whilst a passion burns in the human heart Shakspeare can never be forgotten ; whilst the love of science, and of unswerving courage in the promulgation of truth, can move the breast of man, the names of Harvey and of Jenner must be honored through the earth ; whilst great deeds of high and noble daring, in the cause of human progress, can find their worshippers, the names of Francis Xavier, of Vincent de Paul, and of John Howard, can never be obliterated ; the tombs of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Washington, *need* no tropics, but the world *does* erect, to such men as all these, the statue, the tomb, the trophy, or the church,

and therefore we demand for Thomas Moore, not only a public statue, but likewise a civic-granted site. Better that of Moore there should be no memorial in his native city, than that it should be hidden with those of Lucas, of Grattan, of O'Connell, of Drummond, in that lumber place of the Irish Nation—the Royal Exchange. True, the statue might there stand in worthy company, amongst those whose memory is, like the life of the old Pagan Gods, all glory and repose; but when men from other lands shall ask for our Pantheon, who will bring them to that crumbling monument of our degradation, our decadence, and our poverty, where the grim silence is broken only when a few unthinking fools assemble in a corner of the edifice to yell their admiration of some roaring demagogue, or to signify their trust in some glaring civic humbug. It is not thus that, in other lands, great deeds are forgotten or slighted. In Rouen tower the statues of Corneille, of Fontenelle, of Joan of Arc. In Antwerp stands the statue of great Rubens. In Edinburgh rises the noble monument to Scott. By the banks of Doon stands that graceful tribute to the genius of Robert Burns—the memorial to Mary. To Moir, Blackwood's Delta, a testimonial will be soon erected. Glasgow has a monument to her Poet, William Motherwell. Riga has a monument to her composer, Conradin Kreutzer. Schaffhausen, a petty village, but the birthplace of John von Muller, the historian, has a monument to his memory. Noyon, a small French town, but the birthplace of Jacques Sarrazin, the painter, engraver, and sculptor, who places before us the court of Louis the Thirteenth, has a statue to his memory, and at its erection a deputation from the Paris Academy of Fine Arts attended, as a mark of respect to the deceased genius, and to his fellow townsmen. Thus the intellect of other lands is honored, but we in Ireland nickname our streets after English viceroys, erect statues to England's bravery, and English kings; we are, in our hero worship, below the level of the poor Indian who has his fixed and stated devotion to Juggernaut, and lies down at these times beneath the wheels of the Idol's car; we have, every day in every year, our worship of that crushing Juggernaut, English prejudice, and each public monument in our city is but the record of some high festival of national flunkeyism. Would that every Irishman thought, with our countryman, Sheridan Knowles,

“Tom Moore against all the lyric poets that ever sang!

The poet of love? Yes, and the poet of every other strain that rings from the richest lyre that was ever swept! The poet of patriotism! heroism! wit! Zephyrs and flowers? Yes; and gall and wormwood, too! The severe as well as the tender! scorn as well as love. Lamentation as well as joy—Lamentation till the heart feels as it could burst! Our blessing on thee, Tom Moore! Thou shalt have it whilst thou art living! Popular, in spite of the monstrous apathy of a man's own times, that neglect him while he breathes, and might flourish the more for cherishing; and leaves his reward to posterity, when the ostentatious banquet, in memory of him, can move no throb in his heart! Thou art cheaply popular by the dint of thy own affluent strains that enrich millions of souls who pay thee inexpensive homage. Hadst thou sung in France or Germany thou hadst been ennobled—and estated!—that is, there had been a striving in rewards to come up to the rank with which the Creator has uneffaceably stamped you."

If the committee for erecting a monument to our Poet's memory, can only teach the Irish People to think thus, that monument will tower, not alone to the honor of Thomas Moore and to the glory of his genius, but it will likewise prove, that to one great Irishman at least, his country was not ungrateful.

James Fennimore Cooper, the American novelist, had not been dead a month when meetings were held all through the Union, for the purpose of raising a fund, to be devoted to the erection of some public national monument to his memory. At the New York meeting, the statesman Daniel Webster, presided; the poet Bryant delivered an address upon the life and genius of the departed author. Washington Irving, and Bethune, and James the English novelist, attended, and spoke at the assembly in support of its object; and Prescott the historian, and Longfellow and Dana, the poets, and Hawthorne, the author rising into a European reputation, sent letters conveying their most ardent wishes for the success of the project; and before the meeting separated it was resolved that a magnificent statue should be erected to Cooper's memory in one of the public squares.

Can Irishmen learn nothing from this fact?

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ART. I.—POETS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

1. *The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.* 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1852.
2. *Eva, and other Tales and Poems, by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart.* London: Saunders and Ottley, 1842.
3. *The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1852.
4. *The Poems and Ballads of Schiller, translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.* William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1852.
5. *The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir, (Delta.) Edited by Thomas Aird, with a Memoir.* 2 vols. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1852.

“NEXT,” says Jeffrey, in his review of Campbell’s *Specimens of the British Poets*—“next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us, in accompanying Mr. C. through his wide survey, is that of the perishable nature of poetic fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers—in the shops of ordinary booksellers—or in the press for re-publication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste and literature—the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially

known to a few antiquaries and scholars. We have deference," proceeds the distinguished critic, "for public opinion; and readily admit, that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But, though it's *vivat* be generally oracular, it's *pereat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more, we fear, must thus be daily rejected, and left to waste. For while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever. When an army is decimated, the very bravest may fall; and many parts worthy of remembrance, have probably been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memory for all. By such a work as the present, however," (*i. e.* Campbell's *British Poets*,) "this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be reserved from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or, rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved in a narrower and feebler flame. When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the works of our immortals, we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age as prolific of poetry as that in which we now live. If we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of *short-hand reading* invented, or all reading will be given up in despair. We need not distress ourselves, however, with these afflictions of our posterity—and it is quite time that the reader should know a little of the work before us"—adds the critic, and, thereupon, he proceeds to the review of Campbell's book.

Following his example, we will now turn to Mr. Reade's two volumes of verse, to which the foregoing observations of Jeffrey are equally applicable, with the original subject which drew them forth. There is, indeed, something congenial to a

charitable mind in the discharge of that "pious office of gathering up the ashes of renown which passed away." We would willingly perform, in Mr. Reade's behalf, the galvanic miracle of "calling back the departed life for a transitory glow," and should watch with a tender solicitude the spasmodic jerks and twitches of our poet's deceased fame in it's convulsed yet feeble clutchings at the skirts of a renewed existence. We would cheerfully "enable a great spirit, which bid fair to be *laid* for ever," to rise from the dead and appear to many. Many years ago the critics erroneously conceived that they had lamented it's final departure, and decorously attended the funeral obsequies of Mr. Reade's poetical vanity in days gone by. But it would seem that they must have omitted some sacred rite, efficacious for the repose of the departed; for the "great spirit" of Mr. Reade appeared, the other day, in two volumes of resurrectionary poetry. We cannot doubt that they have not been less startled by this re-printing and publishing circumstance, than they should be at a wake, if, as the funeral snuff were handed round, the corpse should sneeze. Indeed, such an occurrence, though sufficiently trying to the nerves, will be thought to fall short of the actual apparition of the "buried majesty of Denmark," after a long lapse of oblivion. For it is from ten to twenty years since, that Mr. Reade made himself known to the public as a Rhyme-monger, and the public forgot him in the interval between that time and the present. But Mr. Reade is importunate:

——— "look! where he comes again!
In the same figure like the king that's dead."

Well may we exclaim with Hamlet,

“ Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !—
 * * * What may this mean,
 That thou, dead bard, again in complete type
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making us fools of nature ' Quarterly '
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the blackness of our ink ?”

Hamlet does not exclaim anything of the kind, to be sure, but then it is quite as close a parody of Shakspeare as any Mr. Reade himself could present us with even in his happiest vein, an opinion in which we confidently predict that our reader will hereafter concur.

Seriously—we should have hoped that Mr. Reade resembled Jeffrey in one particular—"deference"—in the words of that eminent man above quoted—"for public opinion," and expected him "readily to admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular"—in which hope and expectation we have been disappointed. He even flings Jeffrey in our teeth—casts back the stone we threw—and makes us

"View our own feather on the fatal dart."

For he cries amain with the Scottish critic, "though the *vivat* of public opinion be generally oracular, its *pereat*"—shrieketh John Edmund—"appears to be often sufficiently capricious. While we should foster all that public opinion bids to live, we should willingly revive much that it leaves to die." And, thereupon, "Amen!" cries Mr. Reade—be it so, say we.

We know nothing in a positive degree of this gentleman's position in society; but we are not left without indications sufficiently significant to sustain the supposition that our bard is a man of easy, perhaps, affluent fortune. We are glad if it be so. Did we think that the author of these volumes of poetry belonged to that too numerous class of individuals whose hunger, not less than vanity, prompts them to weigh their bad verses against good bread, we should pity him, and pass on. There is a vanity which is unfortunate; that we deplore. There is a vanity which is criminal—that we will punish, if we may. Charity might claim consideration for the professional artist; for the amateur there can be no mercy. Were this man young, we should leave him to time; but he is an ancient offender, and can hope for no *locus penitentie*. His hairs might have grown grey—for his years count with the century—in wiser and more useful pursuits. Truly, folly such as Mr. Reade's is of a sublimated sort. For, by some unhappy fatality, his very virtues enhance his faults. He is evidently a gentleman and a scholar, and it would be futile to deny him a refined taste, and intellectual culture, such as might enable him to appreciate, and even be appreciated by, the best literary circles, if he would but consent to confine himself to their social amenities, and did not venture to emulate individual distinction. But our case is, that these very circumstances render him the more absurdly guilty. Surely, that man must be more than commonly fatuous, who—possessing, mark you, the advantages we have catalogued in his favor

above—comfortably adjusts himself in his library chair, pen in hand, with that deliberate prepense which attaches to orderly blotting-paper, and with nothing stronger at his elbow than eau sucrée, to surprise the world with—a new *Childe Harold* ! We will proceed to the immediate verification of this most startling announcement, delaying no further than to advise you for the second time of the fact—and, in this instance, repetition will be found desirable—that Mr. Reade is no vulgar pedagogue, or precocious boy, whose admiration or whose vanity might prompt him to echo in his rhymes the voice of a great poet of a great generation. Such efforts are oftentimes the ludicrous, yet by no means dishonorable, obeisances of a sympathizing nature awkwardly, but reverently, paid to the supremacy of genius. But far otherwise is it with Mr. Reade. Would that we had only to complain of such transgressions against the rights of originality, as might arise from partial, and, frequently, casual coincidence in isolated passages, with the common tie of a vague and faint resemblance of form and color to a renowned original, which it may be sought to imitate, but not to re-produce. On the contrary, he has boldly consummated the design of adopting subjects already treated of by others, and presenting them to the world as if essentially original. Lord Byron writes *Childe Harold* in the Spenserian stanza ; subsequently, Mr. Reade publishes a new *Childe Harold*, manufactured in the Spenserian stanza, out of the fourth canto of the old, adopting for title, “Italy,” carefully following Byron hither and thither from topic to topic, and using, as occasion may serve, the ideas and language of the noble poet. Lord Byron produces a dramatic poem, with *Cain* for its subject and title. Mr. Reade is close at his heels, and, accordingly, his “*Cain, the Wanderer*,” goes wandering and maundering in blank verse. The same Lord Byron writes *Heaven and Earth, a Mystery*, “founded,” says the author, in the very title-page of the poem, “on the following passage in Genesis, chap. 6 : ‘And it came to pass that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair ; and they took them wives of all which they chose.’ ” But Mr. Reade is as fertile in resources as ever, publishes a drama which is entitled “*The Deluge*,” and with an effrontery altogether without parallel, informs us, that “*The Drama of The Deluge*, published first in the year 1839, was suggested by the annexed passage in *Purchas’s Pilgrimes*.” And he quotes the passage

accordingly : " And it came to passe when the sonnes of men were multiplied, there were borne to them fair daughters, and the Watchmen" (*i.e.* *Angels*) " went astray after them, and they said one to another, Let us choose us wives of the daughters of men of the earth. These tooke them wives, and three generations were borne unto them." Mr. Reade adds in a note, " This fable arose from the false interpretation of Moses' words, Gen. vi."

It would be silly to reproach Mr. Reade with the idle epithet of plagiarist. Rather, it would seem that the injured man mildly contests the claim of originality with the knave to whom the world has hitherto hastily and unjustly ascribed its possession. In the absence of the evidence of a discriminating and unbiassed third party, who might be qualified to unravel the truth, we are left to the most harassing conjectures, and to deductions, which, however edifying, are distressingly uncertain. Could Lord Byron have seen Mr. Reade's poems in manuscript? And if so, how noble is that self-denial which permits a rival to " bear the blushing honors thick upon him" with which one's self should, rightly, be red all over as scarlet! But further, it appears that even this exalted degree of virtue does not suffice for the author of *Italy*, of *Cain the Wanderer*, and of *The Deluge*. With such dignity does he keep the even tenor of his oblivious path, that he actually arrives at the magnanimity of almost ignoring the impostor. Who was this Byron? Alas! Mr. Reade knows little of the person, and seals his lips with that charity which refuses to denounce even the guilty. Who was the writer of *Junius' Letters*? No one can tell. But who was the author of *Childe Harold*? Surely, some one must know; and, if any, none better than the self-denying Reade. To him the world looks for a solution of the question. In the meantime, we will lay some extracts before the reader, which may enable him to form an independent opinion with respect to the subject. The following parallel quotations, though not made at random, will not be found in the same order in Mr. Reade's *Italy*, or Byron's *Childe Harold*; we do not " stand upon the order of our going." But the method of arrangement is beside the merits; nor does it help us in our strait to know that Mr. Reade was a child, when the (so called) *Childe Harold* appeared. Has not precocity sometimes accompanied genius? Have there not been

poets who "lisped in numbers?" And may not one infant lisp as well as another?

BYRON'S *Gladiator*.

"I see before me the gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
*And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.*

*He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rush'd with his blood—shall he expire
 And unaveng'd ? Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !"*

MR. READE'S *Gladiator*.

"Lo ! staggering back, the vanquish'd : in him shown
 The heroic mould the sculptor had enshrined ;
 In the shagged hair and slavery's collar thrown
 Around his neck, barbarian origin is known.

*Fainting he reels, blood gushingly hath broke
 From the red life-wound oozing down his side :
 He stands as in his country's woods the oak,
 That, cleft and thunder rent, &c. &c.*

*Space whirls around him ! 'tis not the crowd's roar
 He hears, the blood from his lax'd arteries
 Sounds ebbing like the spent waves on the shore :
 In the red sands beneath he sees arise
 Green fields, and trees, loved forms and speaking eyes,
 And kinsman's beckoning hands—he lifts his head,
 A flashing light ! home's far realities
 Buried in thunder-clouds sink darkened, fled,
 His quivering limbs convulse—life passes—he is dead !"*

From this specimen the reader will be enabled to judge that, in our future quotations, we need seldom—if ever—avail our-

selves of italics to point out the grounds of resemblance between the two poems. The following, for instance, does not call for any vehement indication such as might be supplied by a diversity of type.

BYRON.

" Yet, Freedom ! yet, thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams, like the thunder-storm, against the wind—"

READE.

" Hurl'd to the ashes now is Freedom lying,
Who once her banners from those towers flung high,
Rent by the thunder-storms, but freer flying,
As wilder grew the tempests of the sky—"

Mr. Reade terms the temple at Pæstum "*stern, austere, sublime*;" but it must be remembered that the two latter epithets were applied by Byron, not to *that* building, but to the Pantheon. Distinctions of this significant character are very much relied on by our poet. He rings all the changes on the line in *Childe Harold* addressed to the Pantheon,

———" Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime."

He can no where meet an edifice of antiquity in common preservation, without averring that it is " simple, erect, severe," or " erect, severe, sublime," or " simple, severe, sublime," &c.

BYRON'S COLISEUM.

" But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time, &c."

BYRON'S *Manfred*, Act III., Scene IV.

" *Manfred*.——— Upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, *and the stars*
Shone through the rents of ruin."

Mr. Reade *consolidates* these two passages. He says of his Coliseum,

" Along its broken edges on a sky
Of azure sharply, delicately traced, &c. &c.

And through these hollow windows once so graced
With glittering eyes, faint stars their twinklings shed
As if they smiled within those sockets of the dead !”

BYRON'S *Thrasimene*.

—————“ I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, &c.
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earth-quake reel'd unheededly away !
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !”

MR. READE'S *Thrasimene*.

“ The azure Thrasimene—how the name
Thrills the life-blood responded from the heart !
Visions of fight, and old heroic fame
Before the minds' eye into being start ;
Deeds which their inspiration still impart :
Here fell the Roman eagle's wings, by fate
Struck flying, as by Jove's imperial dart !
Unheard convulsive Nature, foemen's hate
Mocks the wild elements' wrath, with blood insatiate.”

BYRON'S *Velino*.

“ The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss.
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around in pitiless horror set,

“ And mounts in spray the skies, and thence, again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald—how profound
The gulf ! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

“ To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea,
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings through the vale—Look back!
 Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread, a matchless cataract,

“ Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
 Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.”

MR. READE'S *Velino*.

“ Lo! hurrying onwards, wreathed in mist and foam,
 His robes caught upwards in delirious flight,
 Velino rushes from his mountain-home,
 All beautiful but terrible in might;
 One desperate bound from yonder cloud-capp'd height
 Flashingly hurls him from his unseen throne
 Shot like a flying Minister of Light;
 High o'er the chaos wreck his crown is shown
 Of rainbow-glories faded, still upheld alone,

“ Hovering above him in his ruin; there,
 Tortured and maddening in the abyss he lies,
 Yet on his shiver'd forehead he doth wear
 The flickering hues and light of his lost skies,
 Behold in eddying wreaths how o'er him rise
 The smoke, the reek, the steam of his wild breath,
 Wrung from the efforts of his agonies:
 How lend they darkening 'gainst the mountain heath,
 A horror to the scene, that war of life and death.”

BYRON'S *Venus de Medici*.

“ There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
 The air around with beauty; we inhale
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
 Part of its immortality; the veil
 Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
~~What nature~~ and in that form and face behold
 What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
 And to the fond idolaters of old
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

“ We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
 Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.
 Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes :
 Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's prize.

“ Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise ?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War ?
 And gazing in thy face as toward a star, &c.”

We shall now compare our bard's platonic with Byron's passionate apostrophe. It is true the similarity is not here so strong ; but what Mr. Reade loses to plagiarism, he gains by native audacity. He evidently proposed to himself the task of toning down the warm tints of the original to a respectable grey tint, and though—oh, rare humility!—he has not sought to add a fresh grace to the Grecian goddess, he flatters himself that he has veiled her charms with a becoming robe of British modesty. Not the most scrupulous dowager can henceforth object to hear the Lady Aphrodite's name announced at an “ at home.” Mr. Reade is the *Jeames* of Parnassus. In the shadow of his decent platonic calves nought can come that is not *comme il faut*.

MR. READE'S *Venus de Medici*.

“ Lo ! the idolatry of elder time,
 And worship of all ages, mightiest Love,
 Raising from self each sordid thought sublime ;
 The soul in marble moulded forth to prove
 It's immortality, that vainly strove
 To kindle in expression the deep feeling,
 When inspiration, lighted from above,
 Embodied that divinest form, revealing
 All the vast heart hath dreamed within it's depths concealing.

“ So stands in life the breathing Aphrodite !
 Grace radiates from that ethereal head,
 Crowning her as with a glory's haloing light ;
 While on the aching eye and heart is shed
 That sense of adoration which is fed
 When language sinks beneath the spell we feel ;
 Beauty and purity, as with wings outspread,
 That brow o'ershadow, calling us to kneel
 To Love that does in us immortal founts reveal.”

BYRON'S *Pantheon*.

“ Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
 Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome!

“ Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—
 To art a model; and to him who treads
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
 Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
 And they who feel for genius may repose
 Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.”

MR. READE'S *Pantheon*.

“ What temple frowns above us in our path,
 As if the step advancing it controlled?
 I know thee, awful shrine! on whom the wrath
 Of twenty ages with their storms have rolled:
 Pantheon! who unmov'd can thee behold?
 Thou that recall'st Rome's hero origin,
 Thus unadorned cast forth from nature's mould:
 The heroic age when freedom brought forth men,
 O yet shall time recal that golden life again!

“ Virtue's stern impress we behold, though faded,
 Austerely stamped upon thy naked brow!
 The acanthus leaves are rent away which braided:
 But never awed thy majesty as now,
 While eloquently thus doth Time avow
 Thy wrongs, that still inspire the answering mind
 With thy own strength, to time nor change to bow,
 On self-support immovably reclined;
 To fortune, change, and time, impassively resigned.

“ The august image of the beautiful,
 Darkened by time, decay may not efface,
 Sits on thy front, and doth the mind o'er-rule;
 For its imagination cannot trace
 Save here where strength and majesty and grace
 Harmonious meet; the old heroic time

Lives in thee, ages slumber round thy base ;
Amid the barbarous toys of modern clime
Thou *stand'st* from all apart, *stern, simple, and sublime !*"

He subsequently addresses the temple at Pæstum thus :

" Yea, there thou *stand'st stern, austere, sublime, &c.*"

His cast, too, from the statue of the *Laocoon* strongly brings to mind the attitude of Byron's *Gladiator*, which last we imagined he had already made sufficient use of. But Mr. Reade can mould every material to his purpose of imitation. His own *Gladiator* we thought a fair copy, but it appears the artist was not satisfied therewith ; wherefore, what that chef-d'oeuvre wanted is now supplied in his *Laocoon*, as follows :

" His head leans back in languor, his large brow
Is ploughed by pain in furrows, his strained eyes
Sightless, rolled back in their white orbs, avow
Life's incommunicable agonies,
The human will unconquered ; he would rise,
His foe confronting vainly in a strife,
Whose victory foredoomed is destiny's."

We could easily multiply the proofs of Mr. Reade's delinquency, but the selections we have already made from his *Italy* are, we think, amply sufficient to exemplify the science of imitation, as practically exhibited by him in a series of experiments. We have but little more to add than to observe that there is much to be done in this way. The works of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and of many other poets, who made some noise in their day, but are now fast fading into oblivion, are much in need of the revivifying illustration with which our bard is so eminently qualified to enlighten a forgetful generation. But we cannot bring ourselves to bid him farewell—" a word that must be, and hath been," as he himself, to the best of our recollection, or, at least, some one whose turn of thought has much in common with his, truly and touchingly remarks—without quoting a few concluding lines which will tend to demonstrate to the most sceptical how much unskilful originality may be improved by judicious reconstruction. Thus, for instance, the author of *Childe Harold* thought fit to conclude that poem with an apostrophe to the ocean—

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!”—

which the world of poet-readers had apparently consented to think quite good enough for the purpose. At least, Professor Wilson did. “It was,” says the latter, “a thought worthy of the great spirit of Byron, after exhibiting to us his Pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay; after teaching us, like him, to sicken over the mutability, and vanity, and emptiness of human greatness; to conduct him and us at last to the borders of the Great Deep. It is there that we may perceive an image of the awful and unchangeable abyss of eternity, into whose bosom so much has sunk, and all shall one day sink—of that eternity wherein the scorn and the contempt of man, and the melancholy of great, and the fretting of little minds, shall be at rest for ever. No one but a true poet of man and of nature would have framed such a termination for such a Pilgrimage. It was thus that Homer represented Achilles in his moments of ungovernable and inconsolable grief for the death of Patroclus. It was thus he chose to depict the paternal despair of Chriseus—

“Βῆ δ' αἰών παρα θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης”

Both Homer and Byron, however, are gracefully rebuked by Mr. Reade. He agrees with Wilson in thinking the thing a pretty conceit, but is careful to hold his approbation from the execution. “Now this,” he says, “is the way in which *I* do it;” and accordingly we are honored by the production of a few stanzas, on an improved principle, which retain the original idea, but modify the expression. It will be hardly necessary to extract Byron’s lines on the subject, and, besides, they run to a greater length than are suitable to our already o’er-burthened page. Happily, Mr. Reade condenses them into a quotable compass. “The sun,” he says,

“The sun is setting o’er the western steep,
The blue Mediterranean feels it’s glow;
I stand upon thy brink, rejoicing Deep!
Could I behold thy waters foaming now,
Nor all the rapture thou dost give avow?
Thy bosom wears the azure of the sky;
The breeze is playing o’er thy glorious brow;
The pulses of thy mighty heart on high
Are heard in thunder, throbbing everlastingly.

" Oracular Ocean ! I would raise thee here
 An altar, like the worshippers of old,
 Yea, bow to thee with reverential fear,
 For, in thy face, my spirit doth behold
 It's limitless faculty ; thy waters rolled
 The rise and fall of states as men attest ;
 The audible march of time by thee is told,
 Thou mirrorest the infinite on thy breast,
 In thy all fathomless depths is typed the Almighty's rest."

In like manner he compresses the two last stanzas of *Childe Harold* into one, bearing in mind, it is evident, Jeffrey's projected invention of "*short-hand reading*."

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

" My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
 Has died into an echo ; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
 My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
 Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
 That which I have been—and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me—and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

" Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
 A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !
 Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
 Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain !"

The last stanza of MR. READE'S Italy.

" The lay hath ceased ; companion, solace, friend,
 And laboured thought of many years ; perchance to speak
 To later days, if it's high musings tend
 To Truth ; inspired from Art's eloquent cheek
 Or calling man in solitudes to seek
 Nature on her great altars ; or if he
 A loftier hope, with spirit bold yet meek,
 It binds thee closer to humanity,
 It's wealth is given by Fame, its truth absorbed in thee !"

But one more extract, and we are done with him. The choicest dainty of the feast we have reserved to the last. In

the first part of his *Italy*, he thus pays what he terms a "brethren-tribute" to — Byron! It may here serve to remind the reader of Thackeray's description of Foker at Clavering:—"he walked down the street, and looked at the few shops there; he saw Captain Glanders at the window of the Reading-room, and having taken a good stare at that gentleman, *wagged his head at him in token of approbation.*" After such a fashion, at Venice, our friend

MR. READE "*wags his head*" at LORD BYRON.

"Pause before yon grey palace; shall we pass,
Nor pay a brethren-tribute to the one,
It's tenant for a troubled hour; who was,
Who shall be ever; for as yonder sun
His fame is fixed; when the waves have won
Their own, fair Venice! and thy throne forgot,
Thou, BYRON! still thy deathless course shalt run;
Eternity dwells in the poet's thought;
Monarch of memory, his empire from it wrought!

"Long as Man's heart to Nature shall aspire,
For that communion where no foot intrudes,
Long as he listens to the solemne choir
Of mountains, thunderstorms, and ocean-floods;
Long as the mind, abstract in loftier moods,
On life and passions' workings loves to dwell,
Or questions of the fate that o'er us brood,
So long, like a perturbing oracle,
Shall HAROLD'S verse enchain the future to it's spell."

There are other offenders, however, to be dealt with beside Mr. Reade. Men, who like him, have no laurels to point to, are free to affix their names to any production, how weak or crude soever. But those who have achieved renown should be chary of their reputation, since the public is part owner, if not in their fame, at least in the fruits of their genius. We do not like to see the name of BULWER gracing any volume unworthy of it. His claims to the gratitude of the literary world have been long established, and cordially recognised. Since Scott's time, we have witnessed no such triumphs as his in the fields of fiction. Despite of an indulgence in mannerism which has grown to be characteristic, despite of an undue prominence too frequently given to intellectual supremacy over the moral duties of life, the strength and grace of his inspiration—the pinion of the eagle, with the plumage of the dove—

have dared at once the most exalted flights, and dazzled, even where they have failed to charm, the most fastidious eye. Strong and subtle, intense and delicate, passionate, yet composed, with a range of vision wide as the horizon, yet quick to concentrate its power on the pebble in the path, his genius bears on its front the stamp of that Italian type of intellect which can rear a temple, or carve a gem. We should miss even his faults, it may be, were amendment adviseable. You may retrench from the page, but not from the public memory ; and, as the world cherishes with a certain fondness even the errors of merit, Bulwer must be content to remain Bulwerian, were it only that they might win a smile amidst the graver interest of his page. Who is there, indeed, would wish Bulwer to be anything but Bulwer ? Himself, only, it would seem—else, why does the first in fiction, and one of the foremost in the drama of the present generation, come before us with a batch of college exercises, and Cambridge prize poems ? For it is with difficulty we can view these volumes of his verse in any more respectable light, though redeemed in many instances, as it must be admitted that they are, by the most agreeable merit.

We hold it as a maxim, and would make it a commandment in literature, that a writer of celebrity should never grace with his name anything unworthy of it ; especially when the bearer is endowed, as in Bulwer's instance, with a fortune too ample to know anything of want. Where this maxim is disregarded, the evil with which public taste is menaced is far from contemptible. The case is this : a manufacturer produces an ink which is found, after sufficient trial, to be the best in the market—the manufacturer from the beginning thought so—in time the Public thinks so too. The fortunate man takes to trading on his name—he sends out an inferior article—and to this second “fluid” the world attributes the established virtues of the label with which hitherto superior excellence has been associated. ’Tis “Gall and Co.’s,” is it not ? Enough ! Meanwhile, the consumers, grumbling sometimes, it may be, but re-assured by “our signature” on the jar, are at length persuaded, to their misfortune, to reverse their former process of observation. It was once *the* ink that made the manufacturer ; now the manufacturer makes an ink. And, thus, in time, an inferior article is firmly established in general estimation, till some other “fluid” firm does battle with the dege-

netaby, and cries its war-cry, in morning newspapers, and on dead walls, "Ask for Wormwood's Sable!" As with ink, so with literature. A great book appears, and makes a great name; and thereafter the great name appears, but a great book no longer. Yet, the world is willing to be deceived; its vanity is in a measure a pledge for its belief. Accuse Bulwer of writing bad poems? As well accuse one's self of not appreciating Bulwer's good novels! Why, there is the old label—and the genuine signature—"Ideal, Beautiful," (with a big B)* "Actual, & Co." Let the reader judge for himself. A more schoolboyish production we have never seen than

MAZARIN.

(*The World without.*)

—"It was a vaulted gallery, where in long and gleaming rows—" The ballad metre, of course: a flashy rhythm whose "loud" vulgarity nothing short of genius excited to the utmost can redeem; the identical measure which is now to every rhyming young gentleman, what the hackneyed "heroic line" used to be a generation ago. It is with the "feet" of the ballad metre Bombast dearly loveth to fret and fume its hour upon the stage. Its pompous pretension well suits weak performance. It is impossible to read it aloud without falling into a monotonous sing-song very offensive to an educated ear. In the way of composition, it affords a most sinister facility. When restricted to a short line, you must, perforce, think vigorously, and to the purpose, and every useless epithet is, of necessity, retrenched. But you may heap Pelion on Ossa, if you should use the structure of verse we are considering; indeed, you *must* be diffuse: how otherwise build up a line as long as the wall of China? It resembles one of these wonderful hat-cases that hold hat, and razor case, and stroop, and hair-brush, collars, boot-hooks, pocket-handkerchiefs, and heaven knows what else besides. Once put anything into it, and you must *cram* to keep all right, or your razors will fall foul of your handkerchiefs, and the boot-hooks establish a liaison with the collars. So, with this ballad metre—epithet succeeds to epithet, ideas are repeated, and inspiration degenerates into

* "The Beautiful with a big B," originally the property of Thackeray. Well, it is not so much our fault. 'Tis "all along of" that John Edmund Reade; "evil communications corrupt good manners."

mere phrase-making and word-painting. The vigour and fire of Macaulay gave to it a bad pre-eminence, and it has best succeeded, we think, in "Locksley Hall." Tennyson, by a few felicitous changes in its original structure, inspired it with a wild and graceful cadence. But, be that as it may, we confess we do not like to see "edged tools," save in the hands of a Workman.

"It was a vaulted gallery, where in long, and gleaming rows,
The statues stood like Gods, whose life is glory, and—repose."

Now, what business that dash has between the words "glory" and "repose," we cannot divine. It is a pitiful clap-trap.

"And on the walls the canvass glowed from many a gorgeous frame ;
What misers are we to the toil, what spendthrifts to the name !
Through silent air, with silver light, the steadfast tapers shone
Upon the Painter's pomp of hues, the Sculptor's solemn stone.
Saved from the flood of Time, within that Ark you seemed to view,
The Sons of Art's departed world, the Fathers of its new.
Along that gallery feebly sounds a foot-fall on the floor—
The old and dying man is come to count his treasures o'er—
An old and dying Man amidst the ever-living Art ;
God's Truth !——"

Profanity is parasitical to this thrice accursed rhythm. It is necessary to fill up the interstices in the hat-box.

"God's Truth ! it were a sight to stir some pining painter's heart ;
It were a sight to lift the soul of Genius from the Hour,
To see the life of Genius smile upon the death of Power !"

The best and manliest line we have met with as yet, though we must affirm that we consider the parallel between "the old and dying Man," and "the ever-living Art," very far-fetched. We can, with difficulty, discern either parity or contrast between an actual existence and an abstraction.

"That old and dying man is lord of all, his eyes survey,
That meagre hand as yet can sign a thousand lives away.
The Roman purple hides the worm that knaws the heart within,
And Church and State, he guides them both, the puissant
Mazarin !"

How redolent of Pendenis' *Oxbridge* !

"Yet more than Church and more than State, the Italian prized, I
fear,
The Art in which his Mother-Land yet murmured to his ear,

So, with a feeble foot-fall, now, he crawls along the floor,
A dying man who, ere he dies, would count his treasures o'er."

Where is the use of saying this twice, and once again?

"And from the sunny landscape smiled the soul of sweet Lorraine,
And from the deeps of Raphael rose celestial love again;
And, bright in gorgeous coloured pomp, the haggard owner sees,
Thy banquet-halls and cloth of gold, thou stately Veronese!
While calm and stern amidst the blaze of wonders not their own,
The gods of Greece stand group'd around their old Olympian's
throne.
There Hermes, &c. &c.
There ever in the Serpent's fold Laocoon deathless dies," &c. &c.—

Oxbridge again!

"And slowly as he tottered by, the old man, unresigned,
Sighed forth, 'And must I die, and leave this pleasant world
behind;
My power, my state, my wealth, my pomp, my galleries, and my
halls?'"

We must here specially call the reader's attention to the two foregoing lines. We have an *arrière pensée* in so doing.

"Still while he sighed, the eternal Art smiled on him from the
walls,
And as, at last, the dying man crept feebly to the porch,
He saw the dying Genius stand, and lower the darkened torch!"

And so ends Mazarin. We will now make manifest our *arrière pensée* notified above.

"And must I die, and leave this pleasant world behind;
My power, my state, my wealth, my pomp, my galleries, and my
halls?"

"All that and those the lands tenements and hereditaments situate lying and being in the parish of —— in the county of —— as lately in the possession of —— and bounded on the north &c. &c., together with all right title and interest of the said —— to the same &c." Alas! all that this conveyancing jargon of "my power, my wealth, my galleries and my halls," which swells out Bulwer's verse to the necessary dimensions of his wall-of-China metre, can be held to signify, has been said by Mazarin himself—briefly—touchingly!—"Il

faut quitter tout cela.”—Witness the following quotation from the Memoirs of the Count de Brienne. “I was walking,” says the latter, “some days after, in the new apartments of his palace. I recognized the approach of the Cardinal by his slippered feet, which he dragged one after the other, as a man enfeebled by a mortal malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and I heard him say—“*Il faut quitter tout cela !*”—He stopped at every step, for he was very feeble, and casting his eyes on each object that attracted him, he sighed forth, as from the bottom of his heart, “*Il faut quitter tout cela !*”—Who is there that will not pronounce the Count’s prose more poetical than the Baronet’s poetry ?

In the edition of the present year, Bulwer informs us that “few, if any, of the poems that have previously appeared, have escaped revision and alteration.” We deeply regret to say that we cannot think they have been improved in any material degree. The structure of the verse is, indeed, in many instances, changed, and additional matter added, but the change is little for the better, nor is the additional matter more poetical. Here, for instance, is Mazarin in a new rochet :

“Serene the marble Images
Gleam’d down in lengthen’d rows,
Their life, like the Uranides,
A glory, and repose.”

“Glow’d forth the costly canvass spoil
From many a gorgeous frame ;
One race will starve the living toil,
The next will gild the name.”

Here we must pause, however, to avow that these two last lines present a very desirable translation of the original unintelligible verse, above quoted, viz. :

“What misers are we to the toil, what spendthrifts to the name.”

“There creeps a foot, there sighs a breath,
Along the quiet floor ;
An old man leaves his bed of death
To count his treasures o’er.”

“Behold the dying mortal glide
Amidst the eternal Art ;
It were a sight to stir with pride
Some pining painter’s heart.
&c. &c.

“ Veil'd in the Roman purple, preys
 The canker-worm within;
 And more than Bourbon's sceptre, sways
 The crook of Mazarin.

“ Italian, yet more dear to thee
 Than sceptre, or than crook,
*The Art in which thine Italy
 Still charm'd thy glazing look!*”

“ This, too, is an improvement on the original lines,

“ Yet more than Church, and more than State, the Italian
 priz'd, I fear,
*The Art in which his Mother-Land still murmured to his
 ear.*”

Statues and paintings may “charm the glazing look,” but, unless the Cardinal should work a miracle, could hardly “murmur to his ear.”

“ And from the landscape's soft repose,
 Smil'd thy calm soul, Lorraine;
 And from the deeps of Raphael, rose
 Celestial Love again.”

The original was far more graceful and more verisimilar than the amended edition. The former, it will be recollected, ran thus :

“ And from the sunny landscape, smil'd the soul of sweet
 Lorraine.”

“ Then slowly as he totter'd by,
 The old man, unresign'd,
 Sigh'd forth : ‘ Alas ! and must I die,
 And leave such life behind ?’

“ ‘ The Beautiful, from which I part,
 Alone defies decay !’
 Still while he sigh'd the eternal Art
 Smil'd down upon the clay.

“ And as he wav'd the feeble hand,
 And crawl'd unto the porch,
 He saw the silent Genius stand
 With the extinguish'd torch !”

To the original, thus modified, sometimes for the better, and sometimes for the worse, Bulwer has joined some additional

verses, which have the unlooked-for effect, of completely effacing the leading Idea of the poem. That Idea, the reader can hardly fail to remember, was based upon a contrast between "the old and dying Man," and "the ever-living Art;" a contrast which the revised edition maintains and signalises up to the point where we ceased to quote, and where additional matter, to which we are now referring, commences. But, henceforward, Bulwer labours to destroy one element of the contrast, namely, the "*ever-living*"-ness; and it now appears that this same eternal Art, being wedded to frail canvass and marble, is limited in its eternity to the duration of its material elements. The bull is not of our breeding. For this "long-horned" the Baronet claims the medal. He gravely informs us that Art is but a creation, and the idea of Art—the once "ever-living"—altogether subordinate to a *second* Abstraction, (constituting a *third* element in this jumble meant to have been a contrast,) namely, to the Creating Power—Thought—Mind. We knew all this before; but, then, as a condition of appreciating the meaning and scope of the poem, we had agreed to ignore our consciousness of the fact, and to admit a fictitious basis of contemplation, a conventional stage whereon the metaphysical bard might exhibit his marionettes, his "ever-living Art," and the flesh and blood existence, soon to cease, manifested in the person of the dying Cardinal. But all this is reversed in the lines added to the second edition, as we shall presently see. Our politeness has thus received a most ungrateful return, and we are as much as told in good verse that we are old fozzles for our pains. This is the child's game over again. The well-bred innocent selects from the company a young—or old—gentleman of amiable manners, and benevolent expression. Eyeing "his man" with the glance of a basilisk, he runs up with extended arm, and clenched fist, and bawls out "see what I have here!—a mouse"—whereupon Mr. Amiable, good gull that he is, exclaims with an enlightened and grateful smile, "Oh! dear me—and it is a mouse, to be sure."—"No, but it ain't, though—it's nuffin—it's crumbs—bah!" rejoins the mother's pride, opening his pretty fist as flat as an oyster-shell, as an evidence in support of the curt contradiction. In like manner, we were informed by the rhyming baronet that he had the "ever-living Art" shut up in one hand, whilst the pretty scarlet Man swung whining, like a creaking toy, from the other. But, "No, it

ain't though—it's *Thought*." One while he puts into the mouth of Mazarin, by way of clenching the business, what he himself the course of the poem asserted, in his own proper person more than once:—

" 'The Beautiful from which I part
Alone defies decay'
Still while he sigh'd, the eternal Art
Smil'd down upon the clay."

Well, we had our objections, but finally agreed that it should be so, when, instantly, Bulwer gives us, and himself, the direct, in the additional verses here subjoined:

" The world without, for ever your's,
Ye stern remorseless Three ; [i.e. the Parcæ]
What, from that changeful world, secures
Calm Immortality ?

" Nay, soon or late, decays alas,
Or canvass, stone, or scroll ;
From all material forms must pass
To forms afresh, the soul.

" 'Tis but in that *which doth create* "—

It is not a little remarkable that the too significant italics are not ours, but Bulwer's own.

" 'Tis but in that *which doth create*,
Duration can be sought ;
A worm can waste the canvass ;—Fate
Ne'er swept from Time a Thought."

To this complexion we are come at last ! The once cherished Idea of the everliving Art is abandoned, and the *enfant terrible*, who induced us to admit that he had it fast, and cruelly deceived us, runs to hide his curly head in the protecting lap of Mrs. Thinking Principle.

The chief objection urged against the merit of the poem *Mazarin*, applies with equal force, as we shall presently see, to

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER,

Farewell to the Beautiful, within.

" Within the prison's dreary girth,
The dismal night, before
That morn on which the dungeon Earth
Shall wall the soul no more,

“ There stood serenest images,
Where doomed Genius lay,
The ever young Uranides
Around the Child of Clay.

“ To grace those walls he needed nought
That tint or stone bestows;
Creation kindled from his thought;
He called—and gods arose.

“ The visions Poets only know
Upon the captive smiled,
As bright within those walls of woe,
As on the sunlit child.

“ Forgetful of the coming day,
Upon the dungeon floor
He sate to count, poor child of clay,
The wealth of genius o’er;

“ To count the gems as yet unwrought,
But found beneath the soil;
The bright discoveries claimed by thought,
As future crowns for toil.

“ Lo! from the brief delusion given,
He starts, as through the bars
Gleams wan the dawn that scares from Heaven
And Thought alike—its stars.

“ Hark to the busy tramp below!
The jar of iron doors!
The jealous heavy footfall slow
Along the funeral floors!

“ The murmur of the crowd that round
The human shambles throng;
That muffled sullen thunder-sound—
The Death-cart grates along!

“ ‘ Alas! so soon!—and must I die,’
He groaned forth unresigned;
‘ Flit like a cloud athwart the sky,
And leave no wrack behind!’

“ And yet my genius speaks to me;
The Pythian fires my brain;
And tells me what my life should be;
A Prophet—and in vain!

" O realm more wide, from clime to clime,
 Than ever Cæsar swayed ;
 O conquests in that world of time
 My grand desire surveyed !"
 &c. &c. &c.

Truly, Bulwer seems smitten with a delusive ambition common to many—that of repeating what great men have said, better than they. As with Mazarin, so with Chénier. We have heard the Count de Brienne. Let us hear Thiers. "André Chénier," says the latter, "the original of whatever is truest to nature and genuine passion, in the modern poetry of France, died by the guillotine, July 27, 1794. In ascending the scaffold, he cried, '*To die so young!*'—'*And there was something here!*' he added, striking his forehead, not in the fear of death, but the despair of genius."

If the reader have not forgotten the days of his youth, the foregoing extracts will possibly recal to his mind a school exercise, which, in our time, was known by the term, at once technical and appropriate, of "*amplification theme*," the object of which was to encourage the youthful mind to view a given subject in its various relations, and accompanied by its fitting accessories, but which was still more useful, perhaps, as a means of acquiring a command over language, and a facility of composition. The danger of diffuseness, which attends this species of literary exercise, was at all times obviated by the judicious supervision and criticism of our worthy preceptor, who did not fail to prune redundancies, and to point out the superior advantages of simplicity and brevity in the expression of whatever can claim to be truly noble, or even striking. The practice was this: the brief outlines of a story were sketched by the master, in which the main incidents were strongly delineated, the details more faintly, or omitted altogether; and from these slender materials we, his pupils, were required to construct, in prose or verse, a composition in full—and fulness of matter was rather encouraged—drawing upon our knowledge, or our imagination, for the completion of the sketch required to be filled up. Our labours concluded, Revd. Ferula Blank's commenced, and were directed to the correction of diffuseness, to the rejection of unnecessary details, and to the distribution of that light and shade of language which might best serve to bring out in strong relief the chief incidents of the narration. In this class of com-

tion many of Bulwer's minor poems must be content to k. They are mere *amplification themes*—he gets hold of a short story, or pithy saying, and forthwith indites a protest against the fleeting nature of events, and the brevity of wit. The occurrence of an hour is wrought out into the history of ages, and a passionate exclamation is brought to reason, and ironically divided. He takes twice the time to kill people as they ever took to die. An apophthegm is not complete till decoration is tagged to it. A master hand may simply point to the eventful hour, but Bulwer is by no means satisfied till it has affixed a *second* indicator, with all its painful procrastination, and tautological *tick—tick!* We have no objection to his occasionally exercising himself in competition; but we protest against the publication of the exercises. We do not consider them worth reading, certainly worth paying for.

Seriously, Literature has its integrity, like every other way of life, and the world expects that inferior works should not be put forth under the guardianship of an eminent name. Of better poems, published by him in the edition of this year, much might be said in commendation, and somewhat, too, in censure. With all its faults, "*The New Timon*" must continue to be popular, and we deeply regret that our space precludes us from a lengthened notice of that poem. The truth is, our duty as reviewers emphatically required at our hands a complete exposure of the imposture which Bulwer has put upon the reading community, by giving to the world, under the sanction of his name, more than one composition beneath hypocrisy, and which calls for an indignant protest. It will not do to cite Coleridge and Wordsworth to the bar of opinion. We do not want Bulwer's queen's evidence against them. We require him to have abstained from participation in their sinfulness. It is quite true that in the works of the two great poets are to be found many compositions, most disgraceful to men such as they, and unworthy of any one. But, I ask, how is the world the better for the *bad* verses of Wordsworth or of Coleridge? And is Bulwer to be encouraged to think that *he* may do with applause, what *they* were permitted to do without reprehension?

Of Bulwer's translation of Schiller's poems we wish to speak last, when we take into consideration the difficulty of his task. To translate them, in the true sense of the word, would be to write

as the great German himself would have written, had the language of translation, and not the language translated, been his native tongue. We need not add, that we know not of any translation which fulfils such a condition ; and, yet, if we might make an exception in favor of any, the following seems to have established a right to be included in such exception. It possesses all the ease, freedom, and freshness of an original, if we only consent to ignore one infelicitous line.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

(Translated from Schiller by Bulwer).

“ ‘ Here, take the world !’ cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals—‘ Be you of this earth the heirs ;
Free to your use the heritage is given ;
Brother-like choose the shares.’

“ Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old,
The Tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The Hunter, wood and wold.*

“ The Merchant griped the store, and locked the ware—
The Abbot chose the gardens of the vine—
The King barred up the bridge and thorough-fare,
And cried ‘ The tolls are mine !’

“ And when the earth was thus divided, came,
Too late, the Poet from afar, to see
That all had proffered, and had seized their claim—
‘ And is there nought for me ?’

“ ‘ Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy human children portionless alone ?’
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
Before the heavenly throne.

“ ‘ If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,’
Answered the God, ‘ Why murmurest thou at me ?’
Say, where went thou when earth they were dividing ?’
The Poet said, ‘ BY THEE !’

“ ‘ Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The music of thy heav’n enthralled my ear ;
Pardon the soul, if, drunken with thy light,
It lost its portion here.’

* This ungrammatical, not to say nonsensical, error, could, have been easily obviated by writing the line thus :

“ Hunter, midst wood and wold.”

“ ‘ Yet,’ answered Jove, ‘ the world no more is mine—

Field, chase, and mart are giv’n—no place for thee!

But come at will, since Earth thou must resign,

To heav’n—and live with me!’ ”

Passing to a brief review of Moir’s life and poems, we are naturally drawn into a train of reflection on the causes and nature of that subsidiary class of literature, in which the works of the latter are entitled to hold a distinguished place. At first sight, it would appear that the richness of our poetic treasures, hoarded through many centuries, might suffice to supply the wants of the reading world in our day, and long after it; and that the fruits of renewed efforts by the present generation might be well regarded in the light of superfluities. This, however, on examination, will prove to be an illiberal view of a subject so attractive and so important as the progress of literary merit. While we cherish the past, let us not refuse to appreciate the present. Each generation possesses requirements of its own, and were the world to cease from its labours, the liberty of thought would be imperilled by an indolence too respectful to the triumphs of the old times. It is well *stare super vias antiquas*, but not to stand too long, or the strength of repose may degenerate into the rigidity of paralysis. Change is the rule of all mundane things—variety is often a renovation. Were we to contemplate only the works of the great masters, our admiration would run the risk in time of becoming indurated into pedantry. However, there are minds which require the intense feeling and vivid language of the inspired to be translated in a simple dialect, and which modestly seek to be initiated by slow degrees in that science of genius which deals in the alchemy of “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.” To such DELTA was, for many years, a discreet and assiduous interpreter. He occupied a position between the high life of genius, and the low life of sensibility, and could well instruct his humble but curious auditory in the manners and pursuits of the great folk of Parnassus, how they thought, and what they said. In the tasteful parlour of his verse, his visitors can see reflected, without embarrassment, some portion of that splendour which would “strike them all of a heap” in the great drawing-room upstairs, and they accordingly vote Mr. Moir “so agreeable,” whereas they would be terribly afraid of “such grand people” as Lord Byron, or Mr. Wordsworth.

Moir was born in Musselburgh in 1798, and, like Akenside, and Darwin, practised physic, and that too with considerable reputation and well-deserved success. "Business first," says his biographer, "literary recreation next—and poetry the prime of it: such was the key-note on which Moir pitched his life, and kept it to the end. Constituted of the practical and the contemplative, of the robust and the keenly susceptible, we have in Moir that duality of nature which makes a complete man." In private life, he was the most estimable of men, like his great countryman Scott, like many of his great countrymen; and we deeply regret that our restricted space compels us to do slender justice to the memory of an affectionate husband and father, a staunch friend, and a patriotic and exemplary citizen; in reference to such topics, we are compelled to refer our reader to Mr. Aird's graceful and well-digested memoir of his friend.

Amongst his prose works are *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine*, several medical tracts, *Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the last Half Century*,* and a very interesting and gracefully written Memoir of the late Dr. Macnish, the modern Pythagorean.

"As a sample of Moir's descriptive power," says Mr. Aird, "take the morning scene by the sea, in the poem of *The Fowler*. Desolate, spectral, drear, the scene is a most impressive one."

THE FOWLER.

"I have an old remembrance—'tis as old
As childhood's visions, and 'tis mingled with:
Dim thoughts and scenes grotesque, by fantasy
From out oblivion's twilight conjured up,
Ere truth had shorn imagination's beams,
Or to forlorn reality tamed down
The buoyant spirit. Yes! the shapes and hues
Of winter twilight, often as the year
Revolves, and hoar-frost grimes the window-sill,
Bring back the lone waste scene that gave it birth;
And make me, for a moment, what I was
Then, on that Polar morn—a little boy,
And earth again the realm of fairy-land.

"A Fowler was our visitant; his talk
At eve beside the flickering hearth, while howl'd
The outward winds, and hail-drops on the pane
Tinkled, or down the chimney in the flame.

* Noticed in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I.

Whizzed as they melted, was of forest and field,
Wherein lay wild birds and timorous beasts,
That shunn'd the face of man; and O! the joy,
The passion which lit up his brow, to con
The feats of sleight, and cunning skill by which
Their haunts were near'd, or on the heathy hills,
Or 'mid the undergrove; on snowy moor,
Or by the rushy lake—what time the dawn
Reddens the east, or from on high the moon
In the smooth waters sees her pictured orb,
The white cloud slumb'ring in the windless sky,
And midnight mantling all the silent hills.

————— Perturbed by dreams,
Passed o'er the slow night-watches; many a thought
And many a hope was forward bent on morn;
But weary was the tedious chime on chime,
And hour on hour was dark, and still 'twas dark.
At length we rose—for now we counted five—
And by the flick'ring hearth array'd ourselves
In coats and kerchiefs, for the early drift
And biting season fit; the fowling piece
Was shoulder'd, and the blood-stained game-pouch hung
On this side, and the gleaming flask on that;
And thus accoutred, to the lone sea-shore
In fond and fierce precipitance we flew.

Silently, silently on we trode and trode,
As if a spell had frozen up our words—
While lay the woods around us, ankle-deep
In new-fall'n snows, which champ'd beneath our tread;
And, by the marge of winding Esk, which show'd
The mirror'd stars upon its map of ice,
Downwards, in haste we journey'd to the shore
Of Ocean, whose drear, multitudinous voice
Unto the listening spirit of silence sang.

“ O leaf! from out the volume of far years
Dissever'd, oft, how oft have the young buds
Of spring unfolded, have the summer skies
In their deep blue, o'ercanopied the earth,
And Autumn, in September's ripening breeze,
Rustled her harvests, since the theme was one
Present, and darkly all that Future lay,
Which now is of the perish'd and the past.

————— I see
As 'twere of yesterday—yet robed in tints
Which yesterday has lost or never had—
The desolate features of that Polar morn—
Its twilight shadows, and its twinkling stars—

The snows far spreading—the expanse of sand
 Ribb'd by the roaring and receding sea,
 And, shedding over all a wizard light,
 The waning moon above the dim-seen hills.

“ At length, upon the solitary shore
 We walked of Ocean, which, with sullen voice,
 Hollow, and never-ceasing, to the north
 Sang its primeval song. A weary waste!—
 We pass'd through pools, where mussel, clam, and wile
 Clove to their gravelly beds; o'er slimy rocks,
 Ridgy and dark, with dark fresh fuci green,
 Where the prawn wriggled, and the tiny crab
 Slid sideways from our path, until we gained
 The land's extremest point, a sandy jut,
 Narrow, and by the weltering waves begirt
 Around; and there we laid us down and watch'd,
 While from the west the pale moon disappeared,
 Pronely, the sea-fowl, and the coming dawn.

“ Now day with darkness for the mastery strove;
 The stars had waned away—all, save the last
 And fairest, Lucifer, whose silver lamp,
 In solitary beauty, twinkling, shone
 Mid the far west, where, through the clouds of rack
 Floating around, peep'd out, at intervals,
 A patch of sky—straightway the reign of night
 Was finish'd, and, as if instinctively,
 The ocean flocks, or slumbering on the wave,
 Or on the isles, seem'd the approach of dawn
 To feel; and rising from afar were heard
 Shrill shrieks, and pipings desolate—a pause
 Ensued, and then the same lone sounds returned,
 And suddenly the hurried rush of wings
 Went circling round us o'er the level sands,
 Then died away; and, as we look'd aloft,
 Between us and the sky we saw a speck
 Of black upon the blue—some huge wild bird,
 Osprey, or eagle, high amid the clouds
 Sailing majestic, on its plumes to catch
 The earliest crimson of the approaching day.

“ 'Twere sad to tell our murderous deeds that morn.
 Silent upon the chilly beach we lay,
 Prone, while the drifting snow-flakes o'er us fell,
 Like Nature's frozen tears for our misdeeds
 Of wanton cruelty. The eider ducks
 With their wild eyes, and necks of changeful blue,
 We watched, now diving down, now on the surge
 Flapping their pinions, of our ambuscade
 Unconscious—till a sudden death was found;
 While, floating o'er us in the graceful curves
 Of silent beauty, down the sea-mew fell;

The gillnet upon the shell-bank lay,
 Bleeding, and, oft in wonderment, its mate
 Flew round, with mournful cry, to bid it rise,
 Then shrieking, fled afar ; the sand-pipers,
 A tiny flock, innumerable, as round
 And round they flew, bewailed their broken ranks ;
 And the seared heron sought his inland marsh.
 With blood-bedabbled plumes, around us rose
 A slaughter'd hecatomb ; and to my heart
 (My heart then opened to all sympathies)
 It spoke of tyrannous cruelty—of man
 The desolation ; and of some far day,
 When the accountable shall make account,
 And but the merciful shall mercy find.

' Soul-sicken'd, satiate, and dissatisfied,
 An alter'd being homewards I return'd,
 My thoughts revolting at the thirst for blood,
 So brutalizing, so destructive of
 The finer sensibilities, which man
 In boyhood owns, and which the world destroys.
 Nature had preached a sermon to my heart :
 And from that moment, on that snowy morn—
 (Seeing that earth enough of suffering has,
 And death)—all cruelty my soul abhorr'd,
 Yea, loathed the purpose and the power to kill."

The Fowler," says Moir's biographer and critic, "is the fine vivid reproduction of an actual incident in his boyhood—an incident so deeply impressed upon his mind and, as to have kept him all his days thereafter from taking life of bird or beast—had he 'shot the albatross,' not could he have been frightened from future cruelty," or he (Mr. Aird might have added) read Wordsworth's *-Leap Well!*—of which we regard *The Fowler* as an excellent paraphrase, for the delectation of Mr. Moir's friends and parlour, of whom we made mention above.

ART. II.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

NO. III.

THE present Dame-street received its name from the city gate which formerly stood at its western extremity, and was called "la porte sainte Marie la dame," or Dame's gate. Close to this gate was the Theng-mote, where the Scandinavians, in ancient times, used to hold their deliberative assemblies, styled Things. These meetings were always held in the open air, and the speakers, although of the highest rank, were obliged to stand while addressing the people, who remained seated around: "It is a picturesque circumstance, mentioned in the saga of Saint Olaf about the Thing at Upsal in 1018, that when Thrognyr, the lagman, rose after the ambassador from Norway had delivered his errand, and the Swedish king had replied to it, all the bonders, who had been sitting on the grass before, rose up, and crowded together to hear what their lagman, Thrognyr, was going to say; and the old lagman, whose white and silky beard is stated to have been so long that it reached his knees when he was seated, allowed the clanking of their arms and the din of their feet to subside before he began his speech." From its situation, the parish of the ancient church of St. Andrew, on the south side of Dame-street, acquired the name of "*parochia sancti Andrew de thengmothe*," and near it, in the year 1171, king Henry II. held his Christmas, with great solemnity, in a temporary palace elaborately constructed of wicker work. According to the English chronicler, "manie and the most part of the princes of that land resorted and made repaire unto Dublin, to see the king's court: and when they saw the great abundance of vittels, and the noble services, as also the eating of cranes, which they much lothed, being not before accustomed thereunto, they much wondered and marvelled thereat: but in the end they being by the king's commandement set downe, did also there eat and drinke among them." Another English writer tells us, that at this period Dublin rivalled London in the extent of its commerce, and in a pipe roll recapitulating the various items which formed portion of the king's expenses on his Irish expedition, we find "26*s.* 2*d.* paid for adorning and gilding the king's swords; £12. 10*s.* for 1000 pounds of wax;

118*s.* 7*d.* for 569 pounds of almonds sent to the king in Ireland; 15*s.* 11*d.* for five carts bringing the clothes of the king's household from Stafford to Chester, on their way to that country; £10. 7*s.* for spices and electuaries for Josephus Medicus, his majesty's doctor; £4. for one ship carrying the armour, &c., of Robert Poer; £29. 0*s.* 2*d.* for wine bought at Waterford; 9*s.* 8*d.* for the carriage of the king's treasure from Oxford to Winton; £333. 6*s.* 8*d.* to John the marshal, to carry over to the king in Ireland; and £200 to the king's chamberlain, to bring to his majesty on returning from that country."

The church of St. Andrew in Dame-street, originally annexed to the dignity of the precentor of St. Patrick's cathedral, was subsequently assigned to the chanter's vicar, and the parish was united to that of St. Werburgh by George Brown, the first Protestant archbishop of Dublin. In the reign of Edward VI., John Ryan, of Dublin, merchant, obtained a lease for twenty-one years of the "rectory of St. Andrew the apostle, and also the chapel* of St. Andrew and the cemetery of said chapel, a certain parcel of land adjoining the same on the west, and a garden on the north of said chapel, also the tithes of three orchards in the parish of St. Andrew, and fifteen gardens and a dove house in the suburbs of the city of Dublin, for the yearly rent of 24*s.* 4*d.*" An unpublished remembrance roll of the year 1631, states

* George Andrews, dean of Limerick and chaunter of St. Patrick's cathedral, in a bill filed in the exchequer on the 20th June, 1631, for the restoration of this church, states that "the parishioners of the said parish of St. Andrewes are willing and readie to be at greate chardges in reedifyeing, building, and bewtifying of the said parish church." The statement of this case, which exists in manuscript, concludes as follows:—"Upon all which pleadings the parties were at full issue, witnesses examined, publicacion hadd and a day appoynted for hearing of the said cause. And the cause being heard and debated by the councell learned on both sides forasmuch as it appeared upon the hearing of the said cause as well by the depositions of divers witnesses as by severall records that aunciently there hath beene a parish called St. Andrewes parish near the walls of the cittie of Dublin and that aunciently there hath beene a church or churchyard or cemitorie within the said parish called St. Andrewes church for that it did appeare by good records that upon the erecting of the deane and chapter of the cathedrall church of St. Patricks Dublin there was a chanter amongst other dignitaries erected and appoynted in the said church to which the said rectorie or church of St. Andrewes was united And for that it did further appeare that after that the possessions of the said church of St. Patricks and of the said deane and chapter came unto

that this church "in the tyme of the late warrs when the enymy did without controule approch to the cittie walls became desolate and soe hath contynued ever since, whereby it hath in a manner lost the name of a church;" and sir William Ryves, the attorney-general, in his official answer to the petition preferred for the restoration of this church to its former uses, asserts "that the house which the plaintiff pretendeth to be the parish church of St. Andrews, in Damask street, neare Dublin, is as hee thincketh the howse which now is and for many yeares last past hath beene used for a stable for horses for the lords deputies and other cheefe governors of this kingdome or some of them to whose lott the same respectively fell, and, as hee is informed, is the inheritance of his majestie. And that the said lords deputies and other cheefe governors of this kingdome have for many yeares last past used and enjoyed the same accordingly under the right and title of his majestie and his noble progenitors." The lords justices in one of their despatches to the deputy in 1631, inform him that "there was a parish church commonly called St. Andrew's church, situate in Dammes-street in this city, which in the former times of disturbance here (by reason of the convenient situation thereof near the castle) was used for a stable for the deputy's horses, that church is now legally evicted from us in the chancery of his majesty's court of exchequer by the chaunter of the cathedral church of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to whom it belongs, and an injunction out

the crowne by the act of dissolucion. All the possessions which at the time of the said dissolucion did belong unto the said church and to the said deane and chapter, were afterwards by sufficient grant restored unto the said church and graunted unto the severall dignitaries respectively in manner and forme as the same was enjoyed by and att the tyme of the said dissolucion, And for that it did appeare by the office which was taken in the tyme of his late majestie king Edward the sixt after the said dissolucion for the finding out of the possessions of the said church that the said church of St. Andrewes did belonge unto the chaunter of St. Patricks Dublin And for that the said sir William Ryves, knight, his majesties attorney generall could shew noe materiall cause wherefore the said church should not be restored unto the plaintiff being chaunter of St. Patricks Dublin. It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed by the lord high threasurer, chauncellor, lord cheefe baron and the rest of the court of exchequer that his majesties hands shalbe removed and the plaintiff restored unto the possession of the said church and churchyard of St. Andrewes and the precinct thereof. Given at the kings courts, Dublin, the xxth of November, 1631. Richard Bolton. Maurice Eustace."

of that court is directed to me, the chancellor, for delivering up the possession thereof accordingly. It may not therefore be any longer continued in the former use; so as it will be fit that some of your servants do think of providing you another stable." In a letter to secretary Coke in 1633, the lord deputy observes—"There is not any stable but a poor mean one, and that made of a decayed church, which is such a prophanation as I am sure his majesty would not allow of; besides there is a decree in the exchequer for restoring it to the parish whence it was taken;" and in December of the same year, he writes: "For the stable to be restored, I have already given order for bounding out the church-yard, will have another built by June next, and then, God willing, turn back to the church all, which the king's deputies formerly had from it." The church of St. Andrew, however, was not re-edified on its ancient site, on a part of which Castle lane,* now Palace street, and the adjoining houses were erected, while the remainder of it was occupied by the castle-market, built by alderman William

* Andrew Cumpsty, philomath, compiler of almanacs and astrological observations "fitted for the meridian of Dublin;" kept a school at the "earl of Galway's arms in Castle-lane," where he taught "arithmetick, geometry, trygonometry, astronomy, algebra, guaging, surveying, navigation, dyaling, gunnery, fortification, the use of the globes and instruments, &c." A contemporary manuscript states that Cumpsty, who styled himself "master gunner of Ireland," died on 24th November, 1713, at 1 p.m., and was buried in St. Andrew's churchyard. The last almanac bearing his name was issued for the year 1714. The "Nag's head" inn was situated in Castle-lane (1731), and at the "King's arms" tavern here (1747) James King kept an ordinary at 3 p.m. daily. Castle-market in Dame-street, above mentioned, was subsequently removed, as hereafter noticed, and opened in its present locality in 1783. The vestiges of the church of St. Marie la dame were preserved in the name of "Salutation alley" running parallel with Swan-alley, the latter stood nearly on the site of the present Exchange-court, and took its name from the Swan tavern, which, in a satire published in 1706, is described as—

—————"A modern dome of vast renown,
For a plump cook and plumper reck'nings known:
Raised high, the fair inviting bird you see,
In all his milky plumes, and feather'd lechery;—
Here gravely meet the worthy sons of zeal,
To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail:
Immortal courage from the claret springs,
To censure heroes, and the acts of kings:
Young doctors of the gown here shrewdly show
How grace divine can ebb, and spleen can flow;
The pious red-coat most devoutly swears,
Drinks to the church but ticks on his arrears;
The gentle beau, too, joins in wise debate,
Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the state."

In the first years of the eighteenth century a society called the "Swan

Fownes and Thomas Pooley, and first opened on the 26th of July, 1704, by the lord mayor with proclamation and beat of drum.

In ancient times the only edifice in the south part of Dame-street was St. Andrew's church, while on the other side the sole building was the monastery of St. Augustin, nearly all the ground north of which was covered by the influx of the Liffey. At the foot of Dame's gate was a small harbour where John Alan, archbishop of Dublin, embarked in 1584, when he fled by night to escape from the power of Thomas Fitz-Gerald, surnamed the silken knight, who was then beleaguering the city. The dissolution of the Augustinian monastery at the reformation having removed the obstacle to the extension of the town in that direction, the lands of the institution became the property of private individuals—as sir Maurice Eustace and sir John Crowe—whose residences here were subsequently demolished, and their sites converted into the streets which still retain their names.

Sir Christopher Wandesford, or de Wandesforde, appointed master of the rolls in Ireland by Charles I., “bought either the whole right, or a long lease of a very elegant house in Dame-street, Dublin, situate conveniently for the discharge of his high offices. It was in a very wholesome air, with a good

tripe club” used to assemble here; its principal members were Dr. Francis Higgins, prebendary of Christ's church, a political clergyman, who, in 1712, was tried and acquitted on a charge of being a disloyal subject and a disturber of the public peace, Dr. Edward Worth, noticed in our paper on Werburgh-street, archdeacon Perceval, and two lawyers named Echlin and Nutley, both of whom were subsequently promoted to the bench. The Swan tripe club was presented by the Dublin grand jury in 1705 as “a seditious and unlawful assembly or club, set up and continued at the Swan tavern, and other places in this city, with intent to create misunderstandings between Protestants, &c., and that contrary to several votes of parliament in this kingdom; of the 25th of May, 1705, which tended to promote the interest of the pretended prince of Wales, and to instill dangerous principles into the youth of this kingdom.”

A contemporary letter on the presentment, signed Richard Lock, contains the following remarks on this subject: “Now, for my part, I do believe that most gentlemen have met in companies at the Swan, and other taverns in town one time or other; but that ever any seditious or unlawful assembly or club, as above mentioned, met or contrived in these or other places, is what I never saw or knew of. And more particularly for those gents that I have usually kept company with (who, generally speaking, for quality and learning, are equal to the best in the kingdom, several of them being members both of the house of

orchard and garden leading down to the waterside, where might be seen the ships from the Ring's-end coming from any part of the kingdom from England, Scotland, or any other country, before they went up to the bridge." He also "built the rolls-office at his own cost, a stately brick building of three stories, and in it a large room for a safe repository of the rolls, he prepared boxes, and presses of new oak, with partitions answering every king's reign, and year of our lord. In this building he fitted up a handsome chamber for the secretary and clerks of the office, and other convenient room for the dispatch of business. He set up a table of fees for every one's inspection, and a table of penalties of the transgressors of those orders annexed."

Wandesford, early distinguished for his knowledge of the English laws, acted as one of the eight managers of the impeachment of the duke of Buckingham: in 1633 he declined the office of ambassador to the court of Spain, and in the same year accompanied his friend, the lord deputy Wentworth, to Ireland. Three years after, he received the honor of knighthood, and was appointed lord justice, after which he retired to his estate in Kildare, and completed his book of instructions to his son, which bears date 5th October, 1636. This estate in Kildare he subsequently sold to Strafford,

commons, and the lower house of convocation), I do declare, upon the faith of a Christian, that in all the meetings that we had, they were as unconcerned in the matters contained in that presentment, as any gentlemen whatsoever." There was a large number of gambling houses in Swan-alley, frequented by sharpers and gamesters. In 1762 George Hendrick, alias "Crazy Crow," porter to several of the bands of musicians in town, and one of the most eccentric of the Dublin low-life characters of his day, dropped dead in this alley. He had been arrested in 1742 on an accusation of having stolen bodies from St. Andrew's churchyard; a large and spirited full length etching, representing him laden with musical instruments, appeared in 1754, and was sold through town by himself. This print bears the following inscription:

" With look ferocious, and with beer replete,
See crazy Crow beneath his minstrel weight,
His voice as frightful as great Etna's roar,
Which spreads its horrors to the distant shore,
Equally hideous with his well known face
Murders each ear—till whiskey makes it cease."

Notwithstanding the incessant efforts of the lord mayors to reform the abuses in Swan-alley, by seizing on the stamps, as the gambling tables were called, and burning them in public, the locality continued to retain a deservedly infamous character until its final demolition, preparatory to the erection of the royal Exchange.

and purchased Idough, in Kilkenny, the ancient inheritance of the clan of O'Brenan, where he established a cotton factory and founded a colliery. In 1640 Wandesford became lord deputy of Ireland, and received from Charles I. the titles of baron Mowbray of Musters, and viscount Castlecomer. His death, which took place on 3 December, 1640, was believed to have been caused by grief at the treatment of his beloved friend, the earl of Strafford, to whom he had been ardently attached from the days of his childhood, and who, on hearing of Wandesford's death, exclaimed, in tears,—“I attest the eternal God, that the death of my cousin Wandesford more affects me than the prospect of my own: for in him is lost the richest magazine of learning, wisdom, and piety, that these times could boast!” Wandesford's government had given such general satisfaction, that, at his interment, the Irish “raised their peculiar lamentations, a signal honor paid to him as the common father of the kingdom.” The title of viscount Castlecomer became extinct in 1784 by the death of John Wandesford, and the family estates devolved to his only daughter, Anne, who had married John Butler of Carryricken, to whom the earldom of Ormond was restored in 1791. On a portion of the ancient glebe of St. Andrew's parish, on the north side of the street, sir George Wentworth, in the reign of Charles I., expended six hundred pounds in erecting a dwelling house. This glebe, extending along Dame-street seventy feet, and from north to south ninety-eight feet, in 1670 came into the possession of sir Alexander Bench, and was subsequently obtained by sir John Coghill,* whose name is still preserved in a court on the north side of the street.

* He was master in chancery, and died in 1699; his son Marmaduke, L.L.D., judge of the prerogative court, chancellor of the exchequer and member for the University of Dublin, died unmarried in 1738, his niece, Hester, became countess of Charleville, and dying without issue, bequeathed her property to her cousin, John Cramer, who assumed the name of Coghill, and was created a baronet in 1778. His son, sir Josiah, attained to the rank of vice-admiral, and married the oldest daughter of chief justice Bushe, and their son is the present representative of the family. James Carson kept his printing-office in Coghill's-court in the reign of George I., he was an excellent typographer, and in one of his publications we find an engraving of his own arms: “Argent, a chevron gules between three crescents, or.” In 1725 he commenced publishing a Saturday newspaper, the first number of which, now before us, consists of four pages, small folio, printed in double columns, with the following title, surmounted on either side with the harp and crown and the city arms: “The Dublin Weekly Journal, Saturday, April 3, 1725.”

ne-street was an edifice called "Crow's-nest," where of the forfeited lands, A.D. 1655-1656; and their distribution were carried on under the superintendence of Dr. William Petty, in conjunction with whom took in and major Miles Symmer, "persons of known wisdom and judgment," were appointed commissioners. The weight of the arduous task, however, fell upon Dr. Petty, who tells us that his life in Crow's-nest was little more than an incarceration, for the "daily directing of clerks and calculators, cutting out work for all of them, giving answers as well to impertinent as pertinent questions, lay chiefly upon the doctor." The lots for the forfeited lands appear to have been drawn by children out of which disputes were perpetually occurring relative to the barren and barren tracts assigned to the various claimants. Various traditions," says Crofton Croker, "are current respecting the manner in which Elizabethan and Jacobite grants have been obtained from their soldiers by

principally edited by Dr. James Arbuckle, whose collection it have been reprinted in two volumes as "Hibernicus's Miscellany," the only Irish journal of its day which contained original matter, of which were supposed, by sir Walter Scott, to have been written by Swift. The publisher, known in Dublin as the "facetious tradesman," wrote a volume of "Miscellanies" of a not very creditable nature, and died on Temple-bar in 1767. An assembly room built in part about the year 1760, was frequently used for exhibitions, and of animals exhibited there in 1763, included a camel, a porcupine, a dragon from Ispahan," and a snake twelve feet long. On the side of the street stands Crampton-court, which was originally the residence of the horse-guard of the city, for which, as we find from a document in our possession, government, in the reign of George II., paid John Crow, esq., an annual rent of £110. The court derived its present name from having become the property of John Crampton, a wealthy bookseller, noticed in another part of this work. He continued to reside here for many years after he had retired from business. In 1755 his brethren of the corporation of stationers presented to the alderman Crampton with a large silver cup as an acknowledgment of the honor done them by his vigilance as sheriff, in suppressing gaming-houses and ball-yards in the city; at this period the office of sheriff was by no means a sinecure as in consequence of the small number of men in Dublin it was found necessary for the protection of the citizens and the roads of horse and foot in various parts of the town and suburbs. Crampton was elected lord mayor in 1758, and he died in Grafton-street, aged ninety six years, having long been the "father of the city." Crampton-court, from its proximity to the old custom-house, was frequently frequented by the merchants; commercial auctions were held here, and several notaries and insurance companies kept offices in the court. The celebrated Luke White, bookseller and

the native Irish. An estate in the south of Ireland, at present worth a thousand a year, was risked by a trooper to whose lot it fell, upon the turn up of a card, and is now commonly called the 'trump acres.' And an adjoining estate of nearly the same value was sold by his comrade to the winner for 'five jacobuses (five pounds) and a white horse.' A singular story is also told of a considerable property having been purchased for a silver tobacco stopper and a broad sword." Dr. Petty's* diligence was such, that "when upon some loud representations, the commissioners of the forfeited lands in Ireland would refer to him, the stating of all that had passed, which seemed to require a week's work, he would bring all clearly stated the next morning to their admiration." How he contrived to fulfil the multifarious duties of the various government appointments which he held, is explained by his habit of retiring early to his lodgings, "where his supper was only a handfull of raisins and a piece of bread. He would bid one of his clerks, who wrote a fair hand, go to sleep; and while he eat his raisins and walked about, he would dictate to the other clerk, who was a ready man at short hand. When this was fitted to his mind, the other was roused, and set to work, and he went to bed, so that next morning all was ready."

auctioneer, resided at no. 18 from 1776 to 1782, and Thomas Armitage, a publisher also, dwelt here in the reign of George III. At the same period two of the most frequented coffee-houses in Dublin were located in Crampton-court; the "little Dublin coffee-house" at no. 20, and the "Exchange coffee-house," kept in 1766 by John Hill, and subsequently by Clement White. The building of the Exchange produced no effect on the commercial character of this locality; "long after its erection, the merchants were obliged to transact their wholesale business in Crampton-court, where samples were exhibited and commodities purchased. Here the crowd was sometimes so great, and the space so confined and unwholesome, that it was deemed expedient to adopt some other mode and place. Accordingly, some of the most respectable merchants opened a subscription to erect a building as near the centre of the city as possible. Shares of £50 each were issued, and in a short time were filled up to the number of 400. The ground on which the old post-office yard and Crown-alley stood was taken in College-green, and in 1796 the building was commenced by Mr. Parks, the architect. In three years it was completed, and opened for the transaction of business in 1799." The erection of the commercial buildings having deprived Crampton-court of its mercantile frequenters, it became tenanted by jewellers and watch-makers, who have, of late years, gradually migrated to other parts of the city.

* See the "Survey of Ireland, A.D. 1655-6," IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V., pp. 217, 248.

“Crow’s-nest” was afterwards occupied by the Dublin Philosophical Society, which was founded in 1683 by John Locke’s friend, William Molyneux, and comprised nearly all the distinguished men in science and literature then in Ireland. In a letter of the 10th of May, 1684, William Molyneux writes from Dublin to his brother Thomas at Leyden: “Our society goes on, we have a fair room in ‘Crow’s-nest,’ which now belongs to one Wetherel, an apothecary, where we have a fair garden for plants;” and on the 14th of June he says—“Our society has built a laboratory by Dr. Mullen’s directions, in the same house where we have taken a large room for our meeting, and a small repository.” The early meeting of the society had been held at the provost’s lodgings; and the original rules were drawn up by Dr. Narcissus Marsh, afterwards primate of all Ireland, sir W. Petty, Dr. Willoughby, and William Molyneux. The latter writing to his brother at the end of the first year, tells him: “Our society has been complimented in the philosophical acts, as you will find by the paper Mr. Ashe will send you, wherein for curious subjects (invented by our learned and ingenious provost) I think we may vie with any Oxford ever had, and truly most of the poems and speeches thereon were excellent. Thus, Tom, you see that learning begins to peep out amongst us. The tidings, that our name is in the journals of Amsterdam, was very pleasing to me, and really, without vanity, I think our city and nation may be herein something beholding to us, for I believe the name Dublin has hardly ever before been printed or heard of amongst foreigners on a learned account.” Thomas Molyneux, to whom this letter was addressed, subsequently rose to the highest eminence as a physician and a scholar. The most interesting notice of the origin of this society has, however, been left by its distinguished founder, William Molyneux:

“About October, 1683, I began to busy myself in forming a society in this city agreeable to the designe of the royal Society of London. I should not be so vain as to arrogate this to myself, were there not many of the gentlemen at present listed in that society, who can testify for me, that I was the first promoter of it; and can witness, how diligent I was therein. The first I applyd to, and communicated my designe, was the present (1694) provost of the college, Dr. St. George Ashe; who presently approved of the undertaking, and assisted hartily in the first efforts we made in the work. I first brought together about half a dozen, that mett weekly

in a private room of a coffee house on Cork hill; meerly to discourse of philosophy, mathematicks, and other polite literature, as things arose *obiter*, without any settled rules or forms. But our company increasing, we were invited by the rev. Dr. Huntington, then provost of the college, to meet in his lodgings. And there we began first to form ourselves in January 1683-4; and took on us the name of the Dublin society. Choosing for our first president sir William Petty; and for their farther incouragement, confirmation and settlement, I took on me to be their secretary, and managed their correspondence, diary, and register. The presidents since that time have been, the rt honorable the lord viscount Mountjoy, the rt honble Francis Robartes; and at present the rt honble sir Cyril Wich, one of the lords justices of Ireland, who appointed to preside in his absence vice presidents, Dr. St. George Ashe, provost of the college, and William Molyneux, who writes this. The secretaries after me were, Dr. St. George Ashe, Mr. Edward Smith, and at present Dr. Charles Willoughby, M.D., and Mr. Owen Lloyd, senior fellow of the college. After we were pretty well established by our meetings in Dr. Huntington's lodgings (where we made statutes, rules, and orders to proceed by), we took rooms and other conveniencys for our meetings in an house in Dames-street,* called Crow's-nest: where we continued till the troubles of Tyrconnell's government

* Robert Bligh, founder of the family of Darnley, resided in Dame-street in the reign of Charles II. He was originally a salter in London, and having invested a sum of money in purchasing the interests of adventurers, his lots fell in the county of Meath. After the restoration he was elected member of parliament for Athboy, and in 1663 he became one of the commissioners for examining, stating and auditing the arrears of the customs and excise, of tonnage, poundage, and new impost. In 1665 he was made joint commissioner of the office, called the duty of inland excise, and licenses of all the beer and strong waters of Ireland. Bligh died in the year 1666. His grandson, John, received the title of viscount Darnley of Athboy in 1721, and four years afterwards was advanced to the rank of earl. At the "Royal coat" in Dame-street, opposite to George's-lane (1705), lived Aaron Crossly, herald-painter and undertaker, who compiled the first Irish peerage published. It appeared in 1725 in a folio volume, with the following title: "The peerage of Ireland: or an exact catalogue of the present nobility, both lords spiritual and temporal, with an historical and genealogical account of them, containing the descents, creations, and most remarkable actions of them, their ancestors," &c. To the peerage, which extends to 260 pages, is appended a treatise on the "signification of things that are borne in heraldry." The production, notwithstanding its great defects, is extremely creditable to the herald painter, especially as William Hawkins, the Ulster king-at-arms, threw many obstacles in the compiler's way. In 1703 the former insisted on an alteration in the coat of arms painted by Crossly on the coach of William Palliser, archbishop of Cashel; a perpetual enmity was the result, although Crossly, in 1720, assured his friend Robert Dale, of the London college of arms, that he did not value Hawkins "any more than the ground he trod on." The earl of Kildare had a house in Dame-street in the early part of the eighteenth century, and there were mills here so late as 1749; we also find notice of two tennis courts in this street, one of which was kept by Darby Cullen, who died in 1772.

(which destroyed all other good things) dispersed us, till about a year ago (1693) we began again to revive our meetings in the lodgings of the present provost of the college, Dr. St. George Ashe."

Although we possess but meagre and imperfect accounts of this body's proceedings in the early part of the eighteenth century, it would seem to have had some influence on the formation of the present Dublin Society; the first meeting of

At the "seven stars," in Dame-street, opposite the Castle market, a newspaper was published in 1726, by Richard Dickson and E. Needham, with the following title: "The Dublin Intelligence, or weekly gazette, containing the most material occurrences, both foreign and domestick."

Joseph Tudor, a distinguished painter, who received several premiums from the Dublin society for his landscapes, resided in Dame-street, opposite Fownes's-street, for many years before his death in 1759. A contemporary tells us that it was owing to him that "this metropolis can boast of the glorious produce of artists, excelling any other of its extent, not only adorning itself, but illustrious in other cities more populous, and heretofore more remarkable for studies of this nature." Tudor painted a series of views in Dublin, which were excellently engraved by A. Walker, and published with inscriptions in French and English. In 1746 Madden's premium of five pounds for the best drawings performed in 1745, by any boy or girl under fifteen years old, was adjudged to "miss Jenny Tudor, for her drawings in black and white, after Raphael and Titian." Among the other distinguished residents in Dame-street, were Dr. Bartholomew Mosse (1743), founder of the lying-in hospital; John Rocque (1754), the eminent surveyor and designer of maps; Kitty Clive (1768), the celebrated actress; Dr. Arne, the composer (1776), at no. 40; sir Boyle Roche (1783); and Dr. William Drennan, the united Irishman, author of the song—

"When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood."

Abraham Lionel Jenkins, M.D., author of various treatises on the natural history of Ireland, resided in Dame-street in 1772. His acquirements are commemorated as follows by a contemporary:—

"Lionel Jenkins, Abraham by name,
Is long register'd in the rolls of fame;
O'er warlike Gallia's wide-extended plains,
He militated many long campaigns:
Then quit the standard of the stout brigade,
And gave attention to Apollo's trade;
Much knowledge by close application gain'd,
And has been often with a fee retain'd.
He knows botanic vegetables all,
From th' humble hyssop that springs from the wall,
To lofty cedar's uncorrupted wood,
Which long on shady Lebanon hath stood.
Shew him but half a leaf, he'll name the plant,
And on its virtues medical descant."

James Manly, jeweller, and an extensive dealer in pinchbeck manufactures, dwelt at the sign of the "eagle," no. 82, in this street, in the last century. He was a noted maker of walking-caues of every description, especially of those clubs used by the bucks in their nightly exploits, and

which was held on the 25th June, 1731, in the "philosophical rooms" in Trinity-college, as appears from the following report, now for the first time published :

" 25th June, 1731 : Present :—Judge Ward. Sir Th. Molyneux. Th. Upton, esqr. John Prat, esqr. Rich. Warburton, esq. Rev Dr Whitcomb. Arthur Dobs, esq. Dr Magnaten. Dr Madden. Dr Lehunte. Mr Walton. Mr Prior. Mr Maple.

" Several gentlemen haveing agreed to meet in the Philosophical rooms in Trin. col. Dub., an order to promote improvements of all kinds, and Dr. Stephens being desired took the chair. It was proposed and unanimously agreed unto, to form a society by the name of the Dublin society for improving husbandry, manufactures, and other usefull arts. It was proposed and resolved, that all the present, and all such who should become members of the society, shall subscribe their names to a paper containing their agreement to form a society for the purposes aforesaid. Ordered, that a committee of all the members present do meet next Thursday in the Philosophical rooms in Trin. col. Dublin, to consider of a plan or rules for the government of the society, any three whereof to be a quorum, and that notice be sent to the members in town, the day before the time of meeting. The society adjourned to this day fortnight."

The Dublin Society, thus founded, continued for many years to meet either in the University or in the parliament-house, and in addition to earnest and continued efforts for the

which were generally distinguished on the metallic heads by such inscriptions as "Who's afraid?" "Who dare sneeze?" "The devil a better." "A pill for a puppy," &c. Manly's disposing of his goods by auction produced a parody on Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, with the following title, "An heroic epistle, from Mr. Manly, author of the famous gold coloured metal, quitting business in Dublin, and going to reside in London, to Mr. Pinchbeck, now in London."

Dr. Thomas Campbell, author of the "Philosophic survey of the south of Ireland," resided at no. 28 Dame-street in 1789. Dr. Joseph Stock, editor of *Demosthenes*, was the son of a hosier who lived at no. 1 Dame-street, nearly opposite to Parliament-street, in which house Hamilton, the miniature painter, resided in 1769. Dr. Stock was appointed bishop of Kilalla in 1798, and his further promotion in the church is said to have been prevented by his pamphlet entitled a "Narrative of what passed at Kilalla in the summer of 1798," which gave offence, as its author bore testimony to the excellent conduct of the French troops which landed in his diocese. John Comerford, a distinguished portrait painter, born in Kilkenny, lived in Dame-street, at the house of messieurs Gilbert and Hodges, the most extensive booksellers and publishers in Dublin in the early years of the present century. To another resident in Dame-street, James Petrie, an accomplished artist and father of the learned author of the "Essay on the ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland," we are indebted for the preservation of the portraits of several eminent Irishmen of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

promotion of agriculture and manufactures, it was also enabled to foster the fine arts in Ireland by the munificence of the philanthropic Samuel Madden, who placed certain funds at the disposal of the society to be allocated as premiums for the best specimens of painting and drawing. The manner in which these prizes were adjudicated will appear from the following notices:—

“On last Thursday (1748) the Society determined the premium of £15, promised by the rev. Dr. Samuel Madden, for the best drawings performed by boys or girls under sixteen years old. Eighteen candidates appeared, and produced their drawings, which were hung round two large rooms in the parliament-house, all numbered, which, being examined by several persons well skilled therein, the boys were directed to sit round a large table, where two bustos were placed, and to draw those figures before the society, all in different positions and attitudes, to show their skill, which they readily performed in about an hour's time; most of their drawings were very well executed, and, on comparing the off-hand performances, and those they had drawn before, of each boy, the judges divided them into classes according to their merits, and the £15, with about £5 more given by the society, were distributed among them; the first class got two guineas a piece, and the last class half a guinea each. In the next distribution of premiums for drawings, which will be in May or June next, several silver medals, of different sizes, struck for that purpose, with proper emblems or designs, will be given to those who shall distinguish themselves best. It was a new and agreeable sight to see so many boys distinguish themselves so well, and give such proof of the improvements they made in so short a time in drawing, which is so useful in all manufactures and trades; and it is hoped this good beginning will encourage the erecting an academy for drawing and designing like those set up in other countries for the improvement of their manufacture.”

“Last Friday (1748) the premiums for the best drawing, performed by boys, were distributed amongst those who performed best. Twenty-eight boys appeared as candidates this year, whereas last year there were but 16, and they produced their respective drawings, which were placed on the sides of a large room in the parliament-house, and showed their improvement in drawing, but as their skill in designing would be better ascertained by their performances before the society, a group of figures (the rape of the Sabines) was placed in the middle of a large round table, round which thirteen boys were placed to draw those figures, and the figures of Antinous and a busto of an old woman were placed at the end of a long table, where the rest of the boys sat to draw those figures. In about three hours the boys finished their several drawings; many of them were very well done, both in the outlines and the shadings—all drawn off and in different points of view, and several gentlemen then present, well skilled in drawing, carefully examined the several performances in the several attitudes they were drawn in, and adjudged the pre-

miums to thirteen boys, in the following order (according to their several merits, from £4. to 10s. each, £17. 10s. being the sum so distributed), viz., to Robert Murray, J. Ennis, Denis Murphy, Francis Sandys, Robert Crone, Charles Eads, Edward Mansel, James Standish, Cunningham, March, James Forrester, Walsh, and Warner. Young Cunningham and Reilly (a boy of the Blue coat hospital) being very poor, were never taught, but as they showed a genius for drawing, the Society agreed to pay Mr. West, who keeps a drawing school in George's lane, his usual allowance for teaching them. As this day's entertainment had all the appearance of a foreign academy for drawing, it is hoped it will lay a foundation for establishing such an academy among ourselves, which, being furnished with good statues, busts, designs, and prints, may encourage drawings from the round and the flat, from the best prints and figures, both alive and dead, and thereby form a good taste for drawing, which is so useful to all manufactures and the polite arts.

"Last Thursday (1749) the Society determined the premiums for drawing. Twenty-eight boys appeared and produced specimens of their performances. They had been employed every Thursday for two months before, in drawing from the round copies of busts, group figures, and from the life,—a lusty man being placed on the middle of a large table, they sat on seats all around to take the figure in different attitudes, and finished their performances last Thursday, before the Society. They were put into different classes, according to their merits, and received premiums from a guinea to a crown each, about £16 being thus distributed; they improve every day in their skill, and it is hoped that several good geniuses for drawing will in time appear, much to the credit of this little academy. A premium of £7 was distributed among five boys and girls, who produced their patterns for damask, printed and stained linens, which far exceeded any of the like kind produced before, in the beauty of the pattern, right colouring and shading, which are of so much use in many kinds of manufactures."

The success attendant on the distributions of these premiums induced the Society to arrange with Robert West, an eminent drawing master, who had studied on the Continent under Boucher and Vanloo, to instruct a certain number of pupils at his academy in George's-lane, where he continued to teach until apartments were allotted him on the Society's premises. The gradual augmentation of the number of members of the Society, rendered it necessary that the institution should possess a building exclusively appropriated to its purposes. On 16th December, 1756, the unpublished records inform us that "Mr. Bury, Mr. Maple and Mr. Fitzpatrick being appointed a committee the 2nd inst (December, 1756), to look out for a house for the meeting of the Society, Mr. Maple and Mr. Fitzpatrick reported that a house in Shaw's

court stands well for that purpose. Ordered that the said committee do agree for the same on the best terms, they can give directions to have it put in suitable order."

"Shaw's court," situated on the north side of Dame-street, consisted of a large wainscoated dwelling-house, built early in the last century, with a coach-house, stable,* a large warehouse, and a garden. The preliminaries having been arranged, the Society obtained possession of the house, and held their first meeting there on Thursday, 10th February, 1757; the earl of Lanesborough, vice president, occupied the chair, and the members present were twelve in number. At the next meeting it was ordered that "an oyl cloth be provided for the room wherein the Society meet, according to the direction of William Maple, esq. and that a map of Ireland be provided and set up in the said room;" also "Thomas Bryan of the Comb having made good carpeting in imitation of the Scotch, though not the full quantity required, the Society ordered him a guinea, and directed him to make the same sort to cover the stairs going to the room wherein they meet."

On 3rd March, 1757, the Society "appointed the two rooms on the middle floor in their house in Shaw's court one within the other, and two rooms one within the other on the upper floor, to Mr. West, and two rooms on the upper floor one within the other, and another room approached to by the back stairs, to Mr. Maunin, during the pleasure of the Society; and they also appointed one back room on the ground-floor for the messenger."

West instructed the pupils in figure drawing, a branch of art in which he stood unrivalled; Thomas Ivory, architect of the Blue-coat hospital, taught architecture, while the superintendence of the ornamental department was committed to James Mannin, a French artist, distinguished for the beauty of his flower pieces. The students learned the elements of art from Robert Dodsley's admirable work "the Preceptor," published in two volumes, 8vo. 1748. A contemporary, who studied in the Dublin Society's academy in Shaw's

* In October, 1758, the stable was "so altered as to be proper for the boys to draw in, on account of preserving the statues and busts in the academy, for the sole use of connoisseurs."

On 13th April, 1758, it was ordered, that a sum not exceeding £20,

court, has left us the following correct description of its internal arrangements :—

“ We were early familiarized to the antique in sculpture, and in painting, to the style and manner of the great Italian and French masters. We also studied anatomy; and, indeed, the students there turned their minds to most of the sciences. We had upon the large table in the academy, a figure three feet high, called the anatomy figure; the skin off to show off the muscles: on each muscle was a little paper with a figure of reference to a description of it, and its uses. We had also a living figure, to stand or sit: he was consequently a fine person; his pay was four shillings an hour. Mr. West himself always posed the figure, as the phrase is, and the students took their views round the table where he was fixed. To make it certain that his attitude was the same each time we took our study, Mr. West with a chalk marked upon the table the exact spot where his foot, or his elbow, or his hand came. We had a large round iron stove nearly in the centre of the school, but the fire was not seen; an iron tube conveyed the smoke through the wall. On the flat top of this stove, we used to lay our pencils of black and white chalk to harden them. The room was very lofty: it had only three windows; they were high up in the wall, and so contrived as to make the light descend: the centre window was arched, and near the top of the ceiling. At each end of this room was a row of presses with glass doors; in which were kept the statues cast from the real antique, each upon a pedestal about two feet high, and drawn out into the room as they were wanted to be studied from:—but the busts were placed, when required, on the table. The stools we sat upon were square portable boxes, very strong and solid, with a hole in the form of an s on each side to put in the hand and move them. Each student had a mahogany drawing-board of his own: this was a square of three feet by four; at one end was a St. Andrew's cross, fastened with hinges, which answered for a foot; and on the other end of the board, a ledge to lay our port crayons upon. When we rose from our seats, we laid this board flat upon the ground, with the drawing we were then doing upon it. We had a clever civil little fellow for our porter, to run about and buy our oranges and apples, and pencils, and crayons, and move our busts and statues for us.—We had some students who studied statuary

in pursuance of the order of 2d November, be allowed for a living model &c. used twice a week for one year, to commence this day sevenight, and that Mr. Carré be desired to draw rules to be considered in relation to persons to be admitted. “In January, 1759, it was ordered; that the academy be reserved for the use of *connoisseurs* in modelling, or drawing after the statues, and that the drawing school be appropriated to the use of learners, drawing after busts, drawings, or the live model.” Towards the middle of the last century, George Ogleham, an eminent surgeon, author of the admirable treatise on the diseases of Minorca, resided in Shaw's court, and delivered courses of anatomical lectures at his house there.

one, and they modelled in clay. Cunningham* (brother to the poet) invented the small basso-relievo portraits, in wax of the natural colours: they had oval frames, and convex crystal glasses, and were in great fashion. Berville, a most enthusiastic Frenchman, full of professional ardour, studied with us: and Van-Nost, the celebrated statuary, often came amongst us: he did the fine pedestrian statue of lord Blakeney, erected in Sackville-street. The members of the Dublin Society, composed of the lord lieutenant and most of the nobility, and others, frequently visited our academy to see our goings on: and some of the lads were occasionally sent to Rome, to study the Italian masters."

Among the many eminent artists educated at the schools in Shaw's court, may be noticed Dixon, the celebrated mezzo-tinto engraver, and George Barrett, the distinguished landscape painter, who was one of the earliest members and chief founders of the royal Academy of London, of which sir Martin Archer Shee, another Dublin artist, was the late president.

Robert West, who appears to have been one of the most successful teachers of his time, was, unhappily, afflicted with a mental infirmity, which for a period rendered him unable to fulfil his duties, and on 10th of May, 1763, Jacob Ennis was elected by the Society as his assistant in the school of

* Patrick Cunningham, the son of an unfortunate Dublin wine merchant, was educated gratuitously by the Society, and apprenticed by them to Van Nost, the sculptor. The unpublished records of the Society contain the following among other references to Cunningham:—16th November, 1758, "Ordered, that the treasurer do pay Patrick Cunningham the sum of £11 3s. 11d. being the balance due on his bill for moulding and casting a figure of a Roman slave, a Venus, a Dolphin, &c." 9th October, 1760, "Patrick Cunningham produced an equestrian statue on a marble pedestal," and it was subsequently ordered that he should be paid ten guineas for his statue of "our late glorious king, George II." Although Cunningham attained to high eminence as a statuary, his name is not to be found in any dictionary of artists; he died at Paddington in 1774, and was universally reputed the best wax modeller of his day in Europe. Cunningham's younger brother John, born at Dublin in 1729, gave early proofs of remarkable poetical talents. At the age of seventeen produced a farce entitled "Love in a mist," which had a run of several nights at Dublin in 1747, and is believed to have furnished the plot of Garrick's "Lying valet." The success of this piece having confirmed the author's taste for the stage, he left Dublin for Edinburgh, and commenced a theatrical career in which he never attained to much eminence, although his prologues and epilogues were highly esteemed. After experiencing the various vicissitudes of an actor, he died in 1773 at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had passed the latter years of his life. Cunningham's poems, published at London in 1766, are "full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody;" the best known of his compositions are his song on "May eve, or Kate of Aberdeen," and "Content," a pastoral.

figure drawing. Ennis had originally been a pupil of West, after which he passed some time in Italy, and studied in the Vatican with sir Joshua Reynolds; on his return to Ireland he practised portrait and history painting. "His compositions," says a contemporary, "were grand, his attitudes easy and elegant, expression noble, colouring good, and his works in general have vast force; as master of the Dublin Society school few could have conducted it in the same regular manner." Six members were annually appointed to preside over the three drawing schools, which they visited at business hours, to see regularity and respect to the masters preserved, and all complaints were to be made through them to the Society. The following extracts, now published for the first time, relate to the academy in Shaw's-court:—

30th June, 1757.—"Dr. Wynne laid a letter before the committee which he received from the right honorable the lord Duncannon with a list of the statues and bustos, and the expence of them; and recommending Mr. Joseph Wilton, statuary at Charing-cross, to the Society, as an honest and good statuary, and a proper person to be employed by them and corresponded with as they shall have occasion in his business."

8th September, 1757.—"Dr. Wynne read a letter from Joseph Wilton, statuary at Charing-cross, London, dated the 30th of August last, advising him that several of the statues and bustos which he is to send were packed in wooden cases, and put on board the Hopewell; and some of them in two cases put on board the Cleveland. He makes it a question whether the Society should insure the Hopewell, she sailing under a convoy; or if the Cleveland should sail without a convoy it be worth while to insure her, and Doctor Wynne desiring to know the opinion of the committee in this case, read as their resolution that there is no necessity to insure either of the above mentioned ships."

6th October, 1757.—"Dr. Wynne laid before the Dublin Society a letter he received from Mr. Jos Wilton, statuary, with an account of bustos and statues which he had sent to the Society with the expence of them, amounting to two hundred and nineteen pounds fifteen shillings. Ordered that the treasurer do pay the said charge of the bustos and statues—and that the secretary do return the Society's thanks to Mr. Wilton, for his present of a busto of the earl of Chesterfield cast by him."

10th November, 1757.—"Augustine Berville's bill for repairing the statues and bustos belonging to this Society being read, the said bill was referred to Mr. Carré and Mr. Maple,* who having considered thereof, reported that the sum of £15 will be a sufficient sum for his expence and labour in mending the above mentioned statues, &c."

* William Maple was one of the original members of the Society, and its secretary and registrar till his death in 1762, at the age of one hundred and four years.

The statues consisted of plaster casts from the great works of art in the foreign galleries, and the principal of them were the Apollo Belvedere, Flora and Antinous, from the Vatican; dancing Fauns, from the duke of Tuscany's gallery, Sancta Susanna, from St. Peter's; Bacchus, and Venus, styled "*aux belles fesses*." The busts, twenty in number, included Alexander, Homer, Demosthenes, Cicero, Brutus, and Marcus Aurelius.

The meetings of the society in Shaw's-court were held on every Thursday; and the premium committee met on the same day to take into consideration proper premiums for planting and husbandry. On Saturdays, they met for manufactures; on Mondays, for the fine arts and mechanics; on Tuesdays, for chemistry, dyeing and mineralogy; and on Wednesdays, for fisheries, until the Society's list of annual premiums had been completed. The untiring and disinterested efforts of the Dublin Society, in its early years, to promote native manufactures and to develop the industrial sources of the island are, we regret, too little known. Many members of both houses took an active part in its proceedings, and the Society, not being then dependant on the almost extorted generosity of an absentee legislature, obtained, during the first seven years of the reign of George III. parliamentary grants exceeding in amount forty thousand pounds; all of which they applied to promote national advancement. In 1764 we find orders given at several meetings for the inspection of various large houses in town to ascertain if they were suited to the objects of the Society, and in June 1765 having come to a resolution, that the present premises in Shaw's-court were insufficient for their accommodation, Ivory laid before the Society his estimate for an additional building, amounting to £549 : 16 : 10. In January, 1766, it was resolved that "the term which can be obtained of the Society's present house in Shaw's court, is so short and uncertain, that it is not proper or expedient for the Society to enlarge the same." Arrangements were accordingly made for the erection of a new edifice in Grafton-street, and the last meeting in Shaw's-court took place on Thursday, 22nd October, 1767. The history of the Dublin Society still remains unwritten, although more than seventy years have elapsed since an enlightened English author pointed out the value and importance of such a work in exhibiting the progress or retrogression of Ireland in agriculture and manu-

factures. The Society's house in Shaw's court subsequently became an auction room, and in 1772 we find notice of a body styled the "Shaw's court club." A private theatre was opened here in 1786: "while the necessary preparations were going forward, the Irish parliament was sitting; but the first play was deferred till the day on which it was prorogued, because many of the performers were members of the house of commons—Mr. Isaac Corry, Mr. Charles Powell Leslie, lord Henry Fitzgerald, Mr. Cromwell Price, Mr. Charles O'Neill, and others. At the performance, the duke of Rutland, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, and his lady, were present."

The following were the performers on this occasion :—

SHAW'S COURT THEATRE.

Monday evening, May 8, 1786.

The Force of Love.

Veranes	Lord Henry FitzGerald.
Leontine.....	Mr. C. Powell Leslie.
Atticus	Mr. Cromwell Price.
Theodosius.....	Mr. I. Corry.
Delia... ..	Mrs. Price.
Athenais.....	Mrs. St. Leger.

After the play, the lord and lady lieutenant, with the duke of Leinster, and all the nobility and gentry present, were "entertained at supper in the most sumptuous manner by the right honorable the attorney-general (John Fitz Gibbon, afterwards earl of Clare), at his house in Ely-place." Shaw's court was removed to make way for the erection of the Commercial buildings which stand on a portion of its site, and the private performances were transferred to the Music hall in Fishamble-street, of which we have before* given an account.

In a recess close to the eastern corner of Anglesea-street stood Fownes's court; so called from sir William Fownes; a man of considerable importance here in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and whose property, as will hereafter appear, devolved to the family of Tighe. In 1727 madame Violante, a French opera dancer, engaged a large house in Fownes's court for her exhibitions:—

"This house she converted into a commodious booth, and brought over a company of tumblers and rope-dancers, who exhibited for

* See the description of the amateur performances in Fishamble-street theatre, before the Union, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V., p. 46.

some time with success. In these performances madam Violante bore a principal part, having been bred a very capital dancer. But, as in all public spectacles, where the mind is not feasted, the eye soon grows weary and palled, so in this case, her audience in a short time decreased so much, that she, fertile in expedients, converted her booth into a play-house, and performed plays and farces. Fortune, who delights in sporting with mankind, and often calls her favorites from the most unlikely situations, seemed to have taken this spot under her peculiar care; for in this little theatre were sown those seeds of theatric genius, which afterwards flourished and delighted the world. Madam Violante, finding her efforts in exhibiting plays to fail, owing to the badness of the actors, formed a company of children, the eldest not above ten years of age. These she instructed in several petit pieces, and as the Beggar's opera was then in high estimation, she perfected her Lilliputian troop in it, and having prepared proper scenery, dresses, and decorations, she brought it out before it had been seen in Dublin. The novelty of the sight, the uncommon abilities of these little performers, and the great merit of the piece, attracted the notice of the town to an extraordinary degree. They drew crowded houses for a considerable length of time, and the children of Shakespeare's and Jonson's day, were not more followed or admired, than those tiny geniuses. Time, the true touchstone of merit, afterwards proved that the public were not mistaken in their judgment. I never have been able to obtain a complete list of the members of this little community, but from what I have collected, the names of several performers of great merit appear. In the Beggars' opera, miss Betty Barnes, an excellent actress, and whom I have often seen play by the names of Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Workman, personated captain Macheath; the afterwards well known master Isaac Sparks, played Peachum; master Beamsley, Lockit; master Barrington, afterwards so celebrated for Irishmen and low comedy, Fileh; miss Ruth Jenks, who died some years afterwards, Lucy; miss Mackay, Mrs. Peachum; and from the Polly of that day, sprung the beautiful, elegant, accomplished, captivating Woffington, to please and charm contending kingdoms. This extraordinary character is a striking instance, that the shining qualities of the mind, or graces of the person, are not confined to rank or birth, but are sometimes to be met with in the most unfavourable situations. Miss Woffington's origin was such as would puzzle a herald or antiquarian to trace. Her father's* con-

* She was probably the daughter of captain John Woffington, commander of a company in the city of Dublin militia, who, as appears from the Southwell manuscripts, was ordered by the lord lieutenant on 8th January, 1711, to be broken for his abuse of Henry Colley, justice of the peace, and Lewis Jones, esq., under a fictitious charge of their refusing to serve in the militia. A writer of the last century tells us that he remembered "seeing Mrs. Woffington's mother, whom she comfortably supported; a respectable looking old lady, in her short black velvet cloak, with deep rich fringe, a diamond ring, and small agate snuff-box. She had nothing to mind but going the rounds of the

dition in life is enveloped in obscurity, her mother for many years sold fruit at the entrance of Fownes's-court, poor and honest; yet from such parents, unassisted by friends, unimproved by education, till able to attain it by her own assiduity, did this peculiar ornament of the drama, and favorite of the graces, rise to a station so celebrated, as to be able to set the fashions, prescribe laws to tastes, and, beyond any of her time, present us with a lively picture of the easy well-bred woman of fashion.

Madame Violante quitted Fownes's-court in 1780, and in the succeeding year the theatre there was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Ward, two clever performers, who had withdrawn from the Smock-alley-company; they, however, continued here for but a brief period, and the great house in Fownes's-court became Bardin's chocolate-house. In this court were also held two eminent schools, that of the rev. Enoch Mac-Mullen (1750), and that of the rev. Thomas Benson, opened here in 1749, and maintained with great distinction for more than a quarter of a century. In June, 1755, Bardin's chocolate house, was converted into the general post office of Dublin, and Fownes's court, on which it stood, has been totally obliterated by the widening of the eastern part of Dame-street. Francesco Geminiani, an eminent musician, born at Lucca about 1666, and for a time leader of the orchestra at Naples, held his concerts in 1739 in a locality called from him, "Geminiani's great room," in "Spring gardens," Dame-street, opposite to Fownes's-street. This early visit of Geminiani to Dublin,* apparently unknown to all his biographers, is authenticated by a contemporary official manuscript document. In 1727, through the earl of Essex's influence,

Catholic chapel and chatting with her neighbours." Mrs. Woffington, the actress, built and endowed a number of almshouses at Teddington, Middlesex, and there they are to this day. She is buried in the church; her name on her tombstone."

* The prevalence of the taste for Italian music in Ireland at this period is noticed in a contemporary (1739) Dublin poem—

"There's scarce a Forth-man or Fingallian,
But sings or whistles in Italian,
Instead of good old harley mew,
With 't amo tanto' drive the plough,
They o'er their cuprean slag, 'si caro'
And dare prophane it at the harrow."

A sketch of the state of music in Dublin in the early part of the last century was published in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V. p. 20, where among other particulars will be found a notice of the celebrated Nicolini's visit to our city, a fact unknown to Burney, Hawkins, and all other writers on the subject.

the office of director of the state music in Ireland was offered to Geminiani who, although not remarkable for very strong religious feelings, declined to accept a post which could not be held by a Roman catholic. His pupil Matthew Du Bourg was subsequently appointed to the situation, and when Geminiani in 1761 revisited Dublin, he was kindly entertained by his former protégé. Charles O'Connor tells us that Geminiani was "struck with the harmony of our (old Irish) airs, and declared he found none of so original a turn on this side of the Alps;" his death, which took place on College-green in 1762, was supposed to have been accelerated by having lost, through the dishonesty of a servant, an elaborate treatise on music, which he had spent many years in compiling. "I often saw Geminiani, the musical composer," says a contemporary dramatist, "and greatly admired the minuet named after him; he had a concert room in Dublin, in a court the college end of Dame-street.—Geminiani was a little man, sallow complexion, black eye-brows, pleasing face; his dress blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold." "Geminiani's great room" in Spring gardens, became a general place for public exhibitions. In 1742 it was occupied by a French musician named Charles; lectures on philosophy and correlative subjects were occasionally delivered there, and in 1752 a portion of it was taken by a number of surgeons as a charitable hospital. In 1771 the "Lyceum," in Spring gardens, became the place of meeting of a debating society, which met there on Saturday evenings; the debates began at 7½ p.m., and although generally of a political nature they frequently turned on questions of science and literature. Soon after this period it was converted into "Chapman's picture auction-room," and in 1773 the inhabitants of Dublin thronged here to see the famous conjurer,

"Katterfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

James Chapman, proprietor of the room, had in early life been a landscape painter, in his latter years he became an auctioneer and died in Dublin in 1792.

The first original literary periodical printed in Ireland was published in 1744 by the reverend Jean Pierre Droz, a clergyman of the reformed church of France; the first part of the work was issued with this title: "A literary journal." October, November, December, 1744. Dublin: printed by S. Powell,

for the author, 1744." It consisted of 228 pages, and contained fourteen articles. In his proposals Droz gave the following account of his design :—

"As foreign books are only known from the French journals, published abroad, understood by few, and read by fewer, my intention is to give English abstracts of the most important foreign books, German, Dutch, French, or Latin. To execute this scheme, I shall chuse the best abstracts to be found in the great variety of foreign journals; give them either whole or in part, according to the importance of the subject; enlarge upon what shall be judged to be of the greatest moment; and suppress what shall appear to be of small use. I shall also venture some short remarks of my own, when necessary, to the better understanding of the subject in hand, and sometimes give abstracts which are not to be met with in any journal: in short, I shall use my best endeavours that nothing be omitted, that may render this work agreeable or useful to the public. Though my principal design is to give information of foreign books, yet I do not mean so to confine myself as never to take notice of English writers, who treat of matters either entirely new, or remarkably curious. I shall speak of them, as of every other, in as concise a manner as possible, free from flattery or malignity. Satire, personal reflections, and whatever might reasonably give offence, shall be totally excluded from these papers. I shall most industriously avoid whatever may directly or indirectly affect the government we have the happiness of living under, or be any way repugnant to the respect we owe those entrusted with it. As liberty in religious matters* is the right of every rational being, I shall make use of mine, but in such a manner as will not, I hope, prejudice the cause of true Christianity. I will receive with gratitude friendly advice, and dissertations upon any literary subject, and will insert them in this journal, provided their authors keep within the bounds I have prescribed to myself. The author of any abstract, of any dissertation, or of any particular remark inserted in an abstract, shall not be named, without his express consent; but such remarks shall be so distinguished, as not to be mistaken for mine. A writer who aims at public utility alone, is satisfied and sufficiently rewarded if his performance be approved of, should the contrary happen, he has reason to keep himself concealed. The favourable reception of this undertaking must necessarily depend on the execution; the public must decide its fate. Success will encourage me to go on, and to give four parts octavo, every year, one each quarter, containing about fourteen sheets, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence English money, each part. The want of success shall be ascribed to my want of proper abilities, and determine me to leave off immediately. The only favour I shall ask of my readers in such a case is, quickly to forget that ever any such attempt was made. All books of note published abroad, of which no abstract is given, shall be exactly mentioned at the end of each volume, with whatever happens re-

* The Penal laws were in full force at this period.

in the universities of Muscovy, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and France."

accounts of contemporary Continental literature, given the title of "literary news" at the end of each number, exceedingly ample. In 1749 Droz removed from Collegeo Dame-street,* "next door to the sign of the 'olive

iam Norman, bookseller and bookbinder to the duke of Ormond, in Dame-street in the reign of Charles II., he was attainted in 1690, and an English writer at the close of the same century tells us that "He is a middling squat man, that loves to live and has a spouse who understands preparing good things as well as the best lady in Ireland. He has a hole in his nose occasioned by a nail in his nurse's waistcoat, which happened to run in it; and, instead of a skilful hand to dress it, the hole remains to this day, and without disfiguring his face. He invited me to his house, and, when I came, he gave me a hearty welcome. I found Mr. Norman an excellent tradesman and he has this peculiar to himself, that whatever he has in his shop is the most excellent of its kind). He is a very grave, honest tradesman, understands his trade extraordinary well, and has the honor to be an master of the booksellers' company in Dublin.—He treated me kindly, showing me all his house, and therein his picture, done to the life, that even Zeuxis, or Apelles, could scarce exceed it. In his house he had me to his garden, which, though not very large, was much admired for the curiousness of the knots, and variety of flowers that are in it; he being an excellent florist, and well stocked with all the variegated tapestry of nature in the several months of the year. Mr. Norman has this peculiar to himself, that the best he has in his garden is the most excellent of its kind. He has an adjoining to this earthly paradise, to shelter his more tender plants and flowers from the insults of winter storms."

Following booksellers and publishers also resided in Dame-street: Fabrij, marchand libraire Français (1704); Thomas Shephard, the horse guard (1706); Joseph Leathley (1719), at the corner of Moore-alley; J. Norris (1721); George Ewing (1724), at the "Angel and Bible;" Thomas Harbin (1725), opposite Crane-lane; E. Risk (1726); George Risk, at "Shakespeare's-head," the corner of Crane-lane (1726); Richard Norris, at the "Indian Queen" (1726); Thomas and E. Needham, next door to the "Angel and Bible," publisher of "The Whitehall Gazette, containing foreign and domestick news" (1727); J. Hyde (1727); William Smith, at the "Hercules," in Castle-market (1728); Philip Crampton, at "Addison's-head," the horse guard; the First fruits office was held in his house for two years after which he retired from business, and was succeeded in his house by Peter Wilson, who had previously resided at "Shakespeare's-head," near Fownes's-street. In 1749 Wilson, together with apprentice, Richard Watts, was summoned before the house of Commons for having printed certain papers relative to the dispute with John Lucas; and in January, 1764, the same house committed him to the gate for publishing in his magazine a paragraph reflecting on Arthur Brook, one of their members. After making an ample apology, he was liberated in the following month. Wilson's "Dublin

tree,' and exactly opposite to George's-lane," the last number of his journal appeared in June of the same year, and the work at present forms five octavo volumes. The essays are chiefly on

Magazine," the first original miscellany of that nature printed in Ireland, commenced in 1762, and was published monthly for two years. It contained several original articles in verse and prose, with a considerable number of engravings executed by G. Byrne, a native artist. Wilson was also the compiler and publisher of the first Dublin directory extant: it appeared in 1752, in a threepenny pamphlet, containing an "inconsiderable list of merchants, with some eminent grocers." Of this he also issued a second edition, "enlarged with an abstract of the imports and exports of Dublin, and an account of the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch monies, with their value in British money." This edition was sold at sixpence, and had so limited a circulation that it produced little more than defrayed the cost of printing and paper. Discouraged at the result, Wilson published no directory in the year 1754; and would have totally abandoned the undertaking, had not two respectable merchants, messieurs Pim and Pike, interested themselves in his favour, and solicited shilling subscriptions, to enable him to proceed. Thus encouraged, he enlarged his plan by including all the principal traders, together with the professions, and appended an engraved plan of the city. This edition appeared with success in 1755, and from that year he regularly continued its publication till 1771, when declining health obliged him to resign business to his son, who carried on the directory till 1781, when his creditors, supposing him to be the owner of the copyright, disposed of it by auction. Proceedings having been instituted by the original compiler, the sale was set aside, and the copyright declared to be the sole property of old Peter Wilson, who allowed his son to publish the work till 1801, "when death put an end to one who," says his father, "it must be acknowledged, was possessed of a spirit beyond his income, and of abilities superior to the common ranks of tradesmen; witness his 'Post-chaise companion,' his new 'Plan of Dublin, with the environs;' and his travelling pocket map of the roads of Ireland." Peter Wilson, in his eighty-second year, then residing at No. 7, Glasnevin-road, opposite Phibsborough, superintended the publication of the directory for 1802, and died in September, the same year, bequeathing the copyright of the work to his daughters and grandson, from whom it was purchased by William Corbet, of 57, Great Britain-street. Such is the early history of the Dublin directory, which, in the course of a century, having grown from a "threepenny pamphlet" to a closely-printed octavo volume of nearly twelve hundred pages, is now, owing to the labors of Mr. Thom, admitted to contain more statistical "information about Ireland than has been collected in one volume in any country." The other booksellers and publishers in Dame-street were Abraham Bradley, at the "Golden ball and ring," opposite to Sycamore-alley (1731); appointed King's stationer in 1740; Stearns Brock (1735), at the corner of Crow-street; Pierre Lantel (1749); Thomas Moore, at "Erasmus's-head" (1747); Robert Main, at "Homer's head," opposite to Fownes's-street (1752); Matthew Williamson, opposite to Sycamore-alley (1752), publisher of the "Universal Advertiser," which vigorously opposed primate Stone, in the great contest with the Boyle party, who made Williamson's shop one of their chief places of resort: William Brien (1753); Richard James

theological and scientific subjects to the almost total exclusion of the literature of the country. One of the editor's correspondents in 1746 endeavoured to remedy this defect by

(1756), at Newton's head, printer of the Dublin Gazette, succeeded by Timothy Dyton; Jane Grierson, at the corner of Castle-lane (1759); Edward Exshaw, at the "Bible" (1760); Samuel Powell, an eminent typographer, who built a large printing-office in 1762, opposite to Fownes's-street, and died at a very advanced age in 1772; Hulton Bradley, at the "King's arms and two Bibles" (1768); James Potts, at "Swift's head" (1766), published the "Dublin Courier" on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and in 1771 issued the first number of the "Hibernian Magazine," which subsequently became the property of Thomas Walker, at "Cicero's head," No. 79, Dame-street. Potts served his apprenticeship to George Faulkner, and became publisher of "Saunders's News-Letter," which is still retained by his representatives. This paper took its name from Henry Saunders, a printer and bookseller, who lived (1754) in Christ church-lane, and afterwards at the sign of the "Salmon," in Castle-street, whence, in 1773, he removed to 20, Great Ship-street, where he died, a sheriff's peer, in 1788. Saunders's News-Letter, originally published on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, contained twelve columns; it was subsequently enlarged to sixteen, and sold for one penny. Potts began for the first time to publish it daily in June, 1777. In 1791 James Potts was ordered into custody for having published in Saunders an advertisement which was declared a gross violation of the privileges of the house of commons. Some time after Giffard, editor of Faulkner's Journal, commenced assailing Potts, under the name of "Jacobin," and accused his paper of disseminating seditious principles. A paragraph reflecting on the "dog in office" having appeared in Saunders's News-Letter on Saturday, October 18, 1794, Giffard, ex sheriff of Dublin, and his son, Harding, assaulted and horsewhipped Potts on the following day while officiating as churchwarden at Taney, county Dublin. Although the punsters asserted that there was nothing extraordinary in "the Dog having licked Potts," Giffard was brought to trial before baron Smith, in July, 1795, condemned to suffer four months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of five marks. This sentence was remitted by the lord lieutenant on condition of his paying twenty pounds to the poor of Taney, twenty pounds to those of Stillorgan, and ten pounds to the Four Courts Marshalsea. James Potts died in 1796, and in 1797 John Potts, his successor, was committed to the sergeant-at-arms and reprimanded by the speaker for an obnoxious article published in his paper. Andrew Cherry, an actor of considerable merit, and author of ten dramatic pieces, was originally apprenticed to James Potts, of Dame-street, whose employment he quitted in 1779 for the stage, on which he had made his first appearance as an amateur in the character of "Lucius," in Cato, performed in a large room at the "Blackamoor's head," Dublin. He made his debut as a professional actor at Naas, in the part of "Feignwell," in the "Bold stroke for a wife," and, after experiencing many vicissitudes, finally became manager of a theatrical company in Wales, where he died in 1812.

Among the other booksellers and publishers in Dame-street were Bernard Murray (1778), of "Chronicle-court," printer of the "Dublin Chronicle;" Samuel Watson, at "Virgil's head," opposite Shaw's-court,

writing to him as follows : " I could wish, that to give us the lives and characters of such gentlemen, of *this* country, as distinguished themselves in the republick of letters, was a part of your plan. I am convinced we should not want such, were proper encouragement given, and were we not in letters, as in other things, so foolishly prejudiced against the produce of our own soil." These remarks were unattended to, and in the entire work are to be found but three papers treating of Irish subjects. Droz imported considerable quantities of foreign books, and commenced the publication of a series of French comedies : he published several works written here by the French refugees, and edited Broughton's dictionary of religions. The profession of a bookseller did not interfere with his sacerdotal character, and on Sundays he officiated as clergyman at the French church of St. Patrick's. He died on the 23d of December, 1751, after which his countryman Desvoeux, made an unsuccessful effort to resuscitate the periodical, under the title of the " Compendious library, or literary journal revived." Desvoeux was author of " *Defense de la religion reformée, ou réfutation d'un livre intitulé ; la verité de la religion catholique prouvée par l'Ecriture sainte, par Mr. Mahis, chanoine de l'eglise d'Orleans, ci-devant ministre de la religion reformée,*" 4 volumes 12mo. Amsterdam : 1735. He also wrote " *Lettres sur les miracles,*" 12mo. Rotterdam : 1735 ; a " *Philosophical and critical essay on Ecclesiastes,*" 4to. London : 1760, and translated La Bletterie's life of Julian. He was appointed chaplain to lord George Sackville's regiment, and subsequently became minister of the French congregation at Port Arlington, the ancient territory of the tribe of *Ua Dima-saigh*, or O'Dempsey, which, after the treaty of Limerick, had

publisher of the Dublin almanac and of " *The young gentleman and ladies' Magazine, or the repository of all entertaining, useful, and polite knowledge ;*" Alexander Stewart, who kept a circulating library and published in 1774 " *St. Patrick's Anti-stamp Chronicle, or independent magazine of news, politicks, and literary entertainments ;*" J. Bonham, No. 42 (1777) ; I. Colles, at the corner of Temple-lane (1776) ; William Hallhead, No. 63 (1779) ; Caleb Jenkin, No. 58 (1780) ; J. Dowling No. 7, the corner of Palace-street, publisher of the " *Volunteer's Journal, or Irish Herald ;*" William Sleater, No. 28, New buildings, publisher of " *Sleater's Dublin Chronicle,*" commenced in 1787 ; Luke White, at No. 86 (1776) ; William Mackenzie (1788) ; Richard White, No. 20 (1790) ; and James Archer, of 80 Dame-street, whose shop was the rendezvous of the literary men of Dublin during the last ten years of the eighteenth century.

been planted with Dutch and other foreign settlers, by baron Ruvigny, whom William III. created earl of Galway.

An English writer of the latter part of the last century has left us the following notice of De Gree, an artist who died in Dame-street in the year 1789 :—

“He was born at Antwerp, and the son of a taylor, who lived in the square near the cathedral; when a child, his manners were so engaging, that an abbé solicited his father, to let him educate him for the church; which proposal his parents readily acceded to: by this gentleman's instructions, he soon became a tolerable proficient in the classics; and had read so much of the controversies as to form an opinion of his own; which was diametrically opposite to that professed by his patron. The abbé finding he would not make a good priest, knew he would make a good painter; and artied him to a Mr. Gerrards of Antwerp, for 7 years. Gerrards was an imitator of De Wit, the celebrated basso relievo painter. The first works of De Gree are hardly to be distinguished from those of his master, but by copying the models of Fiamingo, he acquired a broader manner, and more tender style of colouring. In the year 1782, when I visited Antwerp, he was then studying the English language with a view of going to London; to which place, sir Joshua Reynolds invited him in 1781: he came to London, for the purpose of going to Dublin, where he had pictures to paint for Mr. La Touche. Sir Joshua received him with every mark of attention, and wished him to settle in London; but on his declining that proposal, he made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his expences to Ireland: De Gree did not keep a shilling of the money, but immediately remitted it to his aged parents, at Antwerp; to whom he was a most affectionate and dutiful son. His first work in Ireland, was executed for Mr. LaTouche, for whom he had painted several pictures during his residence in Antwerp. De Gree thought he could not, in honor, charge him more for his works, than he had done when in Flanders; and he received a sum for a large work, that but barely paid his board and lodging in a family. On my arrival in Dublin, in 1787, I found him in a bad state of health, the cause of which was too close application, and the prejudicial mode of living that he pursued: he had but two small rooms, in the one he kept his pictures and slept, and in the other he worked, so that he was day and night, breathing an atmosphere poisoned by the fumes of lead, which brought on those violent bilious attacks to which he died a martyr. The low prices which he got for his pictures would not allow him to relax or indulge himself in the stimulus of a small portion of wine, which he had been accustomed to in his own country: for if he had, he could not have indulged himself in the much higher gratification, of sending a portion of his earnings to his aged parents; which he always did to the utmost farthing he could spare, so much so, that, when he died, he had only a few shillings in his possession, though his illness was but of a few days' duration. I think it necessary, in the memoirs of a man so amiable, to deny a report that has been maliciously circulated at Antwerp,

that he died a martyr to intemperance. As a friend, he was warm and sincere, all his actions were governed by philanthropy, and honesty ; his manners were affable, and cheerful ; and he never lost a friend after having gained one. He excelled in painting groupes of boys in imitation of alto relievo on marble ; and many of them are such masterly deceptions, that it must be a nice observer who would not think them real projections—having constantly employed himself in the painting of children, from Fiamingo, he neglected the study of anatomy, and designed the adult figure very incorrectly. He made an attempt at portrait painting, but did not succeed."

Early in the reign of George III. Patrick Daly, who had originally occupied a subordinate position in a Dublin tavern, opened a chocolate-house at nos. 2. and 3. Dame-street, which soon became the most famous establishment of its kind in Ireland, and was the usual resort of the nobility and members of parliament. Clubs first came into fashion about this time, and strange anecdotes have been told of the various extraordinary scenes which were enacted at Daly's ; the windows of some of the apartments are said to have been occasionally closed at noon, and deep gambling carried on by candlelight. As in Bath, it was not uncommon to see a gambler, suspected of cheating, flung out of one of the upper windows ; and sanguinary duels were frequently fought in the precincts of the club-house. The sketch of Beauchamp Bagenal of Dunleckny, exhibits some of the peculiarities of the Irish "bucks" at this period :

" He was one of those persons, who, born to a large inheritance, and having no profession to interrupt their propensities, generally made in those times the grand tour of Europe, as the finishing part of a gentleman's education. Mr. Bagenal followed the general course ; and on that tour had made himself very conspicuous. He had visited every capital of Europe, and had exhibited the native original character of the Irish gentleman at every place he visited. In the splendour of his travelling establishment, he quite eclipsed the petty potentates with whom Germany was garnished. His person was fine—his manners open and generous—his spirit high—and his liberality profuse. During his tour, he had performed a variety of feats which were emblazoned in Ireland, and endeared him to his countrymen. He had fought a prince—jilted a princess—intoxicated the doge of Venice—carried off a duchess from Madrid—scaled the walls of a convent in Italy—narrowly escaped the Inquisition at Lisbon—concluded his exploits by a celebrated fencing match at Paris ; and he returned to Ireland, with a sovereign contempt for all Continental men and manners, and an inveterate antipathy to all despotic kings and arbitrary governments."

Boxing and fencing were, at this period, indispensable accomplishments to gentlemen of fortune, who displayed an energy in carrying out their projects which cannot fail to astonish the present generation, and certainly proves that debility did not produce that enervation of the constitution which might have been anticipated. Buck Whaley's expedition to play ball against the walls of Jerusalem, familiar to most of our readers, is but a single specimen of the eccentric projects which formed the subject of large wagers; while the following anecdote of another Irish gentleman shows that time, place, and expense could not impede the prosecution of the wildest schemes: Mr. St. George's father, on his death, in 1775, expressed a desire to be interred near London. His son, a noted "buck," accordingly had the corpse cased in a leaden coffin, and sailed, with a large retinue, to Parkgate. After proceeding about twenty miles on British ground, the vessel halted at an inn, and St. George commanded the landlord to have the coffin placed in the best room of his house. This was opposed by a club of gentlemen who at the time occupied the apartment, and their president assured St. George in person that, so far from wishing to have his father's body in the room, they could very well dispense with his body. On receiving this answer, St. George withdrew peacefully: having learned the president's name, he retired to rest, and proceeded next morning on his funereal mission, and about ten days afterwards re-appeared at the inn. Upon inquiring for the Englishman who had refused him the room, he learned that he was gone to St. Omer, to which place he followed him; when he arrived, the gentleman had gone to Paris; and when he went to Paris, he was gone to Naples; when he arrived at Naples, he was gone to Rome. To Rome he pursued his journey, and learned that, the day before his arrival, the gentleman, having received a letter which demanded his immediate presence, was returned to his seat in England. Thither he also proceeded; challenged, fought and wounded him, then shook hands with him, and became his most intimate and particular friend, which he ever afterwards remained.

A further illustration of the peculiar habits of the gentry of the middle of the last century is furnished by the following description of one of those convivial meetings, which were appropriately styled by a French writer "*parties absolument à l'angloise*:"—

“Close to the kennel of my father’s hounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chace, and the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments. My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an interrupted match of what is called ‘hard going,’ till the weather should break up. A hogshead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bedchamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon and bread were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father’s and brother’s pipers, and Doyle a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop. My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India); a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster; Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood; and two other sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted. As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen’s day, when the ‘*hard goers*’ partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their ‘*shut-up pilgrimage*.’ The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants; the fiddler tuned his Cremona; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified. I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on Leonarda’s skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its

own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry thoughts exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops from the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hobnobs, and joyous toasts. Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry: one songster chanted the joys of wine and women: another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chase: the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn and thrusting his fore-finger into his ear (to aid the quaver), the *view halloo!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer! My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Two couple of favourite hounds had been introduced to share in the joyous pastime of their friends and master; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonised by two rattling pipers, a jigging fiddler, and twelve voices, in twelve different keys, all bellowing in one continuous unrelenting chime—was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise: for my eyes began to perceive a much larger company than the room actually contained;—the lights were more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number; and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A faint *tally ho* was attempted by my reluctant lips; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost, in the straw-room, all that brilliant consciousness of existence, in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy. Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve-hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of '*stole away!*' which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage. At noon, next day a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever. The room of banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman; spitchocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow bones appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth

looked, itself, fresh and exciting ; jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed. A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts ; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons ; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cockfight, to pass time till the approach of dinner. In this battle-royal, every man backed his own bird ; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii was re-acted ; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent ; being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead ; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days ; and I remember him, for many years the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio.—Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes ; the claret was upon its stoop ; and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting ! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene. An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment ; and what was then termed a ‘raking pot of tea,’ put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good humour, to such a revel as I never saw before, and I am sure, shall never see again.”

Gambling, duelling, and drinking were not, however, the only obnoxious characteristics of the fashionable gentlemen of this time ; impiety and profaneness were carried to an excess, which would appear almost incredible to the present generation. Noblemen and commoners of the highest rank, moving in the first circles in both kingdoms, were to be found enrolled among the members either of the “Hell-fire club,” or the “Trinity or Holy Ghost boys ;” the charter toasts of the former were—“the Devil,” and “damnation to us all ;” while the latter awarded premiums to the fabricators of the most blasphemous sentiments. Of the other extraordinary associations in Dublin at this time, the “Cherokee club” claims precedence, no less from the peculiarity of its constitution, than from the temporary sensation which its proceedings created in the metropolis.*

*“To the surprise and terror of civil society, the disgrace of common sense, and in the defiance of common and statute law, a set of young

Uncivilized and anomalous as the state of society thus exhibited may appear to us, it must be recollected that the manners of past generations are not to be estimated by the advanced civilization and morality of our own time ; nor are

men, fashionables of fortune, in Dublin, have lately," says a writer in 1792, "formed themselves into a hostile corps, which they call the Cherokee squadron ; the uniform is scarlet lined with yellow, and edged with black ; they meet once a week at a noted tavern to a sumptuous dinner, and each member having loaded himself with four bottles of claret, and primed with a large bumper of cherry-brandy, they proceed to the business of the institution. But before we enter into the details of its several purposes, it is necessary to state the qualifications which are indisputable to admission ; and on this we pledge ourselves, notwithstanding the incredulity which we suspect will attend our British reader, to be perfectly authentic, and to set down nought in malice. To become a member of the Cherokee club of Dublin, it is first necessary that the candidate should have carried off and debauched a maid, a wife, and a widow, or an indefinite number of each. Secondly, that he should have fought three duels ; in one of which, at least, he must either have wounded, or have been wounded by his antagonist. Thirdly, he must at some one time of his life, have drunk six bottles of claret after dinner, in half pint bumpers, and given a new Cyprian toast with each bumper. Fourthly, to arrive at the honour of the president's chair, it is absolutely requisite that the member should have killed, at least, one man in a duel, or a waiter in a violent passion. Fifthly, that no religious distinctions should disturb the tranquillity of the several meetings, it is absolutely necessary that the members in general should disavow every theological knowledge. Sixthly, each candidate must be so good a marksman, as to split a bullet discharged from an ordinary pistol on the edge of a case knife, three times in five, at the distance of nine feet. Seventhly, each candidate must be an expert fencer. Eighthly, each candidate must have either won or lost the sum of one thousand pounds at one sitting, at the game of hazard. Ninthly, each candidate must be proposed by a brother in full meeting, and proper evidence given of his qualifications. Tenthly, he must take an oath before admission to support the interests of the society by every possible means, and at risk of life and fortune. Each man, having drunk his quantum, as before mentioned, the first question proposed is, what places of public amusement are open for the evening, and that being determined, the question of annoyance is proposed, whether the attack shall commence with cat-calls, which they call the war-whoop, or with whistlings, which is termed the wood-whoop ; or whether by direct assault or surprize ; and this question being also disposed of, they all examine their sword-canes, and sally forth for action. Although there is much bravery in their attacks, they cannot boast of much gallantry ; for they charge indiscriminately both men and women, who are unlucky enough to fall in their way. When they enter the play-house, or Rotunda, and set up the war-whoop, the women, in general, response through terror, and nothing is heard or seen but screams and faintings ; the candles are all knocked out, and darkness follows.—Several actions have been already commenced in the courts of justice, against individuals of this new institution ; but as they are sworn to have but one purse upon such occasions, there is but little hope of retribution. The Che-

we to conclude that the Irish gentry of the last century were more improvident or dissolute than the upper classes of other European states. To attempt a description of the licentiousness and profanity of the old noblesse of France, would justly expose the writer to the charges which weigh so heavily against the chronicler of the vices of the Cæsars, and the no less culpable expositors of libidinous classic authors of antiquity. The state of Dublin in the last century was by no means worse than that of London, which is described by the English moralist as :—

“ the needy villain’s general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome ;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.”

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will, before you sup from home,
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain.
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose ;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd’rer bursts the faithless bar ;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest.
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast :
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.”

rokees, and the policemen, have had several close and desperate battles ; but the latter are always defeated. No lives, however, have yet been lost, though several on both sides have been sadly wounded. Such is the general dread of this new military corps, that the citizens actually go armed after dusk, and the whole town appears like a garrison in fear of assault from a foreign power.” In May, 1792, we are told, that “ the Cherokee club in Dublin, a society of young men, who agree to drink six bottles each after dinner, and to appear in public places in an uniform of red and blue, have committed such excesses in the Rotunda, which has been open for the benefit of a charitable institution, that it is now shut up. One of the rules of this society is, that if any member is seen sober after dinner, he shall be fined thirty pounds for the first offence, fifty pounds for the second, and for the third shall be expelled. A club is forming in Dublin by a number of young gentlemen, who though not of the first fashion, are high in blood, and affluent in circumstances. They are to be called Mohawks ; and without any thought of determined hostility, a resolute alienation from the practices of the Cherokees forms a fundamental principle of their association.”

The extent to which immorality, profligacy and irreligion prevailed in England amongst both sexes, of the highest classes, can scarcely be credited by any who are not conversant with the scandalous chronicles of the time. Gambling attained to such a height shortly previous to the American war, that five thousand pounds were known to have been staked on a single card at Faro. Horace Walpole, although he caricatured the gamblers at White's club, won, at a single sitting, sufficient to defray a year's expenditure at Strawberry-hill; and Charles James Fox sat on one occasion at cards for twenty-two hours, losing at the rate of five hundred pounds per hour. Johnson, who is regarded as the personification of morality, argued in favor of duelling, and was occasionally seen at taverns in not very reputable company; while his participation in the midnight freaks of some wild young men, made David Garrick fear that he should be called on to bail the old philosopher out of the round-house. It was a common practice in England, at this period, for duellists, armed both with swords and pistols, to meet without seconds; and outrages in the streets of London, were almost unchecked by the insufficient police force. The proceedings of the "Hell-fire" and "Holy Ghost" clubs of Dublin, were far excelled in infamy by the orgies of the London Dilettanti club, and by the blasphemous obscenities of the brotherhood of Medmenham abbey, who, according to one of the fraternity, were "but dull dogs after all; daring without any imagination, and profligate without any wit." Dr. Warburton, speaking of one of the chief members of this English club, declared that "the blackest fiends in Hell would not keep company with him when he should arrive there." Although irreligion, gambling, and debauchery prevailed to a certain extent here in the last century, it is certain that Ireland produced neither Brownriggs nor Metyards, and her people were free from the dark and loathsome vices, which, however unnoticed by modern writers, were practised to a fearful extent even amongst the higher classes in England, and have left an indelible stigma upon the generations which were stained by those crimes,—crimes, which, according to the contemporary English poet:—

" truly to unfold
Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
And strike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame;

Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace,
Which for the guilty, leave no hope no place
E'en in God's mercy."—

We thus see that England, in the last century, was disgraced by the most atrocious vices; while the crimes of France, according to philosophic writers, called from heaven a fearful retribution in the horrors of the French revolution. The authors who have of late years treated of Ireland in the last century, are deserving of the severest reprehension for the false impression which their works tend to excite in the minds of the unreflecting and ill-informed. Those superficial writers, ignorant of the condition of other European states,* have gravely censured the men of the eighteenth century for not having been so civilized and refined as the people of our own day; and while they have raked together all the monstrosities and disgusting peculiarities of shoe-blacks, drunkards and malefactors, we vainly seek in their works for notices of those illustrious Irishmen, who gave their own country a place among nations, founded a school of statesmen in England, won for Great Britain her Indian empire, and, with their blood, cemented the foundations of the great American republic.

"With respect to drinking," says an English traveller in 1778, "I have been happily disappointed, the bottle is circulated freely, but not to that excess we have heard it was, and I of course dreaded to find. Common sense is resuming her empire; the practise of cramming guests is already exploded, and that of gorging them is daily losing ground. Wherever I have yet been, I was always desired to do just as I would chuse; nay, I have been at some tables, where the practise of drinking healths, at dinner, was entirely laid aside. Let the custom originate whence it may, it is now unnecessary; in many cases it is unseasonable, and in all superfluous. The tables of the first fashion are covered just as in London; I can see scarcely any difference, unless it be that there is more variety here. Well bred people, of different countries, approach much nearer to each other in their manners, than those who have not seen the world. This is visible in the living of the merchants of London and Dublin; with these, you never see a stinted dinner, at two o'clock, with a glass of port after it; but you find a table, not only plentifully, but luxuriously spread, with choice of wines, both at dinner, and after it; and, which gives the highest zest to the entertainment, your host receives you with such an appearance of liberality, and indeed urbanity, as is very pleasing. Here, they betray no attention to the

* Analogous observations, as applied to the more ancient eras of Irish history, will be found in the essay on the "Celtic Records of Ireland." IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I, 614.

counter, discover no sombrous gloom of computation, but display an open frankness and social vivacity of spirit. I have been more than once entertained with a history of the good fellowship of this country, by persons who look back with horror on the scenes of their youth; when there was no resisting the torrent of fashion. They tell you that a large goblet called a 'constable,' used to be placed upon the table in *terrorem*, which he who flinched his glass was obliged to drink. They have recounted with rueful countenances, what 'constables' have been swallowed, what doors have been locked, what imprisonments have been endured, before they were finished, *i. e.* sent away like fleckered darkness, reeling before the sun's path, and Titan's burning wheels."

Another English writer, of the same period, makes the following observations on the drinking of claret, of which enormous quantities were annually consumed in Dublin before the Union:—

"Their wine is chiefly claret, the best of which, that the town produces, may be had at 2s. 6d. the bottle—the common price is two shillings—and to those who are accustomed to a claret of a greater body, it will soon become very pleasant, and the most agreeable palated wine, he will meet with in Ireland. 'Tis light, wholesome, and easy of digestion. You will think it rather of the marvellous, but it is no less true, that a middling drinker here will carry off his four bottles without being the least apparently disordered. A man is looked upon, indeed, as nothing with his bottle here, that can't take off his gallon cooly. I believe it may be said with a great deal of truth, that the Irish drink the most of any of his majesty's subjects with the least injury. 'Tis hardly possible, indeed, to make an Irishman, that can in any sense be called a drinker, thoroughly drunk with his claret; by that time he has discharged his five or six bottles, he will get a little flashy, perhaps, and you may drink him to eternity he'll not be much more. One very favourable circumstance for the drinker, custom has here established, their glasses are very small: the largest of these in common use, will not hold more, I believe, than about one-third of a gill, or quartern. This is an excellent custom in favour of the moderate drinker; for many a one of this class, I make no doubt, would be more intoxicated with three half-pint glasses, than he would be by three times three half pints drank in very small quantities at a time. But let my countryman be cautious of making comparisons relative to his wine; be careful not to call your claret, at any private gentleman's house, what yet it generally very justly deserves to be called, a pretty wine, or even a very pretty wine. For though a very common expression in England for good wines, yet the terms are not sufficiently expressive or emphatical for an Irishman, who, before you are aware of it, or apprehensive of having given any offence, will very probably descant away and explain upon the meaning of your expression, in a manner that will, perhaps, disconcert you, or, at best, give you but a very unfavourable opinion of the temper and

understanding of your host. For conscious of the inferiority of his claret to that of London, if he has ever known the difference, he will be jealous of every expression that has but even a distant appearance of being comparative.—The above caution is the result of my own experience in the country; and as it may eventually be a very useful one, I have introduced it."

A tourist, writing in 1780, tells us: "There is a very good society in Dublin in a parliament winter—a great round of dinners, and parties; and balls and suppers every night in the week, some of which are very elegant, but you almost everywhere meet a company much too numerous for the size of the apartments. They have two assemblies on the plan of those of London, in Fishamble street, and at the Rotunda; and two gentlemen's clubs, Anthing's and Daly's,* very well regulated: I heard some anecdotes of deep play at the latter, though never to the excess common in London." Nearly half

* The other taverns in Dame street were the "Duke's head," frequented by noblemen in the reign of James II; the "White hart," (1714); the "Crown and punch bowl, kept by John Finlay (1758); the "Sun ale house," kept by Lewis, frequented by gamblers and bad characters (1761), the "Half-moon ale house," kept by William Rutledge, who died in 1762; the "Still," a noted usquebaugh shop (1767) kept by Sarah Wren, opposite the Castle market; the "Robin hood" (1731-1770), opposite Coghill's court, kept by Owen Sullivan; a stage-coach for Kilkenny started from this inn, and a political club called the "Robin Hood society," opposed to the government, held its meetings here in the early part of the reign of George III.; in one of the songs of this body, we find the following verses:—

" Our toasts are Will Pitt, honest Bernard the cit,
Next, the good colonel Dunn shall go round, sirs,
Who gave up his all, at his country's call,
The like of him scarce can be found, sirs;
Then Lucas the brave,
That foe to the slave,
Who the wicked ones still will be troubling;
Those tyrants in furs
Shan't treat us like curs,
While Charley sits member for Dublin.
To these, and such others, dear liberty's friends,
We toasts are successively drinking;
The minutes beguiling, we're smoking, and joking
At those who sit pensively thinking.
Silence, Robin Hoods all,
Let us open the ball,
Says the president, prithee, good fellow,
Let us sing a song round,
Thus our joys shall abound,
Till potent sir John, makes us mellow."

With the exceptions of Daly's, above noticed, the most important tavern in Dame street was the "Rose and bottle," in which were held (1748) the meetings of the "Sportsman's club," which arranged the races at the Curragh and subscribed for plates to be run for by Irish bred horses. This tavern was the meeting-place of the "Rose club," a political body connected with the early agitation of Lucas, and here

the land of Ireland is said to have changed owners at Daly's, and tradition has preserved several marvellous tales of the reckless character of the frequenters of this gambling house. The fashionable gentlemen of Dublin at this period were generally styled "bucks:" such were "buck Whaley," "buck Jones," "buck Lawless," and "buck English;" the latter was long remembered for the humane disposition which he evinced on one occasion, by throwing a quantity of hot half-crowns to a number of importunate mendicants. An Irish authoress of the last century, intimately conversant with the arcana of the fashionable world of Dublin in her own day, has left us the following characteristic anecdote of this fire-eating buck:—

"One night at Daly's hell, buck English, that sanguinary hero, happened to fall fast asleep, when a thought came into the heads of some gentlemen engaged at silver hazard, to frighten the buck at his wits, and accordingly, without the smallest noise, had the fire removed, and all the candles extinguished, after which they began to make a horrid racket with the dice, 'seven or eleven,'—'seven's the main,'—By G—, sir, that's not fair,'—'I appeal to the groom porter.' 'Rascal Davenport, what did Lawler throw?'—'You lie, you lie, you villain,'—d— your body, take that.' Then swords were drawn, and a dreadful clashing, and uproar ensued; all the while the dice rattling away. In the midst of this tremendous din, the buck awoke frightened out of his wits, fearing the Almighty to punish him for his murderous deeds, had struck him blind, and falling his knees, for the first time since his arrival to manhood, began to ejaculate in the most devout manner, all the prayers he could recollect, not omitting his old 'Ave Maria,' for the buck was reared a good Roman Catholic; and in this lamentable situation he was removed quite in the dark, to a bed prepared for him in the house, where he remained in inconceivable agony, being certain he had lost his sight. A little before daylight, he was visited by most of his companions, who were determined to carry the joke a little farther; they pretended it was noon day, began to condole with him

also used to assemble the "True blue club of Kilmain," county Mayo: the "Boyne society," and the members of the "Ouzel galley," on political occasions (1758). The officers who had served in America gave dinners here (1763), and the house was the general resort of the gentlemen of the county of Louth. We find no trace of the "Rose and bottle" after the death of its landlord, Maurice Fenlan, in 1773. During the lottery mania, at the close of the last century, the following lottery offices were located in Dame street, Timothy Turner's "Dublin lottery office," No. 86; Edmund Bray and Co's. "City state lottery office," No. 19, within three doors of Great George's street, and exactly opposite Eustace street: Walker's "Old lottery office," No. 10; "Government state lottery office," No. 59, near Crow street; R. Webb's "Old lottery office," No. 10; Andrew Carr's "Royal Exchange lottery office," 71, Dame street, corner of Eustace street.

on his misfortune, and recommended Mr. Rouviere the celebrated oculist to him; having no doubt but his ability would restore him to his sight. The buck was assisted to dress by some of the servants (still in the dark), all the time bemoaning his misfortune, and promising that if heaven would be pleased to work a miracle in his favour, to immediately seclude himself from the world, and pass the remainder of his days in a convent in France: But as soon as Sol's gladsome rays had convinced him of the trick played on him, he started; (forgetting all his sanctity), and full of sentiments of revenge he jumped from his chair, with the firm determination to blow poor Peter Davenport's (the groom porter) brains out, and to call Lawler, D—y, O'Brien, Charley S—l, Jack Prat, major B—r, Jack Leary, buck Lawless, and a number of other dupes and black-legs to a severe account; in fact nothing but blood and slaughter was to be dealt around; however, by all accounts the matter ended with poor Davenport's being knocked down and kicked by the buck."

The lords and gentlemen who constituted Daly's club, considering their house in Dame street not sufficiently magnificent, entered into subscriptions for erecting a more sumptuous edifice; the list was closed at the latter end of 1788, and the building of the new house on College-green, commenced in 1789, two years after which it was opened for the reception of the members.

So late as the middle of the last century, the widest part of Dame street, which was from Crane lane to Eustace street, did not exceed forty feet in breadth; from the corner of George's lane, the street gradually narrowed to the entrance to College-green, and the intermediate portion was about twenty-five feet wide. The street, being principally inhabited by mercers, booksellers, jewellers, and other shopkeepers, was frequently rendered impassable to pedestrians from the vast concourse of carriages with which, before the Union, it was usually thronged. The first attempt at its improvement was made in 1767 by the removal of Swan alley, Salutation alley, and other old buildings at the Western extremity, preparatory to the erection of the Exchange. In 1777, five thousand pounds were granted to the commissioners appointed by act of parliament for making wide and convenient passages through the city of Dublin, to widen that part of the approach from the castle to the parliament house, between the castle gate and George's lane; the old castle market was consequently removed, and the "new buildings" were erected on a portion of its site. A portion of the loan, on credit of the coal duties, amounting to £21,500, was granted in 1790, to be applied to the widening of Dame

street, the commissioners were empowered to borrow £100,000, at an interest not exceeding four per cent,. An act of parliament required that all the houses to be built or newly fronted, between Trinity street and Church lane should be thrown back in a line with the "new buildings" on the south of Dame street ; a similar uniformity was ordered to be observed in all new houses between Eustace street and Parliament street. The non-observance of this statute subjected offenders to a fine of £200, and the sheriffs were empowered to prostrate any buildings which exceeded the prescribed bounds. The erection of the Commercial buildings on the north side of Dame street, added still further to the improvement and embellishment of the locality. The last alterations were made by the wide-street commissioners about twenty years ago ; the total expense of the improvements amounted to £206,646 : 3 : 0, of which £83,116 : 18 : 6 were paid by the sale of ground in the line of the street.

The ground on which Parliament-street now stands was, as we stated in a former paper, anciently covered with various buildings, of which the principal was the residence of chief baron Bysse. The passage from Essex bridge to the castle was either through a narrow lane, running parallel with Crane lane, or through the "Blind quay," now Exchange street. The old Custom house stood on the Eastern side of the bridge, and in its vicinity were several taverns, as the "Globe coffee-house ;" the "Cocoa-tree" coffee-house, under which Thomas Whitehouse, a bookseller (1726), kept his shop ; and the "Anne and Grecian," a suite of rooms in a house at the foot of the bridge, where books were frequently sold in the evenings by auction, and in which the committees of the Dublin Society used, in its early years, to meet for deciding on premiums. The importance of these establishments was, however, totally eclipsed by a chop-house, known as the "Old sot's hole," which stood in a recess between the bridge and the Custom house, and had from the first years of the eighteenth century maintained the reputation of being the best house in Dublin for ale and beef-steaks. The facetious Dr. Sheridan wrote a ballad on the "Sot's hole ;" and its attractions were commemorated both in Latin and English by an Oxford writer, from whose work we take the following lines, in which allusion is made to the statue of George I., originally placed on Essex bridge, and thence transferred to the garden of the mayoralty-house :—

“ Near the bridge, where, high mounted the brass monarch rides,
 Looking down the rough Liffy, and marking the tides ;
 Near the dome, where great publicans meet once a day
 To collect royal imposts, and stop their own pay ;
 Far within a recess, a large cavern was made,
 Which to Plenty is sacred, the place of grilliade :
 Here the goddess supplies a succession of steaks,
 To mechanicks and lordlings, old saints and young rakes ;
 Here carnivorous kerns find a present relief,
 And the Britons with glee recognize their own beef.”

Thretford, master of the “ Sot’s hole,” was a man of considerable humour, and one of his peculiarities consisted in always steadfastly maintaining the principle of not giving great even to the “ best company.” After his death, in 1742, the character of the house was sustained by his successor, Glasny Mahon, until the removal of it and the adjacent buildings was planned within its own walls, as related by Gorges Edmond Howard* :—

“ In the year 1757, dining one day with the late Mr. Bristow, then one of the commissioners of the revenue, and others, shortly after Essex-bridge had been finished, at the then noted chop-house called Sots-hole adjoining thereto, in the passage leading from the bridge to Essex-street, and lamenting the narrowness and irregularity of that passage, and being told that some of the houses there had been presented as nuisances, it was conceived that I should instantly apply to, and treat with the proprietors for a sufficient number of feet in depth to the front, so that the new houses to be built might range in a line with the walls of the bridge, and having succeeded, Mr. Bristow advanced the money, which he got from parliament afterwards, and I drew up the heads of a bill, to widen not only that passage, but also all other narrow passages in the city which needed it ; which having been passed into a law, I was appointed the sole conductor and manager thereof, under the commissioners thereby appointed ; and, accordingly, the present grand passage to the seat of government was made, and parts of Essex and Dame streets were widened. But while I was proceeding on this business, and the time had come for the several inhabitants to remove from their houses, some who were lodgers or room-keepers

* Howard was an attorney in Dublin who had accumulated a large fortune by his profession ; not satisfied with the reputation acquired from his several works on legal subjects, he desired to shine as a poet, and wrote a quantity of plays and verses which would form an admirable supplement to the “ Art of sinking in poetry.” Notwithstanding the perpetual failure of his productions, he continued publishing to the last, and his vanity subjected him to the attacks of the Dublin wits, many of whom, according to himself, were the “ Judas-like guests at his own table.”

only, and had not by the act a moment to continue their possession, after the money adjudged to their landlords had been paid to them, and the deeds of conveyance executed by them, having conceived that they had a right to continue their possession six months after, and this having come to my knowledge on a Saturday, and that no less than fourteen bills for injunctions would be on the file before the Tuesday following, when the work was to begin, and knowing well the prodigious delays such suits would produce, I immediately directed the undertaker I had employed, to have as many workmen and labourers as he could get (as numbers had been engaged) ready with ladders and other tools and instruments, on a moment's warning, but with as much secrecy as possible, to unroof the several houses of those who were to file those bills; and, accordingly, a great number of them began some hours before it was day, and by eight o'clock in the morning, the slates were totally stripped off, and several of the inhabitants, men, women, and children, had run directly from their beds into the streets; some of them, in their fright, conceiving (it being the war time) that the city had been taken by storm; whereupon, instead of injunctions, bills of indictment were talked of; but I heard no more of the matter, save that, for some time, it afforded excellent sport to the city."

In 1762 parliament granted £12,000 to purchase the interest of the proprietors of those houses. A sum of £13,286l. 8s. 4d. was subsequently allocated to complete the improvements, under the superintendence of the commissioners appointed "for making wide and convenient passages from Essex-bridge to the castle;" and the new street received the name of Parliament street.*

At the sign of "Mercury," on the western side of the street, within four doors of Essex-street, was the shop of James Hoey, a young Roman Catholic bookseller and publisher, whose newspaper called the "Mercury" became the organ of the Irish government during the viceroyalty of lord Townshend, from 1767 to 1772. The "Mercury" was published thrice a week, and in it were inserted all the government notices and proclamations. Its principal political con-

* In Parliament-street, at the sign of the "King's arms," was the shop of David Hay, king's bookseller and printer, from 1771 to 1784, when he was succeeded by the Griersons. At the corner of Parliament-street, about 1779, was the station of Thady O'Shaughnessy, one of the wittiest shoe-blacks in Dublin, and who, says an admirer, "will throw out more flowers of rhetoric in the true vein of laconic abuse, in one hour, than counsellor Plausible will do in a twelvemonth at the Four courts. To be sure, the latter has the art of patching up his raillery with a kind of extraneous speciosity, and tricking it out in a sumptuous suit of refined decoration; while the former sends his a-packing just as it came. He took little pains in its propagation, and the devil a morsel will he take in its growth."

tributors were Richard Marlay,* dean of Ferns, Robert Jephson; the rev. Mr. Simcox, appointed in 1772 rector of Fecullen, and captain John Courtenay, subsequently a commissioner of the English treasury. Townshend, delighting in amusement and conviviality, spent much of his time in the company of these writers, whose wit, learning and bon-hommie exactly suited his taste. This connection formed the subject of a vast number of satirical verses, of which the following may serve as a specimen :—

“ A master of horse, dean, rector and captain,
Political junto together are wrapt in :

* Dean Marlay, described by his opponents as

“ A white wigg'd abbé full of gibes and of sneers,”

became bishop of Waterford in 1795; he was father-in-law to Henry Grattan and one of the Irish prelates who voted against the Union. Robert Jephson, esteemed one of the most brilliant wits of his day, was born in Ireland in 1736, and having entered the army, he early attained to the rank of captain in the seventy-third regiment of foot, after the reduction of which in 1763 he was placed upon half pay, and became the intimate friend and associate of William Gerard Hamilton, Johnson, Garrick, Burke, and Goldsmith. In 1767 he married the daughter of sir Edward Barry, an eminent Irish physician, and returned to Ireland as master of horse to Lord Townshend. This situation, previously regarded as temporary, he retained under twelve successive chief governors. Although accused of sacrificing everything to satire and mirth, whence he was called the “mortal Momus,” he occasionally laid aside his raillery. When lord Townshend's character, after his departure, was assailed in the house of commons, Jephson defended him with vigor and ability; he also displayed great eloquence and talent in his speech in favor of the relaxation of the Popery laws in 1774. In addition to his political writings, Jephson composed several successful dramatic pieces and wrote a poem, entitled “Roman portraits.” His death took place in 1803.

Jephson, says lord Cloncurry, “lived at the Blackrock, in a house which still remains, nearly opposite Maretimo, and was, for a considerable period, the salaried poet laureate of the viceregal court. He lost place and pension by an untimely exercise of his wit, when dining one day at my father's house. The dinner was given to the lord lieutenant, the marquis of Buckingham, who happened to observe, in an unlucky mirror, the reflection of Jephson in the act of mimicking himself. He immediately discharged him from the laureateship.” The same author also writes as follows of Jephson's nephew: “Nor can I forget the most brilliant, even of that circle which included Curran, Grattan and Lattin—the rev. Robert Jephson. He, truly, was the life of our society, until the splendour of his preaching and conversation so dazzled primate Stewart, that he removed him from among us to the valuable living of Mullaghbrack, near Armagh. It was his grace's hope that those talents would do good service in resisting an inroad of Methodism, which then threatened to lay waste his flock; but poor Jephson, like the soldier described by Horace, no sooner found himself in possession of a zone, than he withdrew from the war.”

A poet the dean ; and a toper the rector ;
 A buffoon, the horse-rider ; the captain a Hector.
 This poet and toper, this bully and jester,
 Our city with lies and scurrility pester.
 While the rector and captain are jovially quaffing,
 The dean and the master of horse keep them laughing.
 The buffoon coins the joke, and the rhymers indites it ;
 The rector commands, and the hack captain writes it :
 And then Popish Mercury serves as a jet d'eau,
 To play off the slanders of this vile quartetto ;
 Who, the best, in the malice of sport, thus bespatter,
 With ironical nonsense and impudent satire.
 For Marlay and Simcox, and Courtenay and Jephson,
 His favors in private our governor heaps on.
 Every night, in the hopes of preferment, to him flocks
 This set ; Marlay, Jephson, and Courtenay and Simcox,
 And Simcox, and Marlay, and Jephson and Courtenay,
 For wine and a supper, the old tower resort nigh ;
 Where our resident viceroy holds scandalous parley,
 With Courtenay and Jephson, and Simcox and Marlay.
 Sure Satan alone could such mischievous hounds send,
 At the friends of poor Ireland to bark, for lord Townshend !

A series of well-written papers, entitled the "Bachelor," signed "Jeoffry Wagstaffe," was commenced in the "Mercury," and perpetual volleys of satires and epigrams were discharged against Dr. Lucas and the "committee for conducting the free press," as the editors of the opposition journal styled themselves. The latter, enraged at being called a "Puritan committee," declared that the writers in the "Mercury" were a knot of Jesuits employed by Hoey, a Popish printer, to subvert the state ; and added that the sign of Hermes, the flying thief, was sufficiently typical of the principles of the paper. This contest was maintained with a great deal of wit and talent on both sides. Faulkner and Howard, as we shall see, fell victims to the ridicule of Jephson, and the "Mercury" incurred the censure of Wesley, while in Dublin, for having published a letter in 1767, reflecting on the love feasts of the Methodists, in which the latter were styled "sanctified devils, cursed gospel gossips, scoundrels, and canting hypocritical villains." Hoey continued to reside in Parliament-street for many years after the departure of his patron, lord Townshend. He died in 1782, and in 1792 his relative, Elizabeth Hoey, was married at Bordeaux to Charles Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, uncle to the peer who at present enjoys that ancient title.

On the 31st of May, 1764, the Dublin Society resolved unanimously that "the establishing of a public warehouse in the city of Dublin, under proper regulations, for the sale of silken goods manufactured in Ireland, deserves to be encouraged by this Society;" and alderman Benjamin Geale, Mr. Robert Jaffray, Mr. Travers Hartley, Mr. Thomas Hickey, and Mr. Edmund Reilly, were appointed to carry the design into execution, in conjunction with the corporation of weavers. A house in Parliament-street was accordingly taken, and fitted up for the disposal of silks by wholesale and retail, and the Society paid the manufacturers a per centage premium on all goods sold in the "Hibernian silk warehouse." This house was opened on the 11th of February, 1765, the principal ladies of rank and fortune in Dublin attended on the occasion, and made considerable purchases. The silk manufacture consequently received a great impetus; and the sales effected in the warehouse frequently exceeded three hundred pounds per day. In acknowledgment for the interest taken in the matter by the viceroy, the weavers presented him with the freedom of their corporation; lady Townshend also received an address of thanks and a gold box from the same body. The Dublin Society having agreed, in 1767, that it would be a great encouragement of the silk manufacture if patronesses of the warehouses were appointed, resolved to choose annually fifteen ladies who had been encouragers of the undertaking, and the following were the first who were elected: the duchess of Leinster, lady Louisa Conolly, lady Betty Ponsonby, lady Bell Monck, lady dowager Kildare, lady Drogheda, lady Shannon, lady dowager Jocelyn, lady Dungannon, lady Clanwilliam, lady Arabella Denny, lady Ann Dawson, lady Brandon, Mrs. Clements, and Mrs. Tisdall. In October of the same year lady Townshend accepted the office of presiding patroness.

The standing and popular toasts among the weavers for a considerable period after this, were—"the silk manufacture of Ireland, and prosperity to the Irish silk warehouse. The duchess of Leinster, and the rest of the fifteen ladies, patronesses of the Irish silk warehouse, and may their patriotic example induce the ladies of Ireland to wear their own manufactures." With these were coupled the healths of lord Arran, Thomas Le Hunte, Redmond Morres, dean Brocas, and dean Barrington, the directors of the warehouse. The success of the undertaking induced parliament to pass an act, decreeing

that, from the 1st of August, 1780, the wages and prices for work of the journeymen silk-weavers within the city of Dublin and the adjacent liberties, for the distance of two miles and a half round from the castle of Dublin, should be regulated, settled and declared by the Dublin Society, who were authorized and empowered from time to time, upon application being made to them for that purpose, to settle, regulate, order, and declare the wages and prices of work of the journeymen silk-weavers working within those limits. Offenders who transgressed their directions were subjected to a penalty of £50, payable to the master of the corporation of weavers, to be applied by him towards the support of the school for the education of children of poor manufacturers in Dublin. The silk manufacture continued to thrive in our city until its progress was arrested by an act of parliament couched in the following strange terms: "Whereas, the establishment of the silk warehouse in the city of Dublin, by the Dublin Society, has not answered the ends of a general encrease and extension of the manufacture, and the money necessary for maintaining the same, may be more beneficially applied in other ways, to the encouragement of the said manufacture: be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, That no part of the funds of the said Society, shall at any time after the twenty-fifth of March, 1786, be applied to, or be expended in the support of any house, for selling, by wholesale and retail, any silk manufacture whatsoever." This decree gave an irreparable blow to the manufacture, which declined with rapidity, and large numbers of artizans were thus reduced to poverty and ruin.

At the corner of Essex-street and Parliament-street stands a house erected in the last century by George Faulkner, a character so important in his own day, and so intimately connected with the literary history of Dublin, that a notice of his career, of which no detailed account is accessible, can scarcely fail to interest the reader.

George Faulkner, the son of a respectable Dublin victualler, was born in 1699, and after having received the rudiments of education from Dr. Lloyd, the most eminent schoolmaster of his day in Ireland, he was apprenticed to Thomas Hume, a printer, in Essex-street. Faulkner's diligence and attention procured him the favor of old Hume, whose daughter, one of the prettiest girls on the South of the Liffy, also exhibited a

partiality for the young typographer. Unlike Hogarth's industrious apprentice, he was not, however, destined to wed his master's daughter; miss Hume rejected his suit, and many years after, Faulkner, on learning that his former mistress was reduced to great distress, generously allowed her a pension for the remainder of her life. His apprenticeship having expired, he, in conjunction with James Hoey, opened a bookselling and printing establishment at the corner of Christ church-lane, in Skinner's-row, where, in 1724, he commenced a newspaper called the "Dublin Journal." After the death of John Harding,* printer of the "Drapier's letters," Swift requiring a publisher, sent for the proprietor of the "Dublin Journal,"

* The details of the prosecutions of Harding and his wife will be found in the first paper of this series, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V, 18. Faulkner's journal was originally published twice a week, and sold for one halfpenny; in 1768 he began to issue it on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. In an heroic polyglot poem, addressed to the printer, and styled "*Φαυλακηρογονια* sive Origo Faulkneriana, or the birth of Faulkner," we find the following description of the news-boys who vended the journal, and were called "crying evils" from the discordant noise they made while pursuing their avocation:

"Τις μοι κλονος εκατε τυπτη
Εξαπτης; αυδων δι ροας ποθιν ημιν; εκαιη
Φρυρα θαμνια. ποδας γυμνη παλαμας·τι μελαινα,
Θριξι, πολυσχιστοισι τι σχημασι πιφρικυια
Φωνη δ αρεακτος, καινων ιασχυσα πιλαρα,
Και δυτες πολημυς και θηιδας αιματοιτσας,
Σι στρεπτη χερσιν στιλβησι·τι πορφυρεται."

———"Sed quis fragor impulit aures?
Turbidus unde virum fluxus? nempe ista caterva
Nuda pedes, et nigra manua, atque horrida villis,
Multiforisque togis, rubrae custodia portae,
Infracta sed voce canens miracula rerum,
Mavortisque minas, pugnaeque cruere rubentes,
Te regem tortoque auro variabit et ostro
Ardenti."

———"But what sudden din
Assaults mine ears? this inundation whence?
That bare-foot band of centinels, who crowd
Thy rubric portal, sable handed guards,
Bristling with horrent brush of upright hairs,
And parti-colour'd robes, a-gape with rents
Wide, discontinuous, of unbroken voice
Incessant, roaring monster brooding news,
Rumours, and horrid wars, and battles, dire
With bloody deeds, their monarch shall array
Distinct with tortile gold and purple pride."

Faulkner was frequently imposed on by wags who sent him circumstantial accounts of deaths, marriages, and robberies which had never taken place, thus causing, according to him, "much confusion, grief, and dis-

and was waited upon by James Hoey : " when the dean asked, ' if he was a printer ? ' Mr. Hoey answered, ' he was an apology for one : ' the dean, piqued at the freedom of this answer, asked further, ' where he lived ? ' he replied, ' facing the Tholsel ; ' the dean then turned from Mr. Hoey and bid him send his partner. Mr. Faulkner accordingly waited on the dean, and being asked the same questions, answered ' he was ; ' also, ' that he lived opposite to the Tholsel ; ' ' then, ' said the dean, ' you are the man I want, ' and from that time commenced his friend." Swift was not, however, always so well pleased with Faulkner's conduct :

" When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, drest in a laced waistcoat, a bag-wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony that he would show to a perfect stranger. ' Pray, sir, what are your commands with me ? ' ' I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my return from London. ' ' Pray, sir, who are you ? ' ' George Faulkner the printer. ' ' You George Faulkner the printer ! why, thou art the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace, and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction. ' Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, my good friend, George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you ; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

Having dissolved partnership with Hoey, Faulkner removed to Essex-street, where his paper and the connection with Swift soon brought him into repute. The dean, in a letter to alderman Barber in 1735, describes Faulkner as the " printer

traction in many families." An anecdote related by Jephson, in imitation of Faulkner, together with the extract at p. 555, will give an idea of the style of the Journal: " A gentleman came to his shop whom he had put amongst the deaths in his Journal the day before, and was much enraged to find himself dead, as it occasioned some confusion by those who were in his debt coming to demand what was due to them, whereupon the author hereof acted in this manner. Sir, said I, 'tis impossible for me to tell whether you be alive or dead, but I'm sure I gave you a very good character in my Journal. The gentleman was so pleased with the repartee, that he laid out thirteen shillings and fourpence halfpenny before he left my former shop in Essex-street."

most in vogue and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one." An accidental injury received during a tour to London, rendered the amputation of one of his legs necessary, and his wooden limb subsequently became an object of ridicule among the Dublin wits, who styled him a man with one leg in the grave, and scoffed at his "wooden understanding;" while the more classical punsters amused themselves by calling him *Δεσποτάς*, or the "oaken-footed Elzevir." In 1735 Faulkner published a small pamphlet, written by Dr. Josiah Hort, bishop of Kilmore, entitled "A new proposal for the better regulation and improvement of the game of quadrille," which, containing some oblique reflections on the character of sergeant Bettesworth, the latter represented it to the house of commons as a breach of privilege, and the printer was consequently committed to Newgate. After a confinement of a few days he was set at liberty, and each of the officers accepted a copy of the new edition of Swift's works in lieu of the fees to which they were entitled; for, as sir Walter Scott informs us, "he was the first who had the honor of giving to the world a collected and uniform edition of the works of this distinguished English classic." Faulkner gained considerably by this prosecution; his shop became the rendezvous of the chief literary and political characters of the day, and, encouraged by their patronage, he undertook the publication of the "Ancient Universal History," which he succeeded in completing in a most creditable manner, notwithstanding the opposition which he received from a party of booksellers in Dublin, and from the London publishers, who at this period made an unsuccessful attempt to crush the printing trade in Ireland. The "Universal History," completed in 1744, in seven folio volumes, was the largest work published up to that time in Ireland, and its typography and illustrations will bear honorable comparison with the productions of the contemporary English and Continental presses. Lord Chesterfield, during his viceroyalty (1745 to 1746), contracted an intimacy with Faulkner, and it was reported that important personages were often detained in the ante-rooms of the castle while the printer was retailing amusing stories to the lord lieutenant, whom sir Charles Hanbury Williams designated

"A little monkey full of tricks,
More fond of puns than politicks."

At this period the publisher is said to have prudently de-

clined the offer of knighthood from Chesterfield, much to the chagrin of the would-be lady Faulkner. A young parson named Stevens happening to dine with the bookseller on a day when this important question was argued, composed a poem on the subject, which was published anonymously in 1746, with the title of "Chivalrie no trifle—or the knight and his lady: a tale." In this composition Mrs. Faulkner is described as enjoying the pleasures of her coach in anticipation:—

"Methinks to the Ring, or the Strand, as I roll;
I hear some people cry—oh! that fortunate soul!
While others in noddy at three-pence a head,
As they jog to Rathfarnham will fret themselves dead!
If we alter our route—and strike off to Glasnevin;
Where your Sunday cits walk, on a scheme to be saving;
Those days are all over, with me, I thank God!
I look sharp for the dean on each side of the road;
Dean Delany,* your servant, sir George, I am yours!
That's a pretty conveyance you ride in—'tis ours:
The dean stands aghast! as indeed well he may—
Then cries, with a smile, 'tis a mighty fine day!
While I know in his soul, like the rest of his brothers,
He hates to see laymen swing-swang upon leathers.
Then I laugh in my turn, give the side glass a push up!
An so I would, faith, were his deanship a bishop.
Go which way you will, we must meet with our own,
That cursed newspaper has made us so known!
Ev'ry stockingless boy, as he bathes at Clantaff,
At sight of the chariot, must set up his laugh!
And swears to his comroques, he but yesterday paid you
Two thirteens for the journals—which journals have made you,
Let them say what they will! Give me once but my coach;
I'll despise inuendos,—and smile at reproach."

* Dr. Patrick Delany, dean of Down, lived at Delville, Glasnevin. The above poem, which extends only to seven pages, concludes as follows:

———"at the word up she rose
In a fury not easy to tell but in prose;
Come down, all ye Muses, by pairs or by dozens,
Bring with you your families, nieces and cousins,
Tune, tune up your lyres, to describe, if you can,
How the bustle was ended,—and how it began!
Tell the town, for I can't, how she took up a sword;
And as she chose to speak, made him write word for word!
Sing, sing away, girls, sing away for your lives—
Or old maids ye shall die, all—and never be wives!
Pr'ythee tell us the whole, how the supper was spoil'd;
How Arbuckle look'd pale—how sir George near ran wild;
How he wrote to Phil Stanhope, his word to make right good,
And send him immediately orders for knighthood;
How the letter was seal'd, when the letter was carry'd,
How the knight often curs'd the sad day he was marry'd!
How impatient my lady still waits the reply;
For a lady she swears she must live, and will die!"

Although Chesterfield, in what appears to be a vein of grave irony, compared the printer to Atticus, and in another epistle assured him that his character was clearly defined by the "*pietate gravem ac meritis virum*" of Virgil, he admitted that much of his own popularity in Ireland was owing to the advice received from the publisher of the "Dublin Journal." To the last years of his life the earl maintained a correspondence with Faulkner, perpetually professing the highest esteem for his "worthy friend;" when the latter visited London, where he displayed the utmost prodigality in the magnificence of his entertainments, Chesterfield never failed to solicit his company for some days, and complained seriously when the bookseller left England without dining at his house. In one of his letters in 1752, he urged Faulkner to undertake some literary work to transmit his name to posterity, after the example of the Aldi, Stephani, and other eminent printers, adding,

"You have, moreover, one advantage, which the greatest of your typographical predecessors had not. They were never personally acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and others, whose production they brought to light, but were obliged to exhibit them in the always imperfect, often deformed, state in which they found them, in ragged and worm-eaten vellum and parchment. Whereas you have been always at the fountain-head; you have not only printed and read, but you have heard Swift, Berkeley, and all the best authors of the Irish Augustan age. You have conversed with, you have been informed, and, to my knowledge, consulted, by them. Should you ask me, my friend, what sort of work I would particularly point out to you, I can only answer, consult your genius, which will best direct you; if it does not lead you, or rather hurry you, whether you will or not, into poetry, do not attempt verse, but take the more common manner of writing, which is prose. Cicero himself had better have done so. A *Typographia Hibernica*, which no man in the kingdom is more capable of doing well than yourself, would be a useful work, and becoming your character. I do not recommend to you any ludicrous performances; they must flow naturally, or they are good for nothing; and though, were it only by your long and amicable collision with Sheridan, Delany, Swift, and others, you must be very strongly impregnated with particles of wit and humour, yet I take your natural turn to be grave and philosophical. A collection of Anas would admit of all subjects, and in a volume of Swiftiana, you might both give and take a sample of yourself by slipping in some Faulkneriana; the success of which would, I am persuaded, engage you to go further. Biography should, in my mind, be your next step, for which you appear to be thoroughly qualified, by the clear and impartial accounts which your hebdomadal labours give of the death of all people of note. History would soon follow, which, in truth, you have been writing these many

years, though, perhaps, without thinking so. What is history but a collection of facts and dates? Your Journal is a collection of facts and dates. Then what is your Journal but history? Our friend, the chief baron (Bowes), with whom I have often talked upon this subject, has always agreed with me that, in the fitness of things, it was necessary you should be an author; and I am very sure that, if you consult him, he will join with me in exhorting you to set about it forthwith. Whenever you assume that character, I claim a very strong dedication with the first copy of the work, as an old friend, which, joking apart, I sincerely am."

Thus incited, Faulkner projected the publication of a work entitled "*Vitruvius Hibernicus*," containing "the plans, elevations, and sections of the most regular and elegant buildings, both public and private, in the kingdom of Ireland, with variety of new designs, in large folio plates, engraven on copper by the best hands, and drawn either from the buildings themselves, or the original designs of the architect, in the same size, paper, and manner of *Vitruvius Britannicus*." This book was to be printed on Irish paper, with descriptions of the buildings in Latin, French, and English; the plates were to be entirely executed by Irish artists, and the proposals state that, "we have now (1753) as good engravers in Dublin at this time as any in Paris or London." It is much to be regretted that this work was not executed, as it would have filled a great blank in our local history. With the exception of having been assaulted, during the political excitement of 1753, for inserting in his journal a paragraph stating that modern patriotism consisted in "eating, drinking, and quarrelling,"* Faulkner's career of prosperity continued uninterrupted for many years. He was one of the early members of the royal Dublin Society, and enjoyed the familiarity of the most distinguished men of his day who constantly frequented his house, the hospitalities of which have been com-

* For this assertion, reflecting on the partizans of the earl of Kildare, he was severely castigated in a brochure with the following strange title: "Sir Tague O'Ragan's address to the fellows of Trinity college, upon the late intended alteration of the language of our acts, and other interesting affairs relative to the kingdom. With some remarks on sir Tady Faulkner, printer in petto to the court party. To which are annexed some anecdotes of the high priest, who finding himself abhorred by the brave and generous of a free country, is seized with such dejection of spirits, that he applies himself to the last recourse of all tyrants, viz: To drink himself into a torpid state of oblivion. London (Dublin): printed at the sign of the mitre, after spitting its venom, scourged by the spirit of liberty into its native residence, Pandora's box (1753)."

memorated by a Dublin writer who lived on terms of great intimacy with the printer :

“ Yet not with base ungrateful yoke meanwhile
 Good Faulkner galls his Heliconiaan guests,
 Nor after mode Curleian vilely pens
 His tuneful cattle, or confines to cribs
 Prescrib'd, but, flowing with abundant wealth,
 And splendid monarch of a stately dome,
 Commands his court in hospitable wise
 Be wide display'd, and with profound respect
 Poets accosts, and with accomplish'd hand
 Conducts officious into golden rooms,
 With couches furnish'd. Turkey carpets flame
 Beneath his feet, and bright with purple, show
 Heroes, embroider'd with surprising art,
 And martial arms, imbrued with streaming blood.
 Pure marble pillars of Italian vein
 Adorn his hearth, and, green with circling bays
 And ivy, bards, the greater on his right,
 On his left hand the lesser, long extinct,
 Returning into light their weapons wield,
 And breathe, and struggle on the pictur'd wall.
 And now the host, with living authors hem'd,
 The various products of their sundry toils
 Measures, and this he farther places, that
 Self-nearer, all in merit's due degree,
 Nor spares his mellow wine, nor dishes rare,
 But, big of genius, and capacious heart,
 He pours his treasures eatable on board,
 And boon provokes his modest mates to pluck.
 The present favours of the bounteous gods,
 To celebrate glad carnivals, dissolve
 The frozen obstacles of anxious life,
 And heavy cares commit to sceptred heads.
 But, in the midst of heart-uniting cups,
 And free fruition of the joyous board,
 He feeds their fancies with examples fair,
 Of antient poets, and recounts their works
 And wit, immortal honour of the press.
 He then exhorts them, timorous of mind,
 And slow to venture on the task, to hope
 For equal bays, with rival rapture stung,
 And tenders with his own impartial hand,
 Already conscious of their claim,
 Nor barely promises Lucina's part,
 But ample wages to his distich-wrights,
 Undmindful never of their high deserts.
 Nor hath he loaded only his approv'd,
 His faithful slaves with honourable hire,
 Their infant Muses usher'd into light,

And bound their labours to eternal fame,
 But also poets, long consign'd to night,
 And coop'd in prison (editor divine!)
 Republish'd and restor'd to face of Time."

In the year 1762 Samuel Foote, the witty dramatist and actor, fearing to carry out his design of bringing Dr. Johnson on the stage, resolved to substitute George Faulkner, whom he had met in London, and accordingly produced a fac simile of the printer, in the character of Peter Paragraph, in the "Orators." This piece, written to ridicule the then fashionable custom of public lectures on oratory, was first performed in the Hay-market theatre at two o'clock in the day; and, strangely enough, its success was chiefly owing to the character of Peter Paragraph. On its appearance, Chesterfield wrote to Faulkner pressing him to take law proceedings against Foote, and volunteering his services in managing the prosecution. This advice not having been followed, the actor came to Dublin, and announced the "Orators" for performance at Smock-alley theatre. Faulkner, determined to have the play damned, purchased a number of tickets, which he presented to all the people in his employment, with directions to attend the first representation and hiss the actors from the stage. Certain of success, he seated himself in an obscure corner of the play-house to enjoy the result of the stratagem. In this, however, he was fated to be cruelly disappointed, for—

"When Foote, with strong judgment, and genuine wit,
 Upon all his peculiar absurdities hit,"

the actor's triumph was complete, and none applauded more vehemently than Faulkner's employés. Next morning he was further chagrined by every one connected with his establishment, asserting that he himself had been on the stage, on the previous night, and that nothing could be further from their ideas than to hiss their kind employer. Faulkner consequently became a general object of ridicule, and could neither walk the streets nor stand at his own door without being annoyed. Although the desire of pecuniary profit induced him to print and sell the obnoxious play in his shop, he brought an action against the author for libel, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict before judge Robinson, who compared Foote to Aristophanes and Faulkner to Socrates; adding that the Heathen philosopher was nothing the worse of

the comparison. Foote, having been obliged to enter into a compromise for the amount of damages, revenged himself by bringing the judge, jury, and lawyers on the stage at the Haymarket in a *petite pièce*, entitled the "Trial of Samuel Foote, esq., for a libel on Peter Paragraph." The scene was laid in the Four courts, Dublin, the *dramatis personæ* consisting of the judge, counsellor Quirk, and counsellor Demur; the latter opened the case as follows:—

"My lord—I am counsel against this Mr. Foote, and a pretty person this Foote is, every inch of him [*coughs*]. You may say that [*a deep cough*]; but I should be glad to know what right, now, this Foote has to be any body at all but himself. Indeed, my lord, I look upon it that he may be indicted for forgery [*coughing*]. Every body knows that it is a forgery to take off a man's hand; and why not as bad to take off a man's leg? Besides, my lord, it concerns yourself—yourself, for, God willing, I don't despair, in a little time, of seeing your lordship on the stage. A pretty sort of business this, that your lordship is to be taken off the bench, there, where you are sitting, without your knowing anything at-all at-all of the matter, and all the while that, to your thinking, you are passing sentence here, in the Four courts, you may, for what you can tell, be hearing causes in the Haymarket. So that, gentlemen of the jury, if you have a mind to keep yourselves to yourselves, and not suffer any body else to be, but you yourselves, and your lordship does not choose to be in London whilst you are living in Dublin, you will find the prisoner Foote guilty.

"*Judge*.—I agree entirely with my brother Demur that this Foote is a most notorious offender, and ought to be taken measure of, and taught how dangerous a thing it is for him to tread upon other people's toes; and so, as my brother observes, to prevent his being so free with other people's legs—we will lay him by the heels.

"*Quirk*.—My lord, I move to quash this indictment, as irregular, and totally void of precision:—it is there said that Foote did, by force of *arms*, imitate the lameness, &c. of said Peter Paragraph.—Now, as we conceive this imitation could not be executed by the arms, but by the legs only, we apprehend the leaving out legs, and putting in arms, corrupts and nullifies the said indictment.

"*Demur*.—Fy, brother Quirk, the precedents are all quite clear against you; vide sergeant Margin's Reports, cap. ix. page 42, line 6, *Magra* against Murg. *Magra* was indicted for assaulting, by force of arms, said Murg, by giving him a kick in the breech; and it was held good.

"*Judge*.—Where, brother Demur?

"*Demur*.—Chap. ix. page 42, line 6, *Magra* against Murg.

"*Judge*.—*Magra* against Murg.

"*Demur*.—And in the same book, notwithstanding the same objection, Phelim O'Flanagan, for the murder of his wife, was found guilty of manslaughter.

"Quirk.—My lord—

"Judge.—You are, brother, out of season in your objection; you are too early; we will first find the traverser guilty of the indictment, and then we will consider if the indictment is good for any thing or not.

"Demur.—Yes, that is the rule—that is the law, every word of it.

"Quirk.—I submit.

"Demur.—Now, we will proceed to fix the fact upon Foote. Call Dermot O'Dirty.—This is a little bit of a printer's devil.

"Quirk.—We object to this witness.

"Demur.—Why so?

"Quirk.—He was convicted last Trim assizes of perjury, and condemned to be whipped.

"Judge.—And was he whipped?

"Quirk.—No, my lord, he ran away from the gaoler.

"Judge.—Is he in court?

"Demur.—Yes.

"Judge.—Why, in his present state, O'Dirty is, doubtless, an incompetent witness; for, not having suffered the law, the books aver he cannot be believed; but in order to restore his credit at once—here, gaoler, take O'Dirty into the street, and flog him handsomely; he will, by that means, become *rectus in curia*, and his testimony admitted of course.

"Demur.—Ay, that is the law: I have often known the truth whipped out of a man; but your lordship has found the way to flog it into him again."

Counsellor Quirk then applies for an information against Peter Paragraph for libelling himself by printing and publishing the "Orators," which is granted by the judge, who states: "Whilst I sit here, I will take care that none of the king's subjects shall take the liberty to libel themselves;" and the piece concludes with the following lines*, written and spoken by Foote:—

"At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of modern parts;
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd—though he dealt in books:
Amorous, though old: though dull, loved repartee,
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily.
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;

* The words printed in italics were lisped exactly in the style of Faulkner, who had been deprived of several front teeth by a fall from a horse. The observation relative to "*pœna, pede claudo*," was verified in the case of Foote, who lost one of his legs four years after ridiculing Faulkner's misfortune.

In *hath* and *duth*, was seldom known to fail,
 Himself the hero of each little tale;
 With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
 And once (it hath been said) was near being knighted.
 One Aristophanes, a wicked wit,
 Who never heeded grace in what he wit,
 Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
 And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
 Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
 His voice—his looks—his gestures, gait, and air,
 His affectation, consequence, and mien,
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene;
 Loud peals of plaudits through the circles ran,
 All felt the satire—for all knew the man.
 Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
 To a grave lawyer, in a hurry, flies,
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
 The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band—
 'The case you put, I fully understand.
 The thing is plain, from Cocos's Reports,
 For rules of poetry arn't rules of courts.
 A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it,'
 A Grecian constable took up the poet;
 Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
 Call'd harmless humour—scandalous abuse.
 The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
 The indulgent public set the prisoner free;
 Greece was to him—what Dublin is to me."

After this event, Faulkner was allowed to rest undisturbed until the year 1770, when a dispute arose between him and his friend Howard, occasioned by an advertisement in the "Dublin Journal" announcing the publication of the "Monstrous magazine, containing whatever tends to extort amazement in art and nature, fact or fiction; occasionally interspersed with the impossible. Inscribed to the incomparable author of 'Almeyda, or the rival kings;' as also the tragedy of Tarah, and other literary productions, in hopes of his future favours." A continual fire of epigrams from the columns of "Hoey's Mercury," widened the breach, and in 1771, both Faulkner and Howard, to their great consternation, were suddenly made the laughing stock of the entire town, by the publication in the "Mercury" of a satire in prose and verse entitled an "Epistle to Gorges Edmond Howard, esqr.; with notes, explanatory, critical, and historical, by George Faulkner, esq. and alderman." Jephson, the principal author of this production, dined with a large party at Faulkner's house on the

day before the appearance of the "Epistle," and found himself in an exceedingly awkward position, when the host rose to inform his guests of the intended publication, and repeatedly toasted the health of its author. This piece ran through nine editions and was considered at the time one of the most witty works of the kind ever published in Ireland; the following note from it was intended as a parody on the style of "George Faulkner, printer, bookseller, and author of the Dublin Journal:"—

"He hath lived with the first wits of the present age in great credit, and upon a footing of much intimacy and kindness. He is well known to have been the particular friend of the dean of St. Patrick's, and at this moment corresponds with the earl of Chesterfield, whose letters will be published by him immediately after the demise of the said earl. He was sent to Newgate by the house of commons, in the year 1735, for his steadiness in prevaricating in the cause of liberty; and sworn an alderman in Dublin in the year 1770: fined for not serving the office of sheriff in the year 1768. His Journal (to which he hath lately added a fourth column) is circulated all over Europe, and taken in at the coffee-houses in Constantinople, besides Bath, Bristol, Boston, Tunbridge Wells, Brighthelmstone, Virginia and Eyre Connaught. In his paragraphs he hath always studied the prosperity and honour of his native country, by strenuously decrying whisky, projecting cellars, holes made by digging for gravel in the high roads, voiding of excrements in the public streets, throwing of squibs, crackers, sky-rockets, and bone-fires; by which many lives are lost, men, women, and children maimed; sick persons disturbed out of their sleep; eyes burnt out, and horses startled; recommending it to archbishops, dukes, lords, privy counsellors, generals, colonels, field-officers, and captains, to fall down precipices, tumble into cellars, be overturned by rubbish thrown in the streets, in order to remove nuisances; dissuading all bloods, bucks, smarts, rapparees, and other such infernal night-walkers, from committing manslaughter upon pigs, hackney horses, watchmen's lanterns and other enormities: profane cursing and swearing, and breaking the Sabbath, and the commandments; exclaiming against the importation of potatoes, and advising to grow more corn; inciting to virtue by characters in his Journal, and calling upon the magistrates to do their duty. The earl of Chesterfield compareth him unto Atticus a Roman, baronet, and sundry other compliments. N.B.—His nephew Todd continueth to make the best brawn, and hath lately imported a large quantity of James's powders. Besides the great men above mentioned, as dean Swift and the earl of Chesterfield, who at present correspond with the author hereof, he hath the most kind, affectionate, and complimentary letters from the celebrated Mr. Pope, of which the following under-written epistle is a copy, 'To Mr. George Faulkner, bookseller in Dublin. Sir, I hear you have lately published an edition of Doctor Swifts works: send it to me by the first opportunity, and assure the dean that I am ever, his sincere and affectionate

servant, Alexander Pope.' Also the following most friendly letter from the famous Mr. Wilkes. 'To alderman Faulkner, Dublin. Sir, as I have no further occasion for your Journal, I desire you will discontinue sending it to your humble servant, John Wilkes.'

This production was followed by another burlesque poem, entitled an "Epistle from Gorges Edmond Howard, esquire, to alderman G. Faulkner, with notes, &c. by the alderman and other authors," in which Howard is represented addressing the bookseller as follows:—

"And who, do you think, were the junto of writers,
The dull annotators, and dogg'rel enditers,
The witlings employ'd to be-note and be-rhyme us,
But Courtenay the scribbler, and Jephson the mimic,
Pert Dennis* the doctor, that ignorant wight,
And Simcox, whose name I should blush to recite;
With, oh my dear George, what I grieve should be said,
Our noble chief ruler himself at their head!"

This was the last attack made upon Faulkner, but the persecution of Howard was maintained for some time with malignant wit and pertinacity. Having been dissuaded by Chesterfield from printing a projected quarto edition of Swift in a magnificent style, Faulkner in 1772, published the dean's works in twenty volumes octavo. The notes, chiefly written by himself in that unconnected style which subjected him to so much ridicule, form the groundwork of all editions of Swift's works, and were largely drawn on by sir Walter Scott, whose editorial mistakes we had occasion to notice on a former occasion. There is, however, a blot on the character of Faulkner, which it would be unjust to overlook. When lord Orrery, the unsuccessful translator of Pliny, essayed to gain a reputation by libelling the man, to whom during life he had exhibited the meanest sycophancy, he found a publisher in—

"The sordid printer, who, by his influence led
Abused the fame that first bestow'd him bread."

Faulkner's conduct, in publishing Orrery's malignant attack on Swift, excited merited reprobation, and he received severe castigation both in prose and verse. An anonymous writer of the day stigmatised him as a man, who ungratefully endeavoured to bespatter the noble patriot, who

* Dennis, one of lord Townshend's chaplains, was, like his associates, remarkable for wit, learning and social qualities.

rescued him from poverty and slavery, a patriot whose laurels will ever bloom, while the word liberty is understood in Ireland ;” while one of his epigrammatic assailants exclaims :—

“ A sore disease this scribbling itch is !

His lordship, in his Pliny seen,
Turns madame Pilkington in breeches,
And now attacks our patriot dean.

What ! libel his friend when laid in ground :

Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
His parallel at last is found,

For what he writes George Faulkner prints.”

The bookseller had, nevertheless, one quality, which in the eyes of his own generation, considerably extenuated the vice of ingratitude. No man in Dublin was more famed for hospitality and good fellowship. At his new house* a constant series of entertainments was maintained on a most magnificent scale, and among his guests were to be found men of the first rank and importance in the country. A dramatist and essayist of the last century, who was a constant visitor at the distinguished literary assemblies at Dilly’s and Dodsley’s in London, has left the following notice of an entertainment at George Faulkner’s house :—

“ I found myself in a company so miscellaneous and whimsically mixed, that it looked more like a fortuitous concourse of oddities,

* Faulkner superintended in person the building of this house which was actually erected without stairs. Jephson makes him account for the mistake in the following ludicrous style :—“ When my house was building, I happened to be out of the way one morning, penning an advertisement for an agreeable companion to pay half the expense of a chaise, to see that stupendous curiosity of nature, the Giant’s Highway, about which ’tis still a doubt amongst the learned, whether it be done in the common way by giants, or whether it be an effort of spontaneous nature, and my house was erected without any staircase ; whereby the upper stories were rendered useless, unless by the communication of a ladder placed in the street. But upon considering my misfortune in wanting my member, and the carelessness of hackney coaches, who drive furiously through the streets at all hours, in a state of drunkenness from the spirituous liquors, whereby the ladder might be kicked or thrown down when I was ascending it, I thought it better to build my house, and it has at present a staircase, by which there is convenient and elegant communication between all parts of said house. It is somewhat remarkable that my house in Essex street has no staircase, whereby nature seemeth to point out, that having but one leg, I ought not to attempt climbing, and should always remain on the groundfloor.” Faulkner’s house, now known as no. 15 Parliament-street, is at present occupied by messieurs Robert Cordner and co., hosiery and lace manufacturers.

jumbled together from all ranks, orders and descriptions, than the effect of invitation and design. Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that eccentric being to those, who have not read him in the notes of Jephson, or seen him in the mimicry of Foote, who in his portraits of Faulkner found the only sitter, whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature; for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism, and a daring contempt of absurdity, that fairly outfaced imitation, and like Garrick's ode on Shakspear, which Johnson said 'defied criticism;' so did George in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery, defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the laugh he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked; at the same time that he was pre-eminently and by preference the butt and buffoon of the company, he could find openings and opportunities for hits of retaliation, which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry: nobody could foresee where they would fall, nobody of course was forewarned, and as there was in his calculation but one supereminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he the printer of the Dublin Journal, rank was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed, and fixed or missed as chance directed, he cared not about consequences. He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance; I sat at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, whilst George swallowed immense potations with one solitary sodden strawberry at the bottom of the glass, which he said was recommended to him by his doctor for its cooling properties. He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery; it was a singular coincidence, that there was a person in company, who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge, who had passed the sentence of death upon him. This did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society, nor embarrass any human creature present. All went off perfectly smooth, and George, adverting to an original portrait of dean Swift, which hung in his room, told us abundance of excellent and interesting anecdotes of the dean and himself with minute precision, and an importance irresistibly ludicrous. There was also a portrait of his late lady Mrs. Faulkner, which either made the painter or George a liar, for it was frightfully ugly, whilst he swore she was the most divine object in creation. In the mean time he took credit to himself for a few deviations in point of gallantry, and asserted that he broke his leg in flying from the fury of an enraged husband, whilst Foote constantly maintained that he fell down an area with a tray of meat upon his shoulder, when he was journeyman to a butcher: I believe neither of them spoke the truth. George prosecuted Foote for lampooning him on the stage of Dublin; his counsel the prime serjeant compared him to Socrates, and his libeller to Aristophanes; this I believe was all that George got by his course of law, but he was told he had the best of the bargain in the comparison, and sat down contented under the shadow of his laurels. In process of time he became an alderman; I paid my court to him in that character, but I thought he was rather marred than mended by his dignity. George grew grave and sentimental, and sentiment

and gravity sat as ill upon George,* as a gown and a square cap would upon a monkey."

Notwithstanding his unrestrained indulgence in the good things of this life, "the prince of Dublin printers" lived to a very advanced age; and his death, on the 30th August, 1775, was caused by a distemper, contracted while dining with some friends at a tavern in the suburbs of the city. Faulkner having left no children, his property devolved to his nephew, Thomas Todd, who assumed his uncle's surname, obtained the appointment of printer to the city, and continued to carry on the publishing establishment till his death in 1793. The "Dublin Journal" maintained a drowsy career for some years after the decease of its founder, until towards 1790, when it became a violent partizan paper, under the management of the once notorious John Giffard.

"This person, better known by the complimentary soubriquet of the 'dog in office,' was brought up in the Blue coat hospital. He was taken by the hand by a person of the name of Thwaites, a brewer, and was brought up to the business of an apothecary. He married a young woman in humble life, in the county of Wexford, and set up as an apothecary, in the town of Wexford, but got maltreated in a brawl with a man of the name Miller in that town, and removed to

* He was a man "something under the middle size, but when sitting looked tolerably lusty, his body being rather large; his features were manly, his countenance pleasing though grave; and his whole aspect not destitute of dignity; his limbs were well formed, and in his youth he was strong and active" Another writer tells us that George Faulkner was "a fat little man, with a large well powdered wig and brown clothes," and adds—"one day, passing through Parliament street, Dublin, George Faulkner, the printer, was standing at his own shop-door; I was induced to stare in at a bust on the counter. He observed me, and by the portfolio under my arm, knew I was a pupil at the royal Academy. I remained in fixed attention, when he kindly invited me in to look at the bust, saying it was the head of his friend and patron dean Swift. To display it in all its different views, he turned it round and about for me, and then brought me up stairs to see the picture of Swift." The bust here referred to, was executed by Cunningham, the sculptor, noticed at page 511; and was intended to be placed outside of a round window in Faulkner's house, looking towards Essex street, where the bracket erected for it may still be seen. The exhibition of the bust in Faulkner's shop while he was publishing lord Orrery's work, occasioned the following epigram:—

"Faulkner! for once you have some judgment shown,
By representing Swift transformed to stone,
For could he thy ingratitude have known.
Astonishment itself the work had done!"

The bust was presented in 1776, by Thomas Todd Faulkner, to St. Patrick's cathedral, where it stands over Swift's monument.

Dublin, where he set up in the business of an apothecary, in Fishamble-street, in 1771. In that year a Mr. John Giffard, a cooper of Price's-lane, Fleet-street, died in Dublin, but whether a relative or not of the former I cannot say; and the following year his name is found in the list of common councilmen. As his prospects brightened, he changed his residence to College-street, then to Grafton-street, and finally to Suffolk-street, in 1790. He distinguished himself early for the violence of his democratic principles, became a member of the volunteer association, and declaimed, in unmeasured terms, against parliamentary corruption, tyranny, and English influence. Patriotism, however, and the glory acquired in the volunteer service, brought no money into the pocket of Mr. John Giffard, and in a little time, to the amazement of his friends, he suddenly changed his politics, reviled his former associates, and was duly advanced and encouraged by his new confederates. The first notoriety he acquired was in the discharge of the humble duties of director of the city watch. In this office he had given some offence to the collegians, and this powerful and lawless body decreed the honours of a public pumping to Mr. John Giffard. As they were in the habit of beating the watch with impunity, and even breaking open houses for the purpose of seizing persons who had offended them, they proceeded to Giffard's house in a tumultuous manner, and commenced the demolition of his doors and windows. Giffard manfully defended his house, repulsed the assailants, and shot one of the young rioters in the wrist. From this time, though Giffard did not throw physic to the dogs, the fortunate dog was himself thrown into office. He filled no particular post or definable situation, but was a man of all work of a dirty kind at the castle, and a hanger-on of Clare and the Beresfords. In the spring of 1790, Giffard's privileged insolence had already reached the acme of its audacity. He attacked Mr. Curran in the streets at noon-day, for alluding, in his place in parliament, to the large sums of money squandered on subordinate agents and partizans of administration. The circumstances of this insult are detailed in a letter of Mr. Curran to the right honourable major Hobart, the secretary, demanding the dismissal of this menial of the government from his post in the revenue. 'A man of the name of Giffard,' he states, 'a conductor of your press, a writer for your government, your notorious agent in the city, your note-taker in the house of commons, in consequence of some observation that fell from me in the house, on your prodigality, in rewarding such a man with the public money, for such services, had the audacity to come within a few paces of me in the most frequented part of the city, and shake his cane at me in a manner that, notwithstanding his silence, was not to be misunderstood.' Curran, despising the menial, held the master responsible for the insolence of the servant, and a duel between him and major Hobart was the consequence. Just previously to the trial of Hamilton Rowan in 1794, for a seditious libel, it was found necessary to have a jury which could be relied on for a conviction, and a sheriff that could be trusted in such an emergency. Mr. Giffard was made sheriff some months previously to the trial,

'a jury of the right sort' was impannelled, and Hamilton Rowan was sent to Newgate. Mr. Giffard was at this time, by lord Clare's patronage and protection, on the high road to preferment under government, and its countenance had already enabled him to become the chief proprietor of the 'Dublin Journal.' From the time it came into his hands, its violence, virulence, vulgarity, and mendacity, were of so extreme a character, that in the present day, its advocacy would be held detrimental and disgraceful to any party. Yet its editor was patronised, and preferred to places of honour and emolument by the administration, and especially favoured with the countenance and confidence of lord Clare. Indeed, none but the most worthless and unscrupulous men were selected for his favour, or fitted to be his agents."

A perpetual war raged between the "Dublin Journal" and the "Press," the organ of the United Irishmen. The government paper always figured in the columns of the "Press" as the "dog's journal;" while the office in Parliament-street* where it was published received the name of "il grotto del cane."

The fate of Ryan, printer of the paper, who fell in the struggle with lord Edward Fitz Gerald, in Thomas-street, and the death of Giffard's son, in an engagement with the peasantry in Kildare, were not calculated to mollify the editor of

* The principal occupants of Parliament-street in the last century were woollen drapers and mercers. When colonel Arthur Wellesley was about leaving Dublin, to commence his brilliant career, he committed to Thomas Dillon, a wealthy woollen draper, who opened a shop in this street in 1782, the care of discharging the numerous debts which he had contracted while in Ireland; Mr. Dillon subsequently resided at Mount Dillon, county Dublin. General Thomas Russell, whom the English government had banished to the Continent, without trial, for having engaged with the United Irishmen in their efforts to procure Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, was arrested by major Sirr at half-past nine o'clock on the night of the 9th of September, 1803, at his temporary residence on the second floor of the house No. 28, Parliament-street, belonging to a goldsmith named Muley. Fifteen hundred pounds were offered for the capture of Russell, who had come to Ireland to aid Robert Emmet: the proclamation describes him as "a tall handsome man, about five feet eleven inches high, dark complexion, aquiline nose, large black eyes, with heavy eye-brows, good teeth, full chested, walks generally fast and upright, and has a military appearance; is about forty-eight years of age, speaks fluently, with a clear distinct voice, and has a good address." He was tried at Downpatrick, and executed on 21st October, 1803. Russell was one of the most amiable and accomplished men of his day, and he died professing the sentiments of religion and philanthropy which had distinguished his career through life.

the "Dublin Journal," who continued to pursue his violent career. "His detestation of the pope and his adoration of king William he carried to an excess quite ridiculous; in fact, on both subjects," says a Protestant writer, "he seemed occasionally delirious." In 1803 he publicly objected to Grattan's voting at the city election: the overwhelming invective which the orator poured forth on this occasion has been preserved by the candidate whom he came forward to support:—"Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigoted agitator! In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward!—And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute." Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance; and replied, in one single sentence, "I would spit upon him in a desert!"—which vapid and unmeaning exclamation was his sole retort. After the unsuccessful result of Robert Emmet's attempt in 1803, the services of the editor of the "Dublin Journal" became comparatively unimportant to government. One of Giffard's last acts, in his editorial capacity, was the suspension of a huge placard from an upper window of the house in Parliament-street, contradicting, in rather unmeasured terms, a report circulated through the city, that Dr. Patrick Duigenan, the notoriously violent champion of Protestant ascendancy, had, on his death-bed, become a convert to the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

It should, however, in justice, be stated that Giffard, notwithstanding his strong political and religious prejudices, never allowed the acerbities of party feeling to impede the dictates of benevolence; and in private life he was always found to be a steadfast and generous friend. As proprietor of the new paper he was succeeded by Mr. Walter Thom, whose connection with it ceased shortly previous to his death in June 1824, and the last number of the "Dublin Journal" appeared in the year 1825.

ART. III.—ITALY IN 1848—HUNGARY IN 1851.

1. *The Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy.* By MICHAEL BURKE HONAN, 2 vols, 8vo. Chapman and Hall. London: 1852.
2. *Hungary in 1851: With an Experience of the Austrian Police.* By CHARLES LORING BRACE, 1 vol 8vo. Bentley. London: 1852.

OF Mr. Michael Burke Honan, the late Italian correspondent of the *Times*, we knew very little until we had read the volumes before us, and however much we were willing to concede to his second* attempt in this peculiar line of composition, we found all our good nature deeply and severely tried. He seems, from his book, to belong to the *infima species* of a very comprehensive *genus*, who are encountered, in swarming crowds, in most of the large or gay continental cities. Men who mistake a presuming flippancy for the genuine open-heartedness of an Irishman, and who, whether met at Vienna, at Naples, at Paris, or at Baden, make us regret that better taste, or a truer regard for Ireland, does not regulate their conduct and their words. We expected incident and amusing details from the title of the book, and remembering how a friend of ours, connected with a well-known London paper, had been detained for some days between the contending armies of Denmark and the Dutchies, his chief extra covering being a blanket, and his only dry seat, like Lover's Rory O'More, a gridiron, we hoped that one enjoying opportunities so extended as those of Mr. Honan, would have given us something more interesting than the gossip of the *coulisse*, the bald romance of the *feuilleton*, or imitations of the Irish brogue only calculated to pass as genuine at the Coal-Hole, or the Cyder Cellars, in the haziest hours of their frequenters.

That Mr. Honan is a gentleman we believe, that he is a man of much and wide experience is clear, beyond all doubt. He tells us:—

“For more than twenty years I have done nothing but run from one battle-field to another,—from civil war to civil war,—from shot and shell to shell and shot,—having all the danger and fatigue of the campaign without a soldier's honour, and being expected to see everything, to know everything, and have the map of the world at my fingers' ends.

* Mr. Honan's first work was entitled, *The Court and Camp of Don Carlos*. Macrone. London: 1836.

"At the least, worthy of foreign correspondents who witnessed nearly all the great events that disturbed the world since 1822, and began my career, on behalf of the *Morning Herald*, by joining General Clinton's expedition to Portugal; then I had a slight taste of the revolution of 1830 in Paris; and next was seen at Brussels, when the Dutch were driven out. From thence I went to Oporto, how Don Pedro maintained his little army within the walls of Oporto, in 1832, and passed from that exciting scene to Madrid, in good time to hail the opening of the Christina and Carlist feud, or, to speak more properly, the petticoat war between the Neapolitan and Portuguese princeesses, by the result of which the fate of the Peninsula has been determined. I then went on to Constantinople, to see the Russian standard flying at Scutari; back again to Spain, after the king's death; and from Madrid, in 1835, to the Congress of Troppau. In 1847, I preceded, on a mission from the *Times*, the American army, in its march to the city of Mexico, and returned to Europe in time to witness the election of the present Pope, was hurried from Rome to Grand Cairo, to see Mehemet Ali about the transmission of our Indian expresses, and, once more, found myself, in February, in my old quarters at Oporto, when the Junta ruled the roast, and, by an easy transition, from the Douro to the Tagus, when Jose Papos had his nose put out of joint, and Donna Maria was at liberty to say her life was her own."

This is certainly an account that excites hope and anxiety to peruse Mr. Honan's book, and though many amusing and some few useful, traits of character, and sketches of important events are given, yet we have, whilst reading the records of the author's travels, been but too often forced to cry with Congreve's *Lady Wishfort*, "Travel, quoth a lay, o travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone; get thee but far enough to the Saracens, or the Tartars, or the Turks." Had Mr. Honan been one of the literary heroes of *Pendennis*, who haunt "The Back Kitchen" with the inimitable *Hodman* and *Doolan*, we could excuse his errors; but in an age like this, when the literary man is no longer a beggar, as in the days when Spenser wrote in Southampton's antichamber, or Goldsmith fagged as the starved back of Griffiths, we cannot palliate the conduct of a foreign correspondent, who, when his engagement has expired, never pauses to think that in violating the secrets of his past employment, he compromises the position of his fellow correspondents. Had he been satisfied to write a book all slang and tittle-tattle, we should never have troubled ourselves about him, and might have considered him, as the Newcastle artizans called the late Charles Matthews, "A Diverting Vagabond;" we might have classed him with the

disappointed manager who went through the country telling his past experience, which he called "The Life of a Show man;" but Mr. Honan is too important an author to be thus treated; he is over fifty years of age, he is rich enough to be gassy; he loved "*prima donnas and danseuses*" in his youth, and was no shirker of the bottle. He confesses that he was Bacchus, but denies that he is Silenus, and having nothing to employ his hours, he publishes his book, and cries, we suppose, with Jack Falstaff, "He that rewards me, Heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly."

When Mr. Honan informs us of his methods of obtaining information from private sources, he reminds us of an elderly Gil Blas. He gloats over the information obtained by his *aplomb* and cunning; and in his Irish stories, in his affairs with milliners, and *danseuses*, he is something between Micky Free and Figaro. We have no doubt that he is an honest jovial fellow, and meeting him in the Palais Royal, we beg pardon; National, or on the Piazza Santa Trinita, he is, we dare say, just the man to slap on the shoulder, and cry to him, whilst you grasp his hand, "How are you Mick, my boy, how is every inch of you?" But why did he write this book? Let us first take an extract from him as Figaro—he wishes to obtain a copy of the Queen of Portugal's speech, at the opening of the Chambers, in the year 1848. It was spoken on Monday, and appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday following:—

"There were three persons near the Queen in irresponsible situations, to whom it was probable the spirit, if not the letter, of the speech was known, and with all three I was on terms of intimacy and friendship. Beginning, therefore, with the weakest, or least influential, I explained to him or her, how much it behoved me to know in what language Donna Maria would speak of her relations with the British cabinet, and that person being in a rabid state of Anglo-mania, assured me that the whole cabinet was convinced of the prudence of cultivating the best relations with Portugal's ancient and faithful ally, and, in the warmth of argument, repeated to me nearly the words of the paragraph which had been agreed to at a council held the day before.

"Armed thus with the spirit of the discourse, so far as England was concerned, I waited on number two in my ascending scale, and, without letting that person know where I had found my information, prevailed on him or her to give me the very words to be used by her most glorious Majesty.

"This was a great point gained, and, if there my information

stopped, the paragraph would have been a valuable *caution* to the 'Times;' but when was man content, and was not our *own* emboldened by such success, still more ardently to pursue his plan for getting possession of the whole speech? I accordingly waited on number *one*, in whose hands I knew a copy of the document was, and having first led *him* or *her* to imagine that I had been furnished with all the material paragraphs, by showing the precise words of that relating to Great Britain, contrived to make the individual believe that the interest of Portugal would be materially served by anticipating such satisfactory intelligence, and, above all, that *he* or *she* would find such a proof of confidence in me must one day or other be well repaid.

"This reasoning prevailed, not without a discussion that lasted more than an hour, but at the end of which, I was promised a copy at half-past three in the afternoon. The starting of the steamer was fixed for three; but though it might be supposed that my friend was acquainted with the fact, and that the hour *he* or *she* named was influenced by it, I did not express a word of doubt, but took another mode of making everything right.

"Fortunately, the captain of the mail-steamer had, on one of his previous voyages, received some slight service at my hands, and when I asked him if he could not, if I were *en retard* with my correspondence, drop down the river slowly, and not put to sea until I came aboard, he replied, with a hearty squeeze of the hand, 'All I want is to get clear of the bar before night-fall, and I can spare you an hour, or even an hour and a half, if necessary.' 'In that case,' rejoined '*our own*,' 'have paper, pen and ink, ready in your private cabin, and I will take care you shall be at sea by six o'clock.'

"At half-past three I received a genuine copy of the speech; at four I overhauled the packet at the Castle of Belem; by five the document was translated, and fit for the compositors; and, long before daylight closed, the good ship had cleared the bar, and Captain N. B. C. D. exchanged cheers with me, as I dropt into a shore-boat, whilst he, putting on full steam, convinced me that my despatches were in good hands."

This was certainly quickly, and ably, accomplished; let us now observe a specimen of the Micky Free style. Mick Honan is at Valleggio, and is anxious to secure good quarters, whilst watching the movements of Charles Albert and Radetzky. Through the kindness of a friend he is introduced to Don Pietro Ercole, and to his wife Donna Lucia, who give him a bed for one night, which he is resolved shall be his as long as necessary, and thus he succeeds:—

"I took care, in the first place, not to alarm Donna Lucia's housewifery by any demands on her hospitality, or her domestic time. I sent in a small lamp and some wax-lights, dined at the Albergo, and passed up and down stairs with a velvet step, though I had nearly six feet height and fourteen stone weight to carry. The result was, that when I met the Signore and the Signora next day in

the passage, I was most kindly received by both, and the only complaints they made were, that I did not avail myself more fully of the accommodation of the house, and give more freely orders to their servant.

“Of course I replied in the most courteous terms, after which Don Pietro made me a low bow, and I remained alone with the Signora. Now or never was the battle to be fought, and so thanking Donna Lucia for her hospitality, I made believe to take a final leave; but it is not every day in the year that wild Irishmen are seen on the banks of the Mincio, and my charming hostess would not let me depart without obtaining some information about foreign parts.

“‘Where was I born?’

“‘In Ireland.’

“‘Of what religion?’

“‘A Roman Catholic, of course.’

“‘You are then a Christian?’

“‘An ugly man, but a good Christian.’

“‘Did you know the great O’Connell?’

“‘Did I not? he was my first cousin.’

“‘*E’ vero?*’

“‘*Verissimo*’

“‘Oh! what a blessing it is to have a cousin of the great O’Connell under our roof!’

“A low bow on my part, and an eulogy of the character of the Agitator, in which I exhausted my power of rhetoric, and all the Italian I possessed; after which Donna Lucia continued—

“‘He was a great man, an honest patriot, and a true Christian. He died at Genoa. It was in Italy he breathed his last sigh. How I love his memory! What can we do to show respect for his great name, or to do honour to his cousin?’

“‘Our own,’ again affecting to bid adieu:—

“‘Adieu, Donna Lucia, eternal thanks for your kind hospitality; I must look out for a bed in the village, as I have business that detains me some days, and I cannot leave until I see the King.’

“‘No, Signore, no; your bed is here: when the officer returns we will find him other apartments, but the cousin of the great patriot shall not leave our house. Oh! Don Pietro,’ to her husband now returned, ‘only think, this gentleman is an Irishman, a Christian, and a cousin of O’Connell’s?’

“‘Of the great O’Connell; give me your hand, Signore; I am truly glad to see you, contentissimo.’

“‘He wants to leave us, Don Pietro, but I say no; the cousin of the illustrious Hibernian must remain here.’

“‘Certainly, my dear wife; you will do us that honor, Signore?’

“‘If I do not derange you.’

“‘We loved him whilst he lived; we cherish his memory now; one of his blood is dear to us.’

“‘You overpower me; I thank you in the name of his family and of my country; you affect me almost to tears.’

“It was thus I won my battle of the Mincio, and it was thus I established head-quarters which served me to the last day of the campaign.

"I am, as you know, an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and likewise a cousin of O'Connell (only seven times removed), and as I did not share in the rent whilst he lived, I may be excused for getting a night's lodging at the expense of his memory now that he is in the grave. Whatever may be said of the Agitator by enemies or partisans at home, there is but one opinion of his worth in all Roman Catholic society abroad. He is classed by all among the great patriots that history records, as a true friend to religion and to his country, and I will add, that no better recommendation to general good will and sympathy can be found than an association with his name, combined of course with the additional advantage of being yourself a Paddy-man, and a papist.

"Don Pietro and Donna Lucia were never wearied of speaking of O'Connell, and whenever other subjects failed, I came out with a variety of anecdotes of which he was the hero, and gave numerous instances of his attachment to liberty and the Christian religion, by which term alone the Roman Catholic faith is understood abroad. I was many years since on most friendly terms with the Liberator, and in relating various scenes of his public life, and exhibiting the peculiarities of his manner, I had no occasion to draw on imagination, but merely to describe events which I had in person witnessed."

Mr. Honan, when grave, is sometimes very agreeable. Having seen much of the world, and being, from his profession, a quick and close observer, he has brought before the reader many scenes, and many interesting phases of life and character, in the fair lands where fate has cast the greater portion of his existence; and yet, it is strange how well he has succeeded in carrying out the objects of his mission in many of those countries. He arrived in Italy on the 25th of February, 1848, and felt himself in the "awkward position of having to write on the state of Italy, without any previous training for the subject." A kind friend told him all that he required to know, and looking back now, whilst reading these books, and recalling the trusting confidence with which we then relied on *The Times* "Own Correspondent," we mentally resolve never again to believe too implicitly in the private information of that easy, virtuous public instructress. Mr. Honan's estimate of Austrian rule and misrule in the Lombardo-Venetian states is sufficiently accurate, and is as follows:—

"At this period, the long-concealed detestation of Austria was openly avowed at Milan, and in all the great cities of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. The nobility, middle classes, and populace, joined unanimously in the same sentiment, in all the great towns, and all waited only for a favorable opportunity to shake off a hated yoke."

"On the contrary, the rural population were either indifferent, or attached to Austrian dominion, for under the system that then prevailed, the occupier of the land paid no direct taxes whatever, and whenever he had cause of complaint it was against his landlord, and not against the government that he groaned.

"All contributions were collected every six months from the proprietor, whilst the peasant shared with him half the produce, in some cases two-thirds, the latter finding oxen and the instruments of husbandry, and being provided with a home, and out-buildings necessary to secure the crop, by the indulgent master.

"By this arrangement the peasantry enjoyed perfect independence, and the only person who suffered was the owner of the soil; as, in adverse seasons, he had to pay the *prediale*, or produce tax, on a valuation made in a former year, so that it more than once happened, that his half or his third, as the case might be, did not equal in amount the impost above quoted, and he literally got nothing, the occupier and the government absorbing the whole sum.

"The peasant was further indulged by being permitted to strip from the mulberry trees such leaves as were necessary for the maintenance of as many silk-worms as he could rear on his own premises. These arrangements, they say, tended to encourage habits of idleness in the rural population, and checked everything like improvement in the cultivation of the land; but this, at the same time rendered the people happy and contented, and who could complain, when before the owner touched a ducat, he who tilled the soil and his family were fed?

"Moreover, I know not where improvement was required, as the bounty of Providence and the system of irrigation, which was in force even in the Mantuan shepherd's time, have rendered the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom one of the most productive that Europe presents. The waters of the northern Alps flow in streams of fertility to the Mincio, the Adige and the Po, not omitting the Olipo and the Adda, so that whilst a sub-drainage is everlastingly going on by the inclination of the land to the valley of the Po, surface irrigation is abundantly provided for.

"In addition to these inducements for the peasantry to remain quiet, the Austrian government took care to occupy with its troops only the principal towns, and to leave the villages and the country free, from the eye-sore of the Tedeschi uniform.

"How often have I asked the farmer:—'When did you last see the soldiery in these parts?' and how invariably did I receive this answer:—'Why, sir, before these late movements we rarely saw a white coat. Almost seven years ago a detachment passed in this neighbourhood. It was only on the high road between Milan and Venice, Mantua or Brescia, that the Austrian military were frequently seen, and, as far as we are concerned, we only knew of their existence by hearsay.'

"To this I may add, that the practice used by the Austrian tax-collectors towards the proprietors of the soil resembled, in a minor degree, the odious tithe system which prevailed some thirty years ago in Ireland. Good seasons and bad seasons made no difference

to the un pitying agent, and the forced levy on the proprietors' torn property was inflicted at a period of the year when his banking account was at the lowest ebb.

"Notwithstanding these annoyances and drawbacks, the position of the Lombard proprietors in general was to be envied. Nearly all were wealthy, and the palaces, not only in Milan, but in every other large town, and the luxury in all displayed, convinced you, that so far as material prosperity was concerned, the gentry had nothing to complain of.

"The revenues of some leading men were immense, and many of the principal nobility might compare their incomes to those of our great families, and I have seen nothing in the shape of luxurious display, not even in the Champs Elysée at Paris, which might be said so closely to rival Hyde Park in the season, as the Corso Orientale, at Milan, and the promenade of the Boulevards or Bastions connected with it.

"This amazing prosperity and superfluity of wealth became, however, the main spring of the public discontent, as the nobility were carefully excluded from office or influence, and they were merely allowed, like sheep, to graze and get fat in the rich pastures of their native land, provided that politics were excluded from their ordinary conversation, and that they patiently bore what was called the paternal dominion of the Austrian bayonet.

"What rendered their position still more tormenting was, that the government indulged them with a kind of constitution, under the name of provincial and central *congregations*, but which bodies dare not say a word in the shape of remonstrance; and it was only about the time I am now alluding to, that the central *congregations*, after an existence of thirty years, took courage to make a formal complaint.

"A viceroy was established at Milan, but his power, except for the suppressing of riot, was nominal, as he could do nothing without reference to Vienna, and even a license for establishing commodious street-carriages could not be obtained, because the Home-office in the capital had other matters to attend to.

"Then again the enormous sums transmitted to the central government were a natural and fertile source of complaint, and of daily vexation. During the French occupation of the same territory, a sum not exceeding twenty-nine millions of *zwanzigers*, or about one million sterling, was annually remitted to Paris, but for some years past, no less than eighty millions, or nearly three millions of our money, found their way to Vienna.

"These millions were composed of the sums which remained in the collector's hands, after the expenses of local administration were paid, so that the public burthen consisting of the direct tax of the *prediale*, and the indirect contributions levied on salt, oil, tobacco, sugar, coffee and stamped paper, amounted, it was said, to one hundred and fifty millions of *zwanzigers*, or five millions sterling.

"Another sore grievance was the nomination of Austrians to every public employment of any consideration, and of natives to those only where hard work was to be done for a small remuneration.

No less, I was assured, than thirty-six thousand Austrian *employés* were settled in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, so that you may imagine how indignant a gentleman, who ought to have influence at home, felt, when he saw a German bayonet at his door, a German civil authority without whose leave he could not visit any foreign land, at the head of every department, and a German upstart in each branch of the public service."

That the struggle of Charles Albert was a bold one, and that he was a brave man, with a good deal of Charles the Twelfth run to seed, in his nature, is indisputable; but that he miscalculated the spirit of his countrymen, the resources of his nation, and the power of Austria, is equally certain. True, the bold struggle of a brave people to drive the stranger conqueror from their own land, and "to beat the tyrant backward home," must ever excite the admiration of a freeman, and so, Leonidas, the Medici Van Artevelde, Washington, and Bolivar, ring through the world in the eternal, iterated, swelling diapason of the existing people's acclamation. Charles Albert in his heroics was, Joseph Mazzini is, but a dreamer, a grasper at the shadow of Italian unity, which can never be achieved, save by some convulsion in which throne and church of all the lands in that fair country shall be demolished, it may be, in part annihilated, by means more hellish and more heaven-blasted than France, in the maddest frenzy of its old Revolution, witnessed. No doubt the Austrians misruled the weaker states. The brave heart that saw, in the domination of the foreigner, the shame and the degradation of his own lovely land, was a traitor to his alien master. He, "with soul so dead," who loved the scandal of the *coulisse*, or the effeminate and idle dawdling of loyal coteries, or who lay down quiescently extatic, and loved to worship the feet, or at the feet, of the *ballerina* of the opera, was the petted *protégé* of the court party, and now, as Mr. Honan truly observes, Milan has settled into a state of half mourning, "the spirit of a great metropolis is gone, and emigration of all the patrician families has struck a fatal blow to its present and future prosperity.—I can imagine that such a change took place in Dublin by slow degrees after the Union was legally declared: but what occurred in Ireland partially, was done here by wholesale, and the Milanese nobility and great proprietors abandoned their palaces in town and their estates in the country,—the former to be occupied by Austrian officers,

and not unfrequently by Austrian soldiers—and the latter to be managed, as absentees' lands ever are, by agents equally ruinous to the owner and occupier."

And why did the Italian revolution fail? why failed the courage and endurance that distinguished the fight around the walls of Rome, and which it is confessed so distinguished all the combats of the armies of Charles Albert? why was there no magic in the great words which appeared on all the walls of Rome on the 7th of May, 1849—**ROMAN REPUBLIC! IN THE NAME OF GOD AND OF THE PEOPLE!**" Alas! why has the old conqueror ever crushed the old conquered race—the slang cry of faith, or the thing men call faith, patronage, the bribe, the villain, the traitor, and the strong arm, these crushed Italian union, as they ever will crush the nation, or the nations, seeking to be free by means so ill-judged as those adopted by the Italian nationalists.

We have written, that in Mr. Honan's nature there is something of Gil Blas, a little of Figaro, and a good deal of Micky Free; we now add that in his admiration of Spanish donnas there is a little of Tracy Tupman, and in his love of the sex generally, a small share of Justice Shallow. All the singers, female of course, all the *danscuses* introduced, are old friends, and when he complains of his rheumatisms, his cramps, and his twinges, we fear he has not remembered his Horace, or—

"*Sperne voluptates: nocet empti dolore voluptas.*"

We feel tempted to cry with Shallow, "O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind mill in St. George's field?" Thus Mr. Honan writes of the Spanish women:—

"The handsomest and the ugliest women I saw in Madrid were two ladies from Barcelona. The one was perfection in face and person, but stupid to a degree, and very heavy on hand, except among a *coterie*, where she was esteemed a paragon. The other was violently plain, but so *spirituel* and amiable, that in one short quarter of an hour you forgot her want of good looks, or rather you discovered that her eyes were most expressive, and that her smile was enchanting. Such may be said to be the general characteristics of the Barcelona womankind. They are either very lovely or very ugly; and if you count rose-buds at one side of the street, I will match you with a lot of cabbage-stalks on the other.

"In the mass, there is no comparison to be made between the women of Catalonia and those of Andalusia, as well as that part of Biscay touching the province of Guipuscoa: the former have the most expressive eyes, the most symmetrical forms, and most delicately shaped hands and feet in the world; whilst the Barcelonenses are dull in expression, and their shapes are moulded in too vigorous

64. Then the Andalusian mantilla and the tight-fitting black dress, render even a plain woman handsome; whereas, the Catalans have borrowed French fashions, and, not knowing how to them to account as a Parisian would, they become clumsy imitations of an elegant original.

It is difficult to imagine any daughter of Eve more charming than the maiden of Cadiz or Seville, in her gala dress—the white mantle, pendant from a high comb falling over her rounded shoulders; a single rose on the side of the head, and a pair of languishing eyes that are not to be described. I am speaking of some years ago, when national taste was yet undefiled in the south, and when the Gaditana and Sevilliana received no other instruction from her mother than how to please. All that may now be changed, as I could not get on shore at Cadiz during the voyage now describing; but I hope French fashions are not in vogue, and all women the Spanish are the worst adapted to them, and least how to use them to advantage.

With her mantilla—the white I prefer, as contrasting better with her glowing and sunlit complexion—her *raso*, tight dress, and her everlastingly agitated fan, with the bright eye, even in repose, and entirely silent, the Andalusian is the most attractive female in the land; and if you are under thirty years of age, and have a heart to be won, I advise you to go to Seville to dispose of it. I promise you, however, that it will not be long out of your possession, for the girl is as fickle as the wind, and none but a Spaniard can win her constant affection. Even though you spoke the language as correctly as a native, you want the flow of small talk and trifling nothings, with which the *Majo* alone knows how to fill her ears; and though your nature be the most impassioned, she will think you cold as ice.

The women of Aspetia and Ascotia, in the Basque provinces, to which I, early in this chapter, alluded, are of a different class, though equally beautiful, or rather more truly so than their southern sisters. They are as the Venus of Milo compared with the Venus of Medici, and in majestic form and classic charms may be said to rival all Europe.

Every woman in these towns, from the Countess to the humblest peasant, is splendid in face and form; and yet of so grand and serious deportment, that she ensures respect whilst she excites admiration. Proud even to haughtiness, yet still so fascinating that every man is glad to be a willing slave; but I never knew an instance of a foreigner making a strong impression on her obdurate heart. Her feelings are Biscayan, and not Spanish, and the humblest peasant prefers a townsman without fortune, to an English or Frenchman who has not only the name, but also the reality of great wealth.

The men born in these cities are not indifferent to the charms of the *Bellas Basques*, and I have known several in other parts of the country, all of whom have declared, that they would not marry any girl of Aspetia, or Ascotia; and the moment they had realised

sufficient wealth, they would return home to select a partner for life.

“It seems that these ladies are models of virtue and propriety; can we say the same of their Andalusian rivals?”

Mr. Honan may have loved a *bona-roba* in his day, like millions of other wise and respectable men, from King Solomon to the late Marquess of Hertford, and we believe in the truth of Alfred Tennyson’s lines:—

“How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green:
And dare we to this doctrine give
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, had not grown
The grain by which a man may live?”*

But our author refers to his *ballerinas*, and *prima donnas*, with a chuckle, very disagreeable in a man of his age; “the little French milliner” is always running “behind the screen;” he reminds us of poor “Tattle, a half-witted bean, vain of his amours, yet valuing himself for secrecy,” in “Love for Love, and we fancy that his *ballerinas* are as apocryphal as Trapland’s, “buxom black widow in the Poultry.”

The reader may remember the theatrical manager in Dickens’ *Chuzzlewit*, who is told by a noble patron, that he shall have his support, provided the *corps de ballet* show plenty of legs, and though Mr. Honan tells us nothing of spangles, pink-tights, or gauze petticoats, well *bouffé*, yet he appears to have had a whole harmless harem of *prima donnas* and *ballerinas*, whom he thus introduces with all their tastes and habits, He is at Milan, and writes:—

“I must say I had some splendid *prima donnas* in the list, and when I see the names of my inmates making *furor* at London, Paris, Naples, and Vienna, how anxious I am to know if they recollect the funny scenes we enacted at Milan; or the worthy old gentleman, who pronounced all to be genuine British manufacture, and saved them from imaginary horrors. I cannot say much of my *ballerinas*, there was not one celebrity amongst them; and what is a *danseuse* who has not done something to astonish the world, either as a Taglioni, or Lola Montes?

“Dancers should only be seen on the stage in their aerial costume—something between the goddess and the mortal; and I know no—

* In Memoriam.

thing less attractive than a *danseuse* of mere flesh and blood, who looks like other women, and walks with her toes turned out, as if she had the *baton* of her master ever before her eyes. I have known most of the celebrities in that line, but Fanny Ellsler was the only person of wit and intelligence that I remember; the others were mere physical monstrosities, to be stared at when seen at a proper distance, but never to be regarded near at hand.

"From three years old the future wonder of the ballet does nothing all day long, but practise postures and foot-flappings, that are to give elasticity and force in future life. She is at one moment flinging one leg in the air as high as her shoulder, the next trying to sit down, and yet not touch the floor; then she stands or runs on the point of her toe, or whirls one leg like the limb of a flail—and she calls that grace, and dancing, and the poetry of motion! What can be expected from such an education? and how can any man of intellect talk to a woman who only knows how a *tour de force* is made, and whose whole time is spent in defaming nature.

"Your *prima donna* is a different mortal—and even the least distinguished have something St. Cecilian about them. I defy any singer to reach a high degree of perfection in her art, without great mental and vocal qualities—and Fodor, Pasta, Catalani, and Malibran were, as Jenny Lind, Grisi, and Oruvelli, are, all more or less intellectually gifted. Though the artiste be without scholastic forming, meaning that of the boarding-school or the home governess, still the poetry she reads and commits to memory is a kind of education, and from it alone she must receive a certain share of mental culture.

"The Italian opera is framed on some classic or historical subject, and the person charged with learning a principal *rôle*, is compelled to inquire and study what it means. The great majority of the old and modern masters read profane or Christian history, to find materials for their libretto, and of course those who have to represent the passion of Semiramide, the sufferings of Anna Bolena, or the fatal loves of Marie Stuart, must consult the history of the period in which the sorrows they express arose.

"Not only does the *artiste* become acquainted with the lives of the great composers, but, to a certain degree, with the lyrical works of modern poets; so that the *prima donna*, as contrasted with the *ballerina*, is a being of a different order, and must ever hold a higher place, not only on the stage, but in society beyond it."

Mr. Honan is, as we have stated, very often agreeable in his descriptions, and important in his details, when he can persuade himself to forget that he is an Irishman. He has seen much of life, chiefly, so far as his confessions go, its bright side. And his book maybe taken as the experiences of a clever, wide-awake man of the world. But we consider that, in his walk through other lands, this, as he calls himself Irishman, who writes in, as he states, "a devil-may-care sort of manner," has

forgotten the brogue, and the idiomatic expressions of the poorer classes of his countrymen, and falls into the strange mistake of making our well-educated Irish women use such expressions as "the darling," "the honey," which we supposed had passed away with the "*Teagues*" and "*Murtagh Delanys*" of seventy years ago. Thackeray says, "there is no humour like Irish humour;" George the Fourth used to say, "there was no gentleman like the travelled Irish gentleman." Mr. Honan is an Irishman, and a travelled one, who could be a gentleman, were he satisfied not to be a wit; but unfortunately he is one of that class, who mistake flippancy for humour, and we fear much he is not far removed from him, whose patriotism and whose faith would continue cold at Marathon or Iona. Though living amidst all the exciting scenes of the Italian revolution, he has no word of sympathy for bold men, and with a great cause. Florence, with the Medici, and the past by triumphs of that land where the merchant-princes struck down the proud power of a grasping aristocracy, is unnoticed by him, and the glories which Machiavelli, or Roscoe, or Hallam might have taught him to value, appear to him no more than the dreamings of an idiot, or, as Bolingbroke has it, "authorized romance." No thought of liberty, no aspiration after freedom, ever graces the frequent ungracefulness of Mr. Honan's page; and he seems to think that the newspaper writer who, in addition to his general labour, produces a book, is more worthy than he who confines himself to the pages of his journal, just as the Vicar of Wakefield was of "opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population."

We would not dwell upon these points, but that Mr. Honan boasts of his cleverness, and of his great experience, he tells us that when he went to the congress of Toeplitz, in Bohemia, he did not know where the place was situated, and although the correspondent of *The Morning Herald*, he only received the necessary information through the kindness of the present Earl of Clarendon, then representing Great Britain at Madrid. It was necessary upon arriving at Toeplitz that he should at once begin to write, and though ignorant of one single word of German, he, by pretending to be sick, and thus procuring the attendance of a gossiping political medical man, who understood French, obtained a mass of floating political infor-

mation, which those who, like ourselves, read the *Morning Herald*, in 1836, may remember to have swallowed with most trusting confidence. From a "French milliner," elderly *prima donnas*, from "*danseuses*," Mr. Honan has ever obtained information, and this he told the world as fact in *The Morning Herald*, and in *The Times*, and that which he now relates he gives from memory, lest it might be supposed, were he to refer to the columns of these papers, that he is book-making. We differ with him in this, we consider that the chief value of his "*Adventures*" consists in the fact that they are related by an eye-witness, the authenticity and weight of whose accounts must ever be most reliable when freshest written. Had Mr. Honan thought rather of his readers, than of his cleverness, the present work would be much more useful, and far more saleable. His vanity is absurd, and he seems to think himself, he having ended his travels, like Gil Blas, when setting out, "*La Huitième Merveille du Monde*," as the following proves:—

"What I want the public to understand is, that the campaigns which I now write are not taken from newspaper correspondence, and that I draw from memory alone, and not from any other source. I might compose a political narrative, as well as disclose matters useful or prejudicial to the public service, but I know that the general reader detests such solemn undertakings, even if I had talent or power to execute them.

"Unfortunately, I have lived behind the scenes, and know too well how state policy is carried on, and how state papers are drawn up; and as within the curtain of a theatre all scenic illusion is lost, so I am sorry to say the interior of the diplomatic world is reduced to homely common-place dimensions with me; and when I hear prime ministers extolled for the great capacity they exhibited on such an occasion, I laugh heartily as I remember by whom the combination was arranged, or by whose pen the all-important document was composed. Even the Duke of Wellington is 'not a hero to his *valet de chambre*;' and with one or two exceptions, I could not name a prime minister with whom I 'transacted business,' who was not a mere cypher ere the matter on which I saw him was concluded.

"In former days great men were seen towering above their fellows, but education is now so general, that equality is produced, not by reducing the great, but by elevating the whole public to the same standard. Junius in our days would be a second-class writer, not lively enough even for a police-office; and there is more real talent in the editors' and parliamentary reporters' room of a morning paper, than would have gained immortality half a century ago. Addison would at this hour be set down as an old twaddler; Steele only

as a smart man; Johnson as a great bombastic bore; and Swift alone deemed worthy of a first-class engagement. Sterne would have shrunk before the quick and quaint humour of Mr. Wight, once the Bow-street reporter, and subsequently editor of the 'Morning Herald;' and can Fielding's or Smollett's happiest moments, surpass the original variety and creative fancy of Dickens; or the profound analysis of human nature, and sarcastic dissection of men's motives by Thackeray."

During his life abroad, Mr. Honan met many celebrated people, amongst the rest Madame Catalani. The following is a description of her home life at different periods: it is a sweet picture, and is one of the few in which the author is neither Mick Honan, nor a flunky, but simply Mr. Honan:—

"Among the many houses where strangers were hospitably received, the villa of the celebrated Madame Catalani was one of the most frequented. As I had the pleasure to know this magnificent artiste and most amiable woman, in England, one of my earliest visits was to her, and as she had been on terms of intimacy with my relatives in London, she welcomed me as a friend, and overpowered me with attention.

"She was still, though of mature years, majestic in form, and I might say beautiful in face, with such a combination of dignity and warmth in her manner, that all who saw her now, as in youth, loved and worshipped her.

"She was surrounded by a numerous family who lived upon her looks, and sought to anticipate every wish, and by a crowd of friends whose devotion she fully appreciated.

"Catalani was born to be a queen, and instead of ruling the stage, she ought to have graced a throne, as her moral worth was as transcendent as the beauty of her person; but never did the profession of an artiste receive more honour than at her hands, and she advanced it to that height of dignity to which Mrs. Siddons raised the character of an English actress.

"On the occasion of her last visit to England, I was invited more than once to spend a day at her villa at Richmond, and there the few privileged persons admitted to her intimacy saw what the great Catalani really was in domestic life.

"The drawing-room windows opened on the lawn, and her great delight was to wander from one to the other, as fancy dictated, and when she thought no one was observing what she did.

"Her friends understood this amiable caprice of not being noticed, and whilst we chatted together, read the newspaper, or the last novel, she flew from place to place, to pluck a rose, to visit her aviary, to make a hasty sketch, to run over the notes of the piano, and to indulge in fantastic warblings, imitations of birds, or trials of vocal skill, that thrilled every heart.

"Of the grandeur of the *primas donna's* professional style the world had full cognisance, but of the pure and simple melody of her

voice, none but the favoured few had any true idea. She was more tragic than Madame Pasta, as mellifluous as Madame Rossi, and as soul-subduing as Jenny Lind, and when she indulged in daring flights of musical combination, it seemed as if a lark was soaring to the heavens, or as if a canary bird was straining its wildest notes.

"Perhaps it was only a single word she uttered, or a single bar she went through, or it might be the part or whole of some favourite air, but it was the songstress of nature unfettered by the rules of art; when suddenly voice and gesture would change, and, as if by magic, we saw the tragic actress crossing the stage in all the majesty of lyrical power.

"If one word was said, or the slightest applause given, the charm was broken for that morning, and the child of nature became the high-bred lady, doing the honours of her house with unaffected grace.

"Such as Catalani then was, I understood from her family she still remained, and nothing could be more exquisite than the occasional flights of song in which she indulged in her daily rambles through the fine grounds of her romantic villa.

"Alas! the divine songstress did not live much longer to charm her friends, and adorn society. She fell, a few months after the period I speak of, a victim to the cholera at Lyons, to which place she had fled after the Grand Duke abandoned Florence."

Reader, we now bid adieu to Mr. Honan, and if it be considered that we have dwelt at too great a length upon his faults, let it be remembered that he came before us Irish in name, slang Irish in the tone of his book, and professing to be an Irish literary man. This Irish literary man is just the character we would be most willing to support if deserving; but we consider that Mr. Honan is not deserving, and he having stated, at the conclusion of the present volumes, "if the reading world condescend to accept my humble contributions in another series of campaigns, I can only say that I am ready to begin," we wished to express our dissent from any continuance of his "Personal Adventures" in the same strain.

Should he wish hereafter to write in another spirit, ably and cleverly as beyond all doubt he can write, he shall have our good will and good offices, and as in the days of Ireland's greatness, Irishmen helped each other "for the love of the old tongue of the Gaels of Erin," so we, for the sake of our country's literary honour, will aid the Irish author when we can do so honestly and sincerely.

The other work before us is the production of a young

American gentleman, who has made a long pedestrian tour through Europe. Having reached Vienna in the spring of 1851, he resolved to continue his route into Hungary; and the result of his experience of the country, political and social, is given in this very clever and interesting book. We are particularly pleased with Mr. Brace; he never compared his own country, and its institutions, with those of Europe, unless in a fair and manly spirit, and yet a tour like his, entered upon for the purpose of being eye-witness of the position of a people, is doubtless that species of travelling most likely to lead the observer astray; as fact was Sydney Smith observed, more than forty-three years ago, when reviewing Jacob Fievée's "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*"—

"Stones, and roots, and leaves, the subjects which may exercise the understanding without rousing the passions. A mineralogical traveller will hardly fall foul upon the granite and feldspar of other countries than his own; a botanist will not conceal its non-descript; and an agricultural tourist will faithfully detail the average crop per acre; but the traveller who observes on the manners, habits, and institutions of other countries, must have emancipated his mind from the extensive and powerful dominion of association, must have extinguished the agreeable and deceitful feelings of national vanity, and cultivated that patient humility which builds general inferences only upon the repetition of individual facts. Everything he sees shocks some passion or flatters it; and he is perpetually seduced to distort facts, so as to render them agreeable to his system and his feelings!"*

Mr. Brace's tour was an eventful one, and although Sterne may have had some authority for stating—"the sentimental traveller, only, meets with adventures," this book proves that in a country such as Hungary many exciting, and some disagreeable, incidents will arise. Some of these were experienced by our author, and he can cry with John Bunyan's famous pilgrim, "As he walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep;"—for Mr. Brace was, during six weeks, a captive, on suspicion, in an Austrian prison. Of that wild, strange land, Hungary, with its half Western, half Oriental people; with their brave,

* Rev. S. Smith's Works, Vol. I. p. 52.

ried struggle to beat the enslaver, backward, to his own home, with all the degradation of the people now, and all the horrors inflicted upon them by the Austrian; with the bold heart-hearted man who drove the imperial robbers from the Upper Danube; with the 8,000 heroes who held 80,000 Russians, for thirty hours, at bay, by Debreczin; with the brave hussars, who, unable to use their horses, stormed Ofen on foot; of the true hearts that broke their swords, and shot their horses and themselves, when the news reached them that Sziget had surrendered unconditionally, and had laid down its arms at Vilagos—with all these exciting and glowing details, Mr. Brace's book is rendered valuable and entertaining.

Of the position of the Hungarian people before the revolution, and of their present condition, it may be well to offer some observations. When Albert the Second of Austria received the crown of Hungary, the latter state was governed by a code of mild feudalism; and although the kingdoms were united, Hungary preserved a species of bastard independence. The emperor was Lord, his enemies were her enemies, and all taxes, all arrangements in which she was concerned, the criminal proceedings, all legal jurisdiction, to be binding, could first receive the sanction of the Hungarian legislature. It happened, strangely enough, that in Hungarian feudalism the crown had managed to make the feudal tenure a species of knight-service, in which the vassals depended upon the king, as Seigneur, more than on the immediate Lord. Each defence of the crown was a new purchase of his secure semi-freedom to the vassal, and whilst in England the *servitium militare*, and even the *servitium sokæ*, had been, so early as the reign of Edward the Fourth, commuted unto *escuages*,* the feudal tenures of Hungary continued in full force until the year 1847. The internal government of the country was not unlike that which prevailed in Ireland before the Union, assuming the vicerey of Austria, and the four provinces, to some extent, independent, but federated for general national purposes. A people, wild and independent like the Hungarians, must ever be jealous of what they conceived an infringement of their rights, and when Kossuth set up his *Parliamentary Gazette* in the year 1839, and called the attention of the nation to the

* Reeves' History of the English Law, Vol. iii. p. 297.

mis-management of Hungarian affairs in general, they quickly learned to hate the Austrian, and year by year, during Kossuth's persecutions, and ceaseless endeavours to redress the injuries of his country, this hatred grew fiercer and more enduring. At length on the 19th March, 1848, the Austrian Government was driven into the concession of an independent Ministry to Hungary. The formation of this Ministry was committed to Count Louis Batthyanyi, who nominated Kossuth Minister of Finance. Kossuth's ability in this office will be best judged by the fact, that although the highest revenue ever yielded to Austria, had been only 22,000,000 florins per annum, the Minister was able to defray expenses amounting to 42,000,000 of florins at once, and to leave a surplus fund in the hands of Government, with which he established a National Bank at Pesth, the capital of which, soon, amounted to 5,000,000 florins (£500,000). On this he issued 12,500,000 florins in bank notes. From the improved management of the Government property,—mines, salt works, &c., they yielded tenfold more profit than formerly. This increase formed the basis of a new system of taxation, and the National fund, in December 1848, nine months after the concession of an independent Ministry, amounted to 28,600,000 florins, (£2,860,000), which drove the Austrian bank notes, amounting to about 45,000,000 florins, entirely from the country. He raised an independent army, a National guard, a National militia, which shortly after the out-break of the revolution, amounted in the gross, to 130,000 men.

Let us now observe the materials with which Kossuth was obliged to work. According to Fenyès, the most able statistician of the country, the population of Hungary in 1842 was 12,880,406 souls, of these 6,130,188, were Roman Catholics, 1,322,344 belonged to the Greek Church, and the Protestants, Unitarians, and Jews, amounted to 5,427,883 souls. At the out-break of the revolution, the number of Bauers, or peasants, who owned, or who occupied, houses and farms, was 1,600,000, and these were forced to bear all the great weight of taxation and feudal labor, and the peasant who possessed about thirty-one acres was "a full landholder," and subject to the entire demand of labor. Every "full landholder" should labor on the Lord's estate, one hundred and four days, with hard labor, and fifty days with oxen, during the year. He was obliged also to repair bridges on the estate—he was bound

to supply oxen, to carry soldiers, at the rate of 2s. 5d. per mile—he was obliged to pay a ninth of all his wheat, corn, wine and tobacco, to his Lord, and also to pay a tax of 1s. 10d. per annum for his house—he was compelled to pay towards the support of the Parliament, and to defray a portion of the war tax, also to receive soldiers at billet, and to supply recruits as demanded: This was, doubtless, slavery, but it was feudal slavery only in name. The peasant could bring his case before the superior courts of law, in all disputes between his Lord and himself, and if he could prove unjust treatment, the former was forced to pay all expenses. In all disputes between the peasant and other parties, the Lord, and the neighbouring nobles, were the judges. The peasant could marry without the permission of the Lord; he could pawn, or lend, his moveable or immoveable property, a power unknown in Austria; he could possess 124 acres of land, whilst in Austria he could hold no more than 31 acres. He could purchase his freedom, he could inherit property, and when he had bought liberty, or when his Lord had sold the estate, he was free from taxation upon the conclusion of the affair, whilst in Bohemia and Galicia he was subject to a charge of five or ten per cent. To the Hungarian Bauer a large tract of meadow land was given free by the Lord; he had also the right to collect wood, for firing, in the forest; and, by paying a trifling sum he possessed the privilege of feeding his hogs during a great part of the year, in the plantations of his landlord. Such was the condition of the feudal system in Hungary; that it was mild must be freely admitted, and that it was calculated to produce friendly feeling between the chief parties is clear; for, after the abolition of serfdom in 1847, the Bauer, in numerous instances, returned to his master for the purpose of working for him free of charge, though no longer his vassal. Why, it may be asked, did the revolution take place? Simply because the intervention of the representative of Austria was found to be intolerable, and because Hungary, like Ireland, was deserted by its native aristocracy. The heavings of revolutionary Europe were felt through the land, the scoundrelism and selfishness of Jellachich, the foul treachery of Austria, and bold hearts of the Hungarian people, all conspired to produce the revolution, and when Austria gave a free Parliament to Kossuth, she should have been prepared to yield further concession when demanded.

It is unnecessary now to refer to the struggle made by the people for freedom; the facts are, we believe, sufficiently well known; but of the present position of Pesth and the inhabitants, Mr. Brace gives the following melancholy account:—

“I was surprised almost at the little life apparent in either city, once among the most lively towns in Europe. My acquaintances say that I cannot at all imagine the contrast between the appearance of Buda-Pesth now, and that before the Revolution, or during the year 1848. Then the city was full of the gentry who resided here a good part of the year, the streets thronged with brilliant equipages, and lively with all the gay costumes of the Hungarian soldiery and nobility. The stream of business and travel, too, was incessant through every thoroughfare. There was not perhaps in Europe so brilliant, stirring, cheerful a city as Buda-Pesth. The Lantag, or Parliament, met here, calling together all the principal men of talent and rank through Hungary. Theatres had been built, not inferior to those in Vienna. Hotels among the best in Europe. A casino, after the plan of a London club, with the most elegant conveniences for bachelors, was erected. Strangers gathered together here from all parts of Europe, and there was no refined society on the Continent where a foreigner of education could so pleasantly spend his time as among the social circles of the Hungarian capital. Now the streets seem still and lifeless. No equipages are seen. The Hungarian costume is forbidden. The noblemen of Hungary, the men of talent and wit, the leaders of the nation, who once filled the city and gave the life to its circles and drew business within its wall, are now scattered abroad as exiles through every land, or are living in gloomy and insecure retirement on their estates. Business has utterly flagged. No one has any confidence in the continuance of the present condition of Hungary. The stream of communication which once poured over the bridge is now meagre enough. It is calculated by candid people that the population of Buda-Pesth, once some 120,000, has diminished full 50,000! Strangers seldom visit it now, or if they do, have no heart to stay in a place where every foreigner is under the spying eyes of a police agent.

“I happened to call upon a workman. As soon as he found I was about to travel in Hungary, he burst forth, ‘O, Sir, if you could only have seen our country four or five years ago! I do not believe there was so free and happy a country in Europe. Wine and corn, and everything so cheap for the poor man—the gentry making improvements and reforming everywhere, and we had our Parliaments here in Pesth, and we voted for officers—and were independent of Austria. And now there is a tax on everything. We have to pay three guilder for poll-tax—and every pound of meat is taxed which we buy, and there is a tax on the gardens, land, on the houses. And then we gain nothing. We have lost our Constitution and our rights. There is no more voting, or elections, or Parliaments here in Pesth. The whole country is dead!’”

I have been to see an acquaintance since, of the Government party. He regretted extremely that I had chosen the present time to travel

in Hungary—it would give me so imperfect an idea of the nation. If I could have come before the Revolution I should have seen the country in its pride and glory, intensely active and excited in its political life, and every kind of material improvement going on. Or, if I could have come immediately after the Revolution, the very aspect of the national excitement—inspiration, would have been grand to look upon. But now the whole country was lifeless—spiritless—cast down. ‘We have staked all,’ said he, ‘on the game, and have lost all. The Government, too, I regret to say, is not well advised, or does not understand the Hungarian character, and everything goes on wrong. No man can predict the future. The present condition cannot last.’

“I went by accident into a saddler’s shop, and the moment he found I was no Austrian, he burst out with his feelings over the change in his country. ‘It was so pleasant a land! And we had our own freedom, as they have now in America; and Pesth was so lively. The gentry used to come here to the shop and buy so much for their hunts and races, and talk politics here; and everything was so cheap! Wine was only two kreutzers a bottle. But now we have to pay all the Austrian taxes; and the gentry are all gone; and we are all just like slaves! If I can only sell my stock, I shall at once go over to America!’”

Kossuth, Mr. Brace informs us, is adored, whilst Görgey is more than detested, and to his unyielding pride our author attributes the failure of the revolution. Görgey appears to have been a cold, hard, selfish egotist. He lived alone, the sole study of his life was chemistry; having joined the army he became a great leader, and despised Kossuth because he wanted the qualities of a soldier. After the surrender of Világos, he retired to Klagenfurt, where, in a small house given by the Austrian government, he pursues his study of chemistry. Although no man in Hungary believes that he surrendered Világos for gold, yet all execrate the very ground on which he moves!

The policy of the Austrians towards the Hungarians was frightful in its cruelty. The following case is most melancholy, because most true:

PUNISHMENT OF MADAME MADERSPACH

“Among the other victims of the Austrian Government, there still lives in Pesth the lady who was scourged by Austrian soldiers—Madame Maderspach. I have met several who have seen her, and the account they give of the affair is as follows:—She was a lady of fortune and rank, residing in Siebenbürgen, in the south-eastern part of Hungary. Her husband was an officer in the Hungarian army, and she herself naturally sympathised with his party, and, it is said, frequently entertained Bem and the officers under him in a

very hospitable manner. This had exasperated the Austrians, and when, at length, they occupied that part of Hungary, they were quite ready for any severities against her.

“Unfortunately for her, her tenantry made some celebration at the time, and burned (she stated without her knowledge) the Emperor Francis in effigy! She was at once seized, and, at the command of the Austrian officer, made ‘to run the gauntlet,’ or the ‘Gas-senlauf,’ as they call it. I gained some acquaintance with this Austrian punishment while in the Gros Wardein prison, as it was applied to all the thieves and deserters of the regiment every Saturday afternoon. The custom is, usually, to call out three hundred men, who form two rows, one hundred and fifty on a side. Each man is to be provided with a tough, limber stick. The criminal, a hardy, strong man, commonly, is stripped to the waist, and made to walk leisurely through at the beat of a drum. If any one in the line neglects to lay on, as hard as he can, he gets ‘five-and-twenty’ himself. It is generally calculated that a strong man, sent through this lane four times, if he has strength enough to get to the end, will die within a few hours.

“This was Madame Maderspach’s punishment, though with generous consideration for her sex, the ‘run’ was probably limited to once through! The effect upon the proud, high-born lady was to drive her into insanity. The news of such a public, brutal indignity on his wife, so affected the husband that he shot himself through the brain. And, to entirely hush up the matter, the only survivor, a young son, was drafted into the Austrian army in Italy as a common soldier, where he is still. The whole deed seems to have come, if not directly from Haynau, at least from his general orders.

“The poor lady lives still in Pesth, in a half-crazed condition. It is said, after Haynau’s tremendous flagellation by the London brewers, some one sent her a paper, containing an account of it: and that she kept it for days in her bosom, wet with her tears! Somehow or other, she obtained, too, a piece of one of the brooms with which he was beaten, and maniac-like, she has made a bracelet of it, which she now wears.

“The Hungarians assert that this instance of Madame Maderspach is only one of several similar.”

The conduct of the Russians was very kind, and between them and the Hungarians a warm and sincere friendship often existed. They protected the people from insult or violence, and the latter returned this service by little attentions to their comfort, and by treating them, when prisoners, with consideration and indulgence; and Mr. Brace states, “If the choice could be left to Hungary now, I have little doubt that she would prefer to be Cossack rather than Austrian.”

The chief productions of Hungary are exactly those of Ireland, with the exception of tobacco and wine. The exports to Austria in value were, in 1847, £4,101,000; the imports from

Austria were, £4,189,800. Precious stones, such as the opal, ruby, agate, and others, are found; and gold, antimony, alum, and coal are also discovered. There is one University, and there are about seventy government schools. The chief manufactures are pottery, paper, ironware, cloth, sugar refining, and there are nine manufactories of beet-root sugar.

The inhabitants are a fine race; Mr. Brace thus describes them :—

“It is my first sight of the Hungarian Bauer, and I should say, that if all this ‘oppressed race’ look like men here, they have thriven very well under their slavery.

“It seems to be some sort of a market-day, and great numbers of them are gathered in the square before my lodgings. Each man wears a broad-brimmed black hat, and a sheep-skin with the wool outside, which he folds around him somewhat as the old Romans did their toga. There is scarcely one among them who is not six feet high; and all with well-proportioned, muscular frames, as far as one can judge under their sheep-skins. They stride by, as erect and stately as one can imagine the old Indian chiefs to have done in the days of their power. There is something almost Indian-like in their appearance—their long, lank, black hair, their swarthy complexion and thin faces, with their powerful bodies. Some wear tanned skins, embroidered very much like the Indian robes. In fact, I have not seen a finer looking set of men in Europe than these peasants gathered out in the market-place here. Every man seems a soldier.

“The women are brown and healthy-looking, but short, and by no means so handsome as the men. They all wear little jackets of tanned leather (the *ködmöny*), prettily embroidered, and short dresses, with high boots and red leather under them, making altogether rather an original appearance, according to our ideas of female apparel. They are engaged in doing all the market business, and are chaffering most busily—the men looking on in a dignified way, or lying, like Orientals, dreaming and enjoying the warm spring sun-light. Occasionally a village squire comes by, and they all touch their hats to him, though by no means in a slavish manner. They look and act like an independent, sturdy set of men.”

The following is a very well written description of a bauer's dwelling, and for its accuracy we can vouch :—

“The inside has only two rooms; one where the family live, and the other for company. The entrance, and what at first seemed a sort of pantry, separates them. This is hung with dishes and the best ware which the family possesses. In the midst of it, fronting the door, is a broad, white object, built of stone, like an altar, which you discover after a while to be the kitchen fire-place, the fire being made on the open top, and the draught coming from a hole in the roof above. It is only within three years that this most unpracti-

cal contrivance has been replaced, in some of the best houses of Hungary, by a cooking-stove.

"The two rooms of the house are as neat as the tidiest homes of the American housekeepers. The floors are of hardened earth, but very dry and well swept. In each room is a tall white pyramid, in the corner, of baked mud blocks, which is their stove, and a kind of 'air-tight' besides, as they can shut it up close and keep their fires a great while in the winter. There are chairs and benches for furniture, and several large, clean-looking beds. In the best room are better chairs, and various little objects of a more valuable kind, which the family of our Bauer happened to have. Among the wealthier Bauer, may be usually seen a good board flooring on the room. It was characteristic of the Hungarian Bauer, and what is always seen in their cottages, that a well-used Bible and hymn-book were in one corner of this room.

"After we had thoroughly examined everything, at which our host appeared in no degree offended, he and his wife brought forth their best dresses from a large box, as a curiosity for my inspection. There was his large sheep-skin robe for Sundays, the wool dressed and parti-coloured very nicely, and the other side well tanned, and really very richly embroidered, so that it can be worn with either side out, as the weather suits. Then there was another sheep-skin, his best overcoat, coloured black, and the wool in this probably woven on to the lining, and thus made very long to throw off the rain. Besides these, were his tall, shining boots, with jingling spurs, to be worn when he would put on his most 'taking' costume, and would dance with the peasant girls on the green to the music of the Czigány (the Hungarian gipsies). His wife, with visible pride, showed, as her ködmöny, a loose jacket of sheep-skin, with the softly-dressed wool inside, and rich embroideries and coloured figures outside, in fact, her dress shawl; then her gay red and yellow handkerchiefs for her head when she goes out on market day to sell their garden vegetables, or to buy from the pedlars; her huge sheep-skin cloak too, for the storm, and her bright red leather boots, reaching up almost to her knees, to be worn only on great occasions, when she attends the yearly fair, or goes to church on Sunday mornings. All this was very pleasant and interesting, and I felt very glad at the opportunity of seeing a Hungarian Bauer's 'fixtures.'

"In going away the peasant took my hand, and wished me the Hungarian blessing—'Isten aldjon meg!' and then said something almost solemnly in Hungarian. I asked what it was, and they translated. 'When I am driven out to your land over the water I shall come to you; for I will remember you have been under my roof.' "

The Magyars possess a wonderful aptitude for learning languages. Formerly no gentleman could succeed in political life, who did not understand, at least, four. The debates in Parliament were held in Latin, the correspondence with government was all conducted in German; the lower classes

addressed in Slavonian, and the Magyar was his native tongue. Mr. Brace has found common soldiers speaking six languages well. He adds:—

The language in Europe most similar in intonation to the Magyar seems the French; and accordingly the Hungarians learn difficult French sounds with great ease. The French nasal *nd* is quite common: as, for instance, on the *n* in *Honved*. I do profess to speak learnedly on this matter, but from what little opportunity I had of examining the structure of this language, it seemed remarkably flexible, and capable of high development. The arrangement of suffixes and prefixes, and some other peculiarities, reminded me constantly of the Hebrew. The philologists say that it has no affinity with any European tongue, and bears a relationship to the Turkish and Finnish."

Of the cattle, Mr. Brace informs us thus:—

Some distance beyond, my companion drove me among the herds which he himself owned. The horned cattle are entirely peculiar to Hungary. I never saw a similar breed anywhere else. They are white in colour, or an ashy grey; though more generally a pure white. The cows are much larger than ours, and with longer legs, with the same straight back as our best breed. Their horns do not bend forward, like those of other breeds, but curve directly upwards, like those of a roebuck or chamois, and, as they are often six feet in length, they give a most peculiarly wild, defiant expression. In fact, one gets an idea from the animal, for the first time, that the cow was intended to be by nature. There is none of the heavy, waddling gait in them, which we see in our animals. Their movement is light and free as that of a stag; and with their noses raised before the wind, their clear black eye and long curved horns, and step proudly away, as they do, they really make a very beautiful appearance. They are not by any means equal, however, to the Friesian or Swiss cows, in the amount of milk. The beef seems to be as good as the English. They are best adapted to the open steppes, and would be as unsuited to the narrow pastures of America, as the short-legged, heavy-haunched Durhams would be to the hills here. The price of a common cow is from £6 to £8; but a first-rate cow of this breed, from some of the best dairies—as at Esterhazy's—has been sold as high as £50, and a bull for £100.

Besides the cattle, we passed equally great droves of horses, the tall, fine-limbed animals so peculiar to Hungary, and which rove these wild plains near the Theiss. They are a direct descent from Arabian blood—toughened by the climate, and degenerated only from want of care; still with many of the qualities of the old Arab. They say no horses are so enduring, for long travel, in summer or winter, as these shaggy little animals.

The Hungarians are a nation of riders. The boy is on a horse

almost as soon as he can walk. The Bauer himself looks, in his Sunday dress, as if he remembered his origin, and were more of a cavalier than a peasant. The pointed hat with the long stork's feather, the neat short jacket and high boots with rattling spurs, are the invariable peasant's festive dress, even when he goes to a dance. The cavalry of Hungary is said to be unequalled, and the perfect familiarity of the Hungarian hussar with his horse, and with every mode of fighting from horseback, give him an immense advantage. In the last war the full charge was often made by the hussars, with the sabre in one hand, a pistol in the other, the bridle in their teeth, and their head crouched down behind the horse's head. The Hungarian regiments of hussars were considered the best in the Austrian army; and the Imperial cavalry, famous as it is, nearly always went down before their tremendous charge, during the war of Independence. However, it must be acknowledged, that in modern warfare, the cavalry are not, by any means, the most important force of an army.

"As we rode along, my companion turned out of the slight track we were following across the prairie, to show me some fine flocks of sheep and hogs feeding in the plain. The hogs were a brown, short-legged breed, which he called the 'Hungarian,' not very large, though fat, and giving excellent pork. There is another very curious breed, called the 'Turkish,' which is much valued. The sheep looked well, with very fine wool—not large, however—somewhat like the Welsh breeds. There are very remarkable breeds, however, which I saw later, near Debreczin, and the export of fine wool from Hungary forms one of its most profitable branches of trade."

In the Austrian possessions, wherever the Protestant Church numbers a large congregation, the clergy are paid by the state; but in Hungary the constitution of the church was, if we may so express it, elective, and was arranged as follows:—

"Every church, or parish, chooses its own preacher, appoints his salary, dissolves connection with him whenever it chooses, and manages its parish schools in the most truly congregational-like manner. Yet above it is a series of representative assemblies which have even a legal power over its movements. First comes the assembly of the Seniorate, composed of the preachers from several neighbouring churches, together with delegates from the congregations. This decides upon certain school and parish affairs, and is presided over by two members, chosen from themselves, a Senior and Curator. Above this again, is the assembly of the 'Superintendents,' the highest church convention, which decides upon all the most important matters before the National Church.

"The 'Superintendent' is a kind of Protestant bishop, presiding over many 'Seniorates,' and having the oversight of several hundred thousand souls. His duty is to visit the various parishes under his charge, to examine the candidates for the ministry, and to keep watch over the morals of the clergy. I have called him a bishop.

still it must not be supposed he has anything of the pomp or luxury of a prelate about him. He is usually paid from £40 to £60 per annum for his travelling expenses, but otherwise must be the head of a congregation, and perform the usual duties of a clergyman. As far as I have known the Superintendents, they are generally men of talents and wide influence, but in their mode of life extremely humble and simple. They are chosen almost directly from the people. This 'Assembly of the Superintendents' is composed also of men sent directly by the congregation as delegates, and is presided over again by two members, one a Superintendent, and the other the Upper Curator. And here I must call the attention of the reader to one very singular provision of this Constitution, in which, perhaps, it differs from any other Church-constitution existing. The Hungarians, as is natural, after such a history of suffering under ecclesiastical tyranny, have a deep and abiding dread of priestly rule. Accordingly, they have established, that in every church, every assembly, every council, certain men should be appointed from the laity, to aid in guiding the proceedings, and especially to take charge of the monetary matters. In consequence, every Assembly of the Seniors, every Convention of Superintendents, every church-meeting, has its two presiding officers—clergyman and layman, the latter usually having the title of Curator, or Inspector."

These were rights calculated to secure the independence of the Church ; but Haynau thus dealt with them :—

" ' Guided by the purpose of aiding to do away with the mournful condition in which the Protestant Church of Hungary has been placed by the misuse of their offices on the part of certain overseers of the said Church ; and with the view of rendering it possible to the parishes of this Church to use the rights secured to them by the Constitution during the state of siege, I have decided to enact the following ordinances :—

" ' I. That the functions of the General Inspector and the District Inspectors, as well as those of the Curators, are to be considered at end.'

" Let this be noticed. The laity, who in the whole history of the Hungarian Church have shared in its deliberations, are now to be excluded. But who are to take their place ? We give, in answer, Ordinance II.; somewhat condensed, however.

" ' II. Inasmuch as the holding of elections for the unoccupied places of Superintendents, as well as that of any other election, is illegal during the continuance of the state of siege, and yet as it is desirable that trustworthy men should be placed over the parishes, I hereby will summon certain men to these places, who, under the name of Administrators, and in company with certain reliable men, shall conduct the government of the Church.'

" Ordinance III. provides that the Administrators and their assistants from the laity, are to lay all their public plans and measures before the consideration of the military commandants of the districts, and that all the Church and School funds, formerly controlled

by the Assemblies, are now to be under their direction, subject to the approval of the said Commandants.

“Ordinance IV. makes it necessary in every meeting of the Churches for consultation which may in future take place, that a military official should be present.

“Ordinance V. in view of the poverty of the Protestant churches, enacts that these Overseers and Administrators shall be paid by the state. I pass over the remaining ordinances as unimportant, except the eighth. This impresses it on all the newly-appointed officers of the Church, that the great and especial object with the Government now is ‘to form a closer union on every side between State and Church.’

“The edict closes in the following manner:—‘I expect from these men (i.e. the Administrators and Curators), who at once on their nomination are to enter on the discharge of their offices, a careful and zealous performance of their duty, at the same time furthering the views of the Government and the religious good of their congregations, for which they will lay a solemn pledge in the hands of the Commandant of the District.

“‘Head-Quarters, Pesth, February 10, 1850.

“‘From the Commander-in-chief of the third army for Hungary and Siebenburgen.

“‘HAYNAU, F.Z.M.’”

Of the Roman Catholic Church Mr. Brace writes:—

“Just within the town, my companions pointed out to me a fine large park, and handsome house, belonging to a Roman Catholic bishop, much beloved by the people, and now in an Austrian prison (Arad, I believe), sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. One of the truest Hungarian patriots, they said—and they were zealous Protestants themselves. It perhaps may not be known how nobly many of the Catholic clergy sacrificed all for Hungary. The celebrated priest, Wimmer, who had won the confidence of the whole people by his self-denying efforts among the poor, in establishing schools and improving agriculture, organized and commanded personally a division of the National Guards. Many others proved their devotion to Hungary by dying on the scaffold or the gallows for their cause.

“The Catholic clergy of Hungary is perhaps the most richly endowed in the world.

“The Archbishop of Gran, who is at the head of the Church, has an income valued by some at £20,000, and by others at £50,000.

“The revenues of the Bishop of Erlau were once estimated at about £6,000; and those of the Bishop of Agram are put now at about £20,000! The collected incomes of the whole clergy are valued now at £324,000. Those of the Greek non-united church are much less, not more than £60,000.”

We have given the reader some notion of Mr. Brace's book; but we recommend it, most heartily, to all who are

anxious to become acquainted with the position of the brave people of whom it treats. To which of its great neighbours Hungary may eventually belong, is a problem no man can solve; and by what form of government she should now be ruled, is a question profound as it is important. Austria has fallen into the error of now attempting to crush, whilst she should conciliate; the country is borne down by an enormous weight of unprecedented taxation; and whilst the Hungarian people fly from the land of their birth, to seek refuge in America, the bull-headed boy who wears the crown of Austria, is sent to smile and fawn amongst those who hate the very shadow of his two-headed, grasping, eagle, and who look for the return of Kossuth with a loving devotion, tender and unchanging, as a child for a parent.

“ One of the privates in an Austrian regiment, stationed in Vienna, himself a Hungarian, was overheard by his officer to say ‘ Eljen Kossuth ! ’ He was ordered ‘ five-and twenty,’ at once. It appears when a man is flogged in the Austrian army, he is obliged by law to thank the officer. This the Hungarian refused to do. Another ‘ five-and-twenty ’ were given him. Still he refused. Again, another flogging; and the Hungarian, as he rose, muttered his thanks with the words—‘ My back belongs to the Emperor, but my heart to Kossuth ! ’ ”

These are not the people to continue slaves, and at the first roll of the hostile cannon against Austria, Hungary will arise, with its maddened population, to avenge, if not to free itself, and will, at least, attempt to work out the problem of a national rule, and thus, perhaps, may falsify that thought of Hume, in his Essay on Civil Liberty, “ the world is yet too young, and the science of politics too much in its infancy, to admit of any absolute decision on the best mode of government.

ART. IV.—DOCTOR MAGINN.

It has been said that the lives of literary men in England are, in general, devoid of incidents either interesting or exciting, and yet, in all the long catalogue of human joys and sorrows, of combats against the world, and of triumphs over difficulties almost insurmountable, of instances where the indomitable will

has raised its possessor to the enjoyment of every object sought, and to the full fruition of every hope long cherished, where can such glorious examples be found as in the pages of literary biography? It is true that many a noble intellect has been shattered in the pursuit of literary fame; it is true that ghastly forms of martyred genius flit across the scene, and that, from the lowest depths of the deep hearts of Poets, the cry of gnawing hunger, and the wail of helpless, hopeless sorrow arises, with an anguish more frightful than that of Philoctetes, more awful than that of Lear. Truly, literature has had its martyrs—Nash, the creature of genius, of famine, and despair, tells us; “I sat up late and rose early, contended with the cold and conversed with scarcite, and all my labours turned to loss—

“Why is’t damnation to despair and die
When life is my true happiness’ disease?”

Churchyard, who wore out life on the food, and in the rags of a beggar, had written on his grave, “Poverty and Poetry his tomb doth enclose.”* Stowe, after the labor of forty-five years, was a strolling mendicant through the country of whose antiquities he had been the learned chronicler. Otway, when he had endured all the woes of want, was choked by the hungry eagerness with which he tried to devour a loaf, the price of which he had begged. The saddest picture of all, in the martyrology of genius, is Chatterton—

“the marvellous boy;
The sleepless soul that perish’d in his pride,”

writing home to his mother those brave letters in which he promises to become great and famous, because, “by abstinence and perseverance, a man may accomplish whatever he pleases;” and then, after enduring days of starvation, and refusing a dinner from his landlady, the poor staymaker, he dies by his own hand of poison, and is buried amongst the rank graves of beggars, in Shoe-lane workhouse. Literary biography has its kind good hearts too, doing deeds that shine in the face of heaven—its “noble silent men, scattered here and there; silently thinking; silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of.” Look at Goldsmith giving to the relief of want, whilst himself existing on pennies. Look at

* The destinies of old, Burton in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* says, put poverty upon Mercury as a punishment, “since when, poetry and beggary are Gemelli, twin born brats, inseparable companions. Mercury can help them to knowledge, but not to money.”

Samuel Johnson crowding his house with the needy. Look at him walking all night around St. James's Square, because otherwise his companion, Richard Savage, would sleep upon a cobbler's bulk. Look again, he is returning home late at night, his dim eyes serve him but poorly to see his way, and in his rolling, shambling walk, he stumbles over some object lying on the foot path; he stoops, it is a woman, half dead with cold, disease, and want. He takes her on his back, carries her to his lodgings, places her in his own bed, sends for a physician, and finding that she is a poor fallen outcast, prays, and teaches her to pray, and upon her recovery, places her where poverty cannot again drive her from virtue. When Harte dined with Cave, meat was taken behind a screen placed at the end of the room, and there sat Johnson, too ragged, and too proud, to appear at table—but he heard them praise his *Life of Savage*—and the same man, so poor and so proud, some few years afterwards flung back to the clever puppy Chesterfield, his praises of the *Dictionary*. Well has Thomas Carlyle written, "Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day—Corsica Boswell flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel stayed at home. The world-wide soul wrapt up in its thoughts, in its sorrows, what could parading and ribbons in the hat do for it?" Truly nothing. For it, honor and rectitude did all. These are the facts and incidents which give to literary biography its charms.

Follow Byron through his soaring, grovelling life—muse with Wordsworth, and work and toil with Southey; read the noble life of Scott, that record of genius, of manhood, and of goodness, and learn the interest that marks every day in the life of a literary man. It is not by reason alone of its fascinating details, that literary biography should be prized and estimated. The author, more than any other man, rises by his own merits, or sinks through his own faults. Even in the days when the lot of the man of genius was, but too often—

"Toil, envy, want, the Patron, and the jail,"

the want, and the jail, were frequently attributable to his own misconduct; but, in this our age, when from literature have sprung the glories of the Church, the Bench, the Senate, and the Bar, genius need no longer dress in rags, or live in poverty—its Patron is the Public—and for him who is entering on the

journey of life, the best guide will be the biography of some literary man of the time. He will there discover how, by honorable conduct, and by persevering application, all the honors of the kingdom can be obtained—and how, on the other hand, the brightest gifts of genius are useless, if desecrated by idleness, or by misapplication. He will learn, also, to doubt the truth of one who has written—

“Let no man be bred to literature alone, for, as has been far less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bread to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors are their lot, as sure as ever they put pen to paper for publication, or risk their peace of mind on the black, black sea of printer’s ink. With a fortune to sustain, or a profession to stand by, it may still be bad enough; but without one or the other it is as foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide.”*

In all the sad instances of misapplied genius amongst the literary men of the nineteenth century, the subject of this memoir is the most glaring and the most pitiable. “When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes.” So writes Sir Thomas Brown,* and as we look back through the life of William Maginn, we wish that he had borne in mind this quaint thought of the old moralist, and had felt with him, that we must all “make provision for our names,” because, “to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration.” Had Maginn thought thus he would have saved himself many a heart-sickening pang, many a weary hour of depression, and of penitence for days cast away, in which he had been prodigal of that which would have been to him wealth, honor, fame—his glowing, brilliant, glorious genius. True it is, that in the life of William Maginn, there was no disgrace: the Cork schoolmaster was of that class in which Johnson places Milton, men whom no employment can dishonor, no occupation degrade. But in the morning of life the gay thoughtlessness of his heart bore him, smiling, through many a day of sorrow, and gay and thoughtless he continued to the end of his too brief existence. “Never making provision for his name,” he is now one of those mind wrecks, who have drifted from, “this bank and shoal of time,” into the

* Jerdan’s Autobiography, vol. I., p. 39.

* Urn Burial, the Epistle Dedicatory.

wide, dark ocean of the world's forgetfulness—his brilliant life-labors uncollected, and but in part known, scattered through the pages of periodical publications, whilst his grave is neglected, unmarked, and nameless.

William Maginn was born in Marlborough-street, in the city of Cork, on the 10th of July, 1793. His father was a schoolmaster, and conducted, for many years, the most respectable academy in the city. The boy was carefully reared, and his progress in study was so rapid, that he was sufficiently advanced in learning to enter Trinity College, Dublin, at the very early age of ten years. He was placed under the tuition of the late Right Reverend Doctor Kyle, a man of considerable learning, but of harsh, cold, and austere manner. He possessed, however, a kind heart, and was ever ready to give to real merit its fullest reward. Maginn's quick mind, and ever ready memory, soon raised him to a very high degree of consideration in his tutor's estimation; he was the chief favorite of the class, and when Doctor Kyle became Provost of our University, and after he had been raised to the See of Cork, he continued a wise, firm, and judicious friend to his old pupil. Having completed his College course, Maginn returned to Cork, and became, first, a classical teacher in his father's school, and after his father's death, in the year 1813, he resolved to carry on the school himself, so, following the example of Milton, and of Johnson, he became, as old Lord Auchinleck said of the latter, "A dominie, mon—that keeped a schule, and cau'd it an acaadamy." We have often felt considerable surprise at the fact, that Maginn could ever suppose himself, in any degree, meant by nature for an instructor. We have, in our time, known many men of genius, and we believe most firmly, that with the exception of the lamented Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, not one was calculated to become a teacher. But Maginn, the rollicking, laughing, wit squandering, was the most preposterously unsuited of all. Events, however, soon proved that by following up the careful plans of his father, he could subsist comfortably upon the receipts of his school. He had kept his name upon the College books, and thinking that the grave prefix, Doctor, might add something to his reputation, he, in the year 1816, when only twenty-three years old, took the degree of L.L.D.

The Doctor was not at any loss for pupils, his school was well and fully attended, and certainly it was owing to great

merit, rather than to the possession of any of those qualities which are usually supposed to be the distinguishing attributes of a schoolmaster. Solemn and steady he could never become, and although one of our best English parodiests with his pen, he was a very bad mimic in his conduct. The idea of assuming a virtue, or anything else, which he had not, never entered his mind. He was one of those men who, if the fate of worlds depended on it, could not play the hypocrite for five minutes. He was not formed by nature to be a pedagogue, and his display of learning never needed that excuse of Sir Walter Scott for the vain old teacher, "the man is mortal and has been a schoolmaster." He was more like Fuller's model, who does not "scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher—out of his school, he is no whit pedantical, in carriage or discourse. Contenting himself to be rich in Latine, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes." Finding the receipts of the school sufficient to support him, and having, like that other great schoolmaster, Jedediah Cleishbotham, a love for poetry and letters, Maginn next looked around for some other occupation, to which he might devote such portions of his time as were unemployed; literature was the subject which, most naturally, first attracted his attention, and finding that in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine just then, 1817, started, high Tory principles, and racy flashing humour, like his own, were prized, he resolved to become a contributor to its pages, and, after some delay in considering his subject, he sent his first paper to old Ebony. It was a Latin translation of the ancient ballad Chevy Chase, and appeared in Blackwood for November, 1819. The following are the opening stanzas:—

1.
The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the mangre of the doughty Douglas,
And all that with him be.

2.
The fattest harts in Cheviot
He said he'd kill and carry away;
"By my faith," said doughty Douglas,
"I'll let that hunting if I may."

1.
*Perseus ex Northumbria
Vovebat, Dils iratis,
Venare inter dies tres
In montibus Cheviatis,
Contemptis forti Douglasso.
Et omnibus cognatis.*

2.
"Optimos cervos ibi," "alt,
"Ocellos reportabo;"
"Per Jovem," inquit Douglassus,
"Venatum hanc vetabo."

He continued his contributions for some time, always, however, sending his papers enclosed in a letter signed R. T. S. He never asked Blackwood for money, but the publisher, unlike some of the trade, wished to pay liberally for able papers,

and he wrote to Maginn requesting his name and address, which the latter gave as Ralph Tuckett Scott, Cork, and a check was sent, so payable. In the month of May, 1820, The Doctor first introduced himself to Blackwood, and as in fancy we recall the pleasant nights passed away for ever, Maginn is once again before us; we see the bright twinkling eye, and the smiling lip, the half grey half white hair; and the rich rolling voice, with its gay Cork twang, is calling up laughter from the hearts of all who sit around The Doctor, as he tells of his first meeting with the publisher thus.—“I had never let Blackwood have any name, but he wrote to me requesting I'd send him my address, that he might pay me, by a check, for the papers I had sent him. Well, I had always signed the note sent with the papers, R. T. S., so I enclosed him the address as Ralph Tuckett Scott, Cork, and he sent me the check payable to that person. I had some fun with him about it, but at last I thought I'd run over and see him, and off I set for Edinburgh. I called to the shop in Prince's street, and just as I was going in, I recollected that poor Dowden and Jennings, and one or two more, in whose names I had written squibs for the Magazine, were after writing very wicked notes, to Blackwood, demanding the author's address—so I had a clear stage for some sport. I asked if Mr. Blackwood could be seen, and was introduced to his private office. I made a rather formal bow—and giving him a touch of the Cork brogue I said, ‘Ye'r Misther Blackwood I presume, sir.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ was the answer, ‘at your service.’ ‘Be gor, sir,’ said I, ‘if you were only at my service a week ago, you'd have saved me a journey, but, be my conscience, as I'm here, I'm very glad entirely that you *are* at my service at last.’ ‘Pray, sir, may I ask,’ he said, ‘what I can do to oblige you, or how have I displeased you? Our establishment is very punctual in replying to all letters.’ ‘See sir, listen to me now,’ I said, ‘there's some rascal in Cork—you know Cork, don't you?—Well, there's some blackguard there after making use of my name, in your old thrump of a Magazine, and I must know who he is.’ ‘Oh! sir,’ said Blackwood, ‘I deny your right to ask any such questions, and those requests cannot be granted without delay, and consideration.’ ‘Consideration, indeed,’ I cried, ‘aren't you after writen to one Scott there?’ ‘I really cannot answer you, sir,’ ‘Maybe its going to deny what you wrote you are, maybe you'll deny this, and this,

and this,' said I, throwing a bundle of his letters on the table before him. 'Maybe you'll say they're not to the man that writes for you, and maybe you'll say that I'm not the man himself.' " Thus Blackwood and his contributor became acquainted, and the publisher was delighted with his wild Irish assistant. Maginn spent a few pleasant weeks in Edinburgh, and became acquainted with Wilson, Lockhart, Hamilton, and the other men of note who then formed the glories of Blackwood's brilliant staff.*

A few days before this first interview with Blackwood, Maginn had sent in his famous, Third Part of Christabel. It is only to be found in the Magazine, and as many of our readers must be unacquainted with the poem, we here subjoin it:—

CHRISTABEL.

The Introduction to part the Third.

LISTEN! ye know that I am mad,
And ye will listen!—wizard dreams
Were with me!—all is true that seems!—
From dreams alone can truth be had—
In dreams divinest lore is taught,
For the eye, no more distraught,
Rests most calmly, and the ear,
Of sound unconscious, may apply
Its attributes unknown, to hear
The music of philosophy!
Thus am I wisest in my sleep,
For thoughts and things, which day-light
brings,
Come to the spirit sad and single,
But verse and prose, and joys and woes
Inextricably mingle
When the hushed frame is allent in repose!
Twilight and moonlight, mist and storm,
Black night, and fire-eyed hurricane,
And crested lightning, and the snows
That mock the sunbeams, and the rain
Which bounds on earth with big drops
warm,
All are round me while I spell
The legend of sweet Christabel!

CHRISTABEL,—PART THIRD.

NINE moons have waxed, and the tenth
is its wane,
Sees Christabel struggle in unknown pain!
For many moons was her eye less
bright,
For many moons was her vest more tight,
And her cheek was pale, save when, with
a start,
The life-blood came from the panting
heart,
And fluttering, o'er that thin fair face
Pace with a rapid nameless pace,
And at moments a big tear filled the eye,
And at moments a short and smothered
sigh
Swelled her breast with sudden strain,
Breathed half in grief, and half in pain,

For her's are pangs, on the rack that wind
The outward frame and the inward mind.
— And when at night she did visit the
oak,
She wore the Baron's scarlet cloak,
(That cloak which happy to hear and to
tell
Was lined with the fur of the leopard wall,
And as she wandered down the dell
None said 'twas the lady Christabel—
Some thought 'twas a weird and ugly
elf,
Some deemed 'twas the sick old Baron
himself,
Who wandered beneath the snowy lift
To count his beads in solemn shrift—
(For his shape below was wide to see
All bloated with the hydropsie.)
Oh! had her old father the secret known,
He had stood as stark as the statue of stone
That stands so silent, and white, and tall,
At the upper end of his banquet hall!

Am I asleep or am I awake?
In very truth I oft mistake,
As the stories of old come over my brain,
And I build in spirit the mystic strain,
Ah! would to the virgin that I were
asleep!
But I must wake, and I must weep!
Sweet Christabel, it is not well
That a lady, pure as the sunless snow
That lies so oft on the mountain's brow,
That a maiden of sinless chastity
In childbirth pangs should be doomed to
die,
Or live with a name of sorrow and shame,
And hear the words of blenish and blame!
— For the world that smiles at the guilt
of man,
Places woman beneath its ban;
Alas, that scandal thus should wreak
Its vengeance on the warm and weak,

* Brilliant as the staff then was, Blackwood is still worthy of the old time. Fraser has fallen off, but with Alison and William Brown, alas! for poor Moir, it must flourish.

That the arrows of the cold and dull
Should wound the breast of the beautiful!

Of the things that be, did we know but half,
Many, and many would weep, who laugh!
Tears would darken many an eye,
Or that deeper grief, (when its orb is dry,
When it cannot dare the eye of day,)
O'er the clouded heart would stray
Till it crumbled like desert dust away!
But here we meet with grief and grudge,
And they who cannot know us, judge!
Thus souls on whom good angels smile,
Are scoffed at in our world of guile—
Let this, Ladie, thy comfort be;

Man knows not us, good angels know
The things that pass in the world below;
And scarce, methinks, it seems unjust,
That the world should view thee with
mistrust,

For who that saw that child of thine
Pale Christabel, who could divine
That its sire was the Ladie Geraldine?

But in I rush, with too swift a gale,
Into the ocean of my tale!

Not yet, young Christabel, I ween,
Of her babe hath lighter been.

—'Tis the month of the snow and the
blast,

And the days of Christmas mirth are
past,

When the oak-roots heaped on the hearth
blazed bright,

Casting a broad and dusky light

On the shadowy forms of the warriors
old,

Who stared from the wall, most grim to
behold—

On shields where the spider his tapestry
weaves,

On the holly boughs and the ivy leaves,
The few green glories that still remain

To mock the storm and welcome the
rain,

Brighter and livelier 'mid tempest and
shower,

Like a hero in the battle hour!—

Brave emblems o'er the winter hearth,
They cheered our father's hours of
mirth!—

Twelve solar months complete and clear

The magic circle of the year!

Each (the ancient riddle saith)

Children, two times thirty, hath!

Three times ten are fair and white,

Three times ten are black as night,

Three times ten hath Hecate,

Three times ten the God of day;

Thus spoke the old hierophant

(I saw her big breast swelling pant)

What time, I dreamed, in ghostly wise

Of Eleusinian mysteries,

For I am the hierarch

Of the mystical and dark—

And now, if rightly I do spell

Of the Lady Christabel,

She hates the three times ten so white,

And sickens in their searching light,

And woe is hers—alas! alack!

She hates the three times ten so black,

As a mastiff bitch doth bark,

I hear her moaning in the dark!

'Tis the month of January.

Why lovely maiden, light and airy,

While the moon can scarcely glow,
Thro' the plumes of falling snow,

While the moss upon the bark

Is withered all, and damp, and dark,

While cold above the stars in doubt

Look dull, and scarcely will stay out,

While the snow is heavy on beechen
bower

And hides its namesake, the snow-drop
flower,

Why walk forth thus mysteriously?

Dear girl, I ask thee seriously.

Thy cheek is pale, thy locks are wild—

Ah, think, how big thou art with child!

Tho' the baron's red cloak thro' the land
hath no fellow,

Thou should'st not thus venture without
an umbrella!

Dost thou wander to the field of graves
Where the elder its spectral branches
weaves;

And wilt thy hurried footsteps halt

Where thy mother sleeps in the silent
vault?

Where the stranger pauses long to ex-
plore

The emblems quaint of heraldic lore,

Where, tho' the lines are tarnished and
dim,

Thy mother's features stare gaunt and
grim,

And grinning skull, and transverse bone,
And the names of warriors dead and
gone,

Mark Sir Leoline's burial stone;

Thither go not, or I deem almost

That thou wilt frighten thy mother's
ghost!

Or wilt thou wend to the huge oak-tree,
And, kneeling down upon thy knee,

Number the beads of thy rosary?

Nine beads of gold and a tenth of pearl,

And a prayer with each, my lovely girl,

Nine, and one, shalt thou record,

Nine to the Virgin and one to the Lord!

The pearls are ten times one to behold,

And ten times nine are the beads of
gold,

Methinks 'tis hard of the friar to ask

On a night like this so weary a task!

'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, in summer
time,

In the green wood to spell the storied
rhyme,

When the light winds above 'mong the
light leaves are singing,

And the song of the birds thro' your heart
is ringing,

'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, when happily
humming

To the flowers below the blythe bee is
coming!—

When the rivulet coy, and ashamed to be
seen,

Is heard where it hides 'mong the grass-
blades green,

When the light of the moon and each sweet
starry islet

Gives a charm more divine to the long
summer twilight,

When the breeze o'er the blossomy haw-
thorn comes cheerful,

'Tis pleasant—with heart—ah, how hap-
py!—though fearful,

With heaven-beaming eyes, where tears
come, while smiles glisten
To the lover's low vows in the silence to
listen !

'Tis pleasant too, on a fine spring day
(A month before the month of May)
To pray for a lover that's far away !
But, Christabel, I cannot see
The powerful cause that sways with
thee
Thus, with a face all waxen white,
To wander forth on a winter night.

The snow bath ceased, dear lady meek,
But the night is chill and bleak !—
And clouds are passing swift away
Below the moon so old and gray—
The crescent moon, like a bark of pearl,
That lies so calm on the billowy whirl ;—

Rapidly—rapidly
With the blast,
Clouds of ebony
Wander fast,

And one the maiden hath fixed her eyes on,
Hath passed o'er the moon and is near the
horizon !

Ah Christabel, I dread it, I dread it,
That the clouds of shame
Will darken and gather
O'er the maiden's name.
Who chances unwedded
To give birth to a child, and knows not
its father !

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—
eight—nine—ten—eleven !—

Tempest or calm—moonshine or shower,
The castle clock still tolls the hour,
And the cock awakens, and echoes the
sound,

And is answered by the owls around—
And at every measured tone
You may hear the old baron grunt and
groan ;

'Tis a thing of wonder, of fright, and fear,
The mastiff bitches' moans to hear—
And the aged cow in her stall that stands
And is milked each morning by female
hands

(That the baron's breakfast of milk and
bread
May be brought betimes to the old man's
bed

Who often gives, while he is dressing,
His Christabel a father's blessing)
That aged cow, as each stroke sounds slow,
Answers it with a plaintive low !
And the baron old, who is ill at rest,
Curses the favorite cat for a pest—
For let him pray, or let him weep,
She mews thro' all the hours of sleep—

Till morning comes with its pleasant
beams,
And the cat is at rest, and the baron
dreams.

Let it rain however fast,
Rest from rain will come at last,
And the blaze that strongest flashes
Sinks at last, and ends in ashes !
But sorrow from the human heart
And mists of care will they depart ?
I know not, and I cannot tell,
Saith the lady Christabel—
But I feel my bosom swell !

In my spirit I behold
A lady—call her firm, not bold—
Standing lonely by the burn ;
Strange feelings thro' her breast and
brain

Shoot with a sense of madness and pain.

Ah Christabel, return, return,
Let me not call on thee in vain !
Think, lady dear, if thou art drowned
That thy body will be found,
What anguish will thy spirit feel,
When it must to all reveal
What the spell binds thee to conceal !
How the baron's heart will knock 'gainst
his chest
When the stake is driven into thy breast,
When thy body to dust shall be carelessly
flung,
And over the dead no dirge be sung,
No friend in mourning vesture dight,
No lykewake sad—no tapered rite !—

Return, return, thy home to bless,
Daughter of good Sir Leoline ;
In that chamber a recess
Known to no other eye than thine,
Contains the powerful wild flower wine
That often cheer'd thy mother's heart ;
Lady, lovely as thou art,
Return, and ere thou dost undress
And lie down in thy nakedness,
Repair to thy secret and favorite haunt
And drink the wine as thou art wont !
Hard to uncork and bright to decant.

My merry girl—she drinks—she drinks,
Faster she drinks and faster ;
My brain reels round as I see her whirl,
She hath turned on her heel with a sud-
den twirl ;

Wine, wine is a cure for every disaster,
For when sorrow wets the eye
Yet the heart within is dry.
Sweet maid, upon the bed she sinks—
May her dreams be light, and her rest be
deep !
Good angels guard her in her sleep !

Maginn returned to Cork, but continued his contributions to Blackwood, of which, under the *nom de plume*, O'Doherty, he was soon considered one of the most versatile and popular writers. Upon the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Ireland, The Doctor, at Blackwood's request, wrote the following lines :—

A WELCOME TO HIS MAJESTY.

Tune—Groves of Blarney.

1.
You're welcome over, my royal rover,
Coming in clover to Irish ground,
You'll never spy land like this our island,
Lowland or Highland, up or down !
Our hills and mountains, our streams
and fountains,
Our towns and cities all so bright,
Our salt-sea harbours, our grass-green
arbours,
Our greasy larders will glad your sight.

2.
'Tis here you'll eat, too, the gay potato,
Being a root to feed a king :
And you'll get frisky upon our whisky,
Which, were you dumb, would make
you sing ;
And you'll see dashers and tearing
slashers,
Ready to face ould Beelzebub,
Or the devil's mother, or any other
Person whom you'd desire to drub.

3.
Just say the word, and you'll see a riot
Got up so quiet, and polite,
At any minute you'd please to wish it,
Morning or evening, noon or night.
I'll lay a wager, no other nation
Such recreation to you could show,
As us all fighting with great good man-
ners,
Laying one another down so low.

4.
And as for music, 'tis you'll be suited
With harp or bagpipe, which you
please ;
With woeful melting, or merry blitting,
Or jovial quillting your heart to raise.
Sweet Catalani won't entertain you
With so much neatness of warbling
tone,
As those gay swipers, or bold bagpipers,
Chaunting in splendour over their
drone.

5.
Then there's our speaking, and bright
speech-making,
Which, when you hear, 'twill make
you jump ;
When in its glory it comes before you,
'Twould melt the heart of a cabbage
stump.
'Tis so met'phoric, and paregoric,
As fine as Doric or Attic Greek,
'Twould make Mark Tully look very
dully,
Without a word left in his cheek.

6.
If any ladies they should invade us,
The darling creatures in your suite,
We'll so amuse them and kindly use
them,
That in ould Ireland they'll take root.
Our amorous glances, modest advances,
And smiling fancies, and all that,
Will so delight them, that they'll be
crying,
Were you to part them away from
Pat.

7.
The mayors and sheriffs, in paunchy
order,
And the recorders will go down
To gay Dunleary, all for to cheer ye,
And give you welcome to the town ;
But though their speeching it may be
pleasing,
All written out in comely paw,
'Twont be so hearty as when all parties
With million voices roar huzza.

8.
God bless your heart, sir, 'tis you will
start, sir,
At that conspicuous thundering shout,
When Ireland's nation with acclamation
To hail their sovereign will turn out.
England shall hear us, though it is not
near us,
And the Scotch coast shall echo ring,
When we, uproarious, joining in chorus,
Shout to the winds, God save the
King !

Amidst all his occupations, and whilst encircled by an atmosphere of fun, our learned Doctor was conquered by that god who "rules the camp, the court, the grove," and in the year 1823 he was married, and finding that the returns from the school were not sufficient to support a wife, and a prospective family, he requested his London and Edinburgh friends to procure for him some literary employment, by which he might improve his position and prospects. His papers in Blackwood had attracted considerable attention, and as soon as it became known that he was anxious for a London engagement, several publishers were desirous to secure his assistance. Some months before this fact became public, Theodore Hook had

induced Shackell the publisher to start the *John Bull*, the success of which was, as all the world knows, "prodigious." *Bull*, however, was only a weekly paper, and Hook was very anxious to possess a Journal published on Wednesday, so that *Bull* might support his arguments of Saturday, during the succeeding week, and thus attack and defend with vigor. After some persuasion he induced Shackell to start such a paper as he desired, and knowing Maginn's learning, genius, and Toryism, Hook selected The Doctor as Editor and assistant, and also as a contributor to *John Bull*. Of Maginn's connection with these papers the following account is given :—

"Hook, it seems, in 1823, having learned that some six or seven newspapers were in the market, prevailed upon Mr. Shackell to purchase the lot, which he did for 300 guineas, with the view of establishing a journal (to be published on Wednesday, so as not to interfere with 'Bull,') upon their ruins. Partly to assist the old, but principally to superintend the new speculation, to which Hook also was to be a large contributor, Maginn was summoned from Cork, and engaged at a moderate salary. Twenty pounds a month we believe to have been the sum.

"His talents were, doubtless, of a high order, and his scholarship and education infinitely superior to those of his friend Hook, for such he soon became, but unfortunately he possessed the same excitable erratic temperament only exaggerated, hibernized to a degree, that rendered it somewhat unsafe to rely upon him in a matter demanding the prudence and punctuality to be observed in the conduct of a weekly paper. So far as 'John Bull' was concerned, the idea of retaining his services was speedily abandoned.

"Its ally started fairly enough, but the circulation it obtained was not commensurate with the projector's expectations ; and Hook, who had not the patience to play an uphill game, soon threw it up in disgust ; it lingered on for some months under the direction of the Doctor, and was finally abandoned at a heavy loss. Much the same may be said of a Review upon the plan of the 'Literary Gazette,' which had been started some months previously, also at the instigation of Hook, under the title of the 'London Literary Journal.' Terry was associated in the scheme, and was to supply theatricals, fine arts, &c., while backed up by the powerful influence of their established organ, the most sanguine hopes were entertained of its success. The infant, however, proving sickly, it experienced a neglect on the part of its parents, only to be met with, it is to be hoped, among Indians and editors, and as a natural consequence, drooped and died."*

Maginn and his wife removed to London, and he now began life as a regular literary man.

* Barham's Life of Hook, vol. I., p. 225.

Every body knows, or at least ought to know, that Lord Byron died on the 19th day of April, 1824. Maginn was at that period just bursting into a brilliant literary fame, and John Murray, ever anxious and careful, was particularly desirous to secure The Doctor's services as the biographer of the dead Poet. Murray had purchased the manuscripts and letters of his lordship from Thomas Moore, and he placed them for perusal in Maginn's hands, but farther than this the affair never proceeded, as, owing to circumstances already fully related in the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*,* the composition of Lord Byron's life was confided, and judiciously confided, to the man specially selected by his Lordship as biographer—our own glorious Poet, Moore. We refer to this circumstance in Maginn's life for the purpose of showing how brilliant, and how apparently secure, his fortunes were in his early London days. His life of Byron could not be successful; between them there was nothing in common save God's gift of genius—abused by the one, too often—squandered by the other, ever.

In the year 1824, after the failure of Shackell's paper, John Murray started his short-lived journal, *The Representative*, of which he appointed The Doctor foreign correspondent, who accordingly went to reside in Paris, where he continued about eighteen months. The speculation was not successful, and Maginn returned to London in the year 1826, where he employed himself in writing for Blackwood and other periodicals.

Amongst the various short pieces which he wrote at this period, we find the following :—

THE IRISHMAN.

I.

There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth
She fell in love with an Irishman—

A nasty ugly Irishman,
A wild tremendous Irishman,—

A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring, Irish-
man.

* No. VI., pp. 435 to 439.

2.

His face was no ways beautiful,
 For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across ;
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were almost double a yard across.
 O, the lump of an Irishman,
 The whisky-devouring Irishman—
 The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting
 Irishman.

3.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
 And the other eye was out, my dear ;
 And the calves of his wicked looking legs
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.
 O, the great big Irishman,
 The rattling, battling Irishman—
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering, swash of
 an Irishman.

4.

He took so much of Lundy Foot
 That he used to snort and snuffle—O ;
 And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
 O, the horrible Irishman,
 The thundering, blundering Irishman—
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irish-
 man.

5.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
 He'd not rest till he fill'd it full again.
 The boozing, bruising Irishman,
 The 'toxicated Irishman—
 The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

6.

This was the lad the lady loved,
 Like all the girls of quality ;
 And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
 Just by the way of jollity.
 O, the leathering Irishman,
 The barbarous savage Irishman—
 The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bother'd
 I'm sure by this Irishman.

WHISKY.

1.

I care not a fig for a flaggon of flip,
 Or a whistling can of rumbo ;
 But my tongue through whisky punch will slip
 As nimble as Hurlothrumbo.
 So put the spirits on the board,
 And give the lemons a squeezer,
 And we'll mix a jorum, by the Lord !
 That will make your worship sneeze, sir.

2.

The French, no doubt, are famous souls,
 I love them for their brandy ;
 In rum and sweet tobacco rolls,
 Jamaica men are handy.
 The big breech'd Dutch in juniper gin,
 I own, are very knowing ;
 But are rum, gin, brandy, worth a pin,
 Compared with Inishowen ?

3.

Though here with a Lord, 'tis jolly and fine,
 To tumble down Lachryma Christi,
 And over a skin of Italy's wine
 To get a little misty ;
 Yet not the blood of the Bordeaux grape,
 The finest grape-juice going,
 Nor clammy Constantia, the pride of the Cape,
 Prefer I to Inishowen.

 FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

1.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
 Cold and beggarly poor countrie,
 If ever I cross thy border again,
 The muckle deil must carry me.
 There's but one tree in a' the land,
 And that's the bonny gallows tree.
 The very nowte look to the south,
 And wish that they had wings to flee.

2.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
 Kilted kimmers, wi' carrotty hair,
 Pipers, who beg that your honors would buy
 A bawbee's worth of their famish'd air !

I'd rather keep Cadwallader's goats,
 And feast upon toasted cheese and leeks,
 Than go back again to the beggarly North,
 To herd 'mang loons with bottomless breeks.

We are fully aware that these specimens are not worthy of Maginn's genius, but we give them as showing the great facility with which he turned all subjects to the service of his pen. In its proper place the reader shall find that pen employed on more worthy topics. The Doctor contributed largely to the *Annals*, and in "The Literary Souvenir" for 1829, appeared his very beautiful, and wildly romantic, story, "The City of the Demons." He was still a constant and able writer in *The John Bull*, and when, in the year 1828, *The Standard* was started, Maginn had been appointed joint editor, with its present able chief, Doctor Gifford. Politics and Poetry, however, did not occupy all his hours, and in the year 1829 he published his once famous, but now almost forgotten, political novel, "Whitehall;" he was likewise a well known contributor to the "Literary Gazette." Convivial, gay, and possessing a brilliant literary reputation, he was a welcome guest, and much sought companion, at all the haunts of jovial, which means Irish, genius in London; at the glorious gatherings in "The Wrecker," he was the king of good fellows, and Ben Jonson at "The Mermaid" was not more learned, more witty, or a truer son of Bacchus. Whilst enjoying this gay life, he became acquainted with several persons of more or less ability, and amongst the rest with Mr. Hugh Fraser.

There are, in London, a set of men, half *flâneurs* half *littérateurs*, who excite our wonder as to how they find time to read,—they are encountered everywhere during the season.—To-day at the meeting of some scientific society—to-morrow at a flower show, or at Kensington Gardens. You meet them this evening dining with some intensely evangelical family—next day you see them at Richmond, treating a quiet, roguish-looking pink bonnet, and its "amiable dragon," who plays third party with all the discretion of Mark Tapley. To-night you find them flirting in the *coulisses* of the opera with some properly *lascé* coryphée—next night you meet them at the most unholy houses in the Coal Hole, or the Cyder Cellars. This evening you see them listening, from the Speaker's gallery, with profound attention to some grave debate,—next night you discern them addressing, most logically and eloquently, the chairman

of Coger's Hall. Gay, lounging, and thoughtless as these men seem, they do find odd quarter hours, during life, in which they grasp stores of knowledge. On their book shelves you meet Rabelais, Montaigne, Brantome, Voltaire, and the *Ménagiana*, with leaves deeply scored, and carefully noted—and the result of this reading is given to the world as whim may incite, or as occasion may demand, in a style flashing and trenchant as that of Jules Janin, and clothing thoughts, so witty and so wise, that Sydney Smith might have written them, had he been a man about town. Of this class Mr. Hugh Fraser was a very distinguished representative in the year 1829. He had formed an intimacy with Maginn, and the latter having quarrelled with Blackwood, Fraser proposed that they should start a magazine themselves in opposition to old *Ebony*. Accordingly they looked up their finished and half finished papers, selected such as they thought most suited to the proposed periodical, and putting a few of these in their pockets they strolled from Fraser's lodgings, through Regent street, in search of a publisher. Upon arriving at number 215, in the above named street, Maginn said, "Here's a namesake of yours, Fraser, let us try him." They entered the shop, introduced themselves to its master, Mr. James Fraser, who, knowing the reputation of his two visitors, at once agreed to become the owner of the projected work, and on the first of February 1830, the first number of "*Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country*" appeared. The name "*Fraser*," was given to it, not from its publisher, Mr. James Fraser, but from its projector, Mr. Hugh Fraser. Its success and stability were evident from the earliest, and Maginn was a contributor to its pages until the period of his death. His first paper appeared in the number for May, 1830; it was a metrical and humorous translation of the nineteenth ode of Horace's third book. To mention all Maginn's contributions to this magazine would be to name nearly all its best, and most learned, and most witty, papers. Occasionally political feeling urged him beyond the limits of propriety; and at length a circumstance occurred, attended by results most disagreeable to the publisher, to his able supporter, and, we may add, to the reading public.

In the number for August, 1836, appeared the famous review of the Honorable Grantley Berkeley's novel, "*Berkeley Castle*." Grantley Berkeley was a Whig, nay more, he was a Radical, therefore his novel afforded fair game for the brandy-nourished

coterie in Jemmy Fraser's back parlour. It was just at the end of the month that Bentley sent in the book, matter was wanted to fill up some pages of the magazine, and the Doctor set to work, meaning to vex the publisher, and to smash the author. We are not so squeamish as to contend that a man, who commits himself to the judgement of the critic, is to expect consideration if he write nonsense, or mercy if he publish vicious sentiments. But even in animadverting upon folly or upon immorality, there are bounds beyond which, the ordinary literary censor cannot proceed, without violating the common courtesy of the press. "Berkeley Castle" is neither a very original nor a very clever book, but in exhibiting its glaring vulgarities, or, its ridiculous levities, there was no necessity for raking up all the errors of its author's father, and for once more reviving the half-forgotten scandals about the Countess of Berkeley. During more than half a century these scandals had been unnoticed, save in the records of the House of Peers: to recall them, after such a lapse of time, for the purpose of wounding the feelings of her son, was an act more worthy of some "venal and licentious scribbler, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman," writing in the columns of some scandalous Sunday paper, than of the able critic supporting so famous a periodical as the clever "Magazine for Town and Country." Upon the appearance of the review, Grantley Berkeley, accompanied by his brother Craven, proceeded to Fraser's house in Regent street, and finding him in the shop, they closed the door, and Grantley Berkeley knocked him down, and beat him most violently, about the head and neck, with the butt-end of a large and heavy whip. That Fraser was severely injured cannot be denied, but we think it was quite a matter of opinion, whether Berkeley was entitled to consider him, the known publisher, or to hold the unknown writer, of the libel upon Lady Berkeley, responsible. Maginn, however, upon hearing of this affair, at once wrote to Grantley Berkeley, informing him that he was the author of the offensive review, and that his friend, Mr. Hugh Fraser, was ready to receive any message Mr. Berkeley might consider necessary. Accordingly Major Fancourt waited upon Mr. Fraser, and it was agreed that a hostile meeting should take place that evening at seven o'clock. The parties met some short distance from London, in a field, if we remember rightly, upon the Barnet road. At the first fire, from the position of Maginn's

pistol, major Fancourt inquired if he had discharged it in the air, and was answered in the negative. The second fire was ineffectual. At the third fire Maginn's bullet grazed the collar of Berkeley's coat, and the bullet of the latter struck the ground beside The Doctor's boot. Upon this third ineffectual exchange of shots, the seconds interfered, and the parties, bowing to each other, left the ground without explanation. Hugh Fraser was much blamed for allowing three shots, but he feared a species of *Vendetta* upon the part of his principal's opponent—As Maginn wrote, "Fraser felt, and after circumstances justified him the feeling, that it was to be made a family affair on the part of the Berkeleys; and he decided that no room should be left for cavil upon their parts."

Fraser, the publisher, was for some days confined to his bed from the injuries inflicted upon him by the outraged author, but he at once commenced an action for assault and battery against the Messrs. Berkeley, which was tried in the Court of Exchequer, at Westminster, on Saturday, the 3rd of December, 1836, before Lord Abinger, and a special jury. For the plaintiff there appeared, Erle, Fitzroy Kelly, and Talbot; for the defendants, Thesiger and Crowder. The trial excited very great curiosity, and a very considerable interest, and it is difficult to decide whether Erle's reply for the plaintiff, or the slanderous review, the cause of all the mischief, was the more offensive. The jury, however, proved their full appreciation of the conduct of all the parties, by awarding to Fraser the very small sum of £100, for damages. The cross action, Berkeley v. Fraser, for slander, was settled, a verdict being entered for the plaintiff, by consent, with 40s. damages, each party paying his own costs. Maginn wrote a very impertinent letter of explanation, and so the affair ended.

We have no wish to write harshly of Maginn, we knew his genuine goodness of heart, and we really think that he believed his victims suffered as little from his criticisms, as he, himself, endured in writing his crushing reviews. We have always considered the following sketch of The Doctor's character, given by poor Gerald Griffin, in a letter to his brother William, to be very correct and equally just:—

"Jerdan talked of Maginn, who writes a good deal for Blackwood, and spoke in high terms of his talents: nevertheless, though he is his friend, he confessed he did not think him a very considerate critic, and thought there was something unfeeling in his persecution

of Barry Cornwall. You may have seen these letters to Bryan Proctor in Blackwood's Magazine. Barry Cornwall is, he says, one of the mildest, modestest young fellows he ever knew, and does anything but assume. Maginn, however, imagines that those he attacks think as little of the matter as himself, which is by no means the case. The other day he attacked Campbell's Ritter Bonn most happily and at the same time cuttingly, and afterwards wanted Jordan to get up a dinner and bring Campbell and him together. He begged leave to decline. He is a singular looking being, Dr. Maginn, a young man about twenty-six years of age, with gray hair, and one of the most talented eyes, when he lets it speak out, I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says he considers him the most extraordinary man he ever knew. He attacked Banim, too, before they were acquainted, but that's all forgot long since. He has praised Banim in the London Magazine, and of course rendered it imperative on Blackwood to abuse him.

Although so closely connected with Emerson, he had again become a contributor to Blackwood; however, his most brilliant efforts were devoted to the former magazine—amongst these, the most valuable are his "Shakspeare Papers," and his reviews of Southey's book, "The Doctor." He had become acquainted with Letitia Landon, and admiring, as every body admired, the genius of that most excellent woman, he assisted her by friendly notices of her poems, and contributed several short poetical pieces to the "Drawing Room Scrap Book," which she then edited. Scandal could not suffer this literary friendship to pass unstained by its malevolent tongue, and the feeling, supposed to exist between the Poetess and her friend, was reported to be more than platonic. "The Improvisatrice," was Sappho only with her lyre, just as Crebillon was a rake only on paper. She had, as she told us, found few friends in the world, and Maginn acted towards her—a woman—as he had acted towards many a man, striving for literary fame—kindly and justly. As poor Laman Blanchard said, Miss Landon had loved but once, she then loved deeply and truly, too deeply and too truly to have ever encouraged the advances of one who was already married. Maginn was a man whom many women could like, but whom few, very few, could love—and knowing this, the kind heart of the Poetess, after all the sorrows it had endured, felt deeply a gratitude, open, ingenuous, and womanly. Friendship is always clear and open, and few knew this, and proved it better, than Letitia Landon—Love, she thought, was always secret, and she sang:—

Do any thing but love, or if thou lovest
 And art a woman, hide thy love from him
 Whom thou dost worship, never let him know
 How dear he is."

So great had Maginn's reputation become, that shortly after this period, nearly all the able, witty, "slashing," critical papers in the magazine, were attributed to The Doctor, and of this he had soon a rather disagreeable proof.

In "Fraser" for April, 1837, there appeared an able, but very severe, criticism* upon a now forgotten drama, entitled "The Student of Padua." The author felt himself aggrieved, and fancying that all the trenchant papers of the magazine must be the production of Maginn's pen, "Aut Erasmi aut Diaboli"—the Doctor or the Devil—he wrote a very violent letter, in the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, for April 2nd, 1837, signed, "The Author of the *Student of Padua*." In the letter the following passages appeared:—

"The writer of the attack on the Student of Padua is incensed with its author, because I know this anonymous reviewer to be a coward who has skulked from the field of honour—a poltroon who has eaten his own calumnies, and a dastard who seeks revenge by his pen when he dare not take it with his hand. But let me quote the passage."

"As to who the two gentlemen connected with Mr. Fraser's Magazine may be, I know not—one of the gentlemen is Dr. Maginn, and this gentleman, as he has the effrontery to style himself, is the author of the brilliant calumny on me, simply because I happened to be privy to a little affair in which the Doctor dropped a white feather, and proved himself as great a coward as he is a malicious libeller."

This was severe enough, but in the same number of the newspaper, in an article entitled, "Literature and Science," these passages were written:—

"None but a convicted coward, a slanderer, a backbiter, and a dastardly calumniator by profession, could have been guilty of such a ruffianly and insolent article. He must be one of those bribed assassins of literature so common in London, who live in garrets, and are only admitted into the company of the swell-mob, and the courtesans of the Haymarket or Drury-lane."

"And let us ask, who is this miserable pauper scribe in 'Fraser,' that he dare come forward in such an offensive manner on so trivial an occasion? Is he the author of any one known work? Is he moral, and virtuous, and sober, and thoughtful? Is he a man whose toleration in society, whose eminence in literature, whose courage, and position, allow him to be gratuitously insolent?"

* One or Two Words on One or Two Books, p. 505.

Language so violent as this could not be borne unnoticed, particularly as Maginn was not the writer of the paper in Fraser, and he accordingly commenced an action for libel against Cox, the printer of the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, which was tried in the Sheriff's Court, London, on the 13th of June, 1837. Talfourd appeared for The Doctor, and Thessiger for the defendant, who had refused to disclose the names of the authors of the libels, and a verdict of £150 damages, with costs, was given for Maginn.

That all the foul, and if true, blasting epithets applied to Maginn in this libel were false, each act of his life proves clearly and beyond every doubt. To young and struggling genius he was ever a steady friend, and what literary man that has been thrown upon the cold, hard world of London literary life, and has felt all the envy, a poor man's envy, of the wealth around him, but will bless the hand and pen that first drew public attention to his efforts. It was thus that the lamented Moir felt when, fifteen years ago, he wrote in his own honest, manly spirit:—

“ Nearly twenty years—*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Labuntur anni!*—have glided over, since the Doctor and I were *co-litterateurs*; and yet, strange to say, we have never chanced to meet. Will he here allow me, in a sentence, to convey to him my grateful feelings, for the friendly way in which he has ever alluded to my name, when circumstances chanced to throw it in his way. Those Sybilline words of kindness have not been all lost in air. By every one capable of judging, the powers of Dr. Maginn are acknowledged to be of the highest order. Has he given the world assurance of this, in the way he might have done? We doubt much. But from ‘The City of the Demons;’ ‘The Man in the Bell;’ ‘Colonel Pride;’ ‘The Shakespeare Papers;’ and many other things, posterity will be able to appreciate him. *Ex pede Herc.*”

Griffin, Banim, Macnish, and fifty other literary men found kindness and aid, genial and unchanging, in Maginn.

In the month of January, 1838, Maginn published, in Fraser, the first of the “Homeric Ballads,” and had not completed the set at his death. He had also long contemplated a translation of the “Comedies of Lucian,” but the specimens published in Fraser were not very popular, and so were discontinued.

Had Maginn written the “Homeric Ballads” only, they would be more than sufficient to keep his memory bright. Of these glorious ballads we place three before the reader: let

him compare them with the original, and with the translation of Pope, of Chapman, or of Cowper, and we have little doubt that his judgment must be in favor of our countryman. In the introduction Maginn states :—

“More than seven and twenty centuries have rolled away since Homer’s time, according to his received date; and, in all languages, half-a-dozen names have not been produced who can be allowed to approximate to him. I firmly believe he has had but one equal, and even the greatness of his genius is disputed—by those, however, who, in my opinion, are not capable of appreciating either Shakespear or Homer. I look only to the internal evidence of the poems themselves. As for external evidence, we know as much of Homer as the earliest Greek writer who mentions him. The poems were in all men’s mouths before history or biography—far before criticism or antiquarianism, were thought of; and Herodotus himself tells nothing certain of their author.

“My own opinion is that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are, with no very important differences, as we now have them, the work of one man, who dwelt on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, or in the islands—perhaps Scio. I do not believe that he was a beggarman, or a singing man, or a blind man. I do not think his name was Homer; and I look upon the derivations of that word which we find in the Greek scholiasts, men utterly ignorant of the principles of etymology, and the pedants who followed them, as mere trash. The meaning is to be sought elsewhere. I think he wrote or spoke his great poems as wholes, in Asia, and that they came over to Hellas piece by piece, after having filled the east with their fame; and that by the great men of Athens, or Sparta, they were gathered, not in the sense of making them into poems, but of remaking them. They were, both before their importation and afterwards, sung in scraps, no doubt, just as Shakspeare or Milton is quoted by us in scraps. We do not sing our great poets—the Greeks did; but ‘To be or not to be?’ or, ‘Hail, holy light!’ indicate to us fragments of *Hamlet* or *Paradise Lost*, just in the same way as the various ‘headings’ of the pieces sung by the Rhapsodists indicated fragments of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; and it would be as wise to consider, as the original arranger of the Shakespearean or Miltonic poems in their present shape, the industrious compiler who should restore them from Readers, Speakers, or Elegant Extracts, as to confer the honor of making the poems of Homer on Pisistratus. If Wolf had tried to make an epic poem out of the abundant ballads of his native land, he would have found how hard was the task assigned by him to the Athenian prince. It might not be unamusing to prove, in the manner of Wolf, that there were some dozen of Sir Walter Scotts. On Vico’s principle it would not be hard to do so. Sir Walter wove together traditions of Scotland, and therefore the Scottish tribes *furono questo Gualtero*.”

THE CLOAK.

Odyssey, B. 14, Lines 462-476.

Now, Demus, give ear, and my other
 friends near;
 A tale somewhat wanting I pray you to
 hear:
 For you know heady wine will the sagest
 incline,
 Like a fool out of season, in singing to
 join;
 Or unwisely to laugh, or to skip in a
 dance,
 And to say what were best left unspeaken
 perchance.

But now 'tis too late, since to talk is my
 fate,
 For my tongue to keep back what it
 meant to relate.
 Oh! were I as young, and as fresh, and
 as strong,
 As when, under Troy, brother soldiers
 among,
 In ambush as captains were chosen to
 lie,
 Odysseus, and king Menelaus, and I.

They called me as third, and I came at
 the word,
 And reached the high walls that the
 citadel gird,
 Where under the town, we in armour
 lay down
 By a brake in the marshes with weeds
 overgrown;
 Then night came on sharp, bleak the north
 wind did blow,
 And frostily cold fell a thick shower of
 snow.

Soon with icicles how every shield was
 frozen o'er;
 But they who their cloaks and their
 body-clothes wore
 The night lightly passed, secure from
 the blast,
 Asleep with their shields o'er their broad
 shoulders cast;
 But I, like a fool, had my cloak left be-
 hind,
 Not expecting to shake in so piercing a
 wind.

My buckler and coat, nothing more had
 I on;
 But when the third part of the night-
 watch was gone,
 And the stars left the sky, with my elbow
 then I lay down,
 Touched Odysseus, and spoke to him
 lying close by,—
 "Mighty son of Laertes; Odysseus, I the
 wise,
 I fear that I have been a fool to-night."

"In this night so severe but confident
 I was, and I was not
 Deceived by a God; and my cloakless
 here;
 And no way I see down destruction to
 see."
 But soon he relieves me a project better
 In combat or council still prompt was
 his head,
 And with my ear thus low-whispering
 said:

"Let none of the band this now need
 understand;
 Keep silent!" Then, resting his head
 on his hand,
 "Friends and comrades of mine!" he
 exclaimed, "then, listen,
 While I speak has come o'er me
 all divine:
 It has warned me how far from the
 vessels we lie,
 And that some one should go for fresh
 force to apply."

And his footsteps should lead, dis-
 cussing our need
 To king Agamemnon, our chief,
 with speed.
 Thus rose as he spoke, flung off his
 red cloak,
 And running, his way with the steps
 he took;
 While, wrapt in his garment, I plea-
 santly lay
 Till the rise of the golden dawn
 of the day.

If I now were as young, and as fresh,
 and as strong,
 Perhaps here in the stables you would
 find me
 Some a mantle would lend me, as the
 friend
 Or from the respect that on worth should
 attend;
 But small is the reward, I think, that is
 paid
 To one who, like me, is so meanly ar-
 rayed.
 Then, swift of speech, thus spoke he
 to me:
 "The manner, old man, of thy story is
 fine,
 For there was not a word out of place or
 absurd;
 Thy request shall be granted as thou
 hast preferred.
 Not a cloak, or might I dare, shall thou
 want at my hand
 That is fit for a beggar in need to de-
 mand."

11.
light shall pass o'er—in the
once more,
must thou don, for we here
store,
ask to go range, or of doublets
go—
re than one garment a-piece
be strange.

12.
be dear son of Odysseus comes
and at once of his
or of doublet thou never wilt
go to bed.

13.
the better, and send thee to

thy thoughts and thy wishes

he said, and laid out a bed—
white and green by the bedside

Odysseus lay down upon these,
in a large cloak which he kept

his form, at approach of a

lay the here all sheltered and

the

THE FUNERAL OF ACHILLES.

Odyssey, B. 24, Lines 11-20.

1.
in by Leucos' rock had gone,
in ocean streams;
had passed on through the
the Sun,
slumberous land of Dreams.

2.
out thence to the verdant mead,
ing with asphodel,
urce was led, where the tribes
by resemblance, dwell.

3.
and Patroclus there
and with Nestor's son,
s, with whom could in life com-

out of the Danaans none,
by force, and gallant sin,
faultless Peleion.

4.
Achilles pressed the throng
in the world below;
and Atreides' shade along,
in, yet in we.

5.
the king came crowding all
in the garden's stroke,
were slain in Egeias' hall;
in Achilles spoke:

6.
see, Atreides, our betel,
hunder-joying Jove

The young men close by in the couch
came to lie,
But Eumæus refusing to stay from the
sky.
Was girt to sleep out; while Odysseus
was glad
That his hard in his absence such vigi-
lance had.

14.
His sharp sword, and his strong
shoulders he wound,
And then his thick tunic, with-drawing,
he bound;
Next he put on a vest made of skin of
she-goat—
Of the goat with the milk of the
worthy note.
And he took a sharp spear with which he
might war.
The attack of of men or of dogs coming
near;
And to lie with the white-toothed pork-
ers, went forth,
In a cave of the rock, safely screened
from the north.

Never honoured other hero chief,
With equal share of love.

7.
"Thy rule a mighty host obeyed,
And valiant was the array,
When outside Troy was set longwar
laid,
For many a woful day.

8.
"Yet did the gloom of dismal doom
First on thy head alight;
From the fate that at birth is marked to
come
Scaped never living night.

9.
"Would that in honour on the ground,
Where high Achilles held command,
Thy fallen body had been found,
Shall appear Trojans dead.

10.
"Where all the men of Achaean blood,
Their children's tomb might raise—
A tomb, in after-times to have stood,
For thy son proud mark of praise—
But 'twas fate that, by pitiless death
subdued,
Thou shouldst end thy glorious days."

11.
"How best, thou wilt Atreides' shade,
"Thy lot, who fell in war,
Oodine Achilles loudly bid;
In Troy, from Argos far.

12

" We round thy corse, as slain it lay,
The bravest and the best
Of either host, the livelong day,
In slaughterous combat pressed.

13.

" Mid clouds of dust, that, o'er the dead,
In whirlwind fierce arose,
On the battle-field, all vastly spread,
Did thy vast limbs repose;
The skill forgot, which whilome sped
Thy steed amid the foes.

14.

" All day we fought, and no one thought
Of holding of the hand;
Till a storm to an end the contest
brought,
Sent by high Jove's command.

15.

" From the field of fight thy corse we
bore,
And for the ships we made;
We washed away the stains of gore,
And thy body fair anointed o'er
On its last of couches laid.

16.

" Hot tears did the eyes of the Danaans
rain,
And they cut their flowing hair;
Uprose thy mother from the main,
With all the immortal sea-nymph train,
At the tidings of despair.

17.

" Loud o'er the sea rose the voice of wail,
And the host was filled with dread;
And homeward they would, with hasty
sail,
In their hollow ships have fled;

18.

" Had not a man, to whom was known
The wisdom of days of old,
Who in council ever was wisest shown,
Nestor, their flight withheld;
For he spoke to them thus in sagest
tone,
And their panic fear dispelled.

19.

" ' Argives,' he said, ' your steps restrain,
Achseans, do not flee;
His mother is rising from out the main,
With all the immortal sea-nymph train,
The corse of her son to see.'

20.

" The flight was checked—and round thee
came
The maids of the sea-god old;
Sad weeping as they wrapt thy frame
In vesture of heavenly fold.

21.

" A mournful dirge the muses nine
In strains alternate sang,
And from every eye the tearful brine
Through the Argive host was wrung;
For none could withstand the lay divine
Of the muses' dearest tongue.

22.

" By day and night for ten days space—
For ten days space and seven,
Wept we, the men of mortal race
And the deathless gods of heaven.

23.

" And when the eighteenth morning came
To the pile thy corse was borne;
And many fat sheep were slain at the
flame,
And steers of twisted horn.

24.

" With ointment rich upon the pyre,
And honey covered o'er,
There didst thou burn in rich attire,
Such as immortals wore.

25.

" And many a hero chief renowned
Rushed forward, foot and horse,
The blazing death-pile to surround
Where burned thine honored corse.

26.

" The tumult was loud of that martial
crowd,
Till the flame had consumed thee
quite;
And then, when the dawn of morning
glowed,
We gathered thy bones so white.

27.

" In unmixed wine, and ointment fine,
When the fire had ceased to burn,
We laid those relics prized of thine
All in a golden urn.

28.

" This costly gift thy mother brought;
And she said it was bestowed
By the god of Wine—a vessel wrought
By the Fire-working god.

29.

" And there are laid thy bones so white,
Mingled, illustrious chief,
With his, thy friend, whose fall in fight
Wrought thee such mickle grief.

30.

" Those of Antilochus apart
Are stored—for, of all the host,
After Patroclus slain, thy heart
Him loved and honored most.

31.

" And the Argive spearmen, gathering
round,
Upraised a mighty heap,
For thy tomb, a large and lofty mound,
Upon a jutting steep.

32.

" Landmark conspicuous there for aye,
By Helles' waters wide,
For men who may sail on a future day,
As for those of the present tide.

23.

"Thy mother then the gods besought,
And they gave what she chose to ask;
And many a glorious prize she brought,
To be won by manly task.

24.

"I oft before, when heroes died,
Have joined beside their tomb
The youths of pride, who there to bide
The feats of strength have come.

25.

"But such store of prize ne'er met my
eyes
As there that day was seen,

Which Thetis brought for thine ob-
sequies,
The silver-footed queen.

26.

"Dear wert thou to the gods; and now,
Even in the world beneath,
Thy endless glory lies not low,
Achilles with thy death.

27.

"For ever and aye that precious name
Among mankind shall live;
For ever and aye the meed of fame
From all the world receive."

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HELEN.

(Odyssey, B. 4, Lines 121-131.)

1.

From her perfumed chamber wending,
Did the high-born Helen go:
Artemis she seemed descending,
Lady of the golden bow;
Then Adrasta, bent on duty,
Placed for her the regal chair;
Carpet for the feet of beauty
Spread Alcippe soft and fair.

2.

Phyle came the basket holding,
Present of Alcandra's hand;
Fashioned was its silvery moulding
In old Egypt's wealthy land:
She, in famous Thebè living,
Was of Polybus the spouse,
He with soul of generous giving
Shared the wealth that stored his
house.

3.

Ten gold talents from his coffer,
Lovers twain of silver wrought,
With two tripods as his offer,
Had he to Atrides brought;
While his lady came bestowing
Gifts to Helen rich of price,
Gave a distaff, golden, glewing,
Gave this work of rare device.

4.

Shaped was it in fashion rounded,
All of silver but the brim,
Where by skilful hand 'twas bounded,
With a golden guarded rim.
Now to Helen Phyle bore it,
Of its well-spun labour full,
And the distaff laid she o'er it,
Wrapt in violet-tinted wool.

5.

Throned, then, and thus attended,
Helen the king addressed:
"Menelaus, Jove-descended,
Know'st thou who is here thy guest?
Shall I tell thee, as I ponder,
What I think, or false or true;
Gazing now with eyes of wonder
On the stranger whom I view?

6.

"Shape of male or female creature,
Like to bold Odysseus' son;
Young Telemachus in feature,
As this youth I seen have none.
From the boy his sire departed,
And to Illion's coast he came,
When to valiant war ye started
All for me—a thing of shame."

7.

And Atrides spake, replying,
"Lady, so I think as thou,
Such the glance from eyeball flying,
Such his hands, his feet, his brow;
Such the looks his forehead gracing;
And I marked how, as I told
Of Odysseus' deeds retracing,
Down his cheeks the tear-drop rolled."

8.

While he wiped the current straying
With his robe of purple hue,
Nestor's son then answered, saying—
"What thou speakest, king, is true.
He who at thy board is sitting
Is of wise Odysseus sprung;
Modest thoughts, his age befitting,
Hitherto have stilled his tongue.

9.

"To address thee could he venture,
While thy winning accents flowed,
In our ravished ears to enter,
As if uttered by a god!
At Gerenian Nestor's sending
Comes beneath my guidance he,
In the hope thy well-intending
To his guest of help may be.

10.

"Many a son feels sorrow try him
While his sire is far away,
And no faithful comrade by him,
In his danger prop or stay.
So, my friend, now vainly sighing,
O'er his father absent long,
Finds no hand on which relying,
He may meet attempted wrong."

11.
 (Kindly Menelaus spake him,
 Praised his sire in grateful strain,
 Told his whilom hope to take him
 As a partner in his reign;
 All were softened at his telling
 Of the days now past and gone;
 Wept Telemachus, wept Helen,
 Fell the tears from Nestor's son.

12.
 Gushing came they for his brother,
 Slain by Dawn-born Memnon's sword;
 But his grief he strove to smother,
 As unfit for festal board.
 Ceased the tears for woe and slaughter,
 And again began the feast;
 Round Asphalion bore the water,
 Tendered to each noble guest.)

13.
 Then to banish gloomy thinking,
 Helen on gay honey bent,
 In the wine her friends were drinking,
 Flung a famed medicament;
 Grief-dispelling, wrath-restraining,
 Sweet oblivion of all woe;
 He the bowl thus tempered drinking
 Ne'er might feel a tear to flow.

14.
 No, not e'en if she who bore him
 And his sire in death were laid;
 Were his brother slain before him,
 Or his son with gory blade.
 In such drugs was Helen knowing;
 Egypt had supplied her skill,
 Where these potent herbs are growing,
 Some for good, and some for ill.*

The brightest periods of Maginn's life were now passed—manhood, glorious manhood, youth's glowing dream-land, had been fair and brilliant, but the mis-used gift of genius proved a deep curse. He became irregular and careless, and lost his engagement on *The Standard*; and though still a favorite contributor to Blackwood, and to Fraser, and likewise a writer in *The John Bull*, *The Age*, and a now forgotten, but able, paper, *The True Sun*, he was in constant difficulties, beset by duns, and was frequently arrested. He wrote in sponging houses, and from his hiding places, miserable garrets in obscure streets.

He now turned for comfort and inspiration to that foul fiend, Brandy, which has been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele, we sigh at the recollection of poor Moreland the painter, working at his last picture, with the brush in one hand, and a glass of brandy in the other, for he had then arrived at that terrible condition in which reason could visit him only through intoxication, and Maginn, although not so fallen as this, sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resource, but that which copious draughts of the liquid could supply. Health was fading away, the brightest years of life were passed for ever, and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of that demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook, a miserable, wretched skeleton to the grave. Maginn we know felt his position. He was neglected by his

* We refer the reader for these, and the other ballads, to the collection published by Mr. J. W. Parker, London, 1850.

arty,—he, was forgotten by many of his former friends, and we looked upon him in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw him, with what he might have, and we hoped would have, been, we often recalled that fearful image of Charles Lamb :—

“ When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to a witty sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and reas-glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that vision you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description—but not as I ~~do now~~, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

“ To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes ; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools ; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull ; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give ; to be rewarded on efforts which end in contempt ; to be set on to provoke wrath, which procures the procurer hatred ; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice ; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain editors ; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness ; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death.”

While in this state Maginn commenced the construction and composition of his novel, “ John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant.” He died before the task was completed, and the work was published, after his death, in two volumes, the conclusion having been written by an old and steady friend. At the close of the year 1840, The Doctor issued a prospectus for the republication of his works, in weekly numbers, at three pence each, to be called, “ Magazine Miscellanies, by Doctor Maginn ;” a few numbers appeared, but the speculation proved a failure. He was now sinking slowly ; he had been discharged from prison, having gone through the ordeal of the Insolvent Court, and his sole means of support depended on the success of his “ Homeric Ballads,” in *Fraser*, which had been re-opened to him since Mr. James Fraser’s death, and on his small stipend from *The Age*. Although deserted by many who should have gathered around him, his best friend was the late Sir Robert Peel, who had been for years, to Blackwood, and to all its contributors, like him that,

“ Bore the pelting scorn of half an age ;
 The very but of slander, and the blot
 For every dart that malice ever shot.”

In Maginn's declining health Sir Robert sent him by a friend, from whom we have the fact, the sum of £100, and just before his death a second sum, of the like amount, was forwarded through the same person. Thus Peel's purse relieved the last, and saddest, wants of William Maginn, as it afterwards cheered the deepest sorrows of Benjamin Robert Haydon.

For Maginn relief was now too late ; he died of consumption at Walton-on-Thames, on Saturday, the 21st of August, 1842, aged 49 years. He was interred in the church-yard of Walton, and to the disgrace of those who once called themselves his friends, his grave is miserable and neglected as that of a nameless pauper. After his death, according to the usual English custom, his merit was remembered. He left, entirely unprovided for, his widow, one son, and two daughters. Through the kindness of the then Premier, Sir Robert Peel, the son received a cadetship in the East Indies.

The chief fault in Maginn's criticisms is, that party spirit and cliqueism too often rendered him wilfully blind to the merits of those whose works were under review. His dislike of Byron and of Moore is a proof of the former ; his continued abuse of Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall is a clear exemplification of the latter. He had a most decided hatred of all meanness, and a most unmitigated contempt of all false, and clinquant sentimentality. Real feeling, and genuine pathos, he understood well, and appreciated deeply, but mock sentiment, or sentimentality was, in his eyes, like that damsel who sang,

“ I sits with my feet in a brook ;
 If any one asks me for why,
 I hits him a lick with my crook,
 And says, sentiment kills me, says I.”

Maginn's genius was peculiar ; we know of but three men to whom he can be compared—Lucian—Rabelais—Fielding. We remember Theodore Hook only in his latter years, but one who knew both him and Maginn well, tells us that,

“ In wit he was scarcely inferior to Hook, whom, indeed, he resembled in the weak, as well as the strong points of his character. One anecdote, a mere straw in the wind, will suffice to show the man. A friend, at his table, was complimenting him on the fine

flavour of his wine, and begged to be informed of the merchant's name. 'Oh, I get it from a house close by, just as I happen to want it,' replied the host, 'the London Tavern.' 'Indeed!' said the other; 'a capital cellar, unquestionably; but have you not to pay rather an extravagant price for it?' 'I don't know, I don't know,' returned The Doctor; 'I believe they put down something in a book!'"

"I *believe* they put down something in a book"—the carelessness expressed in this word, believe, was the fault which blasted Maginn's life and hope. The way of the hour was ever, with him, the way to adopt and to follow. Had he paused, or thought, or calculated, he might, in his better nature, have discovered other and wiser motives to embrace and to pursue. A Tory by conviction, he rushed into all the battles of his party—it was then a great party, its virtues were great, its vices were great, in attack and defence its champions were fully employed, but, too often, truth and justice were forgotten in the ardor of the contest. Blackwood's Magazine was the chief organ of the Tory party; all that genius and learning could accomplish was achieved by this great publication; and amongst the boldest, and most unscrupulous, of its political contributors we may number Maginn. As a specimen of the manner in which party warfare was carried on, five-and-twenty years ago, we give the following fierce satire upon Lord Brougham: it is an imitation of De Beranger's "Monsieur Judas:"—*

Here Judas, with a face where shame
Or honour ne'er was known to be,
Maintaining he is still the same,
That he ne'er ratted—no—not he.
But we must spurn the grovelling hack,
To-day all white—to-morrow black.
But hush! he'll hear,
He'll hear, he'll hear;
Iscaiot's near—Iscaiot's near!

The moral Surface swears to-day
Defiance to the priest and Pope;
To-morrow, ready to betray
His brother churchmen to the rope.
But let us trust the hangman's string
Is spun for him—the recreant thing!
But hush, &c.

All character that knave has lost:
Soon will the Neophyte appear,
By priestly hands be-dipp'd, be-cross'd,
Begreased, bechrism'd, with holy
smear.

Soon may he reach his final home,
"A member of the church of Rome."†
But hush, &c.

Now from his mouth polluted flows—
Snuffed in Joseph Surface tone—
Laments o'er hapless Ireland's woes,
O'er England's dangerous state a groan.
Ere long beneath the hands of Ketch,
Sigh for thyself, degraded wretch!
But hush, &c.

Judas! till then the public fleece,
For kin and cousins scheme and job,
Rail against watchmen and police,
Inferior swindlers scourge or rob.
At last, another crowd before,
Thou shalt speak once—and speak no
more!

But hush—he'll hear,
He'll hear—he'll hear;
Iscaiot's near—Iscaiot's near.

This is a fair example of The Doctor's general style of

* Ouvres de De Béranger, Paris, 1849, p. 196.

† The ordinary conclusion of a gallows speech in Ireland,—“I die an unworthy member of the Church of Rome.”

political satire, and was often surpassed in bitterness by him, and by the late lamented David Moir (Delta) whose efforts were frequently, as Mr. Aird truly states, mistaken for those of Maginn.* And yet the man who wrote the lines above quoted could thus sing, in strains deep, and pure, and holy as ever swelled from the glorious heart of Felicia Hemans :—

I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

I give my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honour's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,

At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced
poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and
noise—

And still the gleaming sword remains;
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by those heart-felt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.†

Of Maginn's general style of conversation, of his manner, and of his general method of composition, the following sketch given by the late Robert Macnish, *The Modern Pythagorean*, in two letters addressed to his friend, Mr. Leith of Rothsay, in November, 1833, is full and accurate :—

"I dine to-day at the Salopian with Dr. Maginn—he is a most remarkable fellow. His flow of ideas is incredibly quick, and his articulation so rapid, that it is difficult to follow him. He is altogether a person of vast acuteness, celerity of apprehension, and indefatigable activity, both of body and mind. He is about my own height; but I could allow him an inch round the chest. His forehead is very finely developed—his organ of language and ideality large, and his reasoning faculties excellent. His hair is quite grey, although he does not look more than forty. I imagined he was much older looking, and that he wore a wig. While conversing, his eye is never a moment at rest: in fact his whole body is in motion, and he keeps scrawling grotesque figures upon the paper before him, and rubbing them out again as fast as he draws them. He and Gifford are, as you know, joint editors of the *Standard*."

And a few days after he writes to the same friend :—

"I had some queer chat with O'Doherty. I did not measure Maginn's chest, but I examined his head. He has a very fine development of the intellectual powers, especially ideality and wit, which are both unusually large. His language is also large, and he has much

* Poetical Works of D. M. Moir, Blackwood, 1852, vol. I.

† Bentley's Miscellany, March, 1842.

firmness and destructiveness, which latter accounts for the satirical bent of his genius. That beautiful tale, 'The City of the Demons,' he informed me he wrote quite off-hand. He writes with vast rapidity, and can do so at any time. He speaks French, Italian, and German fluently; these, together with a first-rate knowledge of Latin, Greek, and English, make him master of six languages—so that you can allow him *one*.—He is altogether a very remarkable man. Indeed, I consider him quite equal to Swift, and had his genius, like Swift's, been concentrated in separate works, instead of being squandered with wasteful prodigality in newspapers, magazines, &c., I have no doubt it would have been considered equally original and wonderful. He was much tickled with the Apotheosis, which I recited to him. I told him you were master of seven languages. Had you been present, I would have confined your abilities to a smaller number, lest he had taken it into his head to try you with the others. The letter-press of the Gallery of Literary Portraits he hits off at a moment's notice, and in the course of a few minutes."

The few specimens we have given, afford but a very faint and imperfect idea of the brilliant genius, and versatile talent, of William Maginn; but we insert them, because this memoir, a labor of love and of friendship, would be otherwise incomplete. But if, in the perusal of that which we have written, the reader may have discovered any passage, or have perceived any reflection, apparently unfriendly to the memory of our countryman, let him remember that our intention was to write the truth; and if he but knew the literary society of London, as fully and as well as we, he would feel that in the errors of William Maginn, many a young Irishman there, high in hope, and glowing with the great fire of genius, may trace the seeds of that vice in himself, which brought our old friend to his grave, in sorrow, in beggary, and in pain, and who, perceiving this, and its melancholy results, may turn from the terrible temptation. Thus literary biography may become, like history—"Philosophy teaching by example." Think kindly, reader, of Maginn's life; in death he ever forgot animosity—let us, in his death, remember only his good qualities, and his genius, and believe with the Poet who sings:—

" Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

* Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, p. 76.

ART. V.—ARTISTIC AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

1. *Official Catalogue of the National Exhibition, of the Arts, Manufactures, and Products of Ireland; held in Cork, 1852.* John O'Brien : Cork, 1852.
2. *Catalogue of the Royal Hibernian Academy, the 26th Exhibition.* Clarke and Son : Dublin, 1852.

EXHIBITIONS of industrial products have of late acquired a great prestige; the extraordinary success which attended the immense gathering in London last year, having created quite a furor for similar displays. There is at present one open in Cork on a tolerably large scale—and preparations are already making for holding one in Dublin next year, at which period the display of French industrial products will also open in Paris, and the following year there is to be a National Exhibition in America. The French denominate such displays Expositions, thereby avoiding any confusion of terms, the word exhibition is held as more properly appertaining to those of fine art.

Industrial expositions originated with the French—the first having been held in 1798—and although the troubles of war, and the intoxication of conquest could not but have retarded industrial progress amongst so martial a people, yet the successive periodical displays have continued steadily improving in character and extent—especially since the period of the Restoration. A party then arose in France, anxious for the development of the material and industrial resources of the nation, who regarded the arts of peace as affording a means of triumph no less brilliant—and infinitely less costly than that of war; and to its silent but continuous exertions is mainly owing the high position French taste and industry have attained. In the time of the Empire there was but one Exposition, 1806—and although Napoleon evinced considerable interest in its success, yet the military were said to have evinced so much jealousy at the importance sought to be given to the commercial classes, that they were suffered to remain in abeyance. Louis Philippe devoted a large share of his attention to the development of manufactures, and of the fine arts, and the Industrial Expositions were peculiarly the object of his care. Schools of design were established by his government,

which more, perhaps, than anything else have contributed to the superiority in point of taste of French products.

Our own government have become aware of the necessity of pursuing a similar course, albeit somewhat tardily—as the establishment of schools of design was only resolved upon when the superior taste of French fabrics threatened to supplant our own textile manufactures, excellent though they were in other essentials. Expositions of Industrial products have also claimed attention, as the World's Fair in Hyde Park last year effectually demonstrated.

It is soothing to the national feeling of Irishmen, that we have had both schools of design, and Expositions of Industry for several years, the Royal Dublin Society's drawing school being in many essentials a school of design, disseminating a sound knowledge of the principles of taste and execution amongst numbers, many of whom have attained to a high position in the practice of the fine arts. Manufactures in Ireland are at a sufficiently low ebb, the predisposing causes, it is no part of our province to investigate, but the many pupils who have passed through the Society's school, must have acted as pioneers, silently and unmarked, assisting in the great progress of public taste which has undeniably taken place of late years. The first Industrial exhibition which was held in Ireland, took place at the Royal Dublin Society in 1830; it was limited to native productions, and was highly creditable; the trading classes in particular entered most warmly into the project, and its success determined the Society to hold similar exhibitions every second year; but subsequently it was thought preferable to have them triennial, which they have continued to be up to the present time, each succeeding display being an improvement upon the precedent.

We conceive that the utility of those vast gatherings of manufacturing industry is greatly over-rated. They do not appear to supply any want that heretofore existed: nor can we perceive that any great practical good has resulted from them. We were much struck with the remarks of an astute friend, during a lounge through Regent-street last year, it being his first visit to London, whither he had gone to see the Crystal Palace; he considered that the display in the various shop windows, was as good value as the Great Exhibition. And it is undeniable that by far the larger portion of that, and similar, displays, is constituted of such every-day material. In one

department of the Crystal Palace, a very large space was occupied by various sized saws, chisels, knives, scissors—*et hoc genus omne*; certainly they were symmetrically arranged; but was the display calculated to do anything that a trifling purchase in almost any hardware or outlery establishment would not equally well achieve? A large space was also occupied by baulks of timber from Canada; any builder's yard would furnish a much finer display. The question then arises, is it worth the expenditure of thousands upon thousands of pounds, in order to bring, under one roof, such implements and materials?—amongst others an immense block of coal!

It is most desirable that our manufacturers; and also our artisans, should become aware, by ocular demonstration, of what other nations can achieve—“Home keeping youth have ever homely wits.” And, next in advantage to travel, is an opportunity of seeing in such an Exhibition as that of Hyde Park in 1851, where specimens of the skill and industry of various nations are shown, appropriately classified and arranged—this in our opinion was the chief utility of that Exhibition, and was calculated to teach a lesson much wanted in these parts, for the great weakness of John Bull is to think it morally certain that no one can do anything right but himself. The great Exhibition was eminently calculated to shake this prejudice; as by far the most attractive portions of the varied display were foreign; and it was curious to remark what slowness of apprehension was manifested upon this point, and what an evident disinclination to recognise it. The splendid carved furniture in the Austrian department, afforded us an instance of this, we having praised it somewhat to an English friend, but he thought it nothing remarkable;—“what is it after all,” said he, “but carving and frippery!” Aye truly, thought we, what are Michael Angelo's frescoes, but plaster and paint after all!

The last triennial exhibition of manufactures at the Royal Dublin Society, in 1850, was exceedingly effective; and a view of the great one in the Crystal Palace was not calculated to weaken this impression; for, repeatedly during our progress through the world's fair, the idea was present to our mind, that in all essential particulars it was the Dublin Exhibition multiplied. In the foreign departments of the Great Exhibition the difference was more apparent, although the council of the Royal Dublin Society, conscious that in the foreign contribu-

tions consisted the real utility of such displays, had most judiciously thrown their last exhibition open to all countries. Up to that period they had been confined to the manufactures and materials of Ireland exclusively—and it is worthy of remark, that this is the first instance of such a procedure—all similar displays being limited to the products of the country in which they were held.

The propriety of uniting the fine arts of painting and sculpture with manufactures and materials, in those exhibitions, has been much discussed. When the great one in Hyde-park was first mooted, Prince Albert was anxious to obtain the co-operation of the Royal Academy, the council of which body were accordingly applied to on the matter; they very properly replied, that their own Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture required all the support they could give—was sufficient for the purpose it was originally designed for—and, therefore, no want existed in art that the proposed great Exhibition need supply, and that were the Academy to co-operate with the Royal Commissioners, it would be to the injury of the Academy's own display. The Crystal Palace, therefore, contained little or no paintings, and, in our opinion, this arrangement was by far the most fitting. All lovers of art could visit the several exhibitions of paintings, &c., which were open from May till September, and quietly criticise or admire, free from the unceasing turmoil, heat and confusion, that reigned supreme, from "morn till dewy eve," in the palace of Crystal. Of sculpture, in the latter, there certainly was no lack; but whether the art was ennobled, or the contrary, by its position, is questionable: undoubtedly it was highly ornamental—for wanting it, the coup d'œil would have lost half its splendour. Nevertheless, it struck us as out of place, thus ornamenting the show "like fringe upon a petticoat!" But the Exhibition was quite too large—its very vastness rendered it altogether impossible for any visitor to see a tithe of its contents. One should visit it again and again, to arrive at any notion of its wonders; therefore what advantage can such immense centralizations offer over several smaller exhibitions, devoted to different details: of the two, for practical purposes, the different places to be visited would make a much more lasting impression on the mind—for in the Crystal Palace each department was as like to the other as the shells of oysters: the sculpture had at least the utility of serving for landmarks to the explorer. Its greatest glory was

its greatest fault—for there was always the alloy of regret, lest while admiring what was in view—something else, perhaps superior, was left unnoticed.

In the exhibition now open in Cork, fine arts, materials and manufactures are combined, but the works of painting and sculpture occupy a distinctive department in a separate building, though forming a part of the entire; and when it is considered desirable to unite them in the one display, the arrangement of the Cork Executive Committee is much the preferable one. Cork, we believe, does not contain any institution for the holding of an annual fine art exhibition, like those of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and several of the principal English towns; there could be no question, therefore, as to the propriety of the fine arts forming a portion of the exhibition, the practice of painting or sculpture being quite as much a work of industry as any of the handicraft occupations of mankind—in fact more so, as there is the industry of the mind superadded to the hand. The exhibition following so close upon the great one of 1851, appears to a consequent disadvantage. It was at first intended to be purely local, embracing chiefly the productions of Cork citizens; but it gradually took a wider and more national basis, so as to embrace productions from Ireland generally—a step certainly in the right direction, only not far enough. If improvement be the end sought by those displays, it is more likely to be effected by a comparison of our own productions with those of other countries. The sect vulgarly denominated quakers, have a terse maxim, indicative of the good sense and worldly wisdom of that sober, and most industrious community: they say, “it is not as thy mother says, but as thy neighbours say”—if we want to progress we must widen the sphere of our observations. Therefore, the promoters of all industrial exhibitions ought to use every effort to induce the co-operation of foreigners.

The Cork exhibition is held in the Corn Exchange buildings—that portion set apart for the fine arts, alone being constructed for the occasion. We regret, however, that it was not designed more with reference to the proper arrangement of the paintings—especially when it is taken into account that for this purpose only was it erected. The general appearance and decorations of the Fine Arts Hall are imposing enough. We solely find fault with them for the total want of fitness and adaptation. Great altitude is by no means a requisite for

a picture gallery ; but all architects seem to labour under an hallucination on this point. There is no picture the effect of which is not, more or less, injured, by having the bottom of the frame a greater distance from the ground than five or six feet ; but the Cork Hanging Committee have elevated pictures to a greater height than we ever remember to have seen them in any exhibition. Amongst others, several of Catterson Smith's excellent portraits are thus elevated, greatly to their detriment. In the present building the Committee could hardly avoid this ; for we have heard that several pictures were left unhung for want of room ; but if the building had been made of greater length, and had contained galleries, there would not only have been ample space, but all the works would be nearly on a level with the spectator's eye. The pictures are hung in many instances with very little judgment, those in oil and water color being mixed together, and the wall appears between the different frames, which is contrary to the usage in exhibitions, entailing great waste of that precious space ycleped, "the line." The cords which appear suspending the pictures have also a very bad effect. Our impression is, that the gentlemen who arranged this portion of the exhibition acted, for the first time, on a Hanging Committee.*

Of the works, both painting and sculpture, very little seems to have been done expressly for the exhibition ; most of them we have already often seen elsewhere—in fact, all the good works have been before exhibited, and of the bad ones, it is matter of regret that there should be so many. As might be naturally expected, most of the Cork men who have attained celebrity in art, are exhibitors—Maclise, Hogan, Barter, Fisher, West, Foley, &c. &c. Most of the Dublin artists are also contributors. Cork has produced a number of men of genius, and certainly may well feel proud that so many of her citizens have achieved greatness in art and literature. Cork men generally possess a greater amount of talent, and are more metropolitan in their ideas than the natives of other parts of Ireland. They feel proud of their city, and wherever they meet they support each other, contrary to the general wont of Irishmen, who are often but too prone to feel ashamed of their home and friends. It is a pity that

* In several instances busts are placed close before, and of course between, the spectator and the pictures, busts are also placed on the ground.

these excellent qualities should tend to beget an overweening conceit, which has made the egotism of Cork men a by-word. Thus, also, that most offensive quality in an Englishman which makes him despise everything that is not English, is greatly the cause of his success; for he is so perfectly satisfied of his own superiority, that it is to him as if the fact really were so.

The works in sculpture are, as a whole, rather better than the paintings; there is less of mediocrity usually in sculpture—possibly because there is also less difficulty; for a sculptor has only to deal with form, and his compositions are usually simple, whereas a painter has not only form, but color, light and shadow, both aerial and lineal perspective; and his compositions are necessarily more complicated, embracing also the study of his back ground. It has been urged that the painter has only to delineate an object in one point of view, but that the sculptor has to do so in every possible point. Practically this is not found more difficult, as in modelling, one part serves to correct another. Most people have a very erroneous idea of the sculptor's art, in this wise, that they consider the marble work as the prime difficulty and chief excellence; whereas it is the modelling in clay which is the art, the cutting in marble from the model being merely a mechanical operation, quite capable of execution by a man of little or no artistic power, a few finishing touches only being required from the artist.

It is no part of our intention to give a detailed critique of the various objects. We rather wish to glance at the aggregate. The works have also been criticised at considerable length by the press generally—in some instances in a rather extraordinary way—one writer gravely assuring us that Christopher Moore, in his busts, appears to possess a "peculiar faculty of giving expression to the eyes by some magic *tint*, which is a large aid!" Fine art criticism is a subject exceedingly difficult to treat, as it requires an amount of artistic knowledge not often found amongst literary men. Those who possess the requisite information are, for the most part, artists—a class of men who find quite sufficient occupation with the pencil, and therefore lack both time and inclination to devote themselves to the pen, even if the bias which the study of a favourite walk of art unavoidably gives, would not occasionally render the artist an unsafe guide. Notwithstanding this, it is remarkable that the ability to use the pen with average success,

is much more frequently found amongst artists, than a similar command of the pencil amongst authors. In writing on pictures there is also a difficulty experienced in giving interest to the matter: uniform commendation, unless set off by a little censure, is apt to be uncommonly dull and flat, and the effort to be piquant often degenerates into an appearance of ill-nature; for unfortunately mediocrity is infinitely more plenty in exhibitions than excellence.

However faulty fine art criticism sometimes appears, that on industrial displays is far and away worse, it savours so abominably of puffing, and occasionally becomes downright absurd. Witness the following *morceau*, which we extract from a Dublin paper:—

“In the section allotted for drapery and made-up wearing apparel, Mr. George Macdona occupies a prominent position. In the first place, the number and variety challenge attention; and when the fine Lama Paletots are examined, the observer is struck with admiration.

“His waistcoats, embroidered by the pupils of Lady Emma Vesey, of Abbeyleix, possessed great attractive powers for Lady Eglinton.”

We shall touch but very slightly on the general portion of the Cork exhibition. If the great London display had not been held, the present would have been regarded as a most surprising one. We recognise a very great deal that appeared in the Crystal Palace, especially from the Dublin traders; and we mention this fact not in the least intending any disparagement, for we think it perfectly fair and just. The manufactures produced in the Poor Law unions are unique to the Cork exhibition, and were fully as attractive to us as any of the more costly works in their vicinity; coarse and homely though they are, we make no doubt that to the eye of the philanthropist they form the brightest spot in the Exhibition. Here are various friezes, linens, flannels, stockings, caps, shoes, &c., all well made, and unexampled for cheapness. Men's shoes for one shilling and three halfpence the pair. How they can be made up for the money is a puzzle to those in the trade.*

The works produced in the various industrial schools are also satisfactory.

Limerick and Cork have been always remarkable for their

* We pass no opinion upon the question of Workhouse labor being injurious to the workmen outside, because it seems to us that those manufactures ought only to be used within the Union Houses, in order to lighten the expenditure, and also as a means of industrial training for the young.

gloves: but a clever Frenchman has settled in the latter city, and has commenced a manufacture of these articles, nearly, if not fully, equal to the French kid, perfectly well cut; and in this they are in great contrast to those formerly manufactured, of which, howsoever good the workmanship, the cutting was as bad as need be. It is curiously illustrative of the social condition of Ireland, that the manufacturer is unable to supply the wants of the trade, from the inability to procure skilled labor; unskilled labor is but too plenty. There is no doubt, however, but the efforts now making in many quarters to disseminate industrial education will, in a few years, work a great and wonderful change.

The carriages exhibited are particularly good; in fact, we were not prepared for such a display.

There is a large display of cloths, tweeds, blankets, carpets, also much embroidery and worsted work. Articles of this latter kind are generally the worst in those displays; for, instead of making the design suitable to a horizontal surface, it is usually some picture that is copied, which can only be viewed perpendicularly; and as they look like imitations of paintings, what would be excellent as a chair cover, becomes vile as a work of art.

All the linen products are first-rate of their kind, and not excelled or approached by the manufactures of any other country. The display of the flax in its various stages of manufacture is also highly interesting. But what a train of thought is awakened in the mind of the spectator, if he is told that Ireland imports nearly 200,000 yards of cotton, and exports only 50,000 yards of linen!

The specimens of sugar produced from beet-root are most interesting, and the Cork Exhibition will, in after years, be identified with the first uprising of this manufacture in Ireland.

The general arrangement of the Exhibition, is, with the exceptions we have mentioned, very good; we wish we could say the same of the general working of the Executive Committee, than which nothing could be worse. It is the curse of Ireland that her sons can never assemble for mutual co-operation, but discord and disunion are certain to arise there also; no matter how sacred or praiseworthy the object be, the same invariable taint appears: there is no idea of toleration for difference of opinion—and as to such a course as the

minority, even when proved an utterly hopeless one, giving way to the opinion of the majority, it is a thing unknown—unthought of,—party for party's sake prevails, until the object is alike lost sight of by both. This evil has grown to such an intolerable and monstrous pitch, that all good men really interested in the progress of our common country, must combine and hold up to public reprobation and contempt, the persons who practise it. The eloquence for which Irishmen are unfortunately remarkable, tends greatly to foster this. In an assembly great or small, every man's ambition is to disburthen himself of a speech, and make an effect; to do which, is the primary consideration; and hence when our neighbours hear of a new project in Ireland, they predict that it will be "all talk, and no work." Much of the mismanagement of the Cork Executive Committee, is traceable to the causes we have just stated. Time was consumed and energy wasted in petty squabbles, until with some, apathy took the place of enthusiasm—and so many days were spent in contesting how things should be done, that at the last all was hurry and confusion. What a contrast were the excellent arrangements of the Royal Commissioners for the great Exhibition of 1851—especially when the quantity of work to be got through within the limited time is considered! The great characteristic of the English people is order and method, nor are the French wanting in the same attributes, as any one who has entered a theatre, or taken a railway ticket in France can testify. Military organization has done for the latter, what natural tendency has for the former, and possibly the very best thing for Ireland would be a little military organization. For this reason, we regret that the provisions of the new Militia Bill have not been extended to Ireland.

Those who were present at the opening day of the Cork Exhibition, will not soon forget it; particularly those who went down from Dublin by special train, as from the very starting point, mismanagement on the part of the Committee was but too evident. The visitors were kept waiting at the doors hours after the time appointed for their opening; at first a tardy admission was extended to the ladies only—who on entering found the greater portion already occupied by friends of the Committee; the rougher sex were admitted subsequently, when the assemblage outside the doors had been forced to assume the character

of a mob, and when a petty riot prevailed at the entrance. We wish the Committee could have listened that evening in the great room of the Imperial Hotel, where the visitors assembled after the day's proceedings, and passed their angry comments on the management.

As for the Catalogue, that is universally allowed to be disgraceful to all concerned. If any advantage arise from such displays, the locality which has had the public spirit to get them up, ought to have the first claim to a participation. When we glance at the stereotyped "Official Catalogue of the National Exhibition," set up and printed in London, but professed to be published at Cork, we see there is nothing that any ordinary printing office in that city, even setting Dublin aside, could not easily compass. A greater quantity of mistakes were never before condensed into any specimen of typography, and probably never will again.

That portion of the catalogue descriptive of the fine arts (Class 18) contains a number of such designations as, "Oil Picture," "Water Colour Painting," "Landscape," "Oil Painting," "Six Drawings," "Marine Views"—an amount of information we should fancy a visitor could readily possess himself of, without the aid of any catalogue whatever; and their frequency of repetition is ridiculous, to say nothing of the pictures being often ascribed to men who never produced them.

In our glance at the Exhibition we have been designedly brief; but we would refer those who may wish a more laborious analysis of its contents, to a most able paper read by John Francis Maguire, M.P., in the pavilion of the Exhibition Buildings, reported in the Cork Examiner of the 9th of August, and which we are glad to learn is about being republished in another form.

We have animadverted upon the shortcomings and mistakes of the Cork Committee, not from any gratification we experienced in fault-finding, but in the hope that these errors may serve as salutary warnings to future Committees, and in particular to the one which will have the management of the exhibition to be held in Dublin in 1853: already symptoms of disagreement have begun to manifest themselves. We do not regard in this light the various suggestions as to the most fitting site for the erection of the building, because now, at the commencement of the undertaking, is the

time to consider and weigh the various propositions, and better devote a little time now to dispassionate consideration, than hereafter to indulge in regrets at a hasty decision. We like not the unhappy suggestion of a postponement to some future period, because of similar exhibitions to be holden in other parts of the world. It will either be now, or not at all; postponement is a fatal proceeding, and in Ireland is usually *sine die*. Cardinal Richelieu either used to say, or is made to say—"there is no such word as fail!"—an observation which contains much truth, for an ill-arranged project, well and determinedly carried out, has infinitely a better chance than the best-arranged scheme, if badly executed. We hope, therefore, to hear no more of postponement.

The idea of the Dublin Exhibition originated at a convivial meeting in Cork, at which Mr. William Dargan stated his readiness to advance £15,000 for the furtherance of the undertaking, and which sum, on a subsequent occasion, he raised to £20,000, the exhibition to be under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, and held in 1853, the year in which the triennial exhibition of manufactures, &c. of that Society was to take place. The site proposed was the lawn in rear of the Royal Dublin Society's House; and plans were advertised for, and maps of the ground, &c. furnished to the architects. Prizes respectively of fifty, thirty, and twenty pounds, to be awarded for the best plans, the decisions on which are pending while we write. About thirty plans have been sent in; and we have great hopes that in this instance the Committee will deviate from the time-honored usage, which consists in awarding the prize to the possessor of the most influential friends; and we remember that the management of the Royal Commissioners for the Great Exhibition of 1851, was not so commendable in this particular as were their other arrangements.

With regard to the site, if the building is to be a temporary erection, and removed at the close of the exhibition, the lawn of the Royal Dublin Society is the most eligible; and we conceive there can be no question of the desirableness of having it in connexion, and under the control of that Society, the members of which possess much experience in the management of similar displays, and have also many requirements and appliances not easily substituted. The external appearance of a temporary building in such a situation would become a

very secondary matter, as it must, from the proximity of the adjacent buildings, be more or less a disfigurement, no matter how ornamental in itself. If, however, the building is to be a permanent one, the Phoenix Park becomes the most desirable site. The proposed erection will have, more or less, a very great resemblance to the character of the Crystal Palace, a species of building, the effect of which is greatly, if not altogether, destroyed by being in the immediate vicinity of architectural edifices, and ought, if possible, to be remote from them, and near trees, with which it is much more in harmony; for, if amongst buildings of a solid appearance, it gets the character of a flimsy gingerbread concern, and this was in the main, the impression produced by the exterior of the Crystal Palace. It has been objected to this site that it is too far removed from the city, that people will not go so much out of their way; but the objection is quite superficial; the Park is not too far for a walk from almost any part of Dublin, and when any display takes place, such as a review, &c., it is found that the citizens resort there in quite sufficient numbers. Those who wish to visit the exhibition will do so, no matter where held, and those who have no anxiety to view it, will not be the more induced to enter if even in the next street. We have ever found that when any occurrence took place in the Park worth witnessing, it was always possible to get conveyed there for an outlay of three pence; and we feel quite certain that visitors to the exhibition will be carried thither, if it be in the Park, quite as reasonably. Indeed, it is most desirable that something should occur to work a change in the habits of our citizens as regards rapid intercourse with different parts of Dublin, which are, in point of fact, more remote than much greater distances in other cities. Such a building in the Park would be afterwards available for flower shows, bazars, promenades, &c. &c. Open air fêtes are almost unknown in this country, possibly because of our uncertain climate, and it may perhaps lead to their introduction when thus protected against the chances of unfavourable weather; and as to distance being an obstacle, such amusements are never gratis, and to those willing to pay for them, a few pence additional can scarcely act as a preventative.

In all those industrial exhibitions, especially when on a large scale, a much greater importance seems to be attached to quantity than to quality, and the necessity of filling such a

vast space, almost impels to this. The error is also, to a great extent, a peculiar feature of the present age—we might indeed substitute the word failing—and be equally true. However the feeling, or failing is so general, that it would be quite useless to attempt to stem it, and from the preliminary arrangements for the exhibition of 1853, we augur that the lovers of quantity will be amply gratified. Another peculiarity is the want of variety in the material—the same things are again exhibited—and this also is greatly owing to the love of quantity.

Should there be a fine art department in the proposed exhibition—there is an art exhibition, the Royal Hibernian Academy, in Dublin, so we put the matter doubtingly—it might be well not to strain too much at procuring a multitude of specimens, good, bad and indifferent, by Irish artists and amateurs—a selection would be infinitely preferable—and thereby avoid any censure, like that so indiscriminately applied by *The Times* to the Cork fine arts department, which it described as mere upholstery work, a statement manifestly absurd, as very many of the works there shown formed, heretofore, most attractive portions of the London exhibitions. A well marked arrangement, so that those who run may read, would also be very desirable. The fine arts department could be further divided into sections, one of which might contain the works of deceased Irishmen of eminence in art, such as Barry, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Forde, Ashford, and many others. Another section might be devoted to the works of Irish artists who have obtained an honorable position in other countries—Maclise, Danby, Mulready, Fisher, Topham, Ingham, &c. A section should be set aside for the works of the artists of Ireland; for the works of amateurs, for sculpture, ancient and modern; for British artists—not forgetting the Pre-Raphaelites; also for the English water-color painters; a section to show the French school—including if possible, some works by Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche; and another for the German school. The works of the ancient masters would also form most admirable sections, exemplifying the Florentine, Venetian, Bolognese, Flemish and Dutch schools, &c. &c. The works in no section ought to exceed at most thirty, nor be much under twenty, and a sufficient space ought to intervene between the sections, so as to prevent any confusion, one with another. Such an exhibition would be probably the most instructive and educational that, perhaps,

ever was formed, and would not be more difficult to assemble than a large collection, of the kind we usually see in annual exhibitions of fine art.

Few people know the difficulties, anxieties, and trouble attendant upon the getting up of an exhibition—we speak more particularly of those devoted to fine art—which are very much more ancient than exhibitions of manufactures, these being, comparatively, but of very recent origin.

Art Exhibitions originated amongst the Italian painters early in the seventeenth century; and the associated artists who contributed their works came to be denominated *Accademia*, as they were resorted to by students, and were, more or less, schools of art.* The Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, was the first institution of this kind which arose; and to be a member became an indispensable distinction, even for the most celebrated artists; although the dullest mediocrity, when backed by influence, never failed to obtain admission. During the time that Bernini led the arts, many of the galleries of collectors and studios of artists were open to the students of Rome during the winter evenings, and to those who resorted there for that purpose, the designation, *Accademia*, was also given. Domenichino was said to have been the first who introduced this mode of study in Rome for the benefit of his own pupils; and Nicole Poussin, and other foreign artists were proud to avail themselves of the advantage of studying under this great artist. Subsequently the most fashionable *Accademia* in Rome was the studio of Andrea Sacchi, where a certain Corporal Leone presented one of the finest models for the graces and attitudes, that art had ever studied. This is denominated the school of the living figure, and forms the principal instruction given in modern academies; and it is curious that soldiers also, for the most part, act as models. The figure is placed in a given altitude by one of the academicians, called the Visitor, who also directs the studies of the students, who form a circle round the figure, which is always perfectly nude, and draw their studies usually in black and white chalk, on a tinted ground. Lectures are also given by the professors in composition, form, perspective, &c. The study of the antique is also much insisted upon; but the study of the living figure

* For an account of the early exhibitions held in Dublin, the reader is referred to the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. i. p. 123.

is, however, the best of the instruction given, of which there is also a female model.

This is generally the constitution of modern academies; but their annual exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architecture, is by far the most important point. These academies are much more institutions for conferring honorary distinctions, creating, in fact, a kind of aristocracy in art, than useful as schools; indeed a certain prescribed course of study is not found to *make* artists, in the true sense of the word. The most distinguished men that have arisen, for the most part, graduated in no academy, and studied in no school but that of nature—in fact, the general tendency of academical instruction is antagonistic to high genius, and more adapted to produce respectable mediocrity. The Royal Academy of Arts, London, is composed of forty academicians, and twenty associates, who are either painters, sculptors, or architects. Engravers may be only associates. The constitution differs in no respect from what we have described; and the Royal Hibernian Academy, and Royal Scottish Academy are similarly constituted, save that they contain much fewer members. There are, however, several other societies of artists in London and the provinces, which also have annual exhibitions, some of these are, like the Royal Academies, open to all contributors. Others are strictly confined to the works of members; as, for instance, the Old, and the New, Societies of Water-Colour Painters. Spring is the usual period for the opening of the annual exhibitions. The Royal Academy opens on the 1st of May, and on the private view day the Academy dinner takes place, at which are usually present Royalty, the Cabinet Ministers, and the élite of London. The Society of British Artists, and both the Water-Colour Societies open about the same time. The Royal Scottish Academy opens rather earlier, and the Royal Hibernian Academy generally in the end of June. The provincial exhibitions in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, York, Belfast, &c. do not open until those of London have closed in August, as a considerable number of the works which the latter contained are usually forwarded. Letters of invitation are sent to the members of the Artistic Societies in London, &c.; and when such invitations are forwarded, the expense of carriage to and from the exhibition is always defrayed, but a per centage is deducted if the works are sold. The Royal Academy very rarely send invitations, as there are usually about a thousand works rejected “for want of room;”

but it very seldom occurs that, owing to this cause, a good picture is rejected ; they are all, of course, subject to the decision of the Council.

March and April are the most anxious and busy months with artists ; they are all at this period, especially as the day appointed for receiving the pictures approaches, working incessantly, and as a class, artists are addicted to leaving things to the last, and then working double tides. After the exhibitions are about a month open, artists mostly migrate to make studies in the country or abroad ; and the material acquired in the summer months is that which forms the staple of the finished productions in the next year's display. Sketching from nature is much more studied by artists of late years than was formerly the practice. Twenty years ago an artist but very rarely made a colored sketch in the open air—a pencil outline being thought sufficient—the coloring being put in from memory. Now an artist never thinks of making any other but a carefully colored study, and all the appliances for this purpose are wonderfully improved : portable easels, block sketch books, and moist color boxes. It is this careful study of nature that has made the English Landscape school—both in oil and water medium—the first in the world, and gives that charming appearance of natural truth, so much wanting in the landscapes painted during the end of the last, and commencement of the present, centuries ; indeed, the remark might be extended to most of the landscape paintings that have come down to us, not excepting even Claude, although much of the beauties those works contain are marred by the dark brown and yellow tints inevitably imparted by age.

The works for exhibition having been all sent in, the arrangement commences, which is generally superintended by four or five members, who are denominated the Hanging Committee. Their duties are exceedingly onerous, as, independent altogether of the difficulties of their task, an amount of ill feeling is generally the result, such as no one, who has not had actual experience of it, could possibly imagine ; as, of all the artists who contribute works, not one but is satisfied, in his own mind, that *his* works, at all events, deserve to be upon the line, and will be completely destroyed by being placed any where else ; and when at length he sees his picture somewhat elevated perchance, he ascribes it invariably to envy, and has not a doubt on his mind that the whole committee made it an

especial point to victimise him. The committee, for the most part, act with great fairness and impartiality, for they get naturally to take an interest in their work, and laudably endeavour to make the exhibition look as well as they can. It is expecting too much from human nature, to fancy that an artist, when serving on the hanging committee, will not endeavour to place his own productions in an advantageous position, nor, unless the works be dreadfully bad, will the other members seek to prevent him—it is a delicate undertaking to drop any hint as to their want of merit, and the others probably have works also to find places for. There is the fear lest such a picture may kill some other close in its vicinity, either by being too good, or else too highly colored, for the tone of those near it; sometimes the pictures they are anxious to have on the line will not fit, without displacing others already well arranged, or will occasion an unsightly opening by being too small; in such cases we have known one of the committee set to work, and paint a picture to fill up the space. All these considerations are seldom remembered by the artists in general, who expect an amount of virtue from the hanging committee that is not usually found in mankind. An artist on one occasion, in a fit of exasperation, cut out his picture with a penknife, leaving the empty frame hanging on the wall.

The general course of proceeding is to lay the pictures flat on the floor, commencing with some large picture as a centre, and arranging the others around it; when the places are determined, the carpenters begin to hang the paintings on the walls, preserving the same order; this proceeding is not always practicable, but when it can be so managed, it saves a great deal of putting up and taking down. The pictures are made to tilt out at top, according as they are elevated to the higher regions, and to see his work in this position is the greatest mortification an artist has to endure, yet it is unavoidable. There is an immense extent of wall, which has to be covered, and therefore the pictures must pay the penalty. As we before observed, galleries for works of art are excessively ill designed; and until architects adopt a more rational proceeding, pictures must continue to be placed out of sight. The two Water-Colour Societies manage better in this respect, for they do not hang any works higher than seven, or at most eight, feet from the floor. To our mind, the interior of Trinity College Library affords the best idea of a suitable arrangement for a picture gallery.

When the exhibition is all arranged, the making out the catalogue is proceeded with ; every artist has sent a description list with his works, to the secretary, and the designations are also on the back of each picture. During the hanging, the names of the several artists get pretty well impressed on the committee, therefore the secretary's list affords all the information ; but it sometimes happens that from forgetting a name, or mislaying it, the pictures have to be displaced in order to get at the back of one or two, that the name, &c., may be learned.

Next come the varnishing, or re-touching days, and coincident with them are the grumblings and heartburnings of the disappointed, who are always numerous. As a general rule, the worst artists give the greatest amount of trouble in these cases ; it is much easier to reason with a clever man than a botch, and the latter invariably has a much higher opinion of himself. To those who have no complaints as to the placing of their pictures, this is perhaps the most agreeable period of the exhibition. Most of the works are seen for the first time, and as none are present but artists, the conversation and criticism is most piquant, and although over much complimentary speeches are made, in the main, very judicious opinions are given ; but artists often differ in their estimates of artistic excellence to an extent extremely perplexing to those unskilled in art. Some awkward contre-temps occasionally occur, for the pictures are without labels, and there are as yet no catalogues ; however, an artist who has once seen the work of another, readily recognises the style again. After a time easels are set up, and some of the artists commence toning down, and others painting up, according as the picture seems to want, or according to the tone of other works hanging near, and the final varnishing is now given.

When the catalogue is completed, the private view day takes place, the admission to which is by invitation only : the rooms of all the exhibitions are, on the private view days, crowded with the élite of the art-loving portion of the public, and a large proportion of the sales of the season are usually effected. On the opening days the exhibitions are very much crowded, especially that of the Royal Academy, which is densely thronged, and opposite the most attractive works, it becomes necessary to await your turn to get a view. The opening days are looked forward to most anxiously by numbers : during the early part of May, they form the general topic

of conversation, and critiques appear simultaneously in all the papers and periodicals ; yet, notwithstanding, we are constantly hearing and reading of the apathy towards, and ignorance of, art that prevails. We wonder what those folks would think if they were domiciled in Dublin for a time, where the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy is not thought important enough to form a topic, in even that most vapid of all conversational effort that takes place during a quadrille ; and, except during the first day or two, the foot-fall of the solitary spectator reverberates in the deserted gallery. During the early years of the Art Union's existence, a temporary furor was excited ; but since its extinction, the reaction has left matters worse even than before. The desirableness of endeavouring to resuscitate this society on a better basis, has lately been mooted ; but, we confess, we should be sorry to see any such effort made until there shall be also some changes effected in the constitution and conduct of the Royal Hibernian Academy ;* as constituted at present, a return of prosperity to that body might not be altogether beneficial to the progress of the arts in Ireland. We fear that the celebrated remark of Talleyrand on the Bourbons is equally applicable to the Academy : " They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing ! " Had the Academy pursued a different line of conduct, the Art Union would, most probably, be now in active existence, as the unfortunate course adopted by its managers, and which ultimately led to its downfall, could not have been persevered in against the remonstrance of the Academy, backed by the artists. But, unhappily, many of the latter were rendered inimical to that institution : we could mention the names of several artists whose productions would be an acquisition, yet who do not contribute a single work to its annual exhibition ; and when the artistic body is so limited, as it is in Dublin, this is a serious loss. Even the members of the academy do not uphold their institution in this respect as effectually as they might : at the same time, it is expecting a great deal from men, year after year, in the face of apathy and discouragement, to produce works requiring much expenditure of time and thought, and entailing loss. The Academy comprises twenty-one members and associates ; of these, five con-

* The Royal Hibernian Academy must not be confounded with the Royal Irish Academy, on which some remarks will be found in No. VI., page 451, of this Review.

tribute nothing whatever ! and nine furnish only eleven works between them ! “ Call you this a backing of your friends ? a plague upon such backing ! ”

In the present exhibition it is painfully evident that an effort has been made to “ get it up ; ” for several works that have been exhibited here, hang again on the walls. Considering all things, the exhibition is creditable, and contains many excellent works. We could wish that more of them were Irish ; but let that pass. It contains, too, a good sprinkling of very inferior ones, but so, unfortunately, do all exhibitions that are not confined to the works of members. We have often seen in the Royal Academy most wretched productions, and the craving for quantity, which must be gratified, is the great cause. It would be better far were the Council more sweeping in their rejections of inferiority, and, if it resulted in discouraging numbers from joining the profession, society would be a gainer ; there are far too many artists, there is far too much mediocrity ; and the great prevalence of the latter in exhibitions gives occasion for that flippant tone of criticism, such as Mr. Ruskin falls into when he designates the works of artists as merely—“ cleverly manipulated battle pieces, sea pieces, fruit pieces, and family pieces, ; the eternal brown cows in ditches, and white sails in squalls ; sliced lemons in saucers, and foolish faces in simpers.” It is quite easy to call names, and sneer in similar fashion, at the finest works, or hold up to ridicule all that mankind deems great and noble. Swift did so in his *Gulliver’s Travels*, and Bulwer well says,

“ Swift wrote this book to wreak a ribald scorn
On aught that Man should love or Priest should mourn—
And lo—the book, from all its ends beguiled,
A harmless wonder to some happy child.”

Nearly all the writings with which the press latterly teems are in this deprecatory style of affected cynicism, each regenerator of taste setting up some absurd bias of his own as the standard, and requiring art to do impossibilities. They are always expatiating on imaginative excellence, and decrying “ mere manipulation.”

The present is the twenty-sixth exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and contains, according to the Catalogue, 395 works of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. The first room we entered gave an unfavourable impression, so much of the wall being uncovered, the effect appears bald in

the extreme. There are certainly not two dozen water color paintings in this room that are properly exhibition pictures; the remainder are sketches, which, however interesting in a portfolio, are quite out of place here. A picture by Absolon, No. 187, illustrative of some lines of the poet Burns, is very clever, and looks to still more advantage by contrast with the unfinished, sketchy, works in its vicinity. The figure, probably intended for the poet—as the picture has no title—is very much fore-shortened, the feet towards the spectator; but, to be correct, both legs and feet ought to be larger, when so much nearer than the head. This would of necessity entail a seeming want of proportion, and, therefore, we think such an attitude best avoided by an artist. The female figure seems half amused, half afraid, of the “rollicking boy,” making love at her feet. All the details are very artistically treated.

No. 219, by Joseph M. Jopling, representing the Beggar Maid of Tennyson, is a charming little picture. No. 228, also by him, is not so good; but the effect of the silk dress is well given.

252, “On the Liffey, near Chapelizod,” William Dillon, is highly creditable to this young artist, and evinces great promise.

Samuel Lover contributes but one picture—a “Portrait of Frederick Muspratt, Esq., in his Eastern costume,” who is obviously not used to it. The treatment of the picture is very sketchy, too much so in fact, and although it is an out-door effect, in full sun-light, yet the shadows on the face are such as appear in a room, and are not in the least like those thrown by the sun; this is a defect constantly observable in pictures, and is owing to studying the heads in the studio, instead of in sunlight.

No. 260, “Peasant Girls of the Provinces of Ulster, Connaught, Munster, and Leinster,” L. K. Bradford, would have been much better as four separate pictures, at present it has too much the appearance of an overgrown sheet of prints.

No. 261, “Scene in the Dargle, county Wicklow,” H. Newton. The foliage in this picture is exceedingly well treated, and most effective, bearing all the evidence of careful study—the rendering of the water is perfect, and a most difficult thing has been successfully achieved, viz:—making the stream appear flowing from the spectator; the only fault of the picture is a slight appearance of blackness, and a want of sunny effect. We would instance “Arundel Castle, Sussex,” by D. H.

M'Kowan, as possessing this quality which the other wants. There is no doubt however, but that the quantity of glaring white mountains on the surrounding sketches, contrasts most injuriously with Newton's picture, and greatly conduces to this effect of blackness. In neither of the Water Colour exhibitions, will white mountings to drawings be permitted, or any species of mounting. The injury which those flaring masses of white inflict on other works was so apparent, that there is a stringent rule obliging all pictures to be framed up to the edge. The white mountings do the good service in the present instance, of covering the wall, for, were the rule of the Water Colour Societies observed, the pictures would fit in a fourth of the space occupied by them at present, and stretched out as they are there is still a scanty show enough.

No. 281, "Fall of the Blackburn Drumnasole, county Antrim," also by Newton, is highly effective, the rushing water being most admirably delineated.

No. 265, "Portrait of a Lady," T. Bridgeford, R.H.A., is a very happy effort, and avoids the stiffness usually so evident in portraits, for it is most pleasing as a composition. We wish the shadow on the back of the head had been stronger, so as to detach it from the wall, and somewhat more force is desirable in the shadows of the flesh, which are not in harmony with the depth and treatment of the other portions.

No. 269, "Dogs," by Frederick Taylor, is very effective and artist-like, although sketchy, as are most of his works; his "Mountain Pet," is no pet of ours—it is very *outré*.

No. 278, "The Ballad hours of Sunshine," Aaron Penley: we have seen many works of this very clever artist, which we greatly prefer to the present; and it is not at all improved by being mounted, a small frame would be far better.

B. Mulrenin, A.R.H.A., contributes only two miniatures, excessively labored, in fact finished to a degree that is almost painful. Thorburn produces much happier effects with far less labor, and we think such excessive finish is not desirable; it is a pity the draperies are not more artistic in treatment, and better studied.

We have now described all the water-color productions that are striking, and have purposely omitted to notice very many that are objectionable, thinking silence the least offensive censure. Of the sketches and lighter drawings some are exceedingly bad, and some excellent; of the latter class we

would particularly instance some highly artistic Eastern studies by J. F. Lewis ; we venture to say that very few of the visitors to this exhibition have bestowed more than a passing glance upon those exquisite bits, even if so much—it is evident that they are all from nature, and are executed with a happy mixture of care and facility. No. 289, a Turk Sleeping—326 a Smoker,—and 333, a Black Musician, are most choice. No. 206, “A Turkish Interior,” is more elaborate, but being almost entirely in pencil, it is difficult to make out, and besides it has not been finished, we wish it hung somewhat lower. Lewis had a picture in the Old Water-Colour Society’s exhibition this year, which was a marvel in point of care and minute execution, far exceeding the most laboured efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites: notwithstanding the minute manipulation, showing the smallest pattern on the shawls and carpets—it had great breadth of effect, a quality rarely combined with finish. It represented an Arab Scribe sitting cross legged, as all Easterns do, writing from the dictation of a fair Odalisque—her black attendant close by, and deeply interested in the whole matter. The picture was about two feet square, and was sold for £300. Lewis has passed much of his time in the East, and hence his intimate knowledge of Eastern costume and customs.

Bridgeford amongst some excellent sketchy portraits, has an admirable one of “George Petrie, Esq. LL.D.,” but the drawing of the figure is so out of all proportion as to amount to a caricature, in the style of “Punch.”

David Cox, has some “Sketches from Nature,” so indifferent that we can scarce think them his.

There are some clever sketches of foreign scenery by George Colomb, and rural studies by G. A. Fripp, Miss F. Steers, and Matthew Wood.

There are several oil paintings, along with those in water colors, to their mutual disadvantage; they should never be mixed in the one gallery—but here they have been obviously thrust in to make up a show; there ought to be a door shutting off the water-color room from the large saloon devoted to the oils—and the two styles should be kept strictly separate. In this room we find—

No. 271, “The Slave,” by the late A. Joy, R.H.A. An oil painting of a young Mulatto, life size, very clever as were all his productions. It is a bad sign when “The late” occurs often in a catalogue, as annual exhibitions are for the works of living

artists, and it is many years since poor Joy's bright promise was blighted by the cold hand of death.

No. 302, "Firs and Furze," F. B. G. T. Dalziel, is not a very pleasing subject, but has the merit of being truthful, and well studied—but the furze blossom is not sufficiently yellow; we are at a loss to conceive for what possible motive the party of Leprechauns were introduced.

No. 308, "British Helps," William Smillie Watson, R.S.A. a Soldier, a Sailor, and a Porter, well drawn, but very badly grouped, it is small, smaller, smallest.

No. 314, "The Complete Angler," Alexander Christie, A.R.S.A. This is a most perfect embodiment of old Isaac Walton, and is likewise a most perfect little picture. The Falconer is just approaching, and we can readily fancy ourselves the Student listening to his quaint vindication of Angling.

No. 331, "The Looms, Giant's Causeway," J. H. Burgess, this is a study, as it is modestly designated, in colored crayons, very clever, and showing much improvement on former works.

Entering the large room, we find over the door-way, No. 1, "Portrait of the late Francis Johnston, Esq. P.R.H.A." by M. Cregan, P.R.H.A.: to Mr. Johnston's munificence and public spirit, the members owe the present Academy House and Galleries, they having been erected solely at his own private expense, and presented by him either to the Academy or to the artists of Ireland, we know not precisely which. This picture has been very often exhibited before in this gallery, and is a laudable evidence of gratitude on the part of the members, to keep "his memory green,"—but the thought will obtrude itself, that the portrait is exhibited quite as much for the purpose of concealing "the nakedness of the"—walls. The picture is an excellent specimen of the President's manner.

No. 7, "The Protectionist and the Free Trader," Charles Grey, R.H.A.; we do not quite perceive the application of this title, nor how the bit of biscuit in dispute between the jackdaw and the terrier, exemplifies free trade; they appear to us to be both Buccaniers. We remember a very similar picture by this artist some years back, which was much better both in treatment and composition.

No. 35. "Portrait of Robert Crossley, Esq.," also by Grey, is excellent, the head is finely treated, and it is one of the best portraits in the room.

No 20. "A quiet Summer Evening on the Devonshire Coast," Charles Branwhite. The picture is a study, and generally speaking, very truthful; but we have never seen the sky such an angry red unless on the eve of a storm. The picture is any thing but *quiet*, it is a mass of fiery color that quite destroys Catterson Smith's "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Hone"—No. 25, "Yorick and the Grisette," by E. Lauder, R. S. A., seems entirely lit from this picture. We opine this quiet evening was a difficulty to the Hanging Committee. "Yorick and the Grisette" is a charming production, worthy of the Sentimental Journey; the Grisette is exquisite, but Yorick's legs have something odd about them, unless intended to be so.

No. 38. "The Harvest Field," G. A. Williams, is a highly truthful rendering of a charming bit of nature; the effect of the distant shower passing off we have never seen better given.

No. 44. "Coming from Market," W. A. Robinson. Considering the immense size of this production, it contains very little interesting matter, and is but indifferently executed. The figures advancing on the road are too large in proportion for the part of the picture they occupy, and the sheep in the immediate foreground are ridiculously small—in fact, although some yards closer to the spectator, they are only the size of the figures behind, and they should be at least three times as large when so much in the extreme foreground. Similar mistakes are constantly made by landscape painters.

No. 50. "The Old Hostelry, Knightsbridge," Edward Henry Corbould. We were astonished to see a work in oils from this artist, a leading member of the New Water Colour Society; it is almost treason to water color painting, but this is as successful as any of his works in the latter mentioned style, and that is no mean praise. The fine old inn has greatly the advantage in point of effect over the bald formal edifices to which the taste of the present age inclines; in fact, all picturesqueness in houses, customs, costume, and thought, are getting utilized from amongst us, and joyous content is fast following. By a note appended in the catalogue, we are told that

"The taste of the proprietor led him, about ten years back, to 'beautify' and destroy its picturesque character, and place the windows at regular distances; and a fire, within the last three months, has carried the work of destruction possibly a step further."

Corbould has very judiciously peopled the inn with sundry figures, and introduced episodes of the olden time. The old-fashioned van occupies the centre of the picture, just drawing up before the door with all the pomp and circumstance, which the stage coach used to affect at a later period in our villages—and it too has passed away, and now we live under “the Empire” of steam with no chance of a “Restoration.” A group of revellers occupy the balcony, and in the right-hand corner a pretty young tire-woman accords the barest toleration to a friar Tuck, who seems striving to his utmost to be jovial and entertaining.

No. 52. “Portrait of the late Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq., R. H. A.,” George Mulvany, R. H. A. A most excellent likeness, readily recognisable, representing him leaning on his sketch book, as if after making some reprisals from nature. A more *déagé* costume would have been appropriate and picturesque—one does not usually go out sketching in evening dress.

No. 54. “Brinnie, a Skye Terrier,” by Charles Grey, R. H. A., has too much the aspect of the briny deep.

No. 58. “The Braw Wooer,” Robert Gavin—

“Last May a braw wooer came down the lang glen
And sair wi’ his love he did chase me,
I said there was naething I hated like men
The deuce gae wi’m to believe me, believe me
The deuce gae wi’m to believe me, believe me.”

—BURNS.

The subject of this picture is just the same as Absolon’s, which we have already described, but quite different, both in treatment and composition. The bashfulness is upon the wrong side, for the “wooer” seems uncommonly put out. There is a great want of proportion in this painting—the lassie is much higher than her lover, and his head is much too large as compared with her face; his figure is also on a much larger scale than hers; these defects detract from the otherwise pleasing character of the work. The whole effect is very sunny, but the shadows are over red.

No. 63. “Portraits of the Sons of the Rev. Dr. Elgan,” M. Cregan, P. R. H. A., very good. The President’s best work is No. 151, “Portrait of Colonel Dillon.” The head is a capital piece of painting: we wish, however, that the neck-coat was more subdued—it is fiercely bright.

No. 67. "A Scene from Henry the Fourth," Charles Dukes. Were it not for the unfortunate mistake of making Falstaff a little man, this picture would be excellent. The figure of the Drawer is inimitable, and the Hostess and Doll are equally well given; the latter the artist has refined somewhat, which is in very good taste; the drapery of the figures, and all the accessories, are very carefully studied.

No. 78. "The Cheval Mirror," Charles Lees, R. S. A. A very pleasing and effective picture.

Catterson Smith, R. H. A., has several excellent portraits. No. 85. "Portrait of the Dowager Lady Ormond," is particularly good; also, "The Hon. Justice Crampton." In this picture, the treatment of the bright scarlet robes is very artistic. Few things are more difficult to treat successfully than a large mass of scarlet—

No. 91, is a choice piece of painting. Whether it be a qualification for a portrait-painter to prove himself a consummate flatterer, we know not—certes, if it be, Smith is perfect.

No. 87. "The Burial of the two sons of Edward IV. in the Tower," John Cross. This subject is quite "used up," and the present work does not differ from numbers that have preceded. It is impossible that the human eye can ever observe a group of figures that will not be, apparently, very much reduced, and the reduction is the greater, by every inch that the figure increases its distance from the gazer. Painting should hold the mirror, and show exactly what appears; but Mr. Cross does more, he holds up a magnifying glass, and makes his figures much above the real size of life, if measured, inch by inch, with the living model. In fact, if the figures in this work were supposed to advance towards the spectator, until on the base line of the picture, they would, each, be over 14 feet high! There is no perceivable advantage gained by giving nature such seeming colossal proportions, but, on the contrary, there is conveyed a well defined sense of untruthfulness, although the spectator is not exactly certain where, because both artists and their patrons are, from habit, quite content to think it right, and "the correct thing," to make pictures what is called, life size, or above it. This is designated the heroic size, and it never seems to cross their minds that painting represents things, not as they are, but, as they appear. Pictures often place before us objects in miniature; but it is merely for convenience, and because adapted to small dwellings.

There is, however, no such excuse for the contrary extreme, and, besides, natural objects seem of much smaller size than most people would be at all prepared to think possible, until it is demonstrated by actual experiment; thus many pictures, which are thought miniature representations, are not so in reality. Very probably, it is by comparison with works of sculpture that this error has been made in the art of painting. What is called, a whole length portrait, if examined, inch by inch, with a statue life-size, is usually of the very same measurement. Retire six or eight feet from the statue, and directly it appears, and to all intents and purposes is, reduced, nearly one fourth, and this is precisely the aspect and semblance which, "the whole length" ought to represent, but it is the actual and real size that is always given. The only instance in which it is fitting to represent full size, is a kit kat portrait, or even a half length, because, in these instances, the imaged figure appears as if on a plane with the frame, and diminishes by the same rule that the frame, or any other object, lessens when the spectator recedes from it.

No. 92. "A Saint's Day at Venice," J. B. Pyne. As an artist increases in professional skill, so, also, does his sense of the inadequacy of his material. He has nothing but white, as his representative for bright light. In the struggle to render bright sun light in this picture, it has got too much the appearance of a half washed-out tinted drawing; there is much excellent painting, and truthful effect, in the middle distance, but the treatment of the fore-ground figures is far too weak.

No. 111. "The Irish Jig," by Mrs. Colonel Smith, evinces considerable cleverness. The piper is much the best figure in the picture; the dancers do not convey any just idea of the peculiar spirit, and grace—for grace there is, let waltzers sneer as they may—of an Irish jig, well executed. The figures in this picture are listless, and do not seem at all inspired, either by the dance, or by the piper's strains. We are sorry that the jig was not an out-of-door scene, the public house takes away all refinement, and gives the appearance of vulgarity and low dissipation, which are not the characteristics of the Irish peasant woman.

No. 115. "Road Scene near Ballinasloe," William Howis. We know of no artist who has made such great improvement as the present picture evidences. The treatment of the foliage,

and the general character and effect, are admirable ; the only want is in the figures.

No. 120. "St. Ouen's Bay, Jersey," Alfred Clint; extremely good.

No. 126. "Dunmore Harbour, County Waterford—a fresh breeze," Matthew Kendrick, R.H.A.; makes us regret that there are not more specimens of this artist's pencil in the present exhibition: it is almost impossible to look on this picture, and not fancy that the howling of the wind, and the noise of the surges, dash on the ear. The troubled sea is given with great truth; by the heeling over of the yacht, we can glance along the deck, which renders the subject a picture, and overcomes the difficulty of making a trim pleasure craft look picturesque.

No. 139. "Train up a child in the way he should go," William Mulready, R.H.A. Our expectations concerning this picture were greatly raised, we had heard rather too much about it perhaps; in our hearing the most extravagant praises, that language can find expression for, were freely lavished on the work, and the disappointment which we felt when opposite it, was, no doubt, owing, in a great measure, to the anticipations excited. The child is represented as timidly handing a penny to some wild-looking dark men, probably gypsies, of whom the boy seems afraid, and is encouraged by two young ladies, whose anxious expression is very cleverly illustrated. It is not so evident to us, as to the artist, that making a child give his little pence to gypsies and healthy vagrants, is judicious training; it reminds us of Mrs. Pardiggle, in "Bleak House." The flesh tones in the little boy are exquisite; but the shadows on the female heads are not so good; however, the drawing of the figures is faultless, and all the accessory arrangements are exceedingly well managed, but the men appear to us very rude and boorish to remain squatted on the ground; they do not seem at all responsive to, or grateful for, the interest manifested towards them. The little niggling touch, by which the draperies, trees, &c., are made out, is too evident: all portions of the picture are given by the same manipulation, and the foliage bears a very strong resemblance to moss. N. J. Crowley, R.H.A., has a picture with the very same title, in the catalogue, but it is unworthy of his reputation, and is only fit for a heading to a religious tract.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver contribute, severally, some very clever paintings of foreign scenery; it is rare to see an instance

of husband and wife alike distinguished, and successful, in similar professional pursuits.

No. 148. "Terriers," by W. Osborne, is very clever, and evinces great promise.

The Gallery for Sculpture is a dismal looking place; it would answer much better as a water-color room, and the sculpture would be more appropriately placed in a vestibule.

The most important work here is the "Model Statue of the late Sir M. O'Loghlin, Bart." The marble one is in the Solicitors' room at the Four Courts.* It is exceedingly clever, in fact as good a modern statue as we have ever seen. Moore also contributes several excellent busts, but he is much addicted to giving a meretricious expression to the eyes, by a development on the eye-ball, for which there is no precedent in nature. The eyes of one bust are "gouged," to the depth of half an inch, and the appearance is that of a deep black shadow, like the pupil of the eye, indeed it is so black as to resemble a spot of paint. If this be the intention, why not use the brush at once? and paint in the iris also, and ultimately, it is probable, the more perfect finish of the barber's block—glass eyes, and real hair—will be reached.

No. 383. "Statuette—Ariadne deploring the departure of Theseus." Joseph R. Kirk, A.R.H.A.; is very graceful and classic. Kirk's bust in marble of the "Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D." is also excellent, and highly characteristic; and his "Two Medallions, forming part of a Monument," are very tastefully executed.

John E. Jones has several excellent busts,—the late Lord Lieutenant, amongst the number, admirably portrayed. We think his best is No. 352, bust of "Arthur L. Guinness, Esq." which is wonderfully like. No. 371, "The Lost One," Thomas Farrell, is an excellent composition, but there is a slight want of symmetry of form in the limbs. No. 378. "The Tired Hunter," by James Farrell, is a companion design, also very good. John Lawlor has a most unmistakeable bust of George Sharpe, A.R.H.A.; and William Burnett, a beautiful little bust of the "late Archbishop Murray."

We are sorry that the exhibition is not better encouraged—

* We are happy to find that Mr. Moore has represented Sir Michael in his bar wig, bands, and gown. Mac Dowell's statue, in the Hall of the Courts, having the bands and gown, but no wig, leads one to suppose that it represents O'Loghlin, as he might have appeared, in the character of a Tip-Staff on a Call-Day.

during our stay—a couple of hours—there were not half a dozen spectators. The collection would well repay a visit, as, in addition to the works we have named, there are several others very pleasing and creditable, and of the indifferent portions, surely they need not detract from those that are excellent, to inspect which carefully, will be ample work for a morning lounge.

We had intended to offer a few remarks upon the London Exhibitions of the season, but the length to which the present paper has extended, precludes. We shall only observe that the Royal Academy's was of about the average excellence; it contained no works from Sir Edwin Landseer's pencil, which was, unquestionably, a loss. The other Academicians, however, contributed in unusual strength. The most remarkable pictures were those of the Pre-Raphaelites,* who seem to have made vantage ground this year.

The Two Water-Colour Exhibitions were admirable; we have ever considered them as the most attractive and agreeable of all; the New Society possessed more interesting works than the Elder. Corbould had a beautiful personification of Tennyson's ever charming Lady Godiva. Henry Warren, the President, gave an excellent picture, a scene illustrating Eastern manners, and Louis Haghe contributed one of his inimitable interiors.

The most remarkable picture in The National Institution of Fine Arts is, R. S. Lauder's painting of the Crucifixion, which he has represented draped, a most original conception, and highly artistic in its treatment.

Since writing the foregoing, the prizes for the three best designs for the Palace of the Great Industrial Exhibition in Ireland, 1853, have been thus awarded—to Mr. John Benson of Cork, county surveyor, the first—to Messrs. Deane and Norwood, also of Cork, the second—and, to Mr. Richard Turner of Dublin, the third. The Committee, we understand, were assisted in their decision by four eminent Engineers, and judging by the successful plan, we are disposed to think that it will be said there was not a great display of originality or excellence in the designs. It is remarkable that not a single member of the Royal Institutes of the Architects of England, or Ireland, was a competitor; probably from having had too much experience of the manner in which such affairs are generally

See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. i. p. 741.

managed, and not wishing to be placed on a par with every pretender who chooses to send in a so-called design. We understood that architects were to be the parties competing, as the advertisement was directed, "To Architects,"—and we certainly did not consider that any of the successful candidates came, legitimately, under this designation. Contractors seem eating into the architectural profession, in much the same way that Apothecaries are intruding into that of the Physicians, or the Attorneys into that of the Lawyers,—and we think that the public is anything but a gainer thereby—one fact is clear, that the manner in which competitions are conducted, has, in nine cases out of ten, grown to be an intolerable evil, but we are utterly at a loss to suggest a remedy, and although the London Architects have written much upon the subject, it will probably, in the end, be left to work its own cure.

The building is to be on the Lawn of the Royal Dublin Society; we are glad of it in one sense, and sorry in another—glad, because unless it were a most elegant structure, it would be an eye-sore in that situation, and there is not much probability of the one chosen being other than temporary—and sorry that such an opportunity for erecting an ornamental, and much required building in the Phoenix Park has been lost. We apprehend that the plan decided upon must be somewhat altered before constructed; and we doubt that the material of the building, when ultimately removed, will prove as valuable as seems to be anticipated; good bricks, and stout timbers, are much more likely to be available when taken down, than metal, or slight wood-work. The edifice will consist of three segmental buildings of not much altitude, having the appearance of domes, the centre one being the largest, with some lengthened extensions to the rear—the lower portion is exactly like the Crystal Palace, as indeed were most of the plans submitted. A circular, dome-crowned building, forms a beautiful feature in a well designed edifice, but when the entire erection is a dome, the effect is not so excellent; this is the species of architecture in vogue at Timbuctoo, and the ice huts of the Laplanders are of similar construction, which, though very useful, is inelegant. Surely the highest civilization ought to produce something superior to the taste of the most savage; still, be the building what it may, it is for a national and noble purpose, therefore, we wish it may prove in the highest degree successful, creditable to its originators, and worthy of Ireland.

ART. VI.—THE BREHON LAW COMMISSION.

Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to inquire concerning the ancient laws and institutes of Ireland; also, copy of the letter from the chief or under Secretary for Ireland, forwarding the same to the lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, 17th May, 1852.

FROM the earliest period of our history, the native Irish were governed by a peculiar system of jurisprudence known as the *Fenechas*, which was administered by an order of professional jurists, styled *Brehons* or judges, whose sole office was to adjudicate in cases of litigation, and to preserve records of the various decisions and precedents. The more ancient Irish annals contain frequent allusions to the enactment of laws at very remote periods, and the bardic legends have preserved the names of several distinguished legislators who were represented to have flourished in the semi-mythic ages of Irish history. To this belief in the great antiquity of their laws may be justly ascribed the extreme tenacity with which the Gaels adhered to the Brehon code; successfully resisting the introduction of the English law, and even drawing over to their own system many of the most powerful Anglo-Norman settlers. The parliaments of the English colony denounced the Brehon law as an evil custom, repugnant to religion and justice, declaring the practice of it to be treason against the king of England, notwithstanding which, all attempts at its abolition were ineffectual until the entire island had been reduced. The destruction of the clan system of government necessarily involved the suppression and proscription of the class of hereditary jurists, which consequently became extinct towards the middle of the seventeenth century. Spenser and other political authors, anxious to promote the objects of their patrons, represented the Brehon law as an arbitrary compound of barbarity and impiety; although, it may be superfluous to observe, such writers were totally unable to comprehend the language and peculiarities of the system which they so strenuously condemned. The first accurate account of the ancient laws of Ireland was given to the learned of Europe in 1662, by the erudite John Lynch, who, in his "*Cambrensis Eversus*,"

devoted a chapter to their consideration, in which, after recapitulating the titles and peculiarities of the more important enactments, he tells us :—

“ I have seen a great number of thick volumes of Irish laws, with the text written in large characters, and a large space between the lines, to admit more conveniently in smaller letters a glossary on the meaning of the words. The page was covered over with copious commentaries, inserted between the text, as are usually seen in compilations of canon or civil law. Some years ago, Duaid Mac Fírbis transcribed from these books the titles which I have given. As the laws themselves have been long since excluded from the courts, they would have fallen into oblivion, if a small number of persons,* in-

* Dr. O'Donovan, in his notes to the edition of “*Cambrensis Eversus*” published by the Celtic Society, informs us that the persons here alluded to were Duaid Mac Fírbis, noticed at page 291, Tully Conry, and some members of the Mac Egan's, O'Davorans, Mac Clancy's, and O'Bresians, who were hereditary Brehons and professors of the *Fenechas* or ancient Irish laws. The judge who first administered the English law in Fermanagh, A.D., 1607, has left us the following anecdote of one of the last of the Northern Brehons :—

“ Touching M'Guyre's mensall lands, which were free from all common charges and contributions of the country, because they yielded a large proportion of butter and meal, and other provisions for M'Guyre's table. Albeit the jury and other inhabitants did set forth these mensall lands in certainty, which, lying in several baronies, did not in quantity exceed four ballibetags, the greatest thereof being in possession of one M'Manus and his sept, yet touching the certainty of the duties or provisions yielded unto M'Guyre out of these mensall lands; they referred themselves unto an old parchment roll, which they called an indenture, remaining in the hands of one O'Brislan, a chronicler and principal Brehon of that country : whereupon O'Brislan was sent for, who lived not far from the camp, but was so aged and decrepid, as he was scarce able to repair unto us : when he was come, we demanded of him the sight of that ancient roll, wherein, as we were informed, not only the certainty of M'Guyre's mensall duties did appear, but also the particular rents and other services, which were answered to M'Guyre out of every part of the country. The old man seeming to be much troubled with this demand, made answer, that he had such a roll in his keeping before the war, but that in the late rebellion, it was burned among other of his papers and books, by certain English soldiers. We were told by some that were present, that this was not true; for they affirmed that they had seen the roll in his hands since the war : thereupon my lord chancellor (being then present with us, for he did not accompany my lord deputy to Ballishannon, but staid behind in the camp) did minister an oath unto him, and gave him a very serious charge to inform us truly what was become of the roll. The poor old man, fetching a deep sigh, confessed that he knew where the roll was, but that it was dearer to him than his life; and therefore he would never deliver it out of his hands, unless my lord chancellor would take the like oath, that the roll should be restored to him again : my lord chancellor, smiling, gave him his word and his hand that he should have the roll re-delivered unto him, if he would suffer us

spired by an innate zeal to save their native language from ruin, had not resolved to study them, and thus by their voluntary exertions, rescue from the fate to which the English so often attempted to consign it by their prohibitory and penal enactments. Their policy resembled the decree of the Carthaginian senate, which prohibited all Carthaginians from learning to speak or read the Greek language."

Subsequent to the time of Lynch, various authors referred to the ancient laws of Ireland; sir Richard Cox, indeed, asserted that the old Irish possessed no written code, and imprisoned M'Curtin for having refuted his false statements. Although Llhwyd, Nicholson, O'Connor, and other well informed writers, who had opportunities of inspecting our ancient manuscripts, bore testimony to the value and importance of such documents, no attempt was made to publish them, until Vallancey and Theophilus O'Flanagan put forward certain portions of the Brehon code translated in a style suited to their own peculiar theories. An accurate and detailed notice of the laws continued still a desideratum when the Royal Irish Academy offered a prize for "An essay on the nature and influence of the ancient Irish institutes, commonly called Brehon laws, and on the number and authenticity of the documents whence information concerning them may be derived; accompanied by specimens of translations from some of their most interesting parts;" the successful competitor was Edward O'Reilly, compiler of the "Irish Dictionary," whose essay, published by the Academy in 1824, although in many parts defective and inaccurate, is the best account yet extant of the Brehon laws.

The various European nations had, meanwhile, promoted the publication of their ancient codes. The laws of the Visigoths, of the Salian and Ripuarian Franks, of Burgundy, and of Iceland, were given to the world in a most creditable style; the British government also published the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh institutes, while the old Celtic laws of Ireland, equal to any in interest, and perhaps second to none in point of antiquity, still lay

to take a view and copy thereof: and thereupon the old Brehon drew the roll out of his bosom, where he did continually bear it about him: it was not very large, but it was written on both sides in a fair Irish character; howbeit, some part of the writing was worn and defaced with ill keeping: we caused it forthwith to be translated into English, and then we perceived how many vessels of butter, and how many measures of meal, and how many porks, and other such gross duties, did arise unto M'Guyre out of his mensall lands."

neglected and inaccessible. The association of an antiquarian department with the Ordnance Survey, and the subsequent establishment of the Irish Archæological Society, founded a new school of history in Ireland, and during the progress of the labors of those investigators, whose works have of late years obtained for our historic literature the highest character for profound erudition and extensive research, it became apparent that all attempts to acquire an accurate knowledge of the social condition of the inhabitants of Ireland, in remote ages, should be necessarily based on an intimate acquaintance with the laws and institutes by which they were governed. To ascertain the nature and extent of the Brehon law compilations it was found requisite to investigate the age and contents of the accessible manuscripts, for which purpose, at the instance of the Rev. Charles Graves, F.T.C.D., a committee was appointed by the council of the Royal Irish Academy on the 18th of December, 1848. The report of this committee was presented on the 1st of January, 1849, and on the 15th of the same month, the council, on the motion of Drs. Graves and Todd, engaged Mr. Eugene Curry to transcribe and translate one of the most valuable of the Brehon law manuscripts, known as the "Book of Acaill,"* now preserved in the Library of the University of Dublin. Mr. Curry's acquirements as a palæographer have been several times noticed in this journal: his extensive acquaintance with the obsolete Hiberno-Celtic dialects is the result of an elaborate collation and transcription of our most ancient manuscript documents; and since the extinction of the pro-

* So called from having been completed at Acaill, near Tara, whither Cormac mac Art, monarch of Ireland, in the third century, retired after having abdicated in favor of his son, *Cairbre Liffeachair*, for whose instruction he compiled this book on the ordinary laws of the country, relating to wilful crimes against persons and property. The "Book of Acaill" is written in a catechetical form, each article commencing with the following question—"Ḃ mēic aḡa fērr?" "My son, dost thou desire to know?" It appears to have been enlarged in the seventh century by Cennfaeladh, surnamed "the learned," who incorporated with it a treatise on laws relative to accidental injuries, and the exemptions and liabilities of irrational animals and inanimate things for crimes or trespasses committed by or with them. It may be here observed, that the first correct translations made from the Brehon laws for modern publications were those contributed by Mr. Curry to Dr. Petrie's work on the round towers, and to Payne's "Description of Ireland," published by our Archæological Society.

fessional Brehons no scholar has acquired such a knowledge of, or accumulated such invaluable materials for illustrating and elucidating the legal institutes of the old Irish. It may, indeed, with truth be averred, that but for the extensive glossaries which he has compiled, and his own lengthened study of the subject, in connection with Dr. John O'Donovan, we should have to admit the truth of Ledwich's assertion, that no scholars would ever be found capable of interpreting the obscure language of the more ancient enactments.

The completion of the translation of the "Book of Acaill" furnished a correct specimen of the contents of the Brehon law manuscripts, and attracted the attention of our literary antiquaries to the importance of the publication of the entire code, a work of too great magnitude to be successfully achieved by the limited resources of private individuals or publishing societies. The value of our ancient legal documents, together with the propriety of the government undertaking their preservation, was first brought before the public by Dr. Charles Graves, in his address delivered in May 1851, on the completion of the subscription for the purchase of the manuscripts* collected by Sir William Betham :—

"It will not be thought out of place if I endeavour briefly here to state some of the purposes which we hope may be accomplished by the collection of such manuscript stores. There are several departments of human knowledge which may be promoted by the study and the publications of such materials, as we are now endeavouring to collect. I will begin by noticing the study of comparative philology. In very remote times the Western portion of Europe was occupied by Celtic races, having a peculiar language, peculiar customs, and a peculiar civilisation. Successive waves of emigrating tribes from the East gradually encroached upon those Celtic nations, driving them further and further to the West, until the remnant of them was left no larger ground to stand upon than a portion of Great Britain, Ireland, and the North-West corner of France. In these countries, therefore, the student who endeavours to trace the very early and most obscure portion of European history must look for his materials. He must analyse the various dialects of the Celtic language; he must enquire into the laws, religion, customs, arts, nay, even the superstitions of the various tribes; and from such a discussion he must draw his general conclusions with regard to the relations which those races bear to others. The illustrious Leibnitz,

* For a notice of the services of Dr. Graves in securing the "Betham manuscripts" for Ireland, see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. i., 415, 419.

the worthy rival of our own great Newton, was aware of the importance of that inquiry, and pointed out the method in which it was to be carried on. He tells us in his *Etymological Collections*, that 'for the completion, or at all events the promotion of the study of Celtic literature, the study of the Irish language must be cultivated with more diligence, according to the manner adopted by Llhwyd with such distinguished success. Now, as I have elsewhere noticed, as the English were a Saxon colony, and the Britons a swarm composed of ancient Celts, Gauls, and Cimbri; so the Irish are the descendants of the earliest inhabitant of Britain, still more ancient than those Celtic and Cimbric emigrants. Accordingly, as the language of the ancient Saxons has been illustrated by means of the English, and that of the ancient Gauls by means of the Welsh, so the ancient history and language of the earlier Celts, and of the Germans inhabiting the coasts of the North sea, must be elucidated through those of Ireland; and if there were any island to the West of Ireland in which a Celtic language was spoken, by following the clue which it would present, we would be led to the knowledge of what was still more remote.' Now, if Leibnitz were the only distinguished foreign philosopher who bears decisive testimony to the importance of the study of the Celtic language, his judgment would have great weight; but he is far from standing alone. There was, indeed, a time during which the entire group of Celtic languages was only referred to by a class of philologists and antiquaries who had unsound theories to maintain, and who endeavoured to support them by fantastic etymologies from the Celtic. The result of this extravagance was a natural reaction, a neglect which we know how to explain, though we are conscious that it was undeserved. The great European philologists who undertook to compare the various Indo-Germanic languages, left the Celtic dialects out of the sphere of their labours; some even went so far as to express doubts as to their relationship with this family. It is not long since Pictet undertook the settlement of this question, in an elaborate memoir, which was honoured with a prize by the Institute of France. 'It is time,' he says, 'to decide this question. The antiquity of these idioms, the number and historical importance of their written records, as yet almost unknown, the fact that they contain a portion of the stock of the French language—all combine to awaken interest with respect to those curious remains of primæval Europe.—Whilst we await more complete works on their history—works which can only be undertaken with success by the learned men of those countries—we may, by means of the materials within our reach, refer them to their real source, which is beyond all doubt, Indo-European.' Such studies as I am now referring to are, no doubt, of great value as regards the prosecution of comparative philology and the science of general grammar; but it may not be uninteresting to show, that even by a careful study of the etymologies of language, we may be led to conclusions by no means devoid of interest as regards the earlier history of the world, and the original distribution of the races of mankind. A single example, which I borrow for this purpose from M. Pictet, will fully explain my meaning. 'We find in Irish the word *tolg*

(cot3), in Welsh *tyle*, cognate with the Greek *τυλη*, mattress. All these words have a manifest affinity with the Sanskrit *tulika*, which is derived from *tula*, the Sanskrit name for cotton. We may conclude, then, that the mattress or bed was made of cotton in the undetermined country which was the cradle of the Celtic race. If so, this country must have been situated within or near the limits of the growth of that plant. Thus we are led to look at least as far Eastward as Persia for the starting point of the Celtic tribes.' I do not mean to say that I acquiesce without hesitation in these etymologies and deductions of M. Pictet, but I refer to his mode of reasoning, as illustrative of the use which may be made of etymological enquiries in the settlement of questions of an historical nature. I am aware that there are persons only too ready to exclaim in an utilitarian spirit against the expenditure of time or thought in the discussion of questions which relate to these very obscure parts of history. The veil of mystery which hangs over them conceals nothing from us, as they imagine, which is worth the trouble of discovery. All I can say in reply to their objection is, that we are born with a love of truth; we pursue it eagerly for its own sake; and we often rejoice most in the attainment of it, for the very reason that it has long piqued our curiosity, and eluded our search. We are thus constituted by nature; and I have a firm persuasion that the exercise of these inborn tastes and powers is designed to lead us to results necessary to the completeness of human learning. Since the publication of M. Pictet's Memoir, the great German philologists have applied themselves with diligence and success to the study of the various Celtic languages. Bopp, Grimm, Diefenbach and others, have collected and skilfully made use of materials derived from these sources in the discussion of questions concerning ancient history and comparative philology; and all have borne testimony to the special importance of the Irish language, as being the richest in its vocabulary and grammatical forms, at the same time that it possesses the most ancient and numerous records of the nature of histories, laws and poems. With a knowledge of the existence of those valuable remains, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote thus to Charles O'Connor:—'I have long wished that Irish literature were cultivated.—Ireland is known by tradition to have been the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to those who are curious either in the originals of nations or the affinities of languages to be further informed of the revolutions of a people so ancient and once so illustrious.' This is the testimony of a learned and philosophic writer, and one whom no one can accuse of any partiality for a branch of the Scotio race; and I have good reason to believe that it is to his opinion and authority that our illustrious countryman, Edmund Burke, referred in a letter which he addressed to general Vallancey. He writes as follows:—

'I shall tell you what a judicious antiquary, about twenty years ago, told me concerning the chronicles, in verse or prose, upon which the Irish histories and the discussions of antiquaries are founded—that he wondered that the learned of Ireland had never printed the

originals of these pieces, with literal translations into Latin or English, by which they might become proper subjects of criticism, and by comparison with each other, as well as by an examination of the interior relations of each piece within itself, they might serve to show how much ought to be retained and how much rejected. They might also serve to contradict or confirm the histories which affect to be extracted from them—such as O'Flaherty's and Keating's. All the histories of the middle ages which have been found in other countries have been printed. The English have, I think, the best histories of that period. I do not see why the Psalter of Cashel should not be printed as well as Robert of Gloucester. If I were to give my opinion to the Society of Antiquaries, I should propose that they should be printed in two columns—one Irish and the other Latin—like the Saxon Chronicle, which is a very valuable monument; and above all things, that the translation should be exact and literal. It was in the hope that some such thing should be done that I originally prevailed on sir John Seabright to let me have his MSS., and that I sent them by Dr. Leland to Dublin. You have infinite merit in the taste you have given of them in several of your collections. But these extracts only increase the curiosity and the just demand of the public for some entire pieces. Until something of this kind is done, that ancient period of Irish history which precedes official records, cannot be said to stand upon any proper authority. A work of this kind, pursued by the University and the Society of the Antiquaries, under your inspection, would do honour to the nation.'

"But let this testimony, borne as it was by a wise and accomplished man, be rejected because the witness was an Irishman, and liable to the charge of national partiality; the same objection cannot be raised against the other distinguished men from whom I have quoted, who cannot be suspected of having had any reason to recommend the study of our language and literature save its intrinsic importance and usefulness. I will next beg your attention, whilst I point out the importance of the study of the ancient laws of the Celtic nations as a most efficient help to the study of their early history. The ancient Irish laws, commonly called the Brehon laws, have been handed down to us in a very ancient form. They manifest more than any other monuments the peculiarities of Celtic character and civilization. Unlike the early codes of some of the Continental nations, they manifest few traces of the influence of a Roman element. No doubt they were modified on the introduction of Christianity into this country. What was absolutely Pagan in them may have been expunged by St. Patrick and his colleagues in the work of codification, yet they retain on the whole a primitive and absolutely Celtic aspect. The Danes invaded this country—they ravaged its coasts—they even established themselves in important settlements for three hundred years, yet they failed to produce any considerable change in the customs or legislation of Ireland. So, again, the Anglo-Norman conquest left our Brehon laws untouched. Anglo-Norman nobles, settled on the lands of ancient Irish chieftains, chose to accommodate themselves to the laws which had been

in force before their time, so that it was not actually until about 200 years ago that English law and usage finally displaced the decisions and the practice of the ancient Irish judges. If these statements of mine be correct, it must be obvious to any one that the analysis of our ancient laws, and the comparison of them with those of other countries, must be fruitful in results of the progress of civilization and the mutual connexion of different races. Now, we are at no loss for manuscripts of those laws. In the collection which we have now gathered in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, and in the manuscript-room of Trinity College, are preserved materials amply sufficient to enable us to put before the world a very complete body of the most ancient Irish jurisprudence ; and *we have now—though I fear we shall not be able to say so in the next generation—scholars living who are, perhaps, as well capable of translating and commenting upon those laws as were the MacEgans, or any other of the hereditary jurists of 200 years ago.* This is not a work which ought to be left to individuals to accomplish. Individuals have done their part, when they have helped, as we have done, to collect the materials necessary for the editing of those laws. The proper publication of them requires more resources and more co-operation than the efforts of individuals could secure. Therefore it is that we ought to call upon the Government to take this matter in hand, and to do for Ireland what has already been done for England, Scotland and Wales. Editions of particular English and Welsh codes were published by individuals, but it was felt that all those works wanted the completeness and the authority which were essential to render them substantial bases for the historian to work upon. Accordingly, the House of Commons addressed the crown about five-and-twenty years ago praying that the king would direct a complete and authorized edition of the ancient laws of the country to be published. To that reasonable requisition the Government of the time assented, and we now have access to bulky volumes of the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh laws, which have been among the most important sources of information to recent English historians. From them Turner, Hallam, Kemble, and Thorpe have derived some of the most important materials for their historical works. The parliament of the United Kingdom has ordered the publication of the Welsh laws. Now, I assert that there is not a single reason to be urged against the publication of the ancient laws of Ireland which might not have been raised with greater force in the case of those of Wales. Are the Brehon laws written in a barbarous Celtic language? Are they in many places obscure? Do they relate to a state of society which has utterly passed away? All this may be said as truly of the Welsh laws : and yet our Government undertook to lay a complete and authorized edition of them before the nation, and no English economist protested against the act. But I deny that the two cases are exactly parallel. I assert that the Irish laws furnish materials of more interest to the historian and the jurist ; they contain elements of a more primitive character, untinged by the influence of Roman law and civilization. The time, no doubt, will come when the publication of the laws

of Ireland will be undertaken in like manner by public authority, and then the value of labours like ours will be duly acknowledged."

This address, which we regret has never appeared in an accessible form, was followed by the publication of a small pamphlet, written by the same author, entitled "Suggestions with a view to the transcription and publication of the manuscripts of the Brehon laws, now in the libraries of the British Museum, the University of Oxford, the Royal Irish Academy, and Trinity College, Dublin."* This tract, plainly setting forth the service which the publication of the old Irish laws would render to the cause of historical truth, as well as the invaluable illustrations they would furnish to the students of comparative philology, having been judiciously circulated, obtained a general recognition of the importance of the projected measure, one of the first results of which was the following document:—

"We have read the paper intituled 'Suggestions with a view to the transcription and publication of the MSS. of the Brehon laws,' and are of opinion that it would be desirable to have these suggestions carried into effect by the publication of a complete and well-edited collection of the ancient laws of Ireland. We conceive that such a work would be a proper supplement to the volumes of the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh laws already published by the authority of the British government, and would be highly conducive to the promotion of historical and philological knowledge. (Signed,) *Maximilian Brady, C., Leinster, Dunraven, Rosse, Monteagle, Talbot de Malahide, Newcastle, Mahon, T. B. C. Smith, Master of the Rolls, Francis Blackburne, Chief Justice of Queen's Bench, D. R. Pigot, Chief Baron, James H. Monahan, Chief Justice Common Pleas, John Romilly, Master of the Rolls, T. R. Robinson, D.D. President of the Royal Irish Academy, H. Lloyd, Ex-President of the Royal Irish Academy, W. R. Hamilton, Ex-President Royal Irish Academy, J. H. Todd, D.D., Secretary Royal Irish Academy, John Young, M.P., W. Monsell, M.P., L. French, M.P., L.F. Bencahan, D.D., President Royal College of Maynooth, George Moore, M.P., Wyndham Gooch, M.P., Augustus Stafford, M.P., T.B. Macaulay, George A. Hamilton, M.P., James Whiteside, M.P., Joseph Napier, M.P., Robert Harry Inglis, Bart., M.P., Sidney Herbert, M.P.*"

Dr. Graves also communicated with other English and foreign scholars of the highest eminence—as the chevalier

* The IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW was the only literary periodical in Ireland which noticed the appearance of these "Suggestions," and advocated the publication of the Brehon laws, see Vol. I. pp. 413, 603, 621, and No. V. p. 198.

Bunsen, Hallam, sir Frederick Madden and Leopold Ranke—all of whom evinced a deep interest in the proposed publication. Guizot's opinions on the subject were expressed in the following terms :—

“ Je regarde la publication de vos anciennes lois Irlandaises comme de la plus grande importance pour les études historiques, non seulement chez vous, mais dans toute l'Europe. Ces lois sont le monument à la fois le plus ancien et le plus récent de la vieille civilisation des premières populations Européennes ; puisqu'elles remontent à une époque plus reculée et sont restées en vigueur jusqu'à une époque plus rapprochée de nous qu'aucun autre recueil de ce genre. Elles sont en outre le monument le plus pur, le plus exempt de tout mélange étranger, qui nous reste de l'état social de la race Celtique. Nous autres Français qui avons tant de peine à démêler, dans nos origines, l'élément Celtique, l'élément Romain, et l'élément Germanique, nous avons un intérêt particulier à la publication des anciennes lois Irlandaises, et cette publication causerait certainement, parmi les hommes qui s'adonnent chez nous aux études historiques, une vive satisfaction. J'espère que votre Gouvernement vous aidera à faire, au monde savant, cet utile présent. Ce sera le complément de ce qu'il a déjà fait par la publication des lois Galloises et des lois Anglo-Saxonnes. Vous mettez, en ce moment (Aout, 1851), sous les yeux du public Européen, toutes les richesses des sociétés modernes ; livrez-lui aussi et placez à sa portée tous les débris des sociétés anciennes qui ont vécu sur votre territoire. La reconnaissance de nos savans ne sera pas aussi bruyante que celle de nos fabricans ; la Sorbonne ne vous donnera pas de fêtes aussi magnifiques que l'hôtel de Ville ; mais elle sentira vivement le prix de ce que vous aurez fait pour la science, et elle saura en profiter.”

The universally learned Jacob Grimm also wrote as follows from Berlin :—

“ Being applied to for an expression of my opinion respecting the proposed publication of the Brehon laws, I beg to state—

“ I. That my knowledge of the subject is derived exclusively from the Essay of Edward O'Reilly, in the fourteenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and from the *Capitula selecta ex antiqua canonum collectione facta in Hibernia seculo circiter viii.*, in D'Achery's *Spicilegium*, ed. Paris, 1723. These canons must have an intimate connexion with the ancient Irish jurisprudence, and furnish a criterion by which to judge of the value of the later manuscripts of the Brehon laws preserved in Ireland.

“ II. Supposing even that the manuscripts reach no farther back than the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, their contents may, nevertheless, be much more ancient. This may be made to appear, partly from the nature of the Fenian dialect, in which they are said

to be composed ; and partly from the matter and form of the enactments themselves, when they come to be compared with the laws of other nations, as, for instance, the Welsh, the Scandinavians, and the other German races. I may be allowed to give an example of this. Julius Cæsar, Diodorus, and Pomponius Mela, inform us that the Gauls used to burn their dead. Christianity abolished this custom. If, therefore, the Brehon laws, when treating of sepulture, still contain any traces of cremation, it clearly follows that their original composition reaches beyond the Christian period, and back into that of Paganism. I conjecture that this will be found to be the case ; for the canons above mentioned, Lib. lxii. cap. 26, declare expressly : ‘*primis temporibus reges tantum sepeliebantur in basilica, nam ceteri homines sive igni sive acervo lapidum conditi sunt.*’ No doubt a single point can determine nothing, but several coincidences must be established.

“To the historians and philologists of Europe, who would be anxious to undertake many researches of this kind, a valuable and important monument of Irish antiquity remains as yet shut up. It is only suitable to the dignity of the Irish and British nation to effect the publication of the Brehon laws, as has been already accomplished in the case of the laws of Wales.”

In 1851 the projected undertaking was brought under the notice of the earl of Clarendon, who immediately appreciated its importance ; through his excellency’s instrumentality, Drs. Graves and Todd were appointed “Commissioners to inquire and report concerning the ancient laws and institutes of Ireland,” and a sum of two hundred pounds was placed at their disposal to defray the expense attendant on the preparation of a detailed Report on the subject. Dr. O’Donovan and Mr. Curry were consequently engaged in the compilation of a descriptive and analytical catalogue of the contents, age and peculiarities of the various ancient Irish legal manuscripts preserved in the principal libraries of Great Britain and Ireland. This elaborate work, extending to 538 folio pages, having been completed in about seven months, was, together with the Commissioners’ Report, laid before the lord lieutenant on the 19th of February, 1852. From this Report, written by Dr. Graves, and containing an embodiment of the “Suggestions” before noticed, we extract the following statements :—

“The first object to which our attention was directed was the formation of a catalogue of all the manuscripts of the Brehon laws which are known to exist in the United kingdom. A numerous and valuable collection of these documents, originally made in Ireland by the eminent Welsh antiquary and philologist, Edward Lhwyd, is now preserved in the library of Trinity college, Dublin, to which

it was presented about sixty years ago by sir John Seabright. In thus disposing of it, he appears to have been influenced by the advice of the celebrated Edmund Burke, who manifested on that occasion a lively anxiety to have the materials of Irish history placed within the reach of scholars by the translation and publication of all the ancient records of the country. Besides the Trinity college MSS. and a few belonging to the Royal Irish Academy, we have ascertained that transcripts of various portions of the Brehon laws are to be found in the Bodleian library at Oxford, in the library of the British Museum, and in the Stowe collection, now the property of lord Ashburnham. All these MSS., except the last mentioned, to which we have not as yet been so fortunate as to obtain access, have been described at great length in an analytical catalogue made according to our directions by Dr. O'Donovan and Mr. Eugene Curry, and containing notices of their respective dates, and of the general nature of the subjects they treat of.

"The dates of the existing manuscripts of the Brehon laws vary from the early part of the fourteenth to the close of the sixteenth century; but the authority of some is enhanced by the fact that they were transcribed by persons in whose families the office of Brehon or judge had been hereditary for several generations.

"For the laws themselves a much higher antiquity may be safely asserted. So far as we have external evidence to guide us, there is no reason to suspect that they have undergone any material change since the time of *Cormac Mac Cuilleannain*, king and bishop of Cashel, who died A.D. 908. He was a man of great learning and energy, who certainly promoted the execution of considerable literary works, and under whose influence it is not improbable that a systematic compilation of the laws may have been effected. Of this, however, we have no distinct record. On the other hand, we find scattered through all parts of the laws allusions to a general revision of them made in the fifth century at the instance of St. Patrick, who, in conjunction with certain kings and learned men, is said to have expunged from them all those institutions which savoured of Paganism, and to have framed the code called the *Seanchus Mór*. These same documents assert the existence of still more ancient written laws, the greater part of which are ascribed to *Cormac Mac Art*,* monarch of Ireland in the middle of the third century. However slow we may be to acquiesce in statements of this kind, which contradict what we have learned concerning the progress of legislation in the remaining parts of Western Europe, we may readily admit that the subject matter of many of the laws demonstrates their great antiquity, as it indicates the primitive nature of the society in which they prevailed. In spite of the attempts to efface it, traces of heathenism are still discernible in many parts of them. They enumerate various ordeals of a Pagan character, which are expressly termed *magical*, and specify the occasions on which a re-

* For a notice of this monarch, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. i., 600.

sort to them was prescribed. There are also provisions in the laws of marriage which prove that Christianity could have exercised but a feeble influence at the time when they were enacted.

“The language in which the Brehon laws are written is a convincing proof of their antiquity. They are not composed in a peculiar dialect, as many writers have maintained; but if their style differs from that of the vernacular Irish of the present day, as Anglo-Saxon does from modern English, this dissimilarity is to be ascribed mainly to the effects of time, by which the orthography and grammatical forms of the language have been modified, and legal terms and phrases of constant occurrence have become obsolete. The antiquity of the language of the Brehon laws being once established, it must be apparent that the publication of them would promote the study of philology in no ordinary way. From no other source could such abundant and precious materials be obtained by the scholar engaged in analyzing the Celtic languages, and determining their relation to other branches of the Indo-European family.

“Apart from their mere antiquity, these laws are possessed of considerable interest to the historian and jurist. They lay down the privileges and duties of persons of all classes; they define the tenure of land and the rights of property of all kinds. In a word, they furnish a perfect picture of the society which they were designed to regulate, from the constitution of the kingdom, and the relation subsisting between the sovereign and the provincial kings, down to the minutest details of domestic life among the serfs.

“Such being the estimate which an examination of these documents has led us to form of their age and contents, we feel that we are fully warranted in recommending to your excellency that the publication of them should be undertaken at the expense of the state, and under the superintendence of competent persons. All the arguments which induced the Government to order the publication of the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh laws might be used in favor of this measure. In fact, the publication of the Brehon laws appears to us to be essential to the completion of the works already put forth by the commissioners of public records.

“About seventy years ago, Vallancey, in his ‘*Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis*,’ published a few extracts from them, accompanied by translations. But both text and version were so full of inaccuracies, arising from the incapacity of the editor, that the value of the documents was not duly exhibited in these specimens. In truth, the work was too difficult and expensive to be undertaken by any individual. It requires a long time, a considerable outlay, and much co-operation, for its proper execution. Persons possessing a vernacular knowledge of the Irish language, and accustomed to transcribe Irish MSS., must be employed in the work of copying and translating. These again would require the superintendence of accomplished scholars, versed in history, jurisprudence, archæology, and philology. Moreover, it would be necessary to procure copies or collations of MSS. in remote places. The work, when completed, would be an extensive one, occupying a large folio volume, which would possess but little popular interest, and would be consulted only by a limited

class of historical readers. Taking all these circumstances into account, we are convinced that, notwithstanding its intrinsic importance, the publication of the ancient Irish laws could not be effected in the ordinary manner, and must be undertaken by the Government, if it is ever to be accomplished at all.

“The present time affords facilities for the execution of the design now proposed. During the progress of the Ordnance survey of Ireland, several persons acquainted with the Irish language were employed to collect information on matters of topography and ancient history. Under the direction of the officers conducting the survey, these persons became well-instructed and disciplined scholars. In a few years more this advantage will be irretrievably lost. The taste for antiquarian scholarship amongst the lower classes in Ireland is nearly extinct; whilst death and emigration are fast removing the few individuals who possessed the qualifications just mentioned. Without the aid of such labourers the task of transcribing and translating the Brehon laws would become one of extreme, if not hopeless, difficulty.

“There are some circumstances which would render the publication of these ancient laws peculiarly interesting in the eyes of the politician. It is not improbable that the habits of thought and action prevailing amongst the native Irish are reflected in the laws which they framed for themselves before they were affected by foreign influences, and to which they continued to cling with obstinate tenacity, even for centuries after they had been compelled to submit to British rule. The Brehon laws were actually appealed to so late as the reign of Charles I. We must not, therefore, be surprised to find some traces yet remaining of their effect upon society.

“We would also suggest that good results would be obtained by exhibiting the real state of this country at a remote period of its history. It would then be found that false or exaggerated notions have been entertained of the well-being of society and the advancement of civilization in early times. Ireland never enjoyed a golden age.* It would be more true to say, that she suffered for many ages under an iron feudalism, which administered essentially different laws to the rich and to the poor. Ignorance on this head has certainly created in some minds an unreasonable dissatisfaction with the present order of things, and a perverse disposition to thwart the efforts of those who are doing their utmost to ameliorate it. Nothing could be more efficacious in dispelling such morbid national prejudices than a complete publication of the ancient Irish laws.”

The valedictory address presented by the Royal Irish Academy, on the 26th February, 1852, to the earl of Clarendon, thanking him for the interest which he had taken in the promotion of the welfare of that institution, contains the following passage:—

“We could mention many other instances, though presented in a

* A bardic description of the golden age in Ireland will be found at page 598, Vol. I., of this Review.

less tangible form, in which the same enlightened estimation of our objects has been shown—one, however, ought not to be passed by without special acknowledgment: the commission which, we trust, will result in the publication of the Brehon laws—a work of the highest value, from its bearings on the ancient history and literature of Ireland.”

In reply to which his lordship observed :—

“ I attach great importance to the publication of the Brehon laws, both in a political and literary point of view, and I cannot doubt that my successor, when made aware of the circumstances, will feel under the same obligation that I do to Dr. Todd and Dr. Graves, for the truly patriotic spirit with which they have undertaken this arduous work ; neither can I doubt that from her majesty’s government they will receive all the encouragement and assistance they may require.”

Subsequent to lord Clarendon’s departure, his influence was extensively used in advocacy of the measure, and he lost no opportunity of impressing upon his successors in office the importance which he attached to the publication of the Brehon laws, as expressed in his above-quoted remarks. After the earl of Eglinton had been installed in the Irish viceroyalty, a copy of their Report was submitted to him by the Commissioners, who requested to be informed whether they should be required to prepare one more full than that already completed. To this communication a reply was given on the 27th of April, stating that a more ample Report was unnecessary, as in the papers already submitted his excellency saw sufficient grounds to warrant him in recommending the publication of the Brehon laws. In England, the undertaking was seconded by lord John Russell and sir C. E. Trevelyan ; and on a reference to it in the house of peers, lord Monteagle ably advocated the measure in a speech of some length, which, we regret, has not been reported. Early in the month of August the lords of the Treasury finally decided on the publication of the ancient laws of Ireland, and the Commissioners received official notification authorizing them to take immediate steps in furtherance of that object.

To the rev. Thomas Romney Robinson, and to the earl of Rosse—the illustrious descendant of that learned knight, who so ably vindicated the independence and the history of his fatherland—our thanks are pre-eminently due, for their exertions in promotion of the measure ; while to the professor of mathematics in Trinity College, must be accorded the honor of having

originated and, in conjunction with the rev. J. H. Todd, successfully carried out this—the most important service yet rendered to the cause of our national literature. The names appended to the petition for the publication of the Brehon laws are suggestive of strange historical associations. Early in the last century an Anglo-Irish judge* imprisoned an antiquary for asserting that the ancient inhabitants of this country possessed any written documents, and we now find our principal legal functionaries advocating the publication of the institutes of that code which their judicial predecessors declared “*par raison ne doit estre nommé lei, eins malveis custume.*” Nor is the time far distant since the study of Irish literature was totally neglected in the University of Dublin; and it is well known that the otherwise learned Dr. Brinkley was surprised to find that evidence existed to prove that the Irish had any acquaintance with the arts of civilized life anterior to the coming of the English. Such apathistical ignorance of ourselves is rapidly decreasing, and among those who were formerly regarded as opponents of national learning, are now to be found worthy successors to the learned Irish historiographers of Louvain, of whom a writer of the seventeenth century observed:—“They are not only bringing to light every day the more abstruse Irish documents, but translating them from the rugged obscurity of an obsolete idiom. Thus, if the English must thank their monks of Tavistock, for the preservation of the Saxon, the Irish owe similar obligations to the Louvain fathers, for the preservation and refinement of the Gaelic. Perhaps of the two, the benefit conferred on Ireland is the greater, since those fathers stood forward when she was reduced to the greatest distress, nay, threatened even with certain destruction, and vowed that the memory of the glorious deeds of their ancestors should not be consigned to the same earth that covered the bodies of her children.”

We have been thus minute in tracing the progress of this movement from the inception to the issue, because we believe that future writers will desire to possess accurate information relative to the originators and promoters of a measure which is calculated to give so important an impetus to our historic literature. That the work will be executed in a style worthy of the subject an inspection of the portion already completed affords ample proof. The task is, however, one of weighty

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V., 38.

importance, and we understand that Drs. Graves and Todd have wisely applied for the appointment of a commission, which will, we hope, unlike the generality of similar associations, be constituted of scholars whose knowledge and works entitle them to such a position. The Royal Academy of history at Madrid—to which Spanish archæology stands deeply indebted—is at present, it may be observed, engaged in an investigation of the ancient laws of Spain, for which purpose twenty competent commissioners have been appointed, under the superintendence of their learned national antiquary, Pascal Gayangos. Over the progress of the Brehon law Commission we shall watch with anxious interest, and trust that, when brought to a conclusion, we shall be able to pronounce its labors to have been both honorable to the reputation of those engaged in it, and conducive to the dissemination of historical truth.

In addition to its antiquarian and philological interest, the publication will exhibit, for the first time, the true bases of the peculiar clan government, “*par laquelle*,” says the French historian, “*probablement une grande portion du monde Européen a passé*”—and thus place before us the internal economy of that remnant of the patriarchal system which had its last stronghold in Ireland, where, until the time of James I., it successfully resisted the imposition of that repulsive feudalism, under which other European states had helplessly groaned for centuries. Without a true knowledge of the laws of the Brehons, all attempts to expound the events of ancient Irish history and their influences on successive generations must necessarily be delusive and conjectural. From those ancient institutes alone can be drawn materials for finally deciding the amount of civilization and liberty which existed in Ireland while she was an independent and self-governed island.

THE
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

N o. VIII.—DECEMBER, 1852.

ART. I.—UNTRANSLATED NOVELISTS.—
ALPHONSE KARR.

1. *Clovis Gosselin*. Par Alphonse Karr. Bruxelles : 1850.
2. *Une Folle Histoire*. Par Alphonse Karr. Bruxelles : 1851.

ALTHOUGH George Herbert writes, and writes it truly, that those are only “coarse wits” who,

“Pick out of mirth, like stones out of the ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness;”

yet it seems to us that nearly all the readers of light literature in these kingdoms are within the unenviable designation, “coarse wits,” when they form a judgment of the modern novelists of France. We import French gloves from the Rue Richlieu, or the Rue de Rivoli; we bring French waistcoats from the Chaussée d’Antin; our wives buy willingly, some may think too willingly, French bonnets of all the hues of the rain-bow, from that amiable Harpy of the Rue de la Paix, Lucy Hocquet; but those books in blue, yellow, green, or salmon-color wrappers, are tabooed without hesitation and without enquiry, solely because they are the production of our neighbours beyond the Channel. Our grandfathers thought that all Frenchmen wore wooden shoes, and lived upon frogs; their grandchildren very generally believe that the literary food of the French is only atheism, and the science of seduction, and that no novel can be successful in that country unless it be an onslaught upon the ten commandments. This error arises from the “coarse wits” employing themselves too assiduously in seeking for those things indicated by the old bard of the Temple.

We know that men, however depraved they themselves may be, are anxious to preserve in their sisters, or wives, or daugh-

ters, a purity of mind, and a freedom from all taint of evil. They believe, with Professor Wilson, who informs us, in the *Recreations of Christopher North*, that all women are angels until they are made coarse by association with men, and that they only acquire the knowledge of evil through the innate delicacy of their own nature; which opinion of the Professor is but expressing, in a periphrasis, what the great Dean of St. Patrick's taught us when he said, that the nicest minds are always filled with the nastiest ideas. We know that he who has saturated his mind with all the indelicacies, to say no worse, of that class of French literature which men generally read, will not wish his female friends to even look upon these books, and in his mind, all French novels must be bad, simply because his own experience has shown him that most of the old, and many of the new, are so. But what Frenchman, in his senses, would say, don't let your child read English poetry because he may then turn to the verses of Rochester. Don't let him read the real pictures of English life to be found in the works of Trollope or of Thackeray, because, eventually, he may become acquainted with the novels of Aphra Behn. We contend that French light literature is to be found, good or bad, just as the reader may require it. We assert that the light literature of France is not all bad, and should not be sweepingly and indiscriminately condemned. Pious and well-meaning people cry out, that the fiction of the country is all tainted, and all depraved. And why? Because those who should lead the public taste desert their trust, and do not direct attention to that which is praiseworthy in French literature; and secondly, because the library keeper panders to the taste of his male, and we regret to add, his female, readers, and imports three impure, we might write, erotic, works, for one worthy of the credit and the fame of honest French novelists. "Oh!" cries a "coarse wit," with lank hair, a white cravat, and no shirt collar, and with the whine of Mawworm in his tone, "Oh! why inundate the country with a tide of these books, why not leave us our own virtuous literature, uncontaminated by imported vice?" Our answer is, that recent legislation has thrown the literary market open to the French publisher, that by the International Copyright Act the sale of French works will be increased, that the demand will produce a corresponding supply, and that this increased supply will produce a lesser rate of sale, and it therefore becomes a duty to direct

attention to those French novels most worthy of perusal. If one class of our Christians bought only Doctor Cumming's countless *Voices*; if another set perused only high-church magazines, and the excellent religious and serious works of evangelical publishers; and if a third Christian community read only *Ramblers*, and *Lamps*, and *Lives of Saints*, there could be no necessity for either expostulation or warning upon the subject before us; but such is not the case, and it is right that our fellow countrymen and countrywomen should understand the genuine character of the literature of their neighbours.

Young men frequently buy books because they have heard that the works are not what they should be. Who that has watched a school, does not know that those portions of Horace, or Juvenal passed over by the master, are carefully and laboriously worked up and translated by the boys in private? Who does not know that when pages are pasted together, they are placed in water that they may be separated and read? And later in life men are like that infidel, who wished that he had been born a Roman Catholic, because, by eating meat upon a Friday he should taste the luxury of a new sin. "The flavour of prohibition" is but too anxiously sought by the whole human race, for, as Fuller writes, "curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking." If the virtuous and the good protest against French light literature, if they make its study, or its occasional pursuit, a species of social crime, they give their support not to virtue but to vice. No bookseller will import works for which he has not a sale; there are not a sufficient number of readers to make it worth his time, or his trouble, to procure good novels, and virtuous. He has orders only for the bad, the readers of these are so numerous that his profit upon the importation is considerable.

There are hundreds of novels published every year in France which we would willingly see burned by the common executioner, as Menage used to term it "let them see the light," or consigned to that use for which Gargantua recommends a goose's neck; but this is beyond our power, and although we cannot dam the foul slush which contaminates the pure fountain of literature, yet we may turn the attention of our youth—or even those of mature age—to the noble, the high-souled, and the honest, works of genius, which issue from the French

press, and make it as brilliant now as in the days of Fontenelle, of Pascal, or of Corneille.

We have always admired the care with which parents in these kingdoms endeavour to guard the minds of their children from the evils, so terrible and so disastrous, which spring from the reading irreligious or immoral books, and we have regretted that this care has frequently run to seed, and has degenerated into bigotry or to prudery. Our own reading and examination of French light literature has been careful, and we can safely say, that there is in no modern language a greater number of interesting, witty, moral, and amusing books than in that of France.

No man holds so great a power for good or evil in his hands as the novelist. It was the knowledge of this fact, and the fear lest he might have abused his power, that embittered many of the last days of Gerald Griffin, he being a scrupulous man; and it was not less the same knowledge, but the belief likewise, that he had not misused his power, that gave happiness and consolation to the last days of Sir Walter, he being a conscientious, but a strong-minded man. In our recommendations of French literature, we have assumed that we write for, and address ourselves to men and women, not to schoolboys and schoolgirls, all prurience and bread and butter; that we address those who will look to the story and to its conclusion, rather than to a chapter or to a scene; who will judge the author by his ends, and by the means adapted to carry out those ends. We address ourselves to the cultivated and the thoughtful, who, whilst they turn from the picture of vice with instinctive disgust, will not look aside from him "who holds the mirror up to nature." If our reader can call Rubens voluptuous, or the Dutch painters coarse, we trust that he would call Hogarth natural; if he be of this class he will understand and appreciate the French novels we shall recommend to him.

Amongst all the writers of modern French fiction, the man least known to general readers, in this country, is Alphonse Karr, who is of all his co-litterateurs, the wittiest, and most natural word-painter of French life, particularly of country life. His works have not been translated, and we believe because they are quite decent enough to be placed openly upon a drawing-room table, and are also devoid of those melo-dramatic aids to interest, so invariably adopted, and so extensively employed by Sue, and by Dumas. *Monte Christo, The Mysteries*

of Paris, The Three Musketeers, The Wandering Jew, Matilda, and various others, have been rendered in an English dress, in every shape, at every price, and embellished with every species of illustration, from good to detestable. Paul de Kock and his *grisettes sang pur*, have been placed before the English reader; but it has happened unfortunately that the novels translated, are amongst the basest and most immoral of his productions. George Sand, too, has been given to us in various forms, in those fictions where she teaches a wife to love any man, provided he be not wedded to her, and inculcates those principles which were taught, fifty years ago, by clever, unhappy, shameless, Mary Woolstonecraft. Thus it is, that as the public did not read good French novels, they are ignorant of their existence, the bad only having been translated for the gratification of vicious buyers; and Irish women have read works, openly, the perusal of which, a virtuous French woman would no more acknowledge than she would confess to have danced the *cancan*, or any other anti-garde-municipal romp, at a guinguette. How few English readers know anything of the good works of De Lavergne, of Madame Reybaud, of Soulié, of De Vigny, of Mery, the Parisian Theodore Hook, but who informs us that there is an avenue in the Phoenix Park called the Physician's walk, where, owing to the salubrity of Dublin, and having nothing to do, the Doctors walk every day and talk Pharmacy, Physic and Philosophy. Mery tells us also that on the occasion of the marriage of his hero and heroine, both being good Roman Catholics, the joy-bells of St. Patrick's cathedral were rung. A cockney will learn from our friend Mery, that in passing from Highgate to Westminster he crosses a tremendous chasm by means of a viaduct. How many English readers have heard of the gay and flashing humor of De Bernard,* or of the quiet moral contained in the stories of Madame de Bawr? How many, whilst wandering with the old Jew, or whilst wondering at the ever shifting scenes of *The Mysteries of Paris*, know that such books can be found in the French language as, *Le Medecin de Campagne, La Dernière Fée, Le Recherche de l'Absolu*, and the most touching story that ever dimmed bright eyes, *Eugenie Grandet*. If parents had thought a little more for themselves, they could not fail to discover how absurd was their prejudice against this literature. They would have praised the good and have censured the bad to their children; they would have enjoyed

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. p. 348.

many an hour's pleasant reading themselves, and could have said this novel or that novel is not fit reading, but they could not have fallen into the error of classing all French fiction as immoral. Prohibition in readings should if possible, be avoided: young people should be taught to judge of right and wrong, from understanding the meaning of vice, and the meaning of virtue. Autocratic directions to avoid this book, or that place, are generally unavailing. Unless the reason be given, a parent will but too often discover, that he has fallen into the error of the Dominican, who, when asked by the Jesuit Manuel de Vergura, then a child, what was meant by the commandment, Thou shalt not commit adultery, told him, not well knowing how to answer, that it meant "you are not to put your hand in the pot whilst it boils;" the next day the good Friar was alarmed by loud screams, and on entering the room he found little Manuel holding up his scalded finger and crying, "Oh, father, I've committed adultery, I've committed adultery"—the moral of the anecdote is, as De Vergura tells it, that we should always make the reasons for our prohibitions understood. Tell a young man all French novels are bad, and therefore, unfit to be read, and he will answer, I must read some novel in that language; the library keeper will probably give him one of Paul de Kock's, or of Balzac's worst; but, had his father directed him to read a certain class of books, he would then have been fully entitled to, and might expect obedience, as to those works dangerous either to faith or to morality. We say to a careful father, you are bound to make your son a Christian, and, if possible, to rear him so that through life, he will walk in the presence of his God, but you are also bound to rear him as a man, and not as a child. His studies, his tastes, his way of life, cannot be ever before your eyes. True, you may bring him up in a conventually conducted *rus-in-urbe* at Rathmines, or amongst the goats and granite of Dalkey; you may imbue his mind with a love for nature and sea bathing, and you may keep a Sycorax for cook, a Gorgon for house-maid, and your wife's soubrette may be ugly as a college bed-maker; your son may shudder at the polka, and become terrified at the mention of a ballet; he may be awkward as Tony Lumpkin amongst the women, and you may have the satisfaction of believing that he is something between Corydon and Saint Senanus; but, my dear sir, you have taught him only the virtues of the nursery, and the morality of

a bandbox, and he is little better than those monks described by Curzon in his *Monasteries of the Levant*. You talk of your son's innocence and virtue, we think you should speak rather of his ignorance of vice; and what becomes of this ignorance the first time he may walk, after nightfall, from the Rotunda to Carlisle bridge, from Nassau-street to Stephen's green, from Temple Bar to Pall Mall? Let your son read *Clovis Gosselin*, openly, and the chances are, that in private, he will not read *De Faublas*. See what Milton, John Locke, Montaigne, and Sydney Smith, write of your bandbox morality, and you will soon change your system, and to help you, so far as foreign literature is in question, shall be our task in this, and in succeeding, papers.

Lest, however, the reader may suppose, that we intend him to take our words for the interest exhibited in modern French novels of a virtuous caste, we shall enable him to judge for himself by placing before him, an analysis and extracts from the *Clovis Gosselin*, and *Une Folle Histoire*, of Alphonse Karr. Taste and wit, and a love for external nature, and a power of close and minute description, are the characteristics of this author. Karr's wit is most difficult to be described, it is subtle and versatile, of many shapes and postures. It has pat allusions to old stories; it plays in words and phrases, and lurks in odd similitudes; it comes upon us unexpectedly, and we cry with Cowley—

“Yonder we see it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like spirits, in a place, we know not how.”

His moral is generally sound and healthy, there is no sentimentality about him, and his hero is born, reared, loves, perhaps is wedded, and dies, all, like a Frenchman.

It has been said, that Alphonse Karr is a French Charles Dickens, the observation is sufficiently just, in its estimate of the genius of the former, provided we understand it as applying to the first works of Dickens, written before money, ease, fame, and the critics, had spoiled him. Karr describes nature as she is. His men and women are not caricatures of humanity, or the embodied quips and whimsies of a man of genius; his children are not beautiful monstrosities, guiding their grandfathers through the country, or, whilst sitting in a go-car, hearing voices in the waves of the ocean. Karr never reproduces his successful creations. Having drawn a Tom Pinch, he

would not recall him in a Prince Turveydrop ; having succeeded in a Snawley and a Stiggins, he would not revive them in a Chadband ; having painted the Cheeryble Brothers, he would not produce the "two single gentlemen rolled into one," as a Jarn-dyce ; having drawn a Mrs. Dombey, he would not half revive her as a Lady Dedlock ; having succeeded in a Chuffy, he would not galvanise him in a Mrs. Smallweed ; having painted a Pecksniff, he would not reproduce him, weak and sketchy, in a Skimpole ; having to describe a nobleman, he would not habitually represent him as a fool, or as a scoundrel, a Sir Mulberry Hawk, or a Lord Verisopht, a Sir John Chester, a Lord Feenix, or a Sir Leicester Dedlock. Having joined the noble profession of the law, he would not pander to the taste of the ignorant, by representing its practise as little more honest than that of the pickpocket, or the charlatan ; he would not render his book interesting to those readers, by representing all the abuses of his profession, those productions of time—whilst he never described the advantages of the system. If Karr were to write a history, or "a Child's History," he would not take advantage of his position to perpetuate every error, to slander a noble but unfortunate nation, and would not barter truth for popularity, or cover profound ignorance by reckless assumption. Karr never outsteps the boundary of nature ; he carries his plot through to the end, and never attempts to gain our sympathy by detailing the loves of a burglar and a strumpet ; he never makes the chief interest of a portion of his plot turn upon a case of seduction, and if he did so, would not paint a victim ruined by such arts as must have failed, unless the unfortunate had been a maundering idiot, or half corrupted and half willing ; he never describes a woman flying, with a man she hates, for the purpose solely of vexing her husband. Alphonse Karr has no Bill Sykes, or his trull Nancy ; he has no Steerforth and Emily ; he has no Carker and Mrs. Dombey. In his religion there is no cant, nor is there an anxiety to represent a clergyman as a well meaning poetising dreamer, or as a stupid prosing preacher, whose sermons act as "a mild dose of opium." For the sacred Redeemer of the world, Alphonse Karr has other, and truer, and more defined titles than "He," or "Him," with a capital H ; and he never, like Dickens, leaves us in doubt as to whether the writer is to be looked upon as very affected in his style, and considered as an ordinary believer, or as one who glories in that belief,

which is but a hair's breadth removed from unbelief—Unitarianism. With Karr, a church is a place raised for the worship of God, not a house in which we are to criticise our neighbours, and to cry down the preacher, forgetful of the moralist's thought—

“The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.
He that gets patience and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.”

It was the complaint of Jeremy Taylor to lord Carbery, that he “had lived to see religion painted upon banners, and thrust out of churches, and the temple turned into a tabernacle, and the tabernacle made ambulatory.” Had he lived till now, he would find all the errors we have pointed out, committed frequently by Mr. Charles Dickens, and would discern that, according to him, religion dwells in woods and fields, in the breasts of peasants and elderly gentlemen of the middle classes, and in the bosoms of impossible children. He would learn, too, that religion is still ambulatory, or peripatetic, that every man is his own tabernacle, and that all worship best in, as Thomas Carlyle calls it, “The Great Cathedral of Nature!”* These are the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Dickens's late works, and, therefore, we consider that Alphonse Karr is not a French Charles Dickens; in our judgment, he is, in his truth and fidelity in painting life and nature, a French Oliver Goldsmith. We do not write thus through any great personal regard for Alphonse Karr, but although we cannot consider him *a* Charles Dickens, yet we look upon him as something more than a *French* Charles Dickens. Because we believe that the genius of the author of *Pickwick* is as brilliant as ever; his faults spring from his knowledge of, and from his trading upon, the old regards and recollections of his readers.

Alexandre Dumas, in one of the recent volumes of his *Memoirs*, tells us that about four-and-twenty years ago Alphonse Karr was a dashing, athletic young fellow, two and-twenty years of age, who spent his time in writing for the once famous Paris journal, *Figaro*, and in swimming, boxing, and as they say, “larking extensively.” His father was a German, and lived by teaching music, and after Alphonse had obtained a name, and a reputation as an author, a decoration was offered to him. “My father,” said Karr, “is undecorated; a son can-

* See his jumbled juggle of words, “John Sterling,” “all wind-bags,” and semi-Pantheism.

not accept the honor before his father." The decoration was given to the old man, and at his death the honor was again offered to Alphonse, who took the worn, faded ribbon from his father's button-hole, and placed it in his own. Such is the man whose works we recommend to our readers, and we place before them, first, his *Clovis Gosselin* :—

"Cæsar Gosselin was a tiller of the earth, but at 18 years of age, being still in his father's house, he thought proper to bring into one compact view the inconveniences and fatigues of his occupation, and to contrast them with the charms and pleasures of a fisher's life. Happiness resembles the bright clouds that float above the horizon; these are always before or behind us; we never perceive their immediate presence about us. The process that Cæsar Gosselin used in order to test the relative advantages of the two states, and to form his consequent decision, is still very popular with many others as well as Cæsar. We plead before ourselves a cause which we have already prejudged; we compare the wrong side of our own lot with the right side of our neighbour's, but as this is often done without our being aware of the one-sidedness of the judgment, we exhibit a specimen of Cæsar's logic :—'while you are a labourer,' said he, 'you must work out of doors, in rain, hail, and snow: you must dig, harrow, mow, reap, and endure all imaginable fatigues, and still there are years when the crop fails, and your toils and troubles all go for nothing. On the contrary, when you are a fisher the wind works for you, a South-eastern breeze tempers the sun's heat, and speeds your bark onwards; you glide over the blue waters like a swan; you amuse yourself casting your lines, one of the greatest pleasures in the world, and in the evening you return home laden with the finest fish, which the women soon dispose of at next morning's market. Now, to sum up all impartially, the lot of the fisher is blest; that of the peasant wretched. I had better, however, not make the result of my examination public, or not one of my acquaintance would remain at the spade or plough; the whole country would be off to the sea, and what should we do then for bread or wine?"

Gosselin becomes a fisher, and finds that he has miscalculated the happiness of that mode of life. He is impressed, and sent to serve on board a man-of-war, in which he serves some years; his friends believe him dead, but at length he returns, weds Asterie Quertier, a truly constant, and iron-minded woman; purchases a little farm-house and bit of land, and dies in a couple of years after the birth of our future hero, Clovis Gosselin. Clovis's mother foreseeing talent in his every movement at three years of age, determines that he shall be a scholar; when four years old he is sent to school, and by the time he is ten he has learned to read, to write a little, to spin cockchafers, to throw stones, and to play at ball.

One day Clovis heard the sound of weeping on the other side of the fence, which divided his mother's garden from the next neighbour's, mounting the hedge, he saw a pretty little girl, who, on his asking the cause of her crying, pointed out, in the branches of a tree, a pet goldfinch which had escaped from its cage. Mistaking her intention, he struck down the unfortunate truant with a stone : this redoubled the anguish of the child, and her mother coming into the yard at the time, loaded Clovis with reproaches for his cruelty. He felt very mortified at the ill-success of his well-intentioned skill. He climbed the fence next day, but his little neighbour ran into her house the moment she perceived the destroyer of her favorite. The following day being Sunday, he paid a visit to a bird-fancier, and finding that the price of a goldfinch exceeded his entire current property, he went away crying and lamenting his extravagance in the article of pear pies. Turning back after a few indecisive steps, he proposed that the merchant should receive his present ready cash as deposit, and the balance of the bird's purchase at four sous per week. This offer being accepted, he hastens home with the prize, hangs its cage on the boundary fence, and watches for the approach of little Isoline. Two long days the watch endures without success, so at last plucking up courage from sheer weariness, he steals into her house, finds poor little Isoline ill of the small-pox, deposits his gift on a table and decamps. The sick child is overjoyed at the supposed revival of her pet, and to her eager questions they answer that it was restored by her Guardian Angel. Clovis, however, takes the small pox, all is revealed, and on the recovery of the two children, a friendly intercourse takes place between the two families, as friendly at least as consisted with the difference in rank ; for though the heads of both houses were widows of sailors, Madame Gosselin, as we have seen, held house and lands in fee, while Madame Seminel was only a tenant at will.

The children finding it too troublesome to go round through the gates to see each other, Clovis effects a tunnel in the hedge, and invites Isoline to come in and gather gooseberries and violets, as much and as often as she pleased.

“ One day while the two mothers are looking at the children amusing themselves, widow Seminel said to widow Gosselin, ‘ what do you intend to make of Clovis ? ’ On which madame Gosselin, assuming an air of importance, answers ‘ who knows what he may become ? ’

and pray what are your notions about Isoline?' 'Oh! simple enough; she is beginning now to spin nicely; she knows how to sew, to read a little, and to write round-hand: she will be a good housekeeper, virtuous, pious and industrious: she must wait, I suppose, till some worthy young man will be satisfied with her dowry, which will be no more than her good looks, her good character, her love of work, and her skill in housekeeping.' From the manner in which widow Seminel spoke these words, madame Gosselin feared that some very ambitious views touching Clovis, had taken possession of her mind, and so she broke up the conversation very abruptly and coldly."

Impressed with this conversation, Madame Gosselin retires to bed, and dreams that her son is the country physician, and in possession of all old Doctor Lemonnier's practice, and owner of his pie-bald horse. She awakes resolved that he shall be a doctor, and immediately after breakfast goes forth to visit the village schoolmaster, whom she thus addresses:—

" 'So, so, Master Herambert, do you know Latin?' 'My good neighbour, I may declare to you truly that I learned much of it, that I was a long time at it, that it cost my parents a good sum, and that I am now ready to dispose of it much under prime cost.' 'Well, well, Master Herambert, you must set my son at Latin, not to-morrow but to-day, not this evening but this morning; in a word, at once and without delay.' 'Goodness, goodness, madame Gosselin, why are you in such a hurry to inflict Latin on our little Clovis, who is a dear little fellow, and has not a spice of badness about him?' 'But when I speak of Latin I mean real Latin—Latin such as they chant at mass, aye, the very nicest Latin. If you don't like the offer say so: we will get it elsewhere, I dare say, by paying for it.' 'Don't be frightened, neighbour; I assure you that I am rejoiced to get a market for my poor Latin, which no one here has ever demanded for the last ten years: and don't fear that it has not been well preserved; I have kept it well corked, and will warrant it even superior to the Latin of our curé.' 'It is necessary,' said Madame Gosselin, 'that he should be ready in a few months to enter college.'"

The good teacher ventures to suggest that the abilities of Clovis are not much superior to those which are necessary for the successful pursuit of farming, but cannot make the mother enter into his views.

" 'Has your son any decided vocation for any art or science?' 'My son is like all others of his age; his chief genius is for climbing trees to get at birds' nests, but no matter, he shall one day be a great doctor, and pay his visits on horseback like M. Lemonnier. I am so certain of this, that if I had the money, and the pie-bald horse was not so old, and Clovis so young, I would buy him, and thereby save his new master some trouble, as he knows the gates of the regular patients. So now, yes or no; will you begin the lessons at once, and then he may be at college in a year?'"

At his lessons, Clovis was intelligent, though rather lazy, but, by the judicious treatment of the master, and the untiring instances of his mother, he was fitted for entrance in the college of Rouen, at the end of a year. We must spare the reader the details of the privations, labors, and exertions of madam Gosselin to procure his admission ; nothing but a spirit of unwearied energy could have upheld her.

After three years spent at college, he returns with his premiums, to glad his mother and Isoline, and his good old master.

He comes home a day before his mother expected him. As for Isoline, she was expecting him always ; however, she was now trimming up the little garden, by way of welcome, when a bull that had been goaded, and was rushing from his tormentors, seeing the gate open, dashed into the court, followed by the dogs. He was but a few feet from her, and she had given herself up for lost, when she found herself flung up on the hedge, by a pair of vigorous arms, and the next moment Clovis was by her side, and the bull, revenging himself, roaring and butting the lower part of the fence ; a crowd running into the yard, he took refuge in an out-house, and was secured.

“ Isoline, at this time, had grown up a lovely and amiable young girl, in the profound solitude in which she dwelt. She arose betimes to labor at her spinning-wheel, and after spinning all day, retired to rest in the evening, wearied with her work. She had retained the impressions of childhood the easier, as no new ones had occurred to replace them. She had forgotten nothing, and learned as little ; and so few events had occurred in her calm life, that these seemed of great importance. She had always taken special care of the goldfinch which Clovis had given her ; and whenever dame Gosselin cried out with energy, ‘ we must succeed,’ she quietly added, ‘ yes, we will succeed ;’ but she never took the trouble to ascertain whether the feeling she experienced for Clovis was love or not.”

Clovis bears Isoline into his own house, sprinkles water on her face, and makes her swallow a glassful ; and when recovered, he shows her the books he has received as prizes, tied up in blue ribbons.

“ ‘ Oh, what beautiful ribbons,’ she exclaimed. ‘ They are yours, dear Isoline ; but first, my mother must see my prizes in all their splendor.’ ‘ And these crowns ?’ ‘ These were placed on my head in the midst of plaudits, and to the sound of music, before the first society in Rouen, the prefect, the archbishop, and others. This is the prize I got for my Greek version.’ ‘ But, Clovis, what is a Greek version ?’ ‘ Well, well, we won’t mind it now : I’ll tell you some

other time: but it makes one very proud to receive prizes. They say that it will serve to make me learned and rich, and to be a doctor, and to have a pie-bald horse, like doctor Lemonnier.' 'Oh, yes, he who attended me, and afterwards yourself in the illness you took from me; I recollect him well, but he was very old, poor doctor Lemonnier!' 'But I need not wait to be old to be a doctor; I have one year now to spend at college, and then to study four years in Paris.' 'At Paris,' said poor Isoline, with sadness in her voice, and then she remained silent for a time; rousing herself at last, she cried out, 'surely you are hungry and thirsty; come into our house, we will find some eggs and cider; your mother will not be home till night-fall. She will know by the fine books, that you have returned, and, besides, you can come back, now and then, to see.' They passed through the tunnel which Clovis had cut long ago, and Isoline, lighting up her fire, brought eggs out of the hen-house, and cooked an omelette for Clovis. She laid out on the table, an iron spoon and fork, as bright as silver, a plate, on which a yellow cock was striving to walk among blue flowers, a tumbler, and an earthen-ware jug, filled with cider. 'What trouble I am giving you, my dear Isoline!' said Clovis, with his fork poised in the air. 'Trouble, indeed,' said she, reproachfully, and then added, laughing, 'I assure you, that when I saw the horns of the bull within a few feet of me, I would have been very glad to be at the fireside with my eggs and pan.' 'But, won't you eat any thing with me?' 'No, I have dined already; and, besides, I am so —— with the fright and the pleasure, I could not eat a bit.' "

Clovis relates some particulars of his college life, and asks about the neighbours and themselves.

"'As for us, we are living just as you left us. I sometimes work with my mother in the field, but I am oftener left at home, where I spin all day. On Sundays, we go to mass in the morning, and to vespers in the evening; but our greatest pleasure is, when your mother gets a letter from you. She brings it in and reads it for us, and then we have enough to talk about for the rest of the day. But, now that you're come home, we will take some walks, and we will go, once more, to the wood, where we pulled up the honey-suckle, and used to gather nuts.' "

His mother returns, and their meeting is affectionate and kind. Madame Gosselin will not listen to his proposal of uniting himself to Isoline. He longs to settle, once more, at home, and to become a farmer, but, as this is impossible, he induces Isoline to promise that she will not marry until he can return, and claim her as his wife, when he shall have obtained his diploma; and so they part—he returns to college, and is not to see his home or Isoline, till five weary years shall have elapsed.

Time passes on, and the student's last year in Rouen has just expired. Asteria is preparing to join him there, and accompany him to Paris, having sold most of her moveables, and let her house and farm for the intervening four years; and Isoline has been helping her in the preparations of the change of clothes necessary for Clovis in his new state.

The evening before her departure, Asteria is talking with her neighbours, concerning the one, the only subject that ever now occupies her mind.

“‘As soon as Clovis becomes doctor,’ said she, ‘I will have no trouble to get a good match for him; the boy is not bad-looking; besides, a doctor is on a par with any person, and may look out for a wife where he pleases.’ At the first words, Isoline turned pale, but, recollecting Clovis’s promise, she took heart: not so her mother. ‘You are too ambitious, my dear Asteria; in the beginning, you could scarcely believe in your dream, and now you have done the impossible: here now is your son received as —— what is it?’ ‘bachelor.’ ‘Yes, indeed, bachelor, and may be doctor some day.’ ‘But doctor Lemonnier, who was a great doctor indeed—aye, two whole generations passed through his hands—was very content to marry a girl of this very place, the daughter of poor Onesimus Gonfreville, who was drowned, and was only a fisher, and for all that, doctor Lemonnier was not the son of a peasant, like Clovis, no, no, he was of a good family—his father was crier of the court at Criquetot. You may do as you please, but Clovis will never be any thing but the son of a peasant; and you won’t add to his happiness in making him marry into a family who will despise him, and yourself into the bargain. As the old saying is—the butterfly forgets the cabbage-leaf—and, I suppose, when Clovis becomes doctor, neither of you will speak to me nor my daughter, though we are your oldest friends.’ We may as well observe here, that widow Gosselin had remarked the sudden paleness of her daughter, and, besides, she had always looked on Clovis as her future son-in-law. Neither had it escaped Asteria, and she now guessed, from the bitterness of Zoe, her ambition to secure Clovis. This ambition she had hardly suspected hitherto, so unwarrantable would it have appeared. She had not been enlightened on the point, either by the attention of the widow, or by the constant solicitude of her daughter. In her pre-occupation of the future greatness of her son, they seemed merely to do their duty, in helping forward his advancement, and this object was important enough, in her mind, to interest all creation. The residue of men and things were merely assistant, and might be laid aside for some other occasion. The sun appeared to be of use, merely to afford light for Clovis to read his books, and pursue his medical studies, and cause the drugs to grow and ripen for the use of Clovis’s future patients. ‘Now listen to me, Zoe Seminel; you have just said some things that astonish and distress me, and now I must speak out once and for good. Surely you are an excellent

neighbour, and I set great store by you, as well as by Isoline, whom I have seen grow up under my own eyes, and who is a good daughter, and as charming a young girl as can be seen in your rank.' 'Rank! And pray what rank are we of? We surely are peasants, and daughters of peasants, to say the truth; but I never heard that your family were any thing else, or that you had sprung from Charlemagne.' 'I am not speaking of myself; don't get in a passion, but hear me out: I say then, that I value yourself and Isoline very much indeed, but still every one must fulfil his destiny. There are in life cross-roads, where the best friends must part. I do not wish that our little Isoline should make herself miserable, in striving to elevate herself above her people's rank; she is pretty, and in time, I am sure she will become the wife of a good laborer.' 'My daughter and myself are much obliged to you, Asteria Gosselin; it is very good of you to give your consent, or my daughter might remain an old maid—a disagreeable thing, I should say, if girls are still the same as we were at their age. You hear, Isoline, our good friend, widow Gosselin, gives you leave to wed some honest peasant; but, perhaps, this would elevate you too much out of your proper station. I am sorry she is not giving us the benefit of her example, as well as of her precept.' 'You are vexed without cause, Zoe Seminel; what I have said is intended for the good of your daughter, whom I wished to spare a disappointment, if she was thinking of Clovis.' 'You are a thousand times too good, Asteria Gosselin, but don't be uneasy; we know, too well, the distance that separates us. No, Isoline shall never dare to raise her eyes to Clovis Gosselin, whose family is so illustrious, and whose chateau rises so proudly beside our humble cabin. Apropos to your chateau, Asteria, I will be only doing the duty of a good neighbour, in advising you to repair the thatch; it is now so old and rotten, that I fear it rains down into the very chamber where the last heir of the noble race was born, and whom we have been so presumptuous as to look on. And now listen to me, Asteria Gosselin, I forbid my daughter, from this day forward, to speak to, or write to, or think of, your son. He is no more than if he had never crossed our threshold.'"

Isoline performs the part of peace-maker, and at her entreaty the old women embrace, at last, but with a very small outlay of affection.

When alone with her mother, and forbidden to write to, or receive a letter from, Clovis, she answered meekly, but firmly:

" 'I will obey you, mother, but still God's will shall happen. I will be Clovis's wife one day, and be called madame Gosselin. Meanwhile, I am in no hurry to write letters, as it takes me a fortnight to finish one, and I can't find paper large enough, as I have only got to round-hand yet, and bad round-hand too.' "

Asteria leaves her old residence, and joins Clovis at Rouen;

they journey, on foot, to Paris, and are four days on the road. They arrive, she spends an enormous sum, one day, in treating Clovis to a dinner at the Palais Royal, to a stall at the opera, &c. thus giving him a foretaste of that for which he was to labor. But the straits—the misery—the difficulties they afterwards heroically and uselessly encountered—the old maid to whom Clovis is to be united—the slight hope that poor Isoline's constancy and devotion shall be ever rewarded—all these in detail, we leave to the research of our readers. Isoline induces Monsieur Herambert, Clovis's old schoolmaster, to teach her to write and spell, and she keeps a journal, which is to be presented to Clovis, upon their marriage day, that he may learn how her time has been passed. and how her thoughts have been occupied during his absence. The sweet picture she gives of her life, and the exquisite simplicity with which the whole is told—her attendance at mass—her praying for Clovis—the care with which she guards a lily, given to her by him—and the trusting spirit breathing through all, reminds us of John Banim's charming Eliza, in "The Croppy;" one of those women who believe, and can say, with Jeanie Deans, that time may be long enough to make her "weary of her auld gown, and wish for a new ane, if she likes to be brawe, but not long enough to weary of a friend.—The eye may wish for change, but the heart never!"

The next extracts are from *Une Folle Histoire*. Fernand, at his father's death, has been left to the care of an uncle, who resides in the country, and who has sent him to Paris, to study law, in the office of a distinguished advocate.

Fernand prefers the society of a few artists, to the dry practice of the profession, and is found more frequently in the atelier than in the courts. The supplies failing, owing to his liberality among his thriftless friends, he pays a visit to his guardian, accompanied by one of his brother artists, Charles Leflocq, who is to personate his valet when occasion offers. We present selections from his letters to Prosper, another associate, remaining in Paris.

"Our journey has been like most other journies; we have met with no adventure, and a transit of fifty leagues leaves me little room to invent any; Charles was inside, I was on the roof with three other travellers, each of whom felt it necessary to give me a reason, for his selection of such a place. One of my companions was outside for the sake of the prospect, another was too late to secure an inside seat, and the third was fond of smoking and of course, &c. &c. &c. A strange thing is vanity; I can understand a fib which is intended

to add to the amusement of the company, but the lies of my fellow-travellers, being interpreted amounted to this ; I hope you will not imagine that it is for want of money that I am obliged like you to sit on the roof along with the trunks. I was the more annoyed by their impudence, as they had appropriated the only three fictions which I could use to conceal our poverty ; so that I was obliged either to tell the truth or say nothing. When I said that we met no adventures, I forgot our falling among thieves, which regularly happened twice a-day ; viz. at the hours of breakfast and dinner in the wayside inns. Certain highwaymen finding out that owing to the progress of civilization, the building of national schools, and the cutting down of forests, finding out, I say, that the Government hung them sometimes, but sent them frequently to the *galleys*, felt it expedient to admit those modifications into their practice, which have now placed them on a level with other professions. They have taken out patents and with an excusable leaning to their old haunts, they have become inn-keepers on the high roads, preferring the use of traps to the chase of old times. They seduce the unwary victim by the bait of *Good Entertainment*, and when the hook has stuck in his gills, the disguised Robber Chief puts his captive to ransom, with the permission of the mayor, the government and the gendarmerie. Having arrived at Nevers, the voiture which was going on to Clermont left us on the flags, with the agreeable news that no vehicle was going our way till 5 o'clock next morning ; and that we could not be sure of places even then. We lodged in the Faubourg with a Boniface who did nothing but talk of a new Inn he was building. 'Sir,' said Charles to him, 'those are wretched rooms you have given us.' 'Sir,' said the inn keeper, 'in the inn I am building there are to be fifty chambers for persons of quality, and thirty for their domestics.' *Charles*—'The windows are broken, and the room papers are falling off in pieces.' *Boniface*—'The floors are arabesqued ; the stairs waxed every morning ; the beds excellent.' *Charles*—'Our's have no curtains even.' *Boniface*—'There will be a billiard room, and a bathing saloon.' *Charles*—'Worse still, your wine is detestable.' *Boniface*—'I have concluded bargains with the best growers ; my cellar shall be the choicest in the country ; I'll only mention one certain wine of Bourdeaux.' They are besieged next morning by the owners of Pataches, country cars without springs ; at last a calèche is offered ; they ask to see it, and find it, though old, a genuine calèche, with cushions and springs ; hugging themselves at their good fortune, they achieve five out of the eleven leagues to the uncle's house, and stop to breakfast. Coming out they find before the door a most frightful Patache, calculated like the others to send at every jolt the heads of the passengers to the roof, whence they fall again by the laws of gravity down on the seat of iron and wood. *Charles*—'I would like to see the heads of the poor patients that have just tried the mercies of this seat of small repose.' *Fernand*—'They are breakfasting.' *Charles*—'The poor devils must want their breakfast badly.' *Innkeeper*—'Are you ready to mount, gentlemen ?' 'Yes, where is the vehicle.' 'There, to be sure,' pointing to the Patache."

It is drawn by two wretched beasts, one, in height somewhat less than an ass, which is beaten on every occasion; the other of the ordinary size, the driver's pet, and merely entreated to "get on, Liza."

The friends at length reach M. Lefebvre's house, he receives his nephew cordially, and Charles acts the valet with great propriety. In the evening he carries the boots and shoes to his supposed master's room, and each in his turn uses the blacking brush. The following conversation takes place:—

"*Fernand*—'There will be a state dinner here to-morrow; half-a-dozen of the village notables are invited. My task will not be a whit easier than yours. My uncle believes me to be second clerk to M. Leblanc, advocate, rue Montmartre. Well, well, I will be obliged to sustain my character; all these old country proprietors are well made up in chicanery: I will be at once detected; I that have never set my foot in the office. Is it by painting in your confounded atelier that I could have caught the jargon of the law? However, I will lug into the conversation a couple of phrases that I think will terrify them a little, for instance, 'the nullities of law and order cannot be purified by confirmation nor even by renovation.' 'Ah! that is very good, indeed.' 'Or, the cause is inoperative; the proof is inadmissible, and if the gentlemen of the opposite side are not content, they must be very difficult to please.' 'The boots are varnished: good night.' 'Good night, Charles.' 'At what hour in the morning shall I call Monsieur?' 'Monsieur will ring.' Charles aimed a kick at me, and then marched off with the boots and shoes."

While the uncle is conversing with Fernand next morning in his bed-chamber, Charles enters and cries:—

"'Monsieur, breakfast is ready.' *Myself*—'My breakfast!' *Charles*—'Monsieur having mentioned last evening that he would breakfast in his bed-room, I have got all ready.' *My uncle*—'Well, let it pass for this morning, but to-morrow, I hope that Monsieur my nephew will do his aunt and myself the honor of taking breakfast with us.' *Myself*—'Certainly, uncle.' [*exit uncle.*] 'Charles, why do you make me breakfast here?' *Charles*—'You will see immediately.' He went out, and soon returned with a tray charged with cold meat and a bottle of Bourdeaux. 'But I cannot use all this.' 'I hope so.' He then drew a table to the bed-side, settled a chair opposite, sat down, drew a napkin from his pocket, took a glass, and fell to. By-and-by we heard footsteps; up jumped Charles, napkin on arm, and was changing my plate, when uncle entered, to mention that my aunt was waiting to see me. 'Monsieur,' said Charles, 'how will you dress this morning?' 'This morning! Ah! What sort of a day is it?' *My uncle*—'Monsieur my nephew, I hope you have not come down here to do the fashionable?' 'My goodness, uncle, by no means.' *Charles*—'Sir, it is a cloudy morning.' *Myself*—'Cloudy, well then, I will put on my blue frock and pearl-grey trowsers.'

Charles, visibly disturbed, (that particular article being his own property)—‘I fear that some of the buttons are wanting.’ *Myself*—‘No matter, get them sewed on.’ [*Exit uncle again.*] *Charles*—‘But where is the pearl-grey you speak of?’ *Myself*—‘In your trunk.’ *Charles*—‘I’ll take care to keep it there, except when it is on my own limbs; by the way, I’ll wear it this very day myself; besides, I am sure you would tear it, and to conclude, I won’t let you have it.’ *Myself*—‘Oh ho! Are you going to take airs on yourself? I’ll show you sport: I’ll manage to make my uncle set you to water the garden.’ *Charles*—‘Well, well, confound you; be very careful of the trowsers, if you please.’

The uncle and aunt explain to Fernand the wishes of his dying father, that he should espouse a certain lady, which lady Fernand suspects to be his cousin, their own daughter. In dwelling on the comforts and respectability of the married state, and pressing it on his acceptance, they manage to get up between themselves a nice little domestic broil, in the height of which the head of the house betakes himself to flight, leaving the projected marriage as it was before the war. Fernand continues:—

“My fears, dear Prosper, are only too well-founded. I see clearly that the designs of my father and those of my aunt and uncle are, that I should espouse my cousin; not that my cousin is at all despicable; on the contrary, she is a beautiful and charming young lady. But I cannot comprehend the existence of love towards a young girl with whom you have been brought up from childhood; on whose person you have seen the tedious process of the growth of every charm she possesses to-day. Julia is my junior by four years, so that I still retain all the souvenirs of her infancy. I well recollect what labor it cost to induce that habit of neatness and refinement which is now her chief charm: and how earnest were her cries and lamentations whenever a wet towel approached her face. We both learned to dance together, and I have still by heart the number of blunders and awkwardnesses which she had to forget one by one, before acquiring that dignity and grace in her carriage which now distinguish her. How can I possibly forget the voice of poor old Mary crying without stop or stay, ‘Julia, will you cease whipping that top;’ or ‘Julia, will you not be climbing that tree, like a boy; a pretty employment indeed, for a young lady.’ When I listen to her sweet singing, or to her performance on the piano, can I enjoy like others, these accomplishments for which I did four years’ penance in listening to the separate notes of the gamut, and all those false and discordant sounds that issued from her throat, before she could acquire that thorough command of time, tune, and melody, with which she enchants us at present? During the state dinner that took place at two o’clock, I turned to good account my phrases of judiciary jargon; and Julia pitied me much for being obliged to fill my head with such barbarous terms. But you can’t conceive

anything more profoundly comic than the gravity of Charles's waiting at table ; he never forgot his part for a moment. Once only I perceived that he wished to direct my attention to something particular, but not being able to make it out, and not wishing to attract notice, I turned away my eyes. Then skilfully seizing on the occasion of my wanting bread, he approached with some on a tray, and said, ' Ah ! Monsieur has let some salad fall on his pearl-grey trousers.' Oh ! who could describe, or imitate, the indescribable and imitable inflections of Charles's voice in pronouncing these words : such mystery,—such sarcasm,—such contempt,—such reproach,—such bitterness,—ay, and such menace in the two trifling words *his trousers* : viz., the trousers which is not *his*—which is *mine*—which I have lent him—which is my own trousers in effect ;—which he is soiling,—which he will destroy,—which I am almost tempted to reclaim before the whole company : *his* trousers which I'll never lend him again. And then only to think of the profound meanings implied in his pronunciation of the simple words, *pearl-grey*, which to vulgar comprehensions would seem so little allied to them : viz. a trousers so well-made,—of such fine stuff,—so delicate a tint,—a trousers which has so often exhibited the muscular play of my finely turned limbs,—a trousers with such a perfect fall on the boot ; my very best, and, I might almost say, my only trousers : a trousers that cost 55 francs,—a trousers for which my tailor has not been paid, and which he therefore never will consent to replace. *Pearl-grey* !—a shade so respectable,—so charming,—so susceptible,—so fleeting,—which I have preserved at the expense of a thousand pains and a hundred thousand precautions—a trousers which I scarcely ever put on, stained in one unhappy day, by the hand of another, and, worst of all, with vulgar salad."

Fernand continues his letter, and gives his friend a long and interesting disquisition upon the charms of a country life : he is fêted and well received by all his old friends, and at one of these parties, he meets the charmer who is to make up the full sum of his life's happiness. She had all a French girl's *gaucherie*, but still could love, and could cause love, and so she and Fernand became entangled in Cupid's net. Her father, a regular light-comedy father, has resolved that she shall marry the son of an old friend, and having first settled the matter with the old friend, he then, according to the usual French custom, directed the young lady to love the young gentleman because he, her father, wished it, and she was left to her own feeling, as to loving him after marriage. Mademoiselle Hortense had read a few novels by stealth, and did not find this proposed union much to her mind.

The father paying a visit to the city, Hortense comes to see her cousin, and beholds Fernand for the first time, not with-

out emotion ; and now her romance in the future begins to assume defined and correct outlines, viz. —

Personages—an inflexible father sacrificing his child—an odious husband in perspective—a young gentleman in the foreground with black hair, a lover of nature—wrapt in reverie, on the borders of a stream, under the shade of willows.

According to the ordinary run of Hortense's studies, she should have been attacked by brigands, or carried away by a furious steed, but rescued by her unknown lover ; this, however, could scarcely take place in the unfortunate neighbourhood, where a robbery had not been heard of for ten years, and where her excursions were generally made on the back of a carefully trained donkey.

We will not trace further the course of the love making. Like those people on the stage who are at times so conveniently and astonishingly deaf, our lovers never give themselves the trouble of asking a few common-place questions of their friends ; and so they bring the ordinary routine of trials on themselves, which no lovers (in fiction) have ever a chance of avoiding.

These extracts, we confess, give but a very faint idea of the humor, the pathos, the fun, which appear in the works of Alphonse Karr, but we insert them, hoping they may induce those who can appreciate really clever pictures of French life, to turn to the pages of this, and other Untranslated Novelists. We ask the reader to peruse these books in the same spirit as we ourselves have read them. We think that he who reads in a carping, fault-finding spirit, is not a friend to sound and genial literature. Novels cannot be skimmed through with that severe cast of thought in which we study metaphysics ; and he is not a wise man, who laughs his way through Tom Jones, yet talks of its moral and tendency as gravely as if he were discussing some dogma of Thomas Aquinas. Where the heart is right, men seldom err in their choice of books, and in their estimate of authorship ; in recommending French literature to our readers, we have assumed that they will understand us to advocate only the reading of those works which can never cause the maiden's cheek to blush, or induce the youth to believe that vice is manly, or that the guiding hand of an omnipotent God, does not rule through all nature, from the roving planet to the ever flowing ocean. The reader cannot misunderstand us, if he will bear in mind the advice of poor old Thomas Churchyard—

“The wise,—weighs each thing as it ought,
Mistakes no term, nor sentence wrests awry ;
The fond will read a while, but cares for nought,
Yet casts on each man's work a frowning eye.
This neither treats of matters low nor high,
But finds a meane, that each good meaning might
In all true means take Charity aright.”

The literature of France has been tainted by the evils of its people, by their want of religion, and by the general disorganization of society which so long prevailed. The terrible results which sprang from the writings of Voltaire, from those of the mad beast Rousseau, and of the brilliant Lucifer-like fiends who supported the old *Encyclopédie*, have not yet been effaced. George Sand and Frederick Soulié have done more to injure society, and to blast the foundation of all human happiness, than any two authors who have written within the last forty years. Religion has been made by them a matter of contempt, of slander, and against which the sharpest arrows of ridicule may be launched. Those who know the brilliant, devilish, genius of Voltaire, cannot be injured or surprised by the works of either of these authors, and though one may lament that Madame Dudevant has prostituted her fine genius to the support of any system which makes the breach of the marriage vow a subject of praise, yet it lessens our regret when we recollect that her best arguments are only the rechauffée arguments of Voltaire and his school. They may weigh with him who knows just enough physiology to make him a materialist, enough theology to make him an unbeliever, or enough false philosophy to make him a voluptuary, but to him who remembers the fallen position of the writer, who looks around, and observes the happy world of household affections which this woman would destroy, the evil of the very worst French novel must become powerless, because it wants truth, reason, or the well-being of man here, or hereafter, to support its destructive theory. Again, we repeat, that French fiction has emerged from the cloud with which it has been so long environed, that good or bad novels can be obtained just as they are required. We review and recommend the good ; the bad, we try to bury in forgetfulness. We endeavour to show that whilst some French novels may excite a smile, a kind thought, or a noble aspiration, all French novels cannot cause a shudder, a virtuous faintness, or a fit of mo-

ral and indignantly pious hysterics. We know that Soulié and George Sand have taught that marriage is only the fiction, the bugbear of priestcraft. We know they have inculcated the doctrine that passion, that reason, that our unguided fancies, should rule our lives, and that he who is weary of existence may seek refuge from its troubles and its labors in, as they call it, the eternal slumber of the tomb. We recommend no such works as these ; they disgrace the press from which they issue, and lower the moral character of the people by whom they are perused. If all the light literature of France were of this class, we should never degrade these pages by a reference to it ; but the native language of Lamartine, of Thiers, of Guizot, and of Karr, is not all poisoned by the seductions of vicious teachings ; we can no more condemn French fiction, because it has been misused, than we can condemn Tennyson, Charles Swain, Bulwer, or Thackeray, because in the language in which they compose, there have appeared *The Coal Hole Songster*, and the base and filthy *Mysteries of the Court of London*. In every profession, and in every occupation of life, there are men who draw shame and contempt upon the calling to which they attach themselves. There is no gift of genius that has not been abused, there is no strength of body, no power of mind, that has not been misdirected ; and in France, that brilliant fancy which could weave gay spells to waft us from the present, could lull the sense of pain, and calm the troubled heart in solitude and weariness, by its own bright creations, has been too often employed in painting vice and crime ; and the pen which might have guided to virtue, to truth, and to heaven, has frequently been perverted, and has taught that when man stands sinful and foul before his Almighty Creator, he is the more worthy of admiration, and is the happy and admirable child of reason. This is the class of French fiction generally known to English readers, this is the species of literature against which English moralists should have directed their reasonings ; but in condemning these books, they have condemned all ; the moral boomerang having been unskilfully, and too strongly, thrown, has revolved upon the caster ; well-meaning writers and talkers, in endeavouring to show our people how they should avoid "the nettle, danger," have, unhappily, but too often crushed "the flower, safety."

ART. II.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

NO. IV.

THE ground at present occupied by College-green originally formed portion of a large village, outside the city, known as "Le Hogges," a name subsequently corrupted into "Hoggin-green." At the Eastern extremity of this plain, Dermot Mac Murchad, king of Leinster, in 1166, founded the priory of "All Hallows" or "All Saints," which, on the dissolution of religious houses, was granted by Henry VIII. to the citizens of Dublin, as a recompense for their loyalty during the insurrection of Thomas Fitz Gerald, his deputy in 1534. The citizens, in the reign of Elizabeth, transferred their property in the dissolved monastery to Adam Loftus, archbishop of Dublin, for the foundation of an university, which still preserves the remembrance of its original insulated position, being styled in all official documents, the "College of the holy and undivided Trinity, *near* Dublin." One of the earliest notices of "Le Hogges" is found in a French chronicle of the twelfth century, which tells us that prince Gylamochoimog, the Irish ally of the Anglo-Normans, marshalled his troops here in 1171, when an attempt was made by the Northmen to recover the city of Dublin, by an attack on the Eastern gate,* after their repulse from which the Irish pur-

* The full details of the landing of the Northmen, and their attack on "la porte seinte Marie," will be found in our notice of St. Werburgh's-street. The contemporary Norman rhymer describes, as follows, the proceedings of Mac Gillamochoimog, who was lord of the territory of Ui Dunchadha, through which the Dodder (*Dothair*), flows :—

"Gylmeolmoch aitant
Dehors la cité maintenant
Se est cil reis pur veir asis
Od cal gent de sun pais.
Desur le Hogges de Sustein,
Dehors la cité, en un plein,
Par agarder la mellé
Se sunt iloque assemblé.
Pur agarder icel estur,
Gylmeholmoch se sist le jor,
En une place verelment
Se sist od sa meiné gent."

It would appear that the correct reading of the fifth line is—"Desur le Hogges dessus Stein," alluding to the portion of the South-eastern bank of the Liffey, formerly known as "le Steyne" or the "Staine." The concluding part of this account is the more curious, as it is written

college. The perpetual incursions of the native clans upon the city of Dublin, prohibited the erection of houses upon Hoggin-green, which from an early period was used as a place for the public execution of criminals. In 1327, the old chronicler tells us, that "a gentleman of the familie of the Otoolies (*Ua Tuathail*) in Leinster, named Adam Duffe, possessed by some wicked spirit of error, denied obstinatelie the incarnation of our Saviour, the trinitie of persons in the unitie of the God head, and the resurrection of the flesh; as for the holie scripture, he said it was but a fable: the Virgin Marie he asserted to be a woman of dissolute life; and the apostolike see erroneous. For such assertions he was burnt in Hogging-greene beside Dublin." In 1487 the earl of Kildare, lord deputy, commanded the messenger from the mayor of Waterford to be hanged on Hoggin-green for having brought word that the citizens of the "*urbs intacta*" would not espouse the cause of Lambert Simnel. "A place on this green was anciently called Hoggen butt, where the citizens had butts for their exercise in archery; and near them was a small range of buildings called Tib and Tom, where possibly the citizens amused themselves at leisure times by playing at keals or nine-pins. We find those buildings called Tib and Tom, mentioned in the will of Richard, the first earl of Cork, as mortgaged to him by Theodore lord Dockwra, and the lady Anne his mother, for three hundred pounds, and rented from the mortgagee by sir Philip Percival at twenty-four pounds per annum." When a lord deputy landed, the sheriffs, with a troop of horse and trumpeters, proceeded to meet him at some distance from the city; and at Hoggin-green he was usually received by the mayor and aldermen in their formalities. Elections and public assemblies of the citizens were occasionally held in this locality: thus we are told that—

"Thomas Fitz Gerald, earl of Kildare, and lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the year 1528, was invited to a new play every day in Christmas, Arland Ussher being then mayor, and Francis Herbert and John Squire, bayliffs, wherein the taylors acted the part of Adam and Eve, the shoemakers represented the story of Crispin and Crispianus; the vintners acted Bacchus and his story; the carpenters that of Joseph and Mary; Vulcan, and what related to him, was acted by the smiths, and the comedy of Ceres, the goddess of corn, by the bakers. Their stage was erected on Hoggin-green, now called College-green—and on it the priors of St. John of Jerusalem, of the blessed Trinity, and of All-hallows, caused two plays to be

acted ; the one representing the passion of our Saviour, and the other the several deaths which the apostles suffered. This account may probably, in its material points, be true ; but in circumstances the author of it undoubtedly errs. For Pierce Butler, earl of Ossory, was lord deputy of Ireland from the 13th of May, 1528, to the 22nd of June, 1529, and from the intervening Michaelmas the persons mentioned administered the offices of mayor and bailiff. Thomas Fitz Gerald was indeed lord deputy for a very short time to his father Gerald in 1534 ; but then Robert Stillingforth was mayor, and Henry Plunkett and William White, bailiffs ; so that we are under a necessity of appropriating these entertainments to the government of the earl of Ossory. Something upon this subject is to be met with in a manuscript in the college library, where it is said, that in the parliament of 1541, wherein Henry VIII. was declared king of Ireland, there were present—the earls of Ormond and Desmond ; the lord Barry ; Mac Gilla Phadrig, chieftaine of Ossory ; the sons of O'Bryan, Mac Carthy Mor, with many Irish lords ; and on Corpus Christi day they rode about the streets with the procession in their parliament robes, and the 'Nine Worthies' was played ; and the mayor bore the mace before the deputy on horseback. The Sunday following, king Henry was proclaimed king of Ireland in St. Patrick's church, and the next Sunday they had tournaments 'on horseback, and running at the ring with spears on horseback.' Sir James Ware hints at the same thing in a few words : 'Epulas, comœdias, et certamina ludicra, quæ sequebantur, quid attinet dicere ?' 'It is needless,' says he, 'to relate what feastings, comedies, and sports followed.' It is said also in the college manuscript before cited, that in an expedition made against James Mac Connell by the lord deputy Sussex in 1557, he was attended by John Ussher, captain, and Patrick Bulkely, petty-captain, with sixty of the city trained-bands, and upon their return the 'Six Worthies' was played by the city, and the mayor gave the public a goodly entertainment upon the occasion, found four trumpeters' horses for the solemnity, and gave them 20s. in money."

In the reign of James I. the only buildings of importance on Hoggin-green were a Bridewell for the reception of vagrants, and a large edifice known as "Carye's hospital," situated on a portion of the ground now occupied by the bank of Ireland, all to the North of which was a strand, partly covered by

* The lord deputy, Sir Antony Sentleger, in his despatch dated from Kilmainham, 26th June, 1541, writes to the king as follows :—"And for that the thing passed so joyously, and so niche to the contentation of every person, the Sondag foloing ther were made in the citie greates bonfires, wyne sette in the stretis, greates festinges in their howses, with a goodly sorte of gunnes." The "Nine Worthies" consisted of Hector, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, king Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon. Shakespeare refers to them in "Love's labour lost," and in the second part of "King Henry iv."

the Liffey; the college then forming the Eastern boundary* of the city. Carye's hospital, originally intended for, but never used as an infirmary, received its name from its builder, sir George Carew, queen Elizabeth's treasurer at wars, who was created earl of Totnes for the services which he rendered the crown of England by disuniting and decimating the Irish clans, during his tenure of the office of president of Munster. Like many of Elizabeth's favorites, Carew was both a soldier and a scholar; his manuscript collections, preserved at Lambeth, contain documents of the greatest interest and importance connected with Anglo-Irish history. During Michaelmas, 1605, and the two succeeding terms, the courts of law sat in Carye's hospital; and government, in 1606, contemplated the purchase of the house, but being unwilling to pay four thousand pounds, the sum demanded by Carew, the latter set it to sir George Ridgeway, who succeeded him as treasurer. The "hospital" was afterwards transferred by the earl of Totnes to sir Arthur Basset, and from him it passed to Arthur Chichester, whence it acquired the name of

*At the entrance from Hoggin-green to Dame-street stood "the blind gate," which appears to have been removed in the reign of Charles II., the citizens having represented in 1662 that it was "wholly useless, and that the further continuance of the standing thereof will not be without much danger to his majesty's subjects." Pursuant to an order of the house of commons the following letter was written by their speaker on the 19th April, 1661, to be communicated by the lord mayor to the aldermen:—"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, the house of commons having received a petition from divers of the inhabitants of the city and suburbs of the city of Dublin, therein expressing the danger that they and other his majesty's subjects, who have occasion to pass to and from the College-green, are liable unto, by reason of the tottering condition of the gate called the Blind-gate, standing upon the entrance of the said green next unto Damask-street, and taking notice themselves, that the said gate is much decayed, and being very sensible of the ill consequences which may happen by the fall thereof to the adjoining inhabitants, and to other persons, that at such a time may be going by that place about either public or private affairs; and considering also, that the said gate is no strength or ornament to the city, and is very incommodious, in respect of the strait and narrow passage under the same, have therefore commanded me to recommend it to your special care, that the said gate may be forthwith taken down, and that no other for the future may be erected in the same place; in doing whereof much prejudice will be prevented, the entrance into that part of the city will become more graceful, and your compliance to the desires of the house will be further manifested, which is all at present I have to signify unto you, and remain your loving friend, John Temple, speaker."

"Chichester-house." In an official document of the time it is described as a large mansion with a gate-house, a garden, and plantations; we also find notice of houses in "Mension's fields," near "Le Hoggen-greene," and of a piece of land in the same vicinity styled "Mension's mantle." Sir Arthur Chichester, from whom the house received its second name, having in early life been obliged to fly from England to escape the consequences of a robbery which he perpetrated upon one of queen Elizabeth's purveyors, repaired to France and there distinguished himself as a soldier under Henri IV., from whom he received the honor of knighthood: he was subsequently pardoned by the queen and employed by her in Ireland, where his eminent services procured him the command of the forces stationed in Ulster. In 1604 he was appointed lord deputy, and sent the first English judges of assize into Connaught; while his exertions in carrying out the plantation of Ulster were rewarded by large regal grants in that province, together with the title of baron of Belfast in 1612. An unpublished remembrance-roll of James I. contains the following account of sir Arthur's departure from Dublin in 1613, when he was summoned by the king to furnish evidence relative to the proceedings of the Irish Roman Catholics or Recusants:—

"Memorandum, quod die Saturni proximo ante festum sancti Patricii, episcopi, existente xij die Marcii, anno regni dicti domini regis nunc Jacobi, Angliæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ xi.o., et Scotiæ xlvii.o., prenobilis Arthurus Chichester, eques auratus, dominus Chichester de Bellfauste, et hujus regni Hiberniæ deputatus generalis, sceptrum ejusdem regni susceptus per spacium novem annorum, hebdomadarum quinque paucorumque, insuper, dierum, navem intra portum Dublinii conscensus est in quadam navicula, scilicet regiæ majestatis quæ hoc nomine insignitur Le Moone, cujus Beverley Newcomen, filius et hæres Roberti Newcomen, militis, præfectus erat, ut versus Angliam transfereretur, (a domo sua vocata Chichester-house concomitatus ad locum nomine gaudentem the Ringes ende, quo receptus fuit in cymbam naviculæ prædictæ) reverendissimo in Christo patre Thoma archiepiscopo Dublinii, Hiberniæ cancellario, et tripliciter digno et nobili Hiberniæ matriculo, Richardo Wingfeild, milite, quos præfecit et reliquit ad gubernandum, se absente, dominos justiciarios, totidemque aliis jurisconsultis aliisque militibus, generosos et pensionarios qui tunc temporis senatui versati fuere. Itidemque, maiore, decurionibus, vicecomitibus et maxima præcipuaque parte civium plebiisque multitudine infinita civitatis Dublinii, hi omnes, omni ex parte, equis instructi, amoris affectionesque erga tam nobilem præclarumque proregem exprimen-

tes. Qui non satis admiranda sapientia, singulari dexteritate, incredibili patientia, nobili clementia ac affabilitate atque religiosa cura totius hujus regni et populi atque reipublicæ contraxit sibi amorem ac estimationem sui principis, affectiones, subditorumque omnium alienarum et peregrinantium admirationem et reverentiam, et tandem, magna cum gloria et gratia, ad summum nobilitatis splendorem summamque honoris amplitudinem perventus est, a serenissima majestate per literas nominatim accersitus; non a regno revocatus, sed de maximis gravissimisque totius regni in negotiis cum regia majestate consulturus, et propediem rursus reversurus."

The following is a contemporary notice of his return from this journey:—

"Upon the 8th of June there came a packet of letters out of England, whereby it was known, that the parliament was once more to be adjourned, viz.—to the 11th of October, and that the king's majesty was to begin a progress upon the 20th July; whereby it was judged that there should be some longer stay made of the lord deputy's coming over, who was then in England. But the king being prepared for his progress, licensed the lord deputy to depart and return into Ireland, who, after he had taken his leave of the king, departed from London on Monday, the 11th of July, being accompanied with sir Henry Poore, sir Robert Digby, sir Charles Wilmot, sir Adam Loftus, sir Roger Jones, sir Edward Moore, and many other gentlemen of worth, who attended his lordship, and arrived with him at the head of Howth, upon the 26th of July, very early in the morning; and the same day in the afternoon the lords justices, with as many of the nobility as were near at hand, and also the mayor of the city of Dublin, with the aldermen and commons, rode forth to meet the lord deputy, by whom he was received most joyfully, and attended upon with great troops of horsemen of all estates riding from Howth towards Dublin; and as he entered the city he resumed again his majesty's sword of justice and estate in his own hands, which was borne before him by the lord of Howth; and so riding most honorably with great applause and rejoicing of the people, he passed through the city and went to his own house at Hoggen-green."

Chichester was again appointed lord deputy in 1614, in which year the harp was for the first time marshalled in the arms of England. Having resigned the office of chief governor, he was created lord high treasurer of Ireland; and in 1622 proceeded, as the king of England's ambassador, to the Palatinate in Germany. He died,* without issue, in 1624,

* From an unpublished memorandum-roll of the court of exchequer, of the third year of Charles I., we find that, at his decease, sir Arthur Chichester, among other debts, owed to the king a sum of £10,000, which his brother discharged by sale of a portion of his estates, in the

and his estates passed to his brother, sir Edward Chichester, in whose favor the peerage was revived with the additional honor of viscount Chichester, of Carrickfergus. Chichester house was subsequently tenanted by sir John Borlase, who, in conjunction with sir William Parsons, was appointed lord justice of Ireland in 1640.

“Sir John Borlase had, in Holland, entertained the principles of the Calvinists, but had none of their turbulent spirit: he was quiet and easy in his nature, of ordinary parts, and without either art or design. He had been bred a soldier in the wars of the Low countries, where he served before the truce in 1608. He had behaved himself very well in the commands, wherein he had been employed there, and had gained a good reputation for his military skill. When he returned from abroad, he was thought a proper person to keep up discipline in the Irish army, had a company of foot and a troop of

execution of which he had sold to sir Samuel Smith “an absolute estate in fee simple of the house called Carye’s hospital, and more lately called Chichester house, and other the premises therunto belonging,” to him and his heirs for ever, for a valuable sum of money; Chichester “being willing to parte with the said house rather than with any other parte of his estate, in regard it lay most remote from any parte of his dwellinge.” It also appears that the “said house was much decayed and ruinous and still decayinge,” by reason that Chichester “could not make his aboad there,” neither could he, from the opposition of the feoffees, “set the same for a valuable rent.” Sir Samuel Smith, however, having obtained possession, “bestowed much money and cost in buildinge and repairinge the said house to his greate charge and expensc,” but on his “agreeing and contracting with others to pass unto them a lease of the greatest part of the house,” the feoffees, desirous of obtaining it themselves, refused to ratify the agreement, to which, however, they were compelled to assent by a decree given “at the king’s courts, Dublin,” 12 June, 1627. In 1644, Arthur, eldest son of Edward viscount Chichester, unable longer to support the royal cause in the North of Ireland, repaired to Dublin, where he joined the marquis of Ormond, was appointed a privy councillor, and, as a reward for his distinguished loyalty, received from Charles I. the title of earl of Donegal, in 1647, in which year he was one of the hostages sent by Ormond to the English parliament as surety for the delivery of Dublin. The first earl of Donegal died in 1674, having in 1668 granted an annuity to the University of Dublin for the establishment of a mathematical lecture, to be called “the lecture and lecturer of the foundation of Arthur, earl of Donegal; the lecturer to read the lectures every term, and privately to instruct all desirous to learn the mathematics, but more especially such as should be brought up in the school of Belfast, erected by him, wherein he made a provision for poor scholars to be brought up in learning.”

“The present representative of this family is George Hamilton Chichester, earl of Belfast in the peerage of Ireland, baron Fisherwick of Fisherwick, and baron of Ennishowen and Carrickfergus in the peerage of Great Britain.

horse given him ; and was, upon lord Caulfield's resignation, made master of the ordnance. He had made no great gain by his employments, and had but a moderate fortune. He was a good soldier, but understood nothing else : he was now grown old, unactive, and indolent ; and when he was made lord justice, he gave himself very little trouble about the exercise of his authority, leaving all to the management of his colleague, sir William Parsons, who being of an imperious and assuming temper, was willing enough to ease himself of the burden ; so the government of these two lords justices in Ireland passed much like the consulship of Cæsar and Bibulus at Rome."

On the night of the 22nd October, 1641, Parsons, at his own house, received information from Owen O'Conolly, of the attempt intended to be made by the Irish to gain possession of the city on the following day, as narrated by the son of Justice Borlase :

"At first, the lord Parsons gave little belief to the relation, in regard that it came from an obscure person, and one, as he conceived, somewhat distempered, at that time, with drink, delivering his story besides in so broken a manner, that it scarce seemed credible ; whereupon his lordship let him go, strictly charging him to return back the same evening with what further discoveries he could make. Yet in the interim, the lord Parsons being touched with the relation, repaired, about ten of the clock at night, to the lord Borlase, at Chichester-house, without the town, and disclosed to him what Owen O'Conolly had imparted, which made so sensible an impression on his colleague, as, the discoverer being let go, he grew infinitely concerned thereat, having none to punish if the story should prove false, or means to learn more, were it true. In the disturbance of which perplexity, Owen O'Conolly comes, or, as others write, was brought, where the lords justices were then met, sensible that his discovery was not thoroughly believed, professing, 'that whatever he had acquainted the lord Parsons with, touching the conspiracy, was true ; and could he but repose himself, the effects of drink being still upon him, he should discover more.' Whereupon he had the conveniency of a bed. In the interim, the lords justices summoned as many of the council as they could give notice to, to their assistance, that night, at Chichester-house. Sir Thomas Rotheram, and sir Robert Meredith, chancellor of the exchequer, came immediately to them. They then, with all diligence, secured the gates of the city* with such as they could most confide in, and strengthened the warders of the castle, which were a few inconsiderable men, with their foot guard usually attending their persons, charging the mayor and his brethren to be watchful of all persons that should walk the streets that night. However, many of the conspirators escaped over the river, or at least lay concealed in citi-

* See the account of the proceedings of the lords justices, *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. VI. 295.

sent houses; a receptacle too ready for most of them, and some of those who were brought before the lords justices and council, as James Warren, sir Phelim O'Neal's servant, and Paul O'Neal, an active priest, though neither of them then were discovered to be such, found means to get away; of which sir Phelim bragged afterwards; Paul O'Neal having been a prime instrument in the contrivance of the rebellion; whilst Hugh Oge MacMahon, esq. grandson by his mother to the traitor, Tir Oge, a gentleman of good fortune in the county of Monaghan, who had served as a lieutenant-colonel in the king of Spain's quarters, was, after some little resistance, apprehended before day in his own lodging over the water, near the Inns, and brought to Chichester house, where, upon examination, he did, without much difficulty, confess the plot, resolutely telling them 'That on that very day, it was now about five in the morning, the 23rd of October, 1641, that all the forts and strong places in Ireland would be taken; that he with the lord MacGuire, Hugh Birn, captain Brian O'Neal, and several other Irish gentlemen, were come up expressly to surprize the castle of Dublin; and that twenty men out of each county of the kingdom were to be here to join with them. That all the lords and gentlemen in the kingdom, that were Papists, were engaged in this plot; that what was that day to be done in other parts of the country, was so far advanced by that time, as it was impossible for the wit of man to prevent it.' And withal told them, that it was true they had him in their power, and might use him how they pleased; but he was sure he would be revenged. Before MacMahon was apprehended, Owen O'Conally having, on his repose, recovered himself, had his examination taken.—In the interim, while Owen O'Conally was examining, MacMahon, walking in Chichester-hall, drew with chalk several postures, some on gibbets, others grovelling on the ground; intimating how his fancy run on what was then acting, so little did he dread the event. The night being thus passed over, the lords justices removed themselves, for their better security* into the castle, where the body of the council attended them."

* An unpublished official manuscript, quoted in one of our former papers, contains the following report of a court martial, held in the castle of Dublin, on 24th March, 1651: "John Higginson, informant, Thomas Powell, Charles Baker, souldier, defendants. The defendants being accused for stealing of three barrells of malt out of the Pole mill, and thereof found guilty, it was decreed that Baker should be whipt two several days through the town, from Chichester-house to James's gate, and receive fifty lashes each tyme, in regard he was once punished before for a like offence; and it was decreed that Powell should be whipt but once through the towne, at which tyme he is to receive fifty lashes, it being his first offence." The commander of the forces in Ireland, during the Protectorate, tells us, that "Before my departure (1659), the mayor and aldermen of Dublin, having formed the militia of that place, whereof both officers and soldiers had taken the engagement, they were desirous to give some publick expression of their affection to the commonwealth; and to that end, on the day

After the Restoration, Chichester-house became the meeting place of the Irish parliament, which assembled there for the first time, on the 8th of May, 1661. This event was hailed with joy by the citizens, who had severely felt the evils entailed on Dublin by the absenteeism consequent on the abolition of their parliament by Cromwell, the latter having brought over a few of his adherents to sit at London as Irish representatives. This prejudicial union being now repealed, we are told that, consequently, "a mighty plenty of money was observed to grow in Ireland;" and a contemporary statesman tells us that, in 1668,

"After two years attendance in England, upon the settlement of Ireland (there on the forge), by all persons and parties here that were considerably interested in it, the parliament being called here, and the main settlement of Ireland wound up in England, and put into the duke of Ormond's hands, to pass here into an act, all persons came over in a shoal, either to attend to their own concerns in the main, or more particularly to make their court to the lord lieutenant, upon whom his majesty had, at that time, in a manner, wholly devolved the care and disposition of all affairs in this kingdom. This made a sudden and mighty stop of that issue of money, which had for two years run perpetually out of Ireland into England, and kept it all at home. Nor is the very expense of the duke of Ormond's own great patrimonial estate, with that of several other families, that came over at that time, of small consideration in the stock of this kingdom."

An English historian informs us, that the splendour of

I designed to embark, they drew their forces into the field, consisting of about twelve hundred foot, and one hundred and twenty horse, that I might view them, and report to the parliament their readiness to serve the publick. coaches, and I, with the off view of them as they were drawn well equipped, and drawn up performance of their exercise, have been long in the service, serve the cause of God and endeavours, and promised to leave of each officer at the he that evening to my house at land. The commissioners of accompany me about half a army would have attended me I would not permit sir Hard to go further than half way."

Dublin at this period was a "kind of epitomé of what had been at London upon his majesty's happy restoration." No parliament assembled in Ireland from the 15th of April, 1663, to the 26th October, 1665; in the latter year the act of settlement was finally passed, which, in a most unjustifiable manner, confirmed the Cromwellian adventurers in the possession of 7,800,000 acres of land wrested from the Irish adherents of the Stuarts. A letter written from Dublin in December, 1666, says:

"The small pox is much in this city, and fevers which seize upon several in the same house; yet (God be praised) not many die, of the plague none, neither here, nor in any other parts of this kingdom. The grand bill of settlement is now upon the very point of concluding, wanting only one reading, which had been performed this day, had not the night prevented us, and therefore is adjourned till Monday, the 18th instant."

In the succeeding February the same authority informs us that the "town is very full of people, by reason of the terme, parliament, and commissioners of claimes, yet we are in a state of very good health." The last Irish parliament which met during the reign of Charles II. terminated its sittings on the 7th of August, 1666, and Chichester-house, although originally used only as a temporary parliament house was finally taken by the crown for that purpose in the twenty-fifth year* of the king's reign. Of the assembling of the

* In the above year, John Parry, bishop of Ossory, leased to sir Henry Forde, secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, on the behalf of his majesty and his successors, "all that part and so much of the messuages, houses, gardens, lands and tenements, called Chichester-house, as was there in his majesty's possession, for the use of the two houses of parliament; which are expressed to be a large room, wherein the lords sat; two committee rooms for the lords on the same floor; a stair-head room; a robe room; a wainscot room at the stair foot; a conference room below stairs, wherein the commons sat; a passage room leading to the committee room, two committee rooms above stairs for the commons; the speaker's room; two rooms below stairs for the sergeant at arms, three rooms adjoining for the clerk, two small cellars, a gate house next the street, containing five small rooms, a court yard, with an entry through the house to the back yard, a stable yard, with a range of old buildings containing five rooms, with a cole yard, a stable, and an house of office; a large garden, with an old banquetting house and house of office; and all other rooms in the said house then in his majesty's possession; to have and to hold the same for the term of ninety-nine years, paying the rent of 22*l.* for the first six months, and for the next ensuing two years and six months the yearly rent of 105*l.*, and for the residue of the said term the yearly rent of 180*l.*" Four years after this

first Irish parliament after the Revolution, we have the following contemporary notice:—

“Yesterday (October 5th, 1692,) being the day appointed for the meeting of the parliament, in the morning my Lord was attended at the castle by the lord chancellor, archbishops and bishops, in their white habits, the members of the privy council, the judges in their robes, the officers in chancery, most of the peers, and many of the house of commons. About ten of the clock his excellency set out from the castle towards the parliament house: before his coach went the trumpets and kettle-drums, the pages, the yeomen of the stirrup, the gentlemen at large, the three pursuivants, the chaplains, the steward and comptroller of the house, the heralds at arms, the sergeants at arms, the gentlemen-ushers, and then the king at arms. After his coach went the horse guards, and the nobility with several coaches and six horses, the way being lined on both sides from the castle to the parliament-house with foot. When his excellency came to the parliament-house, he went immediately into the robing-room, after which the house proceeded according to the accustomed manner. The bishop of Kildare, being the youngest bishop, read prayers; the lord chancellor and the rest of the lords which were in by descent or had sat before; the archbishops and bishops took the oaths and subscribed the declaration; and after them the inferior officers of the house. The lord chancellor being made acquainted that there were several lords who desired to be introduced, he appointed two of the eldest peers (which were the lords Ely and Massereene) to bring them into the lords house: the lords who were introduced

date, William Robinson, esq., was granted by the king the out ground and gardens belonging to the said house, “except a terras-walk at the East end of the said house, twenty-five feet broad, and a terras-walk on the south side of the said house twenty feet broad, and a back yard forty feet deep,” at the yearly rent of 1*l*. provided that no building was erected on any of the said places, and that he should keep the house in repair and pay all taxes for gaol, hospital, and poor, and other usual payments payable thereout. The office of keeper of the parliament house was instituted in the reign of Charles II.; the preamble of the patent, dated Dublin, 2nd June, 1677, states: “Whereas, William Robinson, esq., superintendent general of our fortifications and buildings in Ireland, hath of his humble petition besought us, that whereas Chichester-house, taken by us for the use of our parliament, being uninhabited during the intervals of parliament, doth much decay, and the reparations, being incumbent on us, are now grown very chargeable, we would be pleased to grant him a lease of the out-grounds and gardens belonging to the said house for 90 years, from 26th March, 1677, under some acknowledgment of rent payable thereout to us; and also to have the keeping of the said house in the intervals of parliament, during his life, upon which account he will be obliged to all reparations at his own charge during the said term.” Whereupon his majesty granted the keepership of the said house in the intervals of parliament to the said William Robinson, esq., knight.

went the lord Longford, lord Blessington, lord Sherbourn, and the lord Coningesby, one by one, before whom went the king at arms and the usher of the black rod; each as he came in delivered his patent and writ of summons on his knees to the speaker, which he caused to be read by one of the clerks; and being allowed of, he took his seat; which being all done, my lord lieutenant entered the house in his robes; before him went his gentlemen, the two white staves, the black rod, the two heralds, the cap of maintenance carried by my lord Donegal, the sword by the earl of Meath; the train was held up by three noblemen's sons, who were the earl of Drogheda's son, Mr. Boyle, my lord Clifford's son, and the lord Santry's son. His excellency being seated in the throne, my lord chancellor standing on his right hand, ordered the black rod to go to the house of commons, and acquaint them that his excellency commanded them to attend at the bar of the house of lords. After they were come up, his excellency made a speech to them, and then my lord chancellor directed them to return and chuse their speaker. My lord lieutenant being returned from his robe-room, the lord chancellor adjourned the house to Friday, ten of the clock, at which time the commons were to present their speaker to his excellency. The house of commons being returned and sat, an honorable member of the house, being one of the privy council, moved and put the house in mind, that sir Richard Levinge, their majesties' solicitor-general, would be a fit person to supply the chair: and the question being put by the clerk, by direction of the house, it was resolved that sir Richard Levinge, knight, their majesties' solicitor-general, be speaker of this house; and thereupon Mr. Speaker was conducted to the chair, and placed therein by two of the members, one whereof was the person who first moved for the question. The speaker afterwards, standing up, gave the house thanks for the honor they had done him, excusing his inability for so great an undertaking and trust, promising, nevertheless, his utmost endeavours to serve their majesties and this country, and hoped this house would assist and support him therein. Mr. Speaker being seated, a motion was made for the reading a late act of parliament made in England in the third year of their majesties reign, intituled an act for the abrogating the oath of supremacy in Ireland, and appointing other oaths. Upon reading whereof, the house proceeded to the swearing their members then present in the house. And they being sworn, the house adjourned until Friday morning at eight a clock, in order to attend his excellency the lord lieutenant,* and present their speaker to him, according to his excellency's command.

* The ceremonies of passing bills in the Irish parliament were as follow: The lord lieutenant, arrayed in royal robes, entered the house in state, accompanied by two earls bearing the sword of state and the cap of maintenance; three noblemen's sons supporting the train of his robe. After making a congé to the throne, he ascended and took his seat in the chair of state under the canopy; all the lords spiritual and temporal standing robed in their places and uncovered, till they took their seats. The lord chan-

This parliament sat only till the third of the following November, when it was prorogued by lord Sydney for having rejected a money bill originated in the English privy council, a proceeding which resulted rather from irritation at the king's discountenancing the violation of the treaty of Limerick, than from any constitutional motives on the part of the ascendancy faction.

The establishment of the linen manufacture, and the strengthening the "Protestant interest," by the enactment of penal laws, chiefly occupied the attention of the Irish parliaments* subsequent to the Revolution. On the 22nd of Fe-

cellor, kneeling, conferred with the viceroy, and then, standing on the right hand of the chair of state, commanded the gentleman usher of the black rod to acquaint the house of commons that it was his excellency's pleasure that they should attend him immediately in the house of peers. The commons, with their speaker, having arrived, were conducted to the bar, where the speaker, after an oration, read the titles of the bills prepared to be presented for the royal assent. The bills were then delivered at the bar by the speaker to the clerk of the parliaments, who brought them to the table, where the clerk of the crown having read their titles, the clerk of the parliaments pronounced the royal assent severally in these words: "*Le roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veut.*" When the bills were not money bills the assent was given by the words: "*Le roy le veut,*" or "*Soit fait comme il est désiré.*" The lord lieutenant then withdrew, in the same order as he had entered, and the commons having returned to their house, the lords retired to unrobe, after which the sitting was either adjourned or resumed. The delivery of the royal assent in a foreign language was one of the vestiges of the French conquest of England in the eleventh century.

* In the year 1700, the lands of the Irish adherents of James II. were sold by public auction, or "cant," at Chichester-house. From these forfeitures, amounting to upwards of one million of acres, large grants had been made by William III. to the foreign officers who had served under him in his Irish wars. An act of resumption, however, replaced them in the hands of the parliament, and when sold they were so much deteriorated in value, by encumbrance and mismanagement, that the sum they produced was comparatively small; the greater part of the estates of the Irish Jacobites, instead of having been applied to reduce the enormous expenses of the Williamite wars, thus served only to aggrandize and enrich a number of adventurers. The manner in which the schemes of the latter were carried out is partially exhibited in the following passages from the report of the commissioners: "And here we may take notice, that the forfeitures in general, notwithstanding they appear to be so considerable, have been rather a charge than a profit to his majesty; which might seem very extraordinary if we did not acquaint your honours, that many obscure men that had little or nothing since the reduction of Ireland, are now reputed masters of considerable estates, and some of them very great ones; nor does there appear any visible cause of their

bruary, 1703, sir Theobald Butler, counsellor Malone, and sir Stephen Rice, the two former in their gowns, as counsel for the petitioners in general, and the latter without a gown, as a petitioner, in his private capacity, together with many others, appeared at the bar of the house of commons, where they vainly appealed against the infringement of the treaty of Limerick, by the enactment of the first bill "to prevent the further growth of popery." Their appeal at the bar of the house of lords, six days afterwards, was attended with no better success, and the Irish Catholics regretted, too late, having laid down their arms on the faith of a treaty, which, although solemnly guaranteed under the great seal of England, was observed no longer than suited the purposes of the stronger party. In 1709, it was found necessary to expend a considerable sum in repairing Chichester-house, and we are told that although several parts of the interior were in such order as that they might last a considerable time, yet they appeared by no means fit to continue in the condition they were in for the parliament, the floors being very uneven, and patched in

acquiring such sudden riches, but by fishing in these forfeitures; indeed the whole management has been so intricate, as it were designed to be kept a mystery; which has proved sufficiently advantageous to these men, though much to his majesty's detriment, who, by this means, has been deceived in the value of his grants, and in many cases has given much more than he intended. There is nothing seems to us to have contributed more to it than the letting of the forfeited lands by cant in the city of Dublin, and not in the several counties of this kingdom, for, by that means, very few persons would come to town at a great charge, and neglect of their affairs, when they were sure to be outbid by the agents to great men, who aimed only to get into possession, and had interest enough afterwards to have all or most part of the rents remitted. Upon this consideration Mr. Attorney general and Mr. Wm. Connolly, esq., canted lands in the county of Kilkenny, worth about 200*l.* per annum, to more than 20,000*l.* per annum. So that private persons, who had no interest, found it in vain to contend; besides, they were overawed by the authority often of those that bid against them; which weighs much in this country. By these methods, when others were driven off the stage, they took the lands at their own rates; oftentimes, as we conceive, agreeing not to bid one against another: particularly the honourable Thomas Broderick, esq., and the said William Connolly, who took vast quantities of lands, and in a great measure governed the cants, (few persons daring to bid against them) acted in partnership in all they took in the year 1695, and ever since; and let it afterwards to under tenants at greater rents: which is the more observable in Mr. Broderick, who then was a privy-counsellor, and appointed by the lord Capell to inspect the cants, having been informed they were managed much to his majesty's disadvantage." The claims of the various parties interested in these estates began to be heard by the

many places, and the windows and ceilings very unbecoming.”* The most important event in the early history of the Irish parliament was the termination, in 1719, of the legal dispute between the English and Irish houses of lords, by the enact-

trustees in September, 1700, and the sittings concluded in 1702. The particulars of these proceedings are preserved in a large volume, of 363 pages, printed in 1701, and entitled “A list of the claims as they are entered with the trustees at Chichester-house on College-green, Dublin, on or before the tenth of August, 1700.” During the latter part of the period appointed for the registry of the claims, the crowds attending at Chichester-house were very great; and on one day alone, upwards of three hundred petitions were presented. The sales terminated on 23rd June, 1703; the auction bills were printed on very large sheets of paper under the following heads:—“Late proprietors’ names and nature of their estates; denominations; number of acres Irish measure, yearly rents, 1702; real value per annum; neat value to be set up at; tenants’ names; quality of the land, &c.; estate or interest claimed or allowed.” A collection of these bills, containing the names of the purchasers and the amounts realized by the various lots, was made by the late Austin Cooper, and bound in a very large volume with the following title: “A book of postings and sale of the forfeited and other estates in Ireland, vested in the honorable sir Cyril Wich, knt, Francis Annesley, esq., James Hamilton, esq., John Baggs, esq., John Trenchard, esq., John Isham, esq., Henry Langford, esq., James Hooper, esq., John Cary, gnt., sir Henry Shere, knt., Thomas Harrison, esq., William Fellowes, esq., Thomas Rawlins, esq., trustees nominated and appointed by act of parliament made in England in the eleventh and twelfth years of the reign of king William the third, intituled an act for granting an aid to his majesty by the sale of the forfeited and other estates and interests in Ireland, and by a land tax in England, for the several purposes therein mentioned.”

None of our writers appear to have been aware that a scheme was set on foot in Dublin, in 1700, to form a joint stock company, with a capital of five hundred thousand pounds to purchase the Irish forfeited estates. In September 1700, we find that signatures to the amount of £300,000 had been obtained for this purpose, and it was proposed to procure a patent for the company under the great seal. The project, however, does not appear to have been carried out.

* From an official document of the year 1709, we find that the roof of Chichester-house was 110 feet square, that the house had eight stacks of chimneys, and that there were five windows in the roof of the house of commons. It also appeared, that the banquetting house had then fallen to the ground. “I remember,” says a writer in 1792, “to have heard from a clerk of the house of lords, Mr. Hawker, that Chichester-house was very inconvenient. I cannot help, however, lamenting, that a map of the dispositions of the apartments and grounds of Chichester-house, which, about twenty years ago, was hung up in the house of commons’ coffee-house, was unaccountably lost.”

In 1703, William Spry was committed to the custody of the usher of the black rod, for coming into the house of lords during the sitting, and listening to the debates. In 1707 it was resolved, “that for the future this house will strictly observe the standing rules of this house,

ment of the declaratory statute of George I., unconstitutionally establishing the power of the British parliament to make laws binding the kingdom and people of Ireland.

The age and decay of Chichester-house demanding the serious attention of its occupants, a committee was appointed in 1723, to report on the condition of the building, and to estimate for the erection of a new house. Nothing was however done with regard to such an undertaking, until 1727, when it was found that the out-walls overhung dangerously in several places, the wall-plates and bottoms of the rafters were so rotten that, but for timely repairs, the roof must have fallen; and, as it appeared impracticable to put the old building in a condition to stand for any length of time, it was reported, on the 10th of January, 1728, that the erection of a new house was absolutely necessary. This having been communicated to the "committee of supply," the latter, on the succeeding day, resolved, that "it is the opinion of this committee, that a sum of £6000 be granted towards providing materials and

and suffer no person whatsoever to be in the house during their debates, but such as have a right thereto;" and in 1711 it was ordered, that none but lords, and those who are obliged to attend, be admitted to be in the house at the time of their debates." In 1715, the lords made a standing order to admit the eldest sons of peers to hear the debates of the house. In December, 1713, the commons ordered that the "sergeant at arms attending this house, do acquaint all the housekeepers adjoining the parliament house, that they do not suffer any person whatsoever to go into the upper parts, or on the leads or roofs of their houses, on the pain of incurring the high displeasure of this house. The following improvements in the house of lords were adopted in 1715:—"That for the present, by shortening the viscounts' benches to seven feet each, and by removing the entrance near the barons' benches more towards the middle of the house, room may be gained for a third bench for the barons. That upon a recess, the chimney on the right hand as we go in, may be shut up, and a new chimney made on the other side. That the lords' committee room be hung and matted, and the chimney enlarged; also the table and benches lengthened. That application be made to the lords justices, that a safe and convenient office be allotted in the castle of Dublin, for the keeping of the parliamentary records and books. That the upper part of the clerk assistant's office, and of the committee clerk's office, be closed to the ceiling, for the better securing their papers; and that alphabets be made for each of their offices." The lords ordered in 1721 "that the constables and the messengers attending this house, do now, and upon all occasions, prohibit the hackney coachmen, with their coaches, from coming to the door of the parliament house." Obnoxious pamphlets or books reflecting on the parliamentary proceedings, were usually ordered to be burned by the common hangman, at noon, at the gate of the parliament house.

building a new parliament house"; and on the same day, it was ordered,

"That Dr. Trotter, Mr. Burton, &c. or any five or more of them, be appointed a committee, to meet to-morrow morning, at nine of the clock, in the speaker's chamber, to consider of the building of a new parliament house, and that they report their proceedings, with their opinion thereupon, to the house, and that all members who come to the said committee are to have voices. Ordered, that it be an instruction to the said committee to receive proposals and plans for building such new parliament house, and to enquire what title the crown has to the ground whereon the present parliament house stands."

On the 30th of the ensuing April, this committee delivered their report, together with the following resolutions :

"Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee, that the ground whereon the parliament-house now stands, with what is further proposed to be granted by the right honourable Mr. Parry, is the most convenient place to erect a new parliament house on. Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee, that the plan marked No. 3, is a proper plan for the building of the said parliament house, To which resolutions, the question being severally put, the house did agree. Ordered, that such members of this house as are of his majesty's most honourable privy council, do lay before his excellency the lord lieutenant the said report, resolutions, and plan, in order that a new parliament house may be built, and humbly desire his excellency will be pleased to direct the building thereof. Ordered, that Thomas Burgh,* esq., his majesty's surveyor-general, be desired to prepare, and lay before his excellency the lord lieutenant, a plan

* Thomas Burgh held the office of director-general and overseer of fortifications and buildings," from 1700 to 1730, when he was succeeded by sir Edward Lovet Pearce, member for Ratoath, who died in 1732. In all the official documents, Pearce appears as the architect and director of the building of the parliament house; and in 1731, the house of lords unanimously resolved, that captain Edward Lovet Pearce, surveyor-general of his majesty's works, "has shown true ability, skill, and good workmanship, in the building of the parliament house, and hath executed his office with great fidelity, care, and diligence." It was, however, currently reported at the time, that Pearce had obtained the plan from Richard Castles, the architect of Leinster-house and other elegant buildings. The sole published authority for this statement is a work printed, for private circulation, in 1747, the writer of which admits that Pearce had incurred his enmity by opposing him in a law suit, and describes the surveyor-general in the following unflattering terms: "*Eques auratus, qui et architectus regius: architectus, si ad sedes, quas extruxerat, spectes, imperitus; si ad scelera, peritissimus. Miles etiam, et capitanei titulo insignitus est: sed et rei militaris et virtutis omnis expers. Moechus autem fuit strenuus; ac stipendia in eo bello meruit, nequaquam laborans de setate contubernalis.*—Alieni

for building a new parliament house, according to the said ground now resolved to be the most convenient for that purpose."

The arrangements having been finally concluded, Chichester-house was demolished, in December, 1728, and the first stone of the new building was laid on the 3rd of the following February, as described by a contemporary :

"On Monday last was performed the ceremony of laying the first stone of our house of parliament, on College-green; it was begun by the assemblage of our lords justices and nobility, attended by the king-at-arms, serjeant-at-arms, &c., the overseer, captain Pierce, and the master builder and workmen, and great crowds of spectators. When the stone was to be settled in the foundation (being a large hewn, white stone, with a cavity cut in the body as a box, to be filled by another of a smaller size, with gutters for binding together,) the prop which kept it from its bed was taken away by our lord primate, who left a sum of gold thereon; and then it was settled by our lords justices, assisted by the king-at-arms, who at certain intervals, waved his handkerchief for the state musick to play; when this was over, there was put into the cavity a large silver plate, with a Latin enscription* of the date of the year, king's reign, names of the lords justices, &c., and the inventor of the model, and master workmen belonging to the structure, and whatever was thought further proper for a memorandum, whenever it

appetens et profusus mutuum argentum rogavit undique; nec solvendo erat. Cum nusquam inveniret mutuum, vim armorum adhibuit, et de bonis extraneorum prædatus est.—Castellus sive Castles fuit architecton, cujus consilio, studio et labore nixus Persæus ædificavit senaculum Dubliniense. Postea verò, cum amplissimis et indebitis premiis a senatu donatus sit, pactam, mercedem Castello denegavit.

"Quis, bene qui novit Persæi invidiasque dolosque,
Temperet a satyrâ? regis se jactat in aula;
Ingenloque opifex alieno vivere doctus,
Quas non edidit, sibi Persæus arrogat artes:
Cui res, et titulus, cui crevit fama labore
Pauperis, heu! Castelli; ac dum bis mille senatus
Decernit, digno quota pars donatur amico,
Omnia quæ fecit, solusque meretur honorem!
Sic vos non vobis."

In Dr. Delany's poem, entitled the "Pheasant and the lark," published in 1730, we find a complimentary allusion to Pearce's skill on architecture; the sum paid him for "the pains he had taken in carrying on the building of the parliament house," was two thousand pounds; and after his death the works were finished under the superintendence of his successor, Arthur Dobbs, who is said also to have been assisted by Castles. The paucity of documents and the want of creditable contemporary evidence has rendered those points very obscure.

* This inscription, which is not to be found in any of our local histories, is as follows:—

should be found, to give an account to posterity of that work. With the plate were put medals of silver and gold, and several of our king's and queen's, particularly his late and their present majesties, which were all closed up by the small stone, and then bound down with iron bars, so as properly to secure it being opened, till future time shall require it for a discovery of the contents."

The building having been carried on with considerable expedition, the new house was fit for the reception of the members in 1731, in which year the first session of parliament was opened in it by the duke of Dorset, on Tuesday, the fifth of October. An English artist of the last century has left us the following description of the edifice as it originally stood :

"The parliament house of Ireland is, notwithstanding the several fine pieces of architecture since recently raised, the noblest structure Dublin has to boast; and it is no hyperbole to advance, that this edifice in the entire, is the grandest, most convenient, and most extensive of the kind in Europe. The portico is without any of the usual architectural decorations, having neither statue, vase, bass-relief, tablet, sculptured key-stone, or sunk pannel to enrich it; it derives all its beauty from a simple impulse of fine art; and is one of the few instances of form only, expressing true symmetry. It has been with many the subject of consideration, whether it could not have been rendered still more pleasing had the dado of the pedestal, above the intablature, been perforated, and balusters placed in the openings; but those of the best taste have been decidedly of opinion it is best, as the architect has put it out of his hands. This noble structure is situated on College-green, is placed nearly at right angles with the West front of the college; and the contiguity of two such structures, gives a grandeur of scene that would do honour to the first city in Europe. The inside of this admirable building corresponds in every respect with the majesty of its external appearance. The middle door, under the portico, leads directly into the commons house, passing through a great hall, called the court of requests, where people assemble during the sittings of parliament, sometimes large deputations of them with, and attending petitions before the house. The commons room is truly deserving of admiration. Its form is circular, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square. The seats whereon the members sit, are disposed around the centre of the room in concentric circles, one rising above

"Serenissimus et potentissimus rex Georgius secundus, per excellent dominum Joannem, dominum Carteret et baron de Hawnes locum tenentem, et per excellent dominos, Hugonem, archiep Armachan, Thomam Windham, cancell, Guliel Connolly, dom com prolocut, justiciarios generales, primum hujusce domus parliamen lapidem posuit, tertio die Februarii, MDCCXXVIII."

We have now before us an unique copy of a poetical broadside, entitled "The speech of the first stone laid in the parliament house to the government, February 3d, 1728-9," by Henry Nelson.

another. About 15 feet above the level of the floor, on a cylindrical basement, are disposed 16 Corinthian columns supporting a rich hemispherical dome,* which crowns the whole. A narrow gallery, for the public, about five feet broad, with very convenient seats, is fitted up, with a balustrade in front between the pillars. The appearance of the house assembled below, from the gallery, corresponds with its importance, and presents a dignity that must be seen to be felt; the strength of the orators' eloquence receives additional force from the construction of the place, and the vibration in the dome. All around the commons' room is a beautiful corridor, which communicates by three doors into the house; and to all the apartments attendant thereon, which are conveniently disposed about, committee rooms, rooms for clerks, coffee rooms, &c. The house of lords is situated to the right of the commons, and is also a noble apartment; the body is forty feet long by thirty feet wide, in addition to which at the upper end, is a circular recess 13 feet deep, like a large niche, wherein the throne is placed, under a rich canopy of crimson velvet; and at the lower end is the bar, 20 feet square. The room is ornamented at each end, with Corinthian columns with niches between. The entablature of the order goes round the room, which is covered with a rich trunk ceiling. On the two long sides of the room, are two large pieces of tapestry, now rather decayed;

* The original dome, which was destroyed by fire in 1792, acquired from its shape the name of "the goose pye," an appellation usually applied to the parliament house and its members by the satirists of the last century. Swift's "Character, panegyric, and description of the legion club" was published in 1736, when its author was exasperated at an inroad made by the parliament on the revenues of the clergy:

"As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
'Near the church'—you know the rest."

The lords' committee room in the parliament house was frequently lent to public bodies. In it the Royal Dublin Society, noticed in our last paper, previous to obtaining possession of Shaw's court, held their meetings on every Thursday, except during the long vacation. Experiments relative to agricultural machinery were made here under their superintendence; their machines and models were deposited in the vaults, and the society's agricultural museum at the parliament house was open to the public on Mondays and Thursdays, from 12 till 2 p.m. The lords' committee room was also used for the meetings of the Incorporated Society for promoting English Protestant schools in Ireland; and the "Physico historical Society," founded in 1748, "to make inquiries into the natural and civil history of the kingdom," used to meet there on the first Monday of every month. The Society for the relief of Protestant strangers (1754) also met there; towards the middle of the last century, book auctions were frequently held in the coffee room of the house of lords.

one represents the famous battle of the Boyne, and the other, that of Aughrim:* they were executed by a Dutch artist, and are esteemed very fine. Here again, the house assembled, from below the bar a high scene of picturesque grandeur is presented ; and the viceroy, on the throne, appears with more splendour than his majesty himself on the throne of England."

* This is incorrect : the tapestry was manufactured in Dublin, and the second piece represents the siege of Derry, not the battle of Aughrim. In 1727, Robert Baillie, upholsterer, who had "at great expense, brought into this kingdom from Great Britain, France, and Flanders, a sufficient number of exceeding good tapestry weavers, who since their arrival had made several suits of tapestry, excelling any that had yet been imported into this kingdom," offered his services to the house of lords "for perpetuating the particulars of the late glorious revolution, and the remarkable incidents in the wars of Ireland, by preparing suits of tapestry for such parts of the house of lords as shall be thought proper, containing their history." Baillie's proposals, as follow, were accepted by the lords in February, 1727: "The said Mr. Baillie conceives there will be five or six pieces of tapestry wanting for the house of lords, in the new parliament house, and proposes to represent in the said work the the following great actions, viz. The valiant defence of Londonderry, from the opening of the trenches to the raising the siege, by the arrival of the English army. The landing of king William and his army at Carrickfergus. The third piece to represent the glorious battle and victory of the Boyne, with the rout of the Irish army. The fourth piece to represent the splendid and joyful entry of king William into Dublin. The fifth piece to represent the battle of Aughrim. The sixth piece, the taking of Cork and Kinsale by the late victorious duke of Marlborough. The said Mr. Baillie further proposes to work in the said hangings the effigies of the late glorious king William, dukes of Marlborough and Schomberg, and general Ginckle, with any other of the lords who were instruments in the late happy revolution, who will please to furnish their pictures after the life, for that purpose. He further proposes to make the said hangings equal in goodness and fineness with Alexander's battles, or those of the late duke of Marlborough, which were never sold for less than three guineas English per ell, and proposes to sell his at three pounds sterling per ell, and also to furnish the drawings, which will be a considerable part of the expence, and adorn the whole with a suitable border of trophies of war and victory, with expressive mottos to each piece; and will oblige himself to finish the same in less than four years, from the time of contracting: and the said Baillie humbly conceives the above-mentioned great events will be as suitable for the house of lords of Ireland, as the defeat of the Spanish Armada is for that of Great Britain. All which he humbly submits to your lordship's great wisdom. And as the said works are to be the intire produce and manufacture of this kingdom, and proposer has already been at a considerable expense in bringing artists over, to prevent the money from going abroad, humbly hopes for a suitable encouragement." Two pieces, however, were only executed, and the lords presented Baillie with a gratuity of two hundred pounds as an equivalent for the loss he sustained by not making the six pieces they had contracted for. The tapestry was set up in the house of lords on the 13th of September, 1733, and was then considered equal to that

Much as we may lament the want of an history of the Irish parliaments, such a work would obviously exceed our prescribed limits, we must therefore be satisfied to confine ourselves to the description of some of the more important events of which the magnificent edifice, now under consideration, has been the scene.

The first trial held in the Irish parliament house was that of Henry, fourth lord Santry, who, in 1739, was indicted for having killed a man, at Palmerstown, in the previous year. The twenty-seventh of April having been appointed for the trial, between six and seven a. m., a regiment of infantry took up its station on College-green, and at seven o'clock the company of battle-axe guards lined the avenues leading to the parliament house, the city constables attending to preserve the peace. At half-past seven, the prisoner, then in his twenty-ninth year, was conducted, in a hackney coach, from gaol by the high sheriffs of the city, to the house of commons, which had been magnificently fitted up for the occasion; and at ten o'clock, Thomas, lord Wyndham, chancellor of Ireland, constituted high steward, by royal commission, proceeded from his residence in Stephen's-green, to the parliament house. The following circumstantial account of the trial is now published for the first time, from a contemporary manuscript:

“ On the morning of the trial, the judges in their scarlet robes, together with the king of arms, the gentleman usher of the black rod, and the serjeant-at-arms, assembled at the lord high steward's house, to wait upon his grace, the king of arms being in his coat of arms, the gentleman usher of the black rod having the white staff, and the serjeant at arms having his mace. After a short stay, his grace the lord high steward went to his coach in the following order: His grace's twelve gentlemen, two and two, bare-headed; his serjeant-at-arms and seal-bearer, both bare-headed, the one with the mace, the other with the purse; the gentleman usher of the black rod, with his grace the lord high steward's white staff, and the king of arms on his right hand, both bare-headed; then his grace the lord high steward, in his rich gown, with his train borne, followed by the chief justices and judges. His grace's gentlemen first took their coaches, four in a coach, each coach having two horses

made at Brussels to commemorate Marlborough's victories. Baillie, it appears, was obliged to make an alteration in the figure of William III., according to the directions of the chancellor. After the Union these pieces of tapestry were taken down to be sent to England, but the representations of Francis Johnston, founder of the Hibernian Academy, induced the bank directors to retain them.

Then his grace the lord high steward took his coach, with six horses, seating himself on the hinder seat of the coach singly, the king of arms and the seal bearer sitting over against his grace, bare-headed, the black rod in the right-hand boot of the coach, with his grace's white staff; and his grace's serjeant-at-arms in the left boot, with his mace. The judges took their coaches and followed his grace. A messenger was sent a little before to acquaint the lords the tryers, who were assembled in a room near the place appointed for the trial of the prisoner, that his grace was coming; upon which they went and took their seats in the court. When his grace came to the gate where the court was held, he was met by four other serjeants, with their maces, and attended to his seat in the court in this order: His grace's gentlemen, two and two; the serjeants-at-arms, two and two; his grace's serjeant-at-arms, and seal bearer; the black rod, and king at arms; his grace the lord high steward, with his train borne, followed by the chief justices and judges, two and two. Then his grace proceeded, saluting the peers on each side, as he passed to a chair, under a cloth of state, placed upon an ascent of one step only, and having seated himself, the purse was laid on a stool a little before him on his right hand, and his grace's serjeant-at-arms went with his mace to the lower end of the table. Then, his grace being in the chair, the lords tryers on their benches on each side, and the judges on their seats at the table, the king of arms and the seal bearer placed themselves on his grace's right hand, the black rod on his left, and the serjeant-at-arms and his gentlemen on each side of his grace, more backward. Then the clerk of the crown in the king's bench, and the clerk of the crown in chancery, having the king's commission to his grace in his hand, both made three reverences to his grace, and at the third reverence, coming up before him, they both kneeled down; and the clerk of the crown in chancery, on his knee, presented the commission to his grace, who delivered it to the clerk of the crown of the king's bench, who received it upon his knees, and then they, with three reverences, returned to the table. Then the clerk of the crown of the king's bench directed his grace's serjeant-at-arms (after thrice crying oyez) to make proclamation of silence, while his majesty's commission to his grace the lord high steward was reading, which proclamation the clerk of the crown directed and the serjeant-at-arms made, with his mace on his shoulder; then the clerk of the crown of the king's bench, opening the commission, read it, his grace and the lords standing up, uncovered, while it was reading. The commission being read, and his grace bowing to the peers, who returned the salute, and sitting down again, the king of arms, and the black rod, with three reverences, jointly presented the white staff, on their knee, to his grace, who, after a little time, redelivered the same to the usher of the black rod, to hold during the tryal. Then the king of arms returned to the right, and the usher of the black rod, holding the white staff, to the left of his grace's chair. And proclamation was made for all persons, except peers, privy counsellors, and the judges, to be uncovered. Then proclamation was made, that the person or persons to whom any writ or precept had been directed,

for the certifying any indictment or record before the lord high steward, his grace, should certify and bring in the same forthwith, according to the tenor of the same writ and precept to them or any of them directed. Whereupon the writ of *certiorari*, with the precept to the lord chief justice of the king's bench, and the returns to the same were delivered in at the table, and read by the clerk of the crown of the king's bench. Then proclamation was made for the person or persons in whose custody the prisoner was, to return to his or their writ and precept, together with the body of the prisoner, into court, Whereupon the sheriffs of the city of Dublin gave in the writ directed to them for bringing up the prisoner, together with his grace's precept and their returns to the same, which were read by the clerk of the crown of the king's bench. Then they brought the prisoner to the bar, the ax being carried before him, and the person carrying the ax stood with it at the bar, on the right hand of the prisoner, turning the edge from him. The prisoner, at his approach to the bar, made three reverences, one to his grace the lord high steward, the others to the peers on each hand, and his grace and the peers returned the salute to him. Then the proclamation was made for the serjeant-at-arms to return his grace the lord high steward's precept to him directed, together with the names of all the lords and noblemen of the realm, peers of the prisoner by him summoned forthwith. The serjeant at arms having delivered in his precept and return at the table, the same were read by the clerk of the crown. Then the clerk of the crown of the king's bench directed the serjeant at arms to make proclamation for all earls, viscounts, and barons of the realm, peers of the prisoner, who by commandment of his grace the lord high steward were summoned to appear there that day and were present in court to answer to their names. Then the peers summoned were called over, and those who appeared, standing up uncovered, answered to their names, each making a reverence to his grace the lord high steward, and were:

Robert, earl of Kildare.	George, viscount Castlecomer.
Henry, earl of Thomond.	James, viscount Limerick.
Alexander, earl of Antrim.	Marcus, viscount Tyrone.
James, earl of Roscommon.	Brabazon, viscount Duncannon.
Chaworth, earl of Meath.	Humphry, viscount Lanesborough.
Edward, earl of Drogheda.	Francis, baron of Athenry.
Hugh, earl of Mount-Alexander.	William, baron of Howth.
John, earl of Grandison.	George, baron of Carberry.
Nicholas, viscount Netterville.	Charles, lord Tullamore.
Theobald, viscount Mayo.	Thomas, lord Southwell
William, viscount Mountjoy.	William, lord Castledurrow.
	John, lord Desart.

After this the peers triers took their places on the benches on each side according to their respective degrees. Then his grace the lord high steward addressed himself to the prisoner, and the indictment having been read, Clerk of the crown: Is your lordship guilty or not guilty? Lord Santry: Not guilty. Clerk of the crown: How

will your lordship be tried? Lord Santry: By God and my peers. Then the lord high steward gave his charge to the peers."

A letter written from Dublin by Dr. Thomas Rundle, bishop of Derry, contains the following notice of this trial:

"Poor lord Santry was tried on Friday by his peers. I never beheld a sight so awful and majestic and dreadfully beautiful, in my life; and nothing was ever performed with so much solemnity, silence, and dignity, before in any country. The finest room in Europe filled with the nobility and gentry of the whole kingdom and both sexes, the high steward, every one of the judges, the lords, the triers, and the noble prisoner, young and handsome, most decent in his behaviour, and with a becoming fortitude in his speaking, could not but compose the most affecting scene. All were so attentive, that silence was not once proclaimed. The king's counsel did admirably; but Bowes had an opportunity to show himself to the highest advantage. I always thought him an admirable speaker; but never imagined him half so great a man as I do at present, though I always loved and esteemed him. He did not use one severe word against the unhappy lord, nor omitted one severe observation that truth could dictate. I never heard, never read, so perfect a piece of eloquence. Its beauty arose from true simplicity and unaffected ornaments; from the strength and light of his reason, the fairness and candour and good nature of his heart; from the order and disposition of what he said, the elegance and fulness of his expressions, the shortness and propriety of his reflections, the music of his voice, and the gracefulness of his elocution. They were all wonderful indeed; and charmed even those who were concerned and grieved at his most masterly performance. But if they did well, I think the counsel for the prisoner acted detestably. They only prompted him to ask a few treacherous questions, and spoke not one word in his favour; though I have the vanity almost to think I could have offered a point of law that would have bid fair to save him. When the twenty-three peers returned to give their opinion, their countenances astonished the whole house; and all knew, from the horror of their eyes and the paleness of their looks, how they were agitated within before they answered the dread question—'Guilty, upon my honour;' and he was so most certainly according to the law: nor could they perhaps have brought in their dreadful verdict otherwise. But if there was a court of equity to relieve against rigid law, it would interpose in this case. There is a court of equity; that amiable prerogative is reserved to his majesty; and he can relieve against such rigours as courts cannot, ought not, to be permitted to pardon; and the lords the triers, are as unanimous in recommending him to mercy as they were to find him guilty. The whole town, who were once inveterate against him, now are as solicitous to have him pardoned. If that wretch Bradford* had sent the poor fellow to

* Bradford was the surgeon who prescribed for the wounded man; the latter was described as follows by Robert Jocelyn, the attorney gene-

either of the four hospitals, he would have been alive at this day; and to his care he was entrusted by the lord as soon as he had wounded him; but then he could have no demand on my lord for looking after him; and to intitle himself to that, he seems on purpose to have neglected that certain cure for the poor creature, and detained him in a damp room to lodge on straw, without necessities, as he himself swore and acknowledged; from whence the wretch got that cold which killed him. Is not this equivalent to giving unwholesome medicines? which, if a surgeon had done, would have saved the person who gave the stroke. A man wounded by another and nearly healed, eat cherries which injured the wound, made it burst out anew, and destroyed the man. Holt determined that these cherries were equivalent to an unwholesome medicine, and saved him. The damp air in which he was detained by the surgeon, instead of sending him to hospital, was as much the cause of the man's death as the cherries of the other; and he was at least in the equity of the case. But, poor man, his friends were infatuated with vain security; he, deceived by his agent whom he trusted, betrayed by the overswearing of witnesses produced, without his knowledge, by his solicitor, deserted by his counsel, and first hated, now

ral: "Laughlin Murphy, the unfortunate man killed, was a person, who with a good deal of industry and difficulty maintained himself, a wife, and three small children, by being employed as a porter, and carrying letters and messages.—The day this unfortunate accident happened," continues the manuscript, "was the ninth of August, the fair day of Palmer's Town, the house a publick house, and as I am instructed, the door that leads into the house goes into a narrow passage upon the right hand, the passage leads to the chamber where the noble lord the prisoner at the bar was with his company on the left to the door of the kitchen, where the deceased was. It has been opened that the lord the prisoner at the bar had been drinking some time, my brief says, some hours. The company was gone, but there happened some words between the noble lord the prisoner at the bar and one Humphrys, something more than words, for, according to my instructions, the noble lord the prisoner at the bar twice attempted to draw his sword, but could not do it. He was then in a passion and suddenly left the room; and was going either out of doors, or to the kitchen. It was then he met this poor man in the passage and pushed him with his right hand and the deceased went on to the kitchen, whither the lord the prisoner followed him, and swore he would kill any man that should speak a word. The poor man spoke, and the noble lord the prisoner at the bar, too punctually performed what he had so rashly sworn, and stabbed him. Upon this the man went into a room near the kitchen, staid but a little while and came back into the kitchen, the blood gushed out of the wound, the man fell down and cried out—I am killed. Upon this the noble lord, the prisoner, going out hastily took his horse and gave the man of the house a four pound piece, but gave him no order what to do." Murphy died on the 25th of September, in Hammond-lane, Dublin. Lord Santry's defence was, that his death had been caused by disease. John Bowes, above referred to, was solicitor-general for Ireland, from 1780 to 1789, and subsequently lord chancellor.

pitied, by all men. I never spoke to him in my life ; I am not acquainted with his uncle in the least ; I am not desired to represent his case favorably by any one ; but I speak the genuine dictates of my heart and my reason. No vulgar jury in either island would have condemned him ; but the peers know the law, and follow it with reverence and exactness. They are obliged to do justice according to law, let it be ever so severe. It is the king's office and delightful prerogative only to show mercy ; may he do so now ! What a constitution do we live under, where the blood of the meanest of all the king's subjects shall be required from one of the highest ! But as this is the first instance of such a noble piece of justice in Ireland, I hope it will be made amiable, and mentioned in history with joy, by its having united to it mercy. I wish the king would banish him to some obscure island for ten years ; to Bermuda, for example ; and on that condition completely pardon him. His mother is inconsolable. He behaves since his condemnation in a manner which makes people speak of him with double pity. Even the poor in the streets weep for him. All their detestation is turned against Bradford ; and deservedly. To him certainly the death of one hath been owing ; and if the lord dies, to him also the other's will be owing. His former character, it is confessed, was bad ; this will make him a new man. This will purge his heart from every folly ; a successful, though dreadful, medicine, if he survives it. He is humbled into reason, and talks mildly and with becoming fortitude, self-condemnation, resignation, and decency. This whole county, this whole city, will solicit for him.”*

These representations, seconded by the duke of Devonshire, then lord lieutenant, were successful—lord Santry received a reprieve from the king, which was followed by a full pardon.

* Four years after lord Santry's trial a similar scene was enacted in the parliament house, when Nicholas, fifth viscount Netterville, was indicted for the murder of Michael Walsh, in the county of Meath.

At 8 a.m., on the third February, 1743, the lords assembled in their robes, and at nine the trial commenced. The following peers were present on this occasion—Robert, baron Newport, chancellor of Ireland and lord high steward, the earls of Kildare, Clanrickard, Antrim, Roscommon, Meath, Cavan, Drogheda, Mount Alexander, Ross, Londonderry, Bessborough ; viscounts Valentia, Mayo, Strangford, Ikerrin, Massarene, Mountjoy, Molesworth, Boyne, Allen, Lanesborough. The archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Tuam ; the bishops of Meath, Kildare, Limerick, Dromore, Cork, Elphin, Killala, Clonfert, Waterford, Derry, Down, Ossory, Killaloe. Also lords Athenry, Kingsale, Blayney, Kingston, Tullamore, Southwell. Castle-Durrow and Desart.

“ After prayers had been read, William Hawkins, esq., deputy to Ulster king of arms of all Ireland, being permitted to come to the table, the house was called over by the clerk of the parliaments ; the said deputy king of arms marking such of the lords as were present in a list. Then the house, according to order, was adjourned into the court appointed for the trial of Nicholas lord visc. Netterville, whither the officers,

The first important constitutional question in the Irish parliament, subsequent to the middle of the last century, arose in the year 1753, relative to the power of the king to dispose

attendants, peers' sons, minor peers and lords, went in the order directed, the deputy king of arms calling them in their due places by a list. When the lords were seated on their proper benches, and the lord high steward upon the woolpack, the house was resumed. The clerks of the crown presented the commission, upon their knees, to the lord high steward. Then proclamation was made for silence; and the lords standing uncovered, the commission was read. Which being ended, the serjeant at arms said, 'God bless the king's majesty.' Then the deputy king of arms and the gentleman usher of the black rod presented the staff, on their knees, to his grace the lord high steward. Proclamation was made for all persons, but peers, to be uncovered. The certiorari was then read by the clerk of the crown of the king's bench. Then the lord high steward removed from the wool-pack to the chair appointed for his grace, which was placed upon an ascent, just before the uppermost step of the throne, and seated himself in the chair. Proclamation was made for bringing the prisoner to the bar, according to the order of the house of lords, who being come and kneeling; his grace the lord high steward desired his lordship to rise, and acquainted him on what account he was brought thither, and that he had it in command from the lords to let his lordship know, that he was not to hold up his hand at the bar, and that his lordship and all other persons who might have occasion to speak to the court, were to address themselves to the lords in general, and not to the lord high steward. Then the clerk of the crown of the king's bench read the indictment, and after his lordship was arraigned, he was asked, 'whether he was guilty of the felony, treason and murder, whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?' He said, he was not guilty: and being asked, by whom he would be tried? he said, by God and his peers. Proclamation was then made for the witnesses to be brought into court. Then Mr. Prime-sergeant Malone opened the indictment, and Mr. Attorney-general, and Mr. Solicitor-general were likewise heard on his majesty's behalf." Leave having been given to the lords spiritual to withdraw, the trial proceeded, but owing to the death of the two principal witnesses, whose examinations were rejected in evidence, no case could be sustained against lord Netterville, and the trial terminated in the following manner: "The peers being come into the court appointed for the trial, the house was resumed: and after proclamation for silence, the lord high steward said, 'The house having heard all the evidence, the question was, whether Nicholas lord viscount Netterville is guilty of the felony, treason, and murder, whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?' Then the lord high steward stood up, and by a list called over every peer then present by his name, beginning with the youngest baron; and put the question to every lord to know what his judgment was, Whether Nicholas lord viscount Netterville was guilty of the felony, treason and murder, whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty? And the lord to whom he called, stood up in his place uncovered, and laying his right hand upon his breast, delivered his judgment: 'Not guilty, upon my honour.' Then the lord high steward standing up uncovered, putting his right hand upon his breast, said, 'My lord viscount Netterville is not guilty, upon my honour;' and then declared, that their lordships were unanimously

of a surplus of revenue remaining in the exchequer of Ireland. The government partizans, under primate Stone, were vigorously opposed by the "patriots," headed by the marquis of Kildare, Henry Boyle, speaker of the commons, and Anthony Malone, all who adhered to the latter party being summarily expelled from public situations. "The speaker was adored by the mob; they worshipped him under the name of Roger. They made bonfires of reproach before the door of the primate: they stopped coaches, and made them declare for England or Ireland. The hackney chairmen distinguished their patriotism by refusing to carry any fare to the castle.—Sir James Hamilton, a very indigent member, refused an offer from the castle of 2000*l.*, and 200*l.* per annum, for life. Satires and claret were successful arms, even against corruption." The obnoxious money bill was consequently rejected by a majority of five, notwithstanding which, the contested surplus was, by royal authority, removed to London.

"The question of 1753 was the beginning, in this country, of that constitutional spirit which asserted afterwards the privilege of the commons, and guarded and husbanded the essential right of a free constitution. The question was of its very essence; but the effect spread beyond the question, and the ability of the debate instructed the nation, and made her not only tenacious of her rights, but proud of her understanding. There might have been party, there might have been faction, mixing with a great public principle; so it was in the time of ship money; so it was in the Revolution. In these instances the private motive mixed with the public cause;

of opinion, that my lord viscount Netterville is not guilty of the felony, treason and murder whereof he stands indicted. Then the lord viscount Netterville, being by order brought to the bar, the lord high steward let his lordship know, that he was indicted for the murder of Michael Walsh, and that he having put himself upon his peers for his trial, declared, that the peers by their judgment, had unanimously found him not guilty of the felony, treason and murder whereof he stood indicted; and that therefore his lordship is discharged. And then the white-staff being delivered to his grace the lord high steward, he stood up, and holding it in both his hands broke it in two, and then leaving the chair, came down to the wool-pack, and said, 'Is it your lordship's pleasure to adjourn the house of peers?' Which was agreed to by the house. The house being adjourned to the house of peers, the lords, and the attendants went back in the same order as they came."

but still it was the cause of the public and the cause of liberty." In 1759, considerable commotion was created in Dublin by the popular apprehension, that parliament contemplated the enactment of a legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, a measure which, according to Boswell, "artful politicians had often had in view."

"Mr. Pitt had endeavoured to instil apprehensions of an invasion into the Irish parliament; at least, to encourage a spirit of raising troops, which might afterwards be applied to other services. It happened at that juncture that there was another point which alarmed the Irish more than the rumours of invasion. This was a jealousy, that an union with England was intended, which they regarded as the means of subjecting them further to this crown. This union was, indeed, a favourite object with lord Hillsborough. He had hinted such a wish a year or two before, in the parliament of England; and being now in Ireland, let drop expressions of the same tendency. This was no sooner divulged, than Dublin was in a flame. The mob grew outrageous, and assembled at the door of the house of commons. Mr. Rigby* went forth and assured them there was no foundation for their jealousy; but his word they would not take. Ponsonby, the speaker, was at last obliged to go out and pacify them; and Mr. Rigby declared in the house, that if a bill of union was brought in, he would vote against it. The tumult then subsided; but Rigby soon after, in consequence of the representations from England, moving that the lord lieutenant might on an emergency, such as on an invasion, summon the parliament to meet without an intervention of forty days, the former suspicions revived, and Rigby's motion was interpreted as preparatory to some sudden scheme of union before measures could be taken to oppose it. The surmise was absurd; for were any surprise intended, the forms are so many before a bill can be complete in Ireland, that time can never be wanted to withstand the most expeditious. A bill must come from the Irish privy council to their house of commons, must return to the council, must then be transmitted to England and back again before it becomes a law. But mobs do not reason, nor, if once prepossessed, listen to reason. A dangerous riot ensued; the people

* Richard Rigby, favorite secretary to the duke of Bedford, lord lieutenant, was afterwards paymaster, and died in 1788. Walpole describes Rigby as "roughened with brutality"—"his passions turbulent and overweening"—"totally uncultivated"—and "indulging in profuse drinking." Junius tells us that "his name was a satire on all government." In one of his letters to Pitt at this period Rigby writes as follows: "The Protestants you say have hands and zeal; I am sorry to say there is a sect among the Protestants who have a zeal most dangerous to be trusted; they are descended from Cromwell's followers, and still retain that stubborn spirit; they avow at this day a dislike to monarchy and the established church, and their fidelity requires equal watching with the Papists."

rose in all parts of Dublin,* and possessing themselves of the avenues of the parliament, seized on the members, and obliged them to take an oath to be true to their country, and to vote against an union. Many were worse treated. One Rowley, a rich Presbyterian, who had long opposed the administration, they seized and stripped, and were going to drown, from which they were with difficulty prevented. Lord Inchiquin, who was newly arrived from the country on purpose to oppose the rumoured union, was alike insulted. They pulled off his periwig and red riband, and put the oath to him. He had an impediment in his speech, and stuttering, they cried, 'Damn you, do you hesitate?' But hearing that his name was O'Brien, their rage was turned into acclamations. They pulled the bishop of Killala out of his coach, as they did the lord chancellor Bowes, obliging him to take their oath; but being seized with a droll scruple that their administering the oath did not give it legality, they stopped the chief justice, and made the chancellor renew the oath before him. Malone was so little in their favour, that though he had taken the oath, one of the ringleaders dipped his fist in the kennel before he would shake hands with him. They then went to the house of lords, where sir Thomas Pendergrass looking out, they pulled him forth by the nose, and rolled him in the kennel. In the house they found lord Farnham taking the oaths on the death of his father, instead of which they made him take theirs. There they committed the grossest and most filthy indecencies, placed an old woman on the throne, and sent for pipes and tobacco for her. They next went to the house of commons, and ordered the clerk to bring them the journals to burn. He obeyed; but telling them they would destroy the only records of the glorious year 1755, they were contented to restore them. But their greatest fury was intended against Rigby, whom the duke of Bedford had lately made their master of the rolls. The office there is no post of business: still the choice of a man so little grave was not decent. The mob prepared a gallows, and were determined to hang Rigby on it; but, fortunately, that morning he had gone out of town to ride, and received timely notice not to return. The duke of Bedford sent to the mayor to quell the tumult, but he excused himself on pretence of there being no riot act in Ireland. The privy council was then called together, who advised sending for a troop of horse. That was executed: the troopers were ordered not to fire; but riding among the mob with their swords drawn, slashing and cutting, they at length dispersed the rioters, after putting to death fifteen or sixteen."

* "Seditious papers had been printed: two drummers, in the livery of the college, had commenced the uproar in the earl of Meath's Liberties, telling the people, that if they did not rise by one o'clock, an act would be passed to abolish parliaments in Ireland. So small, too, was the dislike to the then government, that one of the rioters skimming away lord Tavistock's hat, his comrades gave him 200 lashes, saying, 'lord Tavistock had not offended them.'" This nobleman was the only son of the duke of Bedford, then lord lieutenant.

One of the first steps towards constitutional independence was made in 1768 by the enactment of the "octennial bill," limiting to eight years the duration of the parliaments which had previously existed during the entire life-time of the reigning monarch. It was, however, impossible for Ireland to progress while her parliament continued subject to that of Great Britain; and while, as it was observed, "the attorney-general of England, with a dash of his pen, could reverse, alter, or entirely do away the matured result of all the eloquence, and all the abilities of this whole assembly." The jealous fear that Ireland "might become too great to be governed" caused the English parliament, at every opportunity, to exert its power to destroy the trade and commerce of the neighbouring island. In the reign of Charles II. the exportation of Irish cattle was declared a nuisance. William III., on the petition of the English manufacturers, suppressed the wool trade, the great staple of Ireland; and a work published during his reign, treating of the independence of the Irish parliament, was, in England, ordered to be burned by the common hangman. "The glories of the Revolution," said Bushe, "would have been tarnished if the provincialist had been allowed to partake in them; and the air of liberty would have been tainted, if the colonist had been allowed to breathe it." The war with America in the reign of George III., had, in a great measure, ruined the linen manufacture, while England at the same time imposed new taxes and laid on an embargo, prohibiting Ireland to export provisions. The consequences were ruinous; the complaints of the sufferers were treated with contumely, the government of Ireland became insolvent,* admitted its incapacity to protect its Irish subjects, and authorized them to arm themselves for common defence. The Volunteers consequently sprung into existence. "England was prostrate—Ireland was, as far as depended upon England, defenceless; as far as depended upon herself, invincible—there were scarcely regular troops enough in the country to mount the castle guard—80,000 men bristled in arms—invasion was threatened and averted—the British sun seemed to have set—the empire was dismembered—America had been dissevered—lord Cornwallis's sword was left in the care of general Washington; the

* See the account of La Touche's refusal to advance 20,000*l.* to the Irish government at this period, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. VI.

combined fleets swept the channel, and frowned upon the coast." The spirit of the people* was now aroused; on the 12th of October, 1779, the address for a free trade was carried in the house of commons, and "brought up to the lord lieutenant, at the castle, by the entire house. The streets were lined by the Volunteers, commanded by the duke of Leinster; they presented arms as the speaker and the members appeared and passed through their numerous ranks, amidst the joy and resounding applause of the delighted people, who thronged around from all quarters, enraptured at a sight so novel and so strange; their parliament becoming popular, and their trade becoming free." The king returned a temporising answer, in consequence of which the supplies were at once stopped by an enormous majority in the house of commons, resolving "that it would be inconvenient to grant new taxes." It was on this occasion that prime sergeant Burgh sacrificed all prospects of government promotion by his brilliant speech, which was vehemently applauded by the house and galleries:—"Talk not to me," exclaimed he, "of peace; Ireland is not in a state of peace; it is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men." To Burgh, said Grattan, "the gates of promotion were shut, as those of glory opened." These proceedings, together with the non-importation and non-con-

* On the 15th of November, 1779, "about eight thousand working manufacturers, mostly armed with swords and pistols, assembled before the Parliament house in College green, and in the streets leading thereto crying, 'a short money bill! a free trade! the rights of Ireland!' stopped several members going to the house, and administered oaths to such as they suspected. A party went to the attorney-general's house at Harcourt-place, but not meeting him at home, they broke a few of his windows and proceeded to the Four courts, after which they returned to the Parliament house. Some mischief being apprehended, a troop of horse was ordered to patrol the streets, and a party of Highlanders came to disperse the mob, but the latter remaining resolutely determined to keep their ground, the lord mayor perceiving that any forcible attempts to disperse them must be attended with fatal consequences, very prudently discharged the military, and mildly addressing the populace, remonstrated on the impropriety of their proceedings, and enjoined them to depart peaceably, as a more effectual mode to attain the end universally wished for. Several patriotic members of parliament, and other gentlemen, harangued them to the same effect, upon which they dispersed quietly." Five hundred pounds were offered by the lord lieutenant, at the request of parliament, for the discovery of these rioters. The appearance of the Scotch troops on this occasion formed the subject of a song, not to be found in any collection, entitled, "Did you see the Highlanders that day on College green?"

sumption resolutions, universally entered into through the kingdom, had the desired effect—a free trade was extorted, but the minister, to allay British jealousy, declared, at the same time, that the concession was revocable. This statement proved that the freedom of the Irish legislature could alone guarantee the commercial rights of the country. The legislative independence of Ireland was established at Dungannon on the 15th of February, 1782, and soon after confirmed in the Irish parliament. “Ireland had sprung and vegetated under the foot that trampled her;* her physical energies could not be kept down. Compression seemed to have given vigour to the efforts which she made to recover her natural dimensions, and at last she burst from her confinement, and became herself in the year 1782—this had been the result of the gradual but constant victories obtained by a resident parliament over the prejudices of a foreign one.”

“Early on the 16th of April 1782, the great street before the house of parliament was thronged by a multitude of people, of every class

* “For centuries has the British nation and parliament kept you down, shackled your commerce, paralyzed your exertions, despised your character, and ridiculed your pretensions to any privileges commercial or constitutional. She never conceded a point to you which she could avoid, or granted a favour which was not reluctantly distilled. They have been all wrung from her, like drops of her heart's blood, and you are not in possession of a single blessing except those which you derive from God, that has not been either purchased or extorted by the virtue of your own parliament from the illiberality of England.—Is nothing understood of an house of commons but that it is an engine for raising money out of the pocket of the subject, and throwing it into the coffers of the crown? Take up any volume of your statutes upon that table, you will find the municipal acts of parliament in the proportion of more than forty to one to the imperial: what has, within the memory of many men alive, changed the face of your land? What has covered a country of pasture with tillage? What has intersected an impassable country with roads? What has nearly connected by inland navigation the eastern channel with the western ocean? A resident parliament—this is not theory—look at your statutes and your journals, and there is not one of those improvements which you cannot trace to some document of your own public spirit, now upon that table, and to no other source or cause under heaven; can this be supplied in Westminster—could a committee of this house make a road in Yorkshire? no, nothing can supply a resident parliament watching over national improvement, seizing opportunities, encouraging manufacture, commerce, science, education, and agriculture; applying instant remedy to instant mischief, mixing with the constituent body, catching the sentiment of the public mind, reflecting public opinion, acting upon its impulse, and regulating its excess.”—*C.K. Bushe, A.D., 1800.* Lord Clare, speaking of the interval of Irish independence, observed, “There is not a nation on the habitable globe, which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period.”

and of every description, though many hours must elapse before the house would meet, or business be proceeded on. As it was a circumstance which seldom takes place on the eve of remarkable events, it becomes a proper subject of remark, that though more than many thousands of people, inflamed by the most ardent zeal, were assembled in a public street—without any guide, restraint, or control, save the example of the Volunteers—not the slightest appearance of tumult was observable:—On the contrary, such perfect order prevailed, that not even an angry word or offensive expression escaped their lips. Nothing could more completely prove the good disposition of the Dublin populace, than this correctness of demeanour, at a time when they had been taught—that the very existence of their trade and manufactures—and, consequently, the future subsistence of themselves and their families, was to be decided by the conduct of their representatives that very evening; and it was gratifying to see that those who were supposed or even proved to have been their decided enemies, were permitted to pass through this immense assemblage, without receiving the slightest token of incivility, and with the same ease as those who were known to be their determined friends. The parliament had been summoned to attend this momentous question, by an unusual and special call of the house; and by four o'clock a full meeting took place. The body of the house of commons was crowded with its members—a great proportion of the peerage attended as auditors—and the capacious gallery* which surrounded the interior magnificent dome of the house, contained above four hundred ladies of the highest distinction, who partook of the same national fire which had enlightened their parents, their husbands, and their relatives—and by

* Towards the close of 1789, considerable alterations were made in the gallery, at the suggestion of Burton Conyngham, and under the direction of the speaker. The space was curtailed, and the students of the university were not admitted until the speaker had taken the chair. The gallery, after its alteration, was capable of containing 280 persons, who, sitting at perfect ease, could witness every transaction of the house. To the gallery behind the chair, admission was only granted by an order from the speaker. Towards the termination of the Irish parliament, the collegians were denied free admission to the gallery—a privilege erroneously supposed to have been of long standing—as we find Dr. Browne, provost of Trinity college, stating, in 1790, that he remembered, when he was a student in the university, often to have walked in his gown, for hours, through the hall of the house, till he met some good-natured member to put him into the gallery. “In England, the house is cleared of strangers for every division, and no person is supposed to see or know in what way the representatives of the people exercise their trust. In Ireland, on the contrary, the divisions were public, and red and black lists were immediately published of the voters on every important occasion.” The names of those who opposed the union, in the second debate, on the 24th of January, 1799, were printed in red, and circulated through the country, with the following title: “The list of our glorious and virtuous defenders, that every man may engrave their names and their services on his heart, and hand them down to his children’s children.”

the sympathetic influence of their presence and zeal communicated an instinctive chivalrous impulse to eloquence and to patriotism. Those who have only seen the tumultuous rush of imperial parliaments, scuffling in the antiquated chapel of St. Stephen's, crowned by a gallery of note-takers, anxious to catch the public penny by the earliest reports of good speeches made bad, and bad speeches made better—indifferent as to subjects and careless as to misrepresentation—yet the principal medium of communication between the sentiments of the representatives and the curiosity of the represented, can form no idea of the interesting appearance of the Irish house of commons. The cheerful magnificence of its splendid architecture—the number—the decorum and brilliancy of the anxious auditory—the vital question that night to be determined, and the solemn dignity which clothed the proceedings of that awful moment—collectively produced impressions, even on disinterested strangers, which, perhaps, had never been so strongly or so justly excited by the appearance and proceedings of any house of legislature—Mr. Perry took the chair at four o'clock. The singular working of the summonses had its complete effect, and procured the attendance of almost every member resident within the kingdom. A calm but deep solicitude was apparent on almost every countenance, when Mr. Grattan entered, accompanied by Mr. Brownlow and several others, the determined and important advocates for the declaration of Irish independence. Mr. Grattan's preceding exertions and anxiety had manifestly injured his health; his tottering frame seemed barely sufficient to sustain his labouring mind, replete with the unprecedented importance and responsibility of the measure he was about to bring forward. He was unacquainted with the reception it would obtain from the connexions of the government; he was that day irretrievably to commit his country with Great Britain, and through him Ireland was either to assert her liberty, or start from the connexion. His own situation was tremendous—that of the members attached to the administration embarrassing—that of the people anxious to palpitation. For a short time a profound silence ensued:—it was expected that Mr. Grattan would immediately rise—when the wisdom and discretion of the government gave a turn to the proceedings, which in a moment eased the parliament of its solicitude, Mr. Grattan of the weight that oppressed him, and the people of their anxiety. Mr. Hely Hutchinson (then secretary of state in Ireland) rose. He said, that his excellency the lord lieutenant had ordered him to deliver a message from the king, importing that—'His majesty being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects of Ireland, upon matters of great weight and importance, recommended to the house to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to effect such a final adjustment as might give satisfaction to both kingdoms.' And Mr. Hutchinson accompanied this message with a statement of his own views on the subject, and his determination to support a declaration of Irish rights, and constitutional independence. Thus, on the sixteenth of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two—after nearly seven hundred years of subjugation,

oppression, and misery—after centuries of unavailing complaint, and neglected remonstrance—did the king of Ireland, through his Irish secretary of state, at length himself propose to redress those grievances through his Irish parliament; an authority which, as king of England, his minister had never before recognised or admitted. In a moment, the whole scene was completely changed; those miserable prospects which had so long disgusted, and at length so completely agitated the Irish people, vanished from their view; the phenomenon of such a message had an instantaneous and astonishing effect, and pointed out such a line of conduct to every party and to every individual, as left it almost impossible for any but the most mischievous characters, to obstruct the happy unanimity which now became the gratifying result of this prudent and wise proceeding. It is an observation not unworthy of remark, that in describing the events of that important evening, the structure of the Irish house of commons (as before mentioned) at the period of these debates was particularly adapted to convey to the people an impression of dignity and of splendour in their legislative assembly. The interior of the commons' house was a rotunda of great architectural magnificence; an immense gallery, supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounded the inner base of a grand and lofty dome—in that gallery, on every important debate, nearly seven hundred auditors heard the sentiments and learned the characters of their Irish representatives; the gallery was never cleared on a division; the rising generation acquired a love of eloquence and of liberty—the principles of a just and proud ambition—the details of public business—and the rudiments of constitutional legislation. The front rows of this gallery were generally occupied by females of the highest rank and fashion, whose presence gave an animating and brilliant splendour to the entire scene; and in a nation such as Ireland then was, from which the gallant principles of chivalry had not been altogether banished, contributed not a little to the preservation of that decorum so indispensable to the dignity and weight of deliberative assemblies. This entire gallery had been crowded at an early hour by personages of the first respectability of both sexes—it would be difficult to describe the interesting appearance of the whole assemblage at this awful moment;—after the speech of Mr. Hutchinson, which in fact decided nothing, a low confidential whisper ran through the house, and every member seemed to court the sentiments of his neighbour, without venturing to express his own—the anxious spectators, inquisitively leaning forward, awaited with palpitating expectation the developement of some measure likely to decide the fate of their country, themselves, and their posterity—no middle course could possibly be adopted—immediate conciliation and tranquillity, or revolt and revolution, was the dilemma which floated on every thinking mind—a solemn pause ensued—at length, Mr. Grattan,* slowly rising from his seat, commenced the most luminous, brilliant, and effective oration ever delivered in the Irish parliament."

* R. Kenny's full length portrait of Grattan, moving this declaration of rights, is to be seen in the dining-hall of the university of Dublin.

"All further debate ceased—the speaker put the question on Mr. Grattan's amendment; a unanimous 'aye' burst from every quarter of the house—he repeated the question—the applauses were redoubled—a moment of tumultuous exultation followed—and, after centuries of oppression, Ireland at length declared herself an independent nation.—This important event quickly reached the impatient crowds of every rank of society, who, without doors, awaited the decision of their parliament—a cry of joy and of exultation spread with electric rapidity through the entire city—its echo penetrated to the very interior of the house—every thing gave way to an effusion of happiness and congratulation that had never before been exhibited in that misgoverned country."

The great resources of the country soon became apparent when her trade and liberties were no longer fettered by the supremacy of Great Britain.* "The exports of Ireland increased above one-half; her population near a third; and her agriculture that was not before able to feed a smaller number of inhabitants (for we were fed by corn from England) supplied an increased population of one million, and sent a redundancy to Great Britain. The courtier was astonished; he had contemplated such prospects as the frenzy of the enthusiast; he read that frenzy registered as the public accounts. Nor was all this wealth slow in coming. The nation started into manhood at once; young Ireland came forth like a giant, rejoicing in her strength." The history of the Irish parliament from this era to its extinction becomes the history of Ireland, which the reader must consult, to learn the acts and characters of the many distinguished men who, during that period, adorned the Irish senate.

"The house of lords," says a writer in 1792, "having for a considerable time been considered inconvenient by its members, from its too great interference with the commons, it was determined to give it a distinct entrance, with some additional rooms. Accordingly, in the year 1785,

* The progress of Scotland was adduced to show the advantages of an union, her linen manufacture having increased from one million of yards in 1706, to twenty-three millions in 1796. This argument was answered as follows, by the speaker of the Irish house of commons:—

Ireland's export was, in 1706,	530,838 yards, value,	22,750l.
" " 1783,	16,039,705 " "	1,069,313l.
" " 1796,	46,705,319 " "	3,113,687l.

"That is 88 times greater as to quantity, and 137 times greater as to value in 1796 than in 1700, and thus, that manufacture which is the staple of both kingdoms, rose from 1 to 88 in Ireland—in separate and un-united Ireland, under the nurture and protection of Ireland's parliament, while during the same period, it rose in united Scotland without a resident parliament from 1 to 23, only."

Mr. James Gandon, architect, was applied to, to make designs for an eastern front, with additional rooms, for the greater convenience of the lords. His plans being approved, they were speedily put into execution,* and are now (1792) entirely completed, to the great convenience of the upper house, and exterior ornament of the place. A noble portico, of six Corinthian columns, three feet six inches in diameter, covered by a handsome pediment, now gives the noble peers entrance to the high court of judicature. The entablature of the old portico is continued around to the new; but the column of the one being of the Ionic order, and that of the other of the Corinthian, an incongruity in architecture takes place, which is certainly exceptionable, and might have been avoided by making the whole of the same order. The two porticoes are annexed together by a circular screen wall, the height of the whole building, enriched with dressed niches, and a rusticated basement. It is now completely finished, and expended about £25,000.† The inside presents many conveniences and beau-

* The digging of the foundation was commenced in May, 1785, and the portico, "as it now stands in Westmoreland-street, was erected, but approached by two steps, and the circular ornamental wall, carrying round the cornice and rustic basement, but without columns, as in the design, and substituting niches in place of windows. It was not until this great edifice was converted into a bank that the three-quarter columns were introduced on the wall, and at a period of subsequent elevation of the level of Westmoreland-street that the steps approaching the front of the portico were filled up." The three fine statues, on the eastern portico, representing Justice, Wisdom, and Liberty, were executed by Edward Smith, a Dublin artist, noticed in the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. VI.

† "The house of lords," says an English writer in 1787, "far exceeds that at Westminster: and the lord lieutenant's throne as far exceeds that miserable throne (so called) of the king in the English house of lords. The house of commons is a noble room indeed, it is an octagon, wainscotted round with Irish oak, which shames all mahogany, and galleried all round for the convenience of the ladies. The speaker's chair is far more grand than the throne of the lord lieutenant. But what surprised me above all, were the kitchens of the house, and the large apparatus for good eating. Tables were placed from one end of a large hall to the other, which (it seems) while the parliament sits, are daily covered with meat, at four or five o'clock, for the accommodation of the members." Another writer, who sat in the Irish parliaments of the latter part of the last century, tells us that "On the day whereon the routine business of the budget was to be opened, for the purpose of voting supplies, the speaker invited the whole of the members to dinner in the house, in his own and the adjoining chambers. Several peers were accustomed to mix in the company; and I believe an equally happy, joyous, and convivial assemblage of legislators never were seen together. All distinctions as to government or opposition parties were totally laid aside; harmony, wit, wine, and good-humour reigning triumphant. The speaker, clerk, chancellor of the exchequer, and a very few veteran financiers, remained in the house till the necessary routine was gone through, and then joined their happy comrades, the party seldom breaking up till midnight. On the ensuing day the same festivities were repeated; but on the third day, when the report was to be brought in, and the business discussed in de-

ties,—particularly a committee room, 89 by 27; a library 33 feet square: a hall 57 by 20; and a beautiful circular vestibule. The commons house not being thought sufficiently convenient, and the house being desirous, at the same time, to improve the external appearance of the building, it was determined to make considerable additions to the westward of the old structure. The designs of Mr. Robert Parke, architect, being approved, it was begun in August, 1787, and completed in October, 1794, and comprises an extent of building, nearly equal to that on the east. The western entrance is under a portico of four Ionic columns, and is attached to the old portico by a circular wall, as on the opposite side, but with the addition of a circular colonade, of the same order and magnitude as the columns of the portico, 12 feet distance from the wall. This colonade, being of considerable extent, gives an appearance of extreme grandeur to the building, but robs it of particular distinguishing beauties, which the plainer screen wall to the east gives to the porticoes. The inside of this addition comprises many conveniences, particularly a suite of committee rooms, for determining contested elections before the house; rooms for the housekeeper, serjeant at arms, &c., and a large hall for chairmen to wait in with their chairs. The whole expenditure of this addition amounted to £25,396. On the 27th of February, 1792, between the hours of five and six in the evening, while the house were sitting, a fire broke out in the commons' house, and entirely consumed that noble apartment, but did little other damage. It is conjectured to have taken place by the breaking of one of the flues, which run through the walls to warm the house, and so communicated fire to the timber in the building. Its present construction very nearly resembles the old: it is circular; the other was octangular.”*

tail, the scene totally changed;—the convivialists were now metamorphosed into downright public declamatory enemies, and, ranged on opposite sides of the house, assailed each other without mercy. Every questionable item was debated—every proposition deliberately discussed—and more zealous or assiduous senators could no where be found than in the very members, who, during two days, had appeared to commit the whole funds of the nation to the management of half-a-dozen arithmeticians. But all this was consonant to the national character of the individuals. Set them at table, and no men enjoyed themselves half so much; set them to business, no men ever worked with more earnestness and effect. A steady Irishman will do more in an hour, when fairly engaged upon a matter which he understands, than any other countryman (so far, at least, as my observation has gone) in two.”

* Having given descriptions of the trials of lords Santry and Netterville, we deem it unnecessary to introduce an account of the trial of the earl of Kingston, in the parliament house, on the 18th day of May, 1798, as the ceremonials were identical. The following are the particulars of the wake of the duke of Rutland, who died in the viceroyalty, A.D., 1787: “On Tuesday, November 13th, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the body of his grace was brought from the lodge in the park, attended by his grace's domestics, and escorted by a squadron of horse to the house of lords. The entrance to this awful scene, was through a suite of rooms, lighted with wax, and hung with a superfine black cloth, decorated with

The unsuccessful attempt at parliamentary reform—the regency question—the concessions to the Roman Catholics—the disarming of the volunteers, and the consequences of an insurrection, instigated and fomented by the government officials—are historical points the knowledge of which is necessary for the comprehension of the state of Ireland, when a legislative union was forced* upon her, in open violation of the solemn compact of 1782. “Five of the

escutcheons and banners of his grace's armorial achievements, and the insignia, &c., of the order of St. Patrick, and the order of the garter. The floors were also covered with black cloth. The state-room was superbly decorated in like manner, where the body was laid under a grand canopy, ornamented with large plumes of black feathers, and hung with escutcheons. The body (embalmed) was deposited in a cedar coffin, lined with satin, this was enclosed in one of lead, over this, was a coffin of mahogany, beautifully inlaid, and the whole was enclosed in the state coffin, which was covered with crimson velvet, and superbly decorated with ornaments, beautifully chased and gilt. On the breast-plate, which was in the form of a heart, encircled with a border of oak leaves, also chased and gilt, was engraved the inscription. At the head of the coffin was a ducal coronet, supported by two of his grace's aides-de-camp, and on each side stood six mutes, dressed in long black gowns and caps, supporting branches of wax tapers; the passage through this room was enclosed by railing. Every decent person was admitted, a number of the battle-axe guards attended to preserve regularity. On the whole, this scene exhibited a most awful and solemn appearance, and the most strict decorum and silence was observed.” On the 17th November, at 11 a.m. the coffin, preceded by the choirs of the two cathedrals chanting a dirge, was conveyed to the funeral chariot, at the great portico, and thence brought in grand procession to the water-side.

* Twenty-seven counties petitioned against the union. The petition of the county of Down was “signed by upwards of 17,000 respectable, independent men; and all the others in a similar proportion. Dublin petitioned under the great seal of the city, and each of the corporations in it followed the example. Drogheda petitioned against the union, and almost every town in the kingdom in like manner testified its disapprobation. Those in favor of the measure, possessing great influence in the country, obtained a few counter-petitions; yet, though the petition from the county Down was signed by 17,000, the counter-petition was signed only by 415. Though there were 707,000 who had signed petitions against the measure, the total number of those who declared themselves in favor of it, did not exceed 3,000, and many even of these only prayed that the measure might be discussed.” “In fact,” observed Mr. Grey, in the English parliament, “the nation is nearly unanimous, and this great majority is composed, not of fanatics, bigots, or Jacobins, but of the most respectable of every class of the community.”—“A loud and universal outcry,” said Peter Burrowes, “issues from every quarter of Ireland against this detested measure; the city of Dublin, the University, the counties—the property—the populacy, and talents of the nation—all ranks, and all religions are united in one grand and irresistible confederacy against it. The public sentiment can no longer be falsified—it forces itself upon the senses of every man who can see or hear. No man can stir out of the pale of the castle—no man can travel through any quarter

debates on the union in the Irish commons comprised everything of the first importance upon the subject ; of these, three took place in January, 1799, whilst men were impressed with the horrors of the rebellion, and the fears of a French invasion. The debates of 1800 were after the parliament had been packed through the place bill."

The first debate, opened at 4 p.m. on the 22nd of January, 1799, lasted for twenty-one hours, terminating at 1 p.m. next day, the ministers having by palpable bribery obtained a majority of one. The majority against the union on the 24th consisted of five. The third debate, which took place on the 15th of February, occupied nearly fourteen hours ; and on the 11th of April, on occasion of the house going into committee,

of Ireland without reading it, in the anxious conflict of passions and feelings, depicted in every countenance he meets. These are solemn moral manifestations of the active sentiment of a nation. These are awful warnings, which the benignity of Providence interposes between the rash projects of ministers, and the irretrievable mischief. May God avert the storm, and save the nation." The Dublin press at this time teemed with pamphlets in favor of the union, which were paid for out of the public money. One of the ablest publications of the anti-unionists was Bushe's "Cease your funning ;" and among their songs that entitled "Billy Pitt and the union," here subjoined, held a distinguished place :

"Come, neighbours, attend, while I tell you a story,
Of a cunning young blade, whom they call Billy Pitt,
Who, gulling John Bull of his cash and his glory,
On a notable scheme, to repair them, has hit.
This Billy, who hated to see us uniting,
In love for our country, like true Irish 'boys,'
For creeds and for colours would set us a-fighting,
To carry his union, without any noise !
But, why should our Isle be united to Britain,
With debt overwhelmed, and with taxes assess'd ?
Why, because, as of late by a clerk it is written,
They may take our all from us, and leave us—the rest !
This clerk says, 'by nature our wealth is transcendent !'
But should Ireland for that to a union agree ?—
For, we know, that, before we became independent,
United with England, no riches had we !
* * * * *
Seven provinces, also, we're told by this clerk,
United, and broke from the bondage of Spain ;
But the parallel here leaves us all in the dark—
For—they never return'd to their tyrants again !
Then Paddy, beware !—there's a snake in these offers !—
Though Billy is gilding, don't swallow his pill ;
For soon, do you see ? he will empty our coffers,
And then send them back, for the 'boys' to re-fill !
Let England with Europe still wrangle ; but, neighbours,
What has our little island to do with the strife ?
If Paddy enjoys but the fruit of his labours,
Why Billy may fight all the days of his life ;
So, lads, all uniting in bonds of affection,
Prepar'd for the worst, for the best let us hope—
And may he, who'd resign us to foreign subjection,
Like Judas, receive his deserts—in a rope !"

Foster, the speaker of the commons, argued ably for four hours against the union. The Irish parliament met for the last session on the 15th of January, 1800. The debate lasted all night—sir Laurence Parsons—sergeant Fitz-Gerald—Bushe—Hardy—Plunket and Barrington, had successively combated the ministerial party with brilliant eloquence and invincible integrity. At seven in the morning John Egan had just risen to speak, when Ponsonby and Arthur Moore “walked out, and immediately returned, leading, or rather helping, Mr. Grattan, in a state of feebleness and debility.”

“The scene that took place was interesting in the extreme, and highly characteristic of the individual; novel to the house, and quite unexpected by the ministers, who were not aware that the election had taken place, or that the writ could be returned so soon. They were much surprised at his entrance, and more so at his appearance. The house and the galleries were seized with breathless emotion; and a thrilling sensation, a low murmur, pervaded the whole assembly, when they beheld a thin, weak and emaciated figure, worn down by sickness of mind and body, scarcely able to sustain himself; the man who had been the founder of Ireland's independence in 1782 was now coming forward, feeble, helpless, and apparently almost in his last moments, to defend or to fall with his country. His friends crowded round him, anxious to assist him,—Bowes Daly, in particular: seeing that Mr. Grattan had on his hat, he told him it was contrary to the rules of the house. Mr. Grattan calmly replied, ‘Do not mind me, I know what to do.’ He was dressed in the Volunteer uniform, blue, with cuffs and collar. He had placed his cocked hat square to the front, and kept it on till he advanced half way up the floor; he then stopped and looked round the house with a steady and fearless eye, as if he wished to let them know that, though exhausted, he was yet prepared to give battle, and to bid them defiance; as an old soldier, he was resolved to show front, and let his opponents see that he was not to be trifled with. He knew that he would be pressed, and very soon attacked; and he thought it best to come forward at the outset. When he approached near the table, he then took off his hat; and the oaths having been administered (for by the rules of the Irish parliament they could be taken at any time), he took his seat on the second bench, beside Mr. Plunket.”

Egan having resumed and concluded his speech, Grattan, “almost breathless, as if by instinct, attempted to rise, but was unable to stand—he paused, and with difficulty requested permission of the house to deliver his sentiments without moving from his seat. This was acceded to by acclamation, and he who had left his bed of sickness to record, as he thought, his last words in the parliament of his country, kindled gradually till his language glowed with an energy and feeling which he

had seldom surpassed." He spoke for two hours, and concluded with the following passages:—

"The thing he (the minister) proposes to buy is what cannot be sold—Liberty! For it, he has nothing to give. Everything of value which you possess, you obtained under a free constitution. Part with it, and you must not only be a slave but an idiot. His propositions not only go to your dishonor, but they are built upon nothing else. He tells you—it is his main argument—that you are unfit to exercise a free constitution; and he affects to prove it by experiment.—He does more: he proposes to you to substitute the British parliament in your place; to destroy the body that restored your liberties, and restore that body which destroyed them. Against such a proposition, were I expiring on the floor, I should beg to utter my last breath and record my dying testimony."

At nine, Isaac Corry, who had been bought by the minister, rose to reply; at ten in the morning the house divided, and the national party was defeated by a majority of forty-two. These debates form one of the most instructive and important portions of modern Irish history. The splendid oratory and unanswerable arguments of the uncompromising anti-unionist—the shameless effrontery of the minister and his unscrupulous associates—the unlimited bribery by titles, money and places—the attempts at intimidation by investing the senate house with military—the exultation of the auditory and populace at the rejection of the bill in its early stages*—the

* Throughout all the debates, the ablest lawyers—Saurin, Bushe, and Plunket—maintained that parliament being incapable of abolishing the constitution, such a measure should be necessarily void *ab initio*, and consequently not binding upon the country, that the "transaction though fortified by seven-fold form, was radically fraudulent, that all the forms and solemnities of law were but so many badges of the fraud, and that posterity, like a great court of conscience, would pronounce its judgment."—"I know," said Goold, "the ministers must succeed—but, I will not go away with an aching heart—because I know that the liberties of the people must ultimately triumph. The people must at present submit, because they cannot resist 120,000 armed men. But the period will occur, when, as in 1782, England may be weak, and Ireland sufficiently strong to recover her lost liberties." Grattan, on the 26th of May, 1800, concluded his last speech in the Irish parliament as follows:—"The constitution may be for a time so lost; the character of the country cannot be so lost, the ministers of the crown will, or may, perhaps, at length find that it is not so easy to put down for ever, an ancient and respectable nation by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible; Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heart animate the country; the cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty; loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty. The cry of the connexion

sombre gloom which pervaded all classes of society at the extinction of Irish independence—and the consequent national bankruptcy—are topics which properly belong to the history of the country. We shall here close our notice of the Irish parliament-house by the following description of the final passing of the act of Union, on Saturday, 7th June, 1800, at a period when the people of Ireland had no legal protection for their lives or liberties. “The Habeas corpus act was suspended—martial law was proclaimed—the trial by jury was superseded by courts martial—the judges of the land could hold no shield over the victim of power—property was at the discretion of the military—even the name of liberty was taken away—there was no guarantee for the safety of limb or life—the soldier and the sword were everything—the law and the constitution were practically annihilated.”

“The day of extinguishing the liberties of Ireland had now arrived, and the sun took his last view of independent Ireland—he rose no more over a proud and prosperous nation—she was now condemned, by the British minister, to renounce her rank amongst the states of Europe—she was sentenced to cancel her constitution, to disband her commons, and disfranchise her nobility—to proclaim her incapacity, and register her corruption in the records of the empire. On this fatal event, some, whose honesty the tempter could not destroy—some, whose honor he durst not assail—and many who could not controul the useless language of indignation, prudently withdrew from a scene where they would have witnessed only the

will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty. Connexion is a wise and a profound policy; but connexion without an Irish parliament, is connexion without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honor that should attend it; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connexion. The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principle of liberty. Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire; but, without union of hearts—with a separate government, and without a separate parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonor, is conquest—not identification. Yet, I do not give up the country—I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead—though in her tomb she lies helpless, and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty—

‘Thou art not conquered: beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.’

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her—let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith, with every new breath of wind—I will remain anchored here—with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.”

dowfall of their country. Every precaution was taken by lord Clare for the security, at least, of his own person. The houses of parliament were closely invested by the military—no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted—a British regiment, near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colonades, the chaste architecture of that classic structure seemed as a monument of the falling Irish, to remind them of what they had been, and to tell them what they were. It was a heart-rending sight to those who loved their country, it was a sting to those who sold it—and to those who purchased it, a victory—but to none has it been a triumph.

“The commons’ house of parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of a fine independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a state, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her parliament to vote away the constitution of

“They formed a considerable proportion of the majority by which the measure was carried. Lord Grey, in his speech in the English parliament stated, that “If the parliament of Ireland was left to itself, untempted, unawed, unintimidated, it would, without hesitation, have rejected the resolutions. There are,” he continued, “three hundred members in all, and one hundred and twenty of those strenuously oppose the measure, amongst whom were two-thirds of the county members, the representatives of the city of Dublin, and almost all the towns which it is proposed should send members to the imperial parliament; one hundred and sixty-two voted in favour of the Union; of these, one hundred and sixteen were placemen, some were English generals on the staff, without a foot of ground in Ireland, and completely dependant upon government. Let us reflect upon the arts which have been used since the last sessions of the Irish parliament to pack a majority in the house of commons. All persons holding offices under government, even the most intimate friends of the minister, if they hesitated to vote as directed, were stript of all their employments. Even this step,” added lord Grey, “was found ineffectual, and other arts were had recourse to; which, though I cannot name in this place, all will easily conjecture. So far as can yet be ascertained, the sum expended in bribes, to carry the Union, amounted to four million two hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. Yet the total majority in favour of the measure, notwithstanding this immense expenditure, consisted only of forty-two votes. One of the most glaring cases of bribery on this occasion was that of sir William Gleadowe Newcomen, detailed in our paper on Castle street. Much as superficial authors have declaimed against the venality of the Irish parliament, an examination of historical documents will show that the parliaments of Scotland and England were far more corrupt. The bribery required to purchase the Scotch parliament to agree to an union only amounted to fifty thousand pounds; one Scotch peer having sold himself for the sum of eleven guineas, and, according to sir Walter Scott, “he threw his religion into the bargain; and from Roman Catholic turned Protestant, to make his vote a good one.” The corruption of the English parliament caused lord Chatham to declare “that if the house did not reform itself from within, it would be reformed with a vengeance from without.” We might here adduce various high authorities to exhibit how far the English parliament surpassed that of Ireland in venality, it may, however, suffice to cite the following figures from the petition for reform presented to British house of commons in 1793:

a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connexion. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British government, sanctioned by the British legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal of their monarch. The situation of the speaker (Foster), on that night, was of the most distressing nature; a sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence. It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered. The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches—scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members—nobody seemed at ease—no cheerfulness was apparent—and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner. At length the expected moment arrived—the order of the day for the third reading of the bill—for a ‘Legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland,’ was moved by lord Castlereagh unvaried, tame, coldblooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject. At that moment he had no country—no god but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference. Confused murmurs again ran through the house—it was visibly affected, every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index;—some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not dispatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful, momentary silence succeeded their departure. The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honors and of his high character: for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never

Seventy-one peers returned by treasury nomination, and other influence	-	-	-	170 members
Ninety-one commoners returned by similar means	-	-	-	139
Total returned for England and Wales, or exclusive of Scotland	-	-	-	309
All the members (forty-five) for Scotland, similarly returned	-	-	-	45
Members of the British house of commons corruptly returned	-	-	-	354
Remaining members honestly returned	-	-	-	204
Total of members for England and Scotland	-	-	-	558

failed to signalise his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence ; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, 'as many as are of opinion that this bill do pass, say aye.' The affirmative was languid, but indisputable—another momentary pause ensued—again his lips seemed to decline their office : at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, 'the ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced—for an instant he stood statue-like ; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was extinguished."

The Irish parliament assembled for the last time in Dublin on Saturday 2nd October, 1800. The following peers entered their solemn protest against the illegality of the union, which, said they, "we feel ourselves called upon to do in support of our characters, our honor, and whatever is left to us worthy to be transmitted to our posterity"—Leinster, Meath, Granard, Moira, Ludlow, Arran, Charlemont, Kingston, Riversdale, Mountcashel, Farnham, Belmore, Massey, Strangford, Powerscourt, De Vesci, William, bishop of Down and Connor, Richard, bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Sunderlin, Lismore. Documents exist to prove that every member who supported the minister received a large bribe ; nothing was, however, able to shake the integrity of the large minority who opposed the measure. Neither dismissal from office, threats of assassination, the offers of splendid rewards and titles, nor the pressing prospects of future penury, could induce them to join in voting away the ancient constitution of the country. and they retired from the scene, as was pathetically remarked, "with safe consciences, but with breaking hearts."

"Of the parliament of Ireland," said Grattan to the English house of commons in 1809, "I have a parental recollection. I sate by her cradle, I followed her hearse. In fourteen years she acquired for Ireland what you did not acquire for England in a century—freedom of trade, independency of the legislature, independency of the judges, restoration of the final judicature, repeal of a perpetual mutiny bill, habeas corpus act, nullum tempus act—a great work !"

In 1802, the parliament house was purchased from government by the bank of Ireland, for £40,000, subject to a ground rent of £240 per annum. Liberal premiums having been offered for plans for the adaptation of the building to its new purposes, the most eminent architects of Great Britain

sent in their designs; the first prize was, however, adjudged to Henry A. Baker,* a native of Dublin. During the panic in 1803, the building was used as a barrack; in the succeeding year a fire broke out beneath the front portico, and injured it so severely that it was found necessary to insert large pieces in several of the columns.

* Baker, fearing that his plans might be summarily rejected if he appeared in the competition as an Irish artist, had his drawings privately conveyed to London and thence to Dublin, as from an English architect; the names of the competitors not being demanded until the final adjudication. The result justified his anticipations, as, although the judges awarded him £300, the management of the works was committed to the late Francis Johnston. During these alterations the house of commons was taken down, together with the court of requests, and a portion of the latter now forms the cash office of the bank. The chair of the speaker of the Irish house of commons stands in the board room of the royal Dublin society: the chandelier is suspended in St. Andrew's church; and the mace was exhibited by lord Masserene, in September, 1852, at the Belfast Museum. Two exhibitions of paintings were held in the parliament house in the years 1802 and 1803, in the former of which John Comerford exhibited for the first time. The statues on the south front of the building were executed by Edward Smith, of Dublin, from small pen and ink sketches by Flaxman. "Before the union," says a writer in 1818, "the society of the Irish metropolis, was very numerous, as well as highly respectable. Dublin was then the constant or occasional residence of 249 temporal peers, 22 spiritual peers, and 300 members of the house of commons. Politics and party imparted a spirit and animation to all ranks; and social intercourse was rendered brilliant and interesting, when the most eminent characters, still more remarkable for their talents than their rank or fortune,—in the castle, the parliament, the courts of law, the church, and the university, contributed to make it so." The change effected by the union has been most disastrous to Dublin, which cannot at present boast of one resident temporal peer. The depreciation in the value of property consequent on this measure was so rapid that a house, in the best and most fashionable quarter of Dublin, which in 1791 was worth £8,000. only produced £2,500, in 1801. In 1799 there were but seven bankruptcies in the city, in 1810 their number was 152. This result was predicted by Lysaght in his anti-union lyric:—

"How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit,
That he'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir!
By a magical move of that conjurer, Pitt,
The country is coming to town, sir!
Thro' Capel street soon as you'll rurally range,
You'll scarce recognize it the same street:
Choice turnips shall grow in your royal Exchange,
Fine cabbages down along Dame street.
Wild oats in the college won't want to be till'd;
And hemp in the Four courts may thrive, sir;
Your markets again shall with muttons be fill'd—
By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir!
In the parliament house, quite alive, shall there be,
All the vermin the island e'er gathers;
Full of rooks, as before, Daly's club-house you'll see,
But the pigeons won't have any feathers.
Our custom-house quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport!
But the ministers' minions, kind elves, sir,
Will give us free leave all our goods to export,
When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir!"

In addition to the parliament house, the history of which has been thus investigated for the first time, there also stood on College green, in the reign of Charles II., the residences of two distinguished noblemen—the lords Charlemont and Clancarty. William, second viscount Charlemont, the most distinguished soldier produced by the Caulfield family, with the exception of its founder, the valiant sir Toby—was attainted in the parliament of 1689, for having aided the prince of Orange, and during the progress of the Northern campaigns his estates in Ulster were reduced to a condition of complete sterility by the veteran Jacobite general, sir Teague (*Tadhg*) O'Regan. After the termination of the Irish wars of the revolution, he took a prominent part in the proceedings of the house of lords, was appointed colonel of a regiment of infantry, and, subsequently, highly distinguished himself in Spain, under the eccentric earl of Peterborough. In the assault on Barcelona, in 1705, lord Charlemont commanded the first brigade, at the head of which he stormed the town. At the siege of the almost impregnable citadel of Montjuich, he “behaved with all imaginable bravery, and, at the attack of the fort, marched into the works at the head of his men, was near the prince of Hesse when he fell, and continued, during the heat of that action, to perform his duty with great resolution; which when ended, the earl of Peterborough presented his lordship and colonel Southwell to the king of Spain, as officers who had done his majesty signal service, for which they received his thankful acknowledgments.” Lord Charlemont was subsequently created a major-general and privy councillor: he died at his house on College green, in 1726, and was then reputed to be the oldest nobleman in Great Britain, having been a peer more than 55 years.

The title of earl of Clancarty was conferred in 1658, on Donogh, son of viscount Muskerry, representative of the ancient hereditary princes of Desmond, or South Munster. The earl of Clancarty, “who,” said the duke of Ormond, “was the only person in the world, from whom I never did, nor ever would have concealed the greatest and most important secret of my soul,” commanded the royal army in Munster during the wars of 1641, and, after the reduction of the island by Cromwell, he served with distinction on the Continent. By his wife, Eleanor Butler, sister of the duke of Ormond, he had three sons—Callaghan, his successor; Charles, lord Muskerry,

who fell in a bloody sea-fight with the Dutch* in 1665; and Justin Mac Carthy, lord Mountcashel, who married the second

* "The earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle, second son to the earl of Burlington, were killed on board the duke's ship, the Royal Charles, with one shot: their blood and brains flying in the duke's face; and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the duke, as some say." James II. tells us that "the lord Muskerry was gentleman of the bed-chamber to the duke, a very brave man and a good foot officer." A Dublin writer of the day states, that the news of the duke of York's victory over the Dutch arrived in the city by the packet early on Saturday evening, and that "great joy was thereupon among all the loyal party, and all the streets in the town immediately full of bonfires to testify both the certainty of that news, and greatness of their joy." From a letter of the duke of Ormond to the earl of Arran, in January, 1681, we find that a report was circulated that the former "had been seen to receive the sacrament in the Romish way at his sister Clancarty's." This he strenuously denied, and remarked, that they might as truly swear that he had been "circumcised in Christ church," adding—"The credulous that trust in prints, will never hear or consider that I could have as many Masses and sacraments, as I had a mind to, brought me, and more secretly into my lodging, than to go any where abroad for them; that the laity never have the sacrament given them (unless they are sick) but at Mass; that Masses are never said but in the morning; and I defy any body to prove, that ever I was to see my sister this twenty years, but in an afternoon." In March, 1689, the count D'Avaux "made his solemn entry into Dublin as ambassador from the French king; proceeding from the earl of Clancarty's house, near the college, attended by the guards, and a great number of Irish, and many officers and gentlemen, to the castle," where, having audience of James II., he delivered a lengthened discourse in advocacy of the repeal of the Act of settlement. D'Avaux was soon afterwards recalled to France, and we are told in the memoirs of the time that James II. "*n'étoit pas content de ses manières hautes et peu respectueuses: c'étoit d'ailleurs un homme d'esprit, et qui avoit acquis de la réputation dans les différentes ambassades qu'il avoit eues.*" In 1696 the countess dowager of Clancarty resided in Dover-street, London; Clancarty house was standing on College green so late as the year 1743. We find notice of Dr. Smith, a distinguished medical practitioner, residing on College green in the reign of William and Mary: sir Edward Barry, baronet, an eminent physician and author of various medical treatises, also dwelt here in the last century. In 1745 he was appointed physician general to the army, and was one of the founders of the Physico-historical society. He died at Bath in 1776, having in the previous year published "*Observations, historical, critical, and medical, on the wines of the ancients, and on the analogy between them and modern wines, with observations on the principles and qualities of waters, and particularly those of Bath.*" 4to., London: 1775.

Cornelius Magrath, the Irish giant, was exhibited at the "Sceptre and Cushion," on College green, where he died in 1760. He was born near Silver-mines, in Tipperary, in 1736, of obscure parents, and suddenly grew, in the space of one year, from five to upwards of seven feet. "His hand was as large as a middling shoulder of mutton, and the last of his shoe, which he carried about him, measured fifteen inches. He exhibited himself in the principal towns of Great Britain and the Conti-

daughter of the great earl of Strafford, was created lieutenant general of the Irish Jacobite troops, which he commanded during the Northern war of 1689, and in the succeeding year headed the corps forming the first Irish brigade in the service of France, where he died in 1694. Donogh Mac Carthy, third earl of Clancarty, embraced the cause of James II., whom he actively supported in the field, and his regiment was conse-

quent, and a physician of Florence, named Bianchi, wrote a treatise concerning him on his visit to that city. A fever, contracted in Flanders, was supposed to have been the remote cause of his death: his body was deposited in the anatomy house of Trinity college, where a lecture was delivered upon it. He had received much kindness from Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, who retained him for some time in his house. We are told that Magrath always eat and drank moderately; his complexion was pale and sallow, and his pulse beat sixty times in a minute.

The honorable James O'Brien resided on College-green in 1763, and viscount Mountgarret also lived here in 1783. John Allen, a mercer, of No. 36 College-green, was tried and acquitted of high treason, at Maidstone, in 1798, and in 1803 engaged deeply in Robert Emmett's plans, after the failure of which he escaped from the coast of Dublin, entered the French army, and rose, by his services, to the rank of lieutenant. His gallant conduct at Astorga, under the duke d'Abrantes, was rewarded by a colonelcy; he was subsequently taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and after his liberation, by exchange, he joined Napoleon in 1813; in the succeeding year the English government specially demanded that Allen should be given up to them, but the French soldiers, to whose custody he was committed, connived at his escape, after which he retired to Normandy, where he passed the latter part of his life.

The general post-office of Dublin was removed, in 1783, from Dame-street to the south side of College-green. In 1784, the annual income of the Irish post-office was £14,000, while the expense of the establishment amounted to £15,000. The attorney-general, in the same year, stated that "it is well known that the cross posts in many parts of this kingdom are on a most wretched footing; many considerable places have no post-office at all, and in others they are so poorly supplied, that a letter by a cross post is the most uncertain thing in the world. In the whole county of Kerry there is but one post-office, and in the county Leitrim, no post-office at all. From Limerick to Cork is but fifty miles, the post between these cities takes a circuit of 150 miles. Mallow is but 14 miles from Cork, yet as all letters are obliged to be carried first to Clonmel, the post route between Cork and Mallow is 80 miles. While the post-office was under the controul of another country, we could not rectify those defects." After the establishment of the Irish post-office, by act of parliament, in 1784, its annual gross receipts increased from £40,115 10s. 1d. in 1786, to £77,473 17s. 11d. in 1799. The post-office on College-green was a large building, five stories in height, with eight windows across, the secretary's house being situated next to Grafton-street. After the removal of the post-office to Sackville-street, in 1818, Mr. Home erected the "Royal Arcade" on its former site, in College-green, and that building having been destroyed by fire, in 1837, was replaced, in 1842, by the present National Bank of Ireland.

quently created a royal regiment of guards. He was also appointed a lord of the bed-chamber, and entertained king James when he landed in Cork from France in 1689. After the evacuation of Dublin by the Jacobites, the Williamite government took possession of "Clancarty house" on College-green, whence we find the lords justices from that period dating their despatches and proclamations, and we are told that :—

"Thursday, the 20th October, 1690, being the anniversary of the former Irish rebellion, which broke out in this kingdom on the 23rd of October, 1641, was observed in this city with great solemnity. The lords justices, attended by all the lords spiritual and temporal, judges, officers of the army, and others the gentry in and about the city of Dublin, went from Clancarty-house to St. Patrick's church, with the king-at-arms, herald-at-arms, and other officers in their formalities. After an excellent sermon, they returned in the like order, where a splendid entertainment was prepared. At the second course at dinner, the king and herald-at-arms, with the maces before them, came before the lords justices, and, in Latine, French, and English, proclaimed their majesties' titles, as on such solemnities is usual. The day was ended with ringing of bells, bonfires, and other demonstrations of public joy."

"His majesty's birth-day (4th November, 1690), was observed here with all the splendour this city could afford. The militia thereof, consisting of 2500 foot, two troops of horse, and two troops of dragoons, all well clothed and armed, were drawn out and gave several vollies. In the evening there was a very fine fire-work before the lords justices' house, on Colledge-green, during which a hogshead of claret, set out in the street by order of the lords justices, was by the people drunk out in their majesties' healths. Most of the nobility and gentry in and about the city were invited by the lords justices to a splendid entertainment and banquet, and the day ended with ringing of bells, bonfires in all parts of the city, and all other demonstrations of public joy and satisfaction. The next day, being the anniversary of the Popish powder-plot, the lords justices, attended by the nobility, judges, and other persons of quality in town, with the king and herald-at-arms, and the ensigns of honour carried before them, went to St. Patrick's church, and after their return from thence, the lords justices gave the nobility, &c. a great entertainment. Their majesties' titles being, at the second course, proclaimed in Latin, French, and English, by the king-at-arms, as on such solemnities is usual. The great guns were discharged at the same time (as they were the day before), and, that the common people might share in the satisfaction of this day, the lords justices ordered an ox to be roasted whole, which, with a hogshead of strong beer, was given among them. And at night the public joy was expressed by bonfires, with all other demonstrations of it becoming the occasion."

"The earl of Clancarty was taken prisoner at Cork, by Marlborough, in 1690, and imprisoned in the tower of London, from which he escaped to France, in 1694, having been appointed by James II. to succeed Sarsfield, earl of Lucan, as commander of the second royal troop of guards. His great estates, equivalent at the present day to two hundred thousand pounds per annum, having been seized by Cromwellian and Williamite colonists, he died in exile at Altona, in 1754. His son, whose title was indisputable, owing to his having been a minor at the revolution, and claiming under a marriage settlement, endeavoured to recover his patrimonial estates, but his efforts were rendered abortive by the exertions of the occupants, who procured an act of parliament outlawing all lawyers who should undertake his cause. "Of the race of *Eoghan Mór*," says Charles O'Connor, "the Mac Carthys were the first and the greatest; the oldest Milesian family in Ireland, and one of the most celebrated. Out of the wrecks of time and fortune, Donogh, the late earl of Clancarthy, had reserved in his family an estate of ten or twelve thousand pounds a-year; a fair possession of more than two thousand years' standing, the oldest perhaps in the world; but forfeited in the days of our fathers. Robert, the present earl of Clancarthy, a nobleman of the strictest probity, a sea-officer of the greatest valour and experience, lives now (1760) abroad, on an exhibition unworthy of his family and merit; the hard fate of one worthy of a better." The comte Mac Carthy Reagh, of Toulouse, who possessed one of the most valuable libraries in Europe, was, it may be observed, a collateral relative to the former possessors of Clancarty-house.

To those who are unacquainted with the neglect of local research amongst us, it will probably appear strange that no correct historical account should yet be extant of a monument once so politically notorious as the statue of William III., on College-green, Dublin. Of the inauguration of this statue, on the first of July in the year 1701, we have the following contemporary details, which, together with the other particulars given in this paper, have, it may be observed, never been published in any local history:

"Our citizens having, in commemoration of our deliverance by his majesty, lately erected his statue on horseback in brass on the College green (being a spacious part of the city), this day being the anniversary of his majesty's happy victory at the Boyne (which completed

that deliverance), the statue was opened, and exposed to public view with the following solemnities. The lord mayor, with the aldermen, sheriffs, masters, wardens, and commons of the city, assembled at the Tholsell at 4 in the afternoon, and walked from thence in their formalities to College-green, with the city music playing before them; the two companies of granadiers belonging to the city militia marching first to make way, and a great concourse of people following them; some time after they reached College-green, the lord mayor and citizens, at the entrance of the green received the lords justices, whom the lord mayor conducted through a lane made by the granadiers to the foot of the statue, and then the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens, in the same order as they marched from the Tholsell, attended their excellencies, with a great many of the nobility and gentry, walking round the statue three several times, the nobility, gentry, and citizens, being uncovered, and the kettle-drums, trumpets, and other musick, playing all that time on a stage erected for that purpose near the front of the statue; after the second going round, the recorder of the city made a florid speech suitable to the occasion, celebrating his majesty's great actions, and expressing their unanimous loyalty and affection to his person and government; which being ended the great guns were fired. After the third round the lord mayor conducted their excellencies through a guard into a large new house appointed for their reception in view of the statue, where their excellencies, with the nobility, gentry, provost and fellows of the college, were entertained, and the great guns fired a second time. In the close the king's health was drunk, with prosperity to this city, and the guns were fired again, the granadiers still firing before the great guns; during which time several hogsheads of claret being ready placed on stilts, with two large baskets of cakes on each, the claret was set running, and the cakes thrown about among the crowds of people that were in the streets. Afterwards the lords justices were attended by the lord mayor and aldermen in their coaches to the lord mayor's house, where a splendid entertainment was provided for their excellencies, the nobility and ladies, which being over, they were farther entertained with fireworks, &c. and the night was concluded with ringing of bells, illuminations and bonfires. The whole day was kept throughout the city with the shops shut, the bells ringing, and an universal rejoicing."

From the year 1690, the fourth of November, being the anniversary of the birth, and landing of William III. in England, was annually observed in Dublin with great solemnity; and after the year 1701, the rendering of homage to the king's statue became an important part of the day's ceremonies, which were as follow:—In the morning the flag was displayed on Birmingham tower, the guns in the Phoenix park were fired and answered by volleys from the corps in the barracks, and by a regiment drawn up on College-green,* all the bells in the

* The first newspaper published in Dublin was "The News Letter,"

town rang out, and at noon the lord lieutenant held a levee at the castle, whence, about 3 p.m. a procession was formed, the

printed in 1685 by Joseph Ray on College-green, for Robert Thornton, at the "Leather bottle," in Skinner-row. It consisted of a single leaf, small folio, printed on both sides, and written in the form of a letter, each number being dated from London, and commencing with the word—sir. The existence of this paper was totally unknown to former writers, who universally alleged that "Pue's Occurrences" was the first Dublin newspaper, an error lately reiterated in an account of Handel's visit of Dublin, by Mr. Townsend, who also errs in stating that he was the first to place before the public, a notice of Handel's performances in this city, as the full details of them had been given in our first paper on the "Streets of Dublin," printed some months before the appearance of Mr. Townsend's pamphlet. Ray, of College-green, also printed a newspaper called "Dublin Intelligence," the first number of which was issued on 30th September, 1690. Among the booksellers and publishers on College-green were William Winter (1685), at the "lord primate's head;" Neal and Mainwaring at "Corelli's head," opposite Anglesea-street (1737), music publishers, the latter—Bartholomew Mainwaring—an accomplished musician, died in 1758; J. P. Droz (1744–9), editor of the "Literary Journal," noticed in our last paper; J. Milliken, (1771 to 1773); Patrick Byrne, at no. 35, corner of Church-lane (1778 to 1784), remarkable for his subsequent political conduct; John Magee at no. 41 (1777 to 1789), a lottery broker and publisher of "Magee's Weekly Packet, or Hope's lottery journal, of news, politicks, and literature," first issued in June, 1777; a lottery ticket for a £50 prize was given with each of the early numbers. Magee afterwards became noted as proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post, and as the persecutor of lord Clonmel. The other booksellers in College-green were Stewart, Douglas, and Spotswood, opposite Anglesea-street, publishers of the "Dublin Chronicle," 1770; William Spotswood, no. 40, publisher of the "Independent Chronicle and universal Advertiser" (1777); Antoine Gerna, no. 31, next to the Post-office (1787 to 1795), a dealer in foreign books and master of a news-room; John Shea, at the "Lycæum," no 42, publisher of the "Constitution or Anti-Union Evening Post," commenced in 1799; John Rice, no. 2 (1791 to 1797); James Moore, no. 45 (1785), publisher of the "Anti-Union," a paper established on the model of the "Anti-Jacobin," by Burrowes, Plunket, Bushe, Wallace, Goold and Smily; Robert Emmet appears also to have been a contributor to this paper, the first number of which was issued on the 27th December, 1798, and the last on the 9th March, 1799. Moore, who was also a lottery broker, published the parliamentary debates and several pamphlets and speeches against the Union; he, however, betrayed the confidence reposed in him by selling a quantity of manuscript and printed anti-union productions, to lord Castlereagh, by whom they were destroyed. The largest work published by Moore was an edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in twenty volumes quarto. Vincent Dowling (1798), a most eccentric and talented man, kept the "Apollo circulating library," no. 5 College-green, corner of Anglesea-street, where he published a large number of ballads and jeux d'esprit against the Union. Dowling, of whom we shall hereafter give a further account, was principal author of the periodical entitled, "Proceedings and De-

streets from the castle being lined with soldiers. The procession, composed of the viceroy, lord mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, lord chancellor, judges, provost of Trinity college, commissioners of revenue, and other civil and military officers, together with those who had been present at the castle, moved through Dame street and College-green to Stephen's green, round which they marched, and then returned in the same order to College-green, where they paraded thrice round the statue, over which, after the procession had retired, three volleys of musketry were discharged by the troops. Sir Constantine Phipps, while lord justice during the reign of queen Anne, endeavoured to abolish this custom by refusing to join in the procession; he was, however, frustrated in his design by the high sheriff, William Aldrich, a violent ascendancy partizan, who placed himself at the head of the assemblage and led them through the usual circuit, leaving sir Constantine almost deserted in the castle. In the early part of the last century, the spirit of Jacobitism, which prevailed to a considerable extent in the university of Dublin, combining with a love of mischief, and a desire to revenge the insult offered to their *alma mater* by placing the king's back towards the gate of the college, incited the students to offer repeated indignities to the statue. It was frequently found in the morning decorated with green boughs, covered with filth, or dressed up with hay, and it was also a common practice to set a straw figure astride behind that of the king. These insults were but trivial to the ill treatment the statue received on the night of Sunday, the 25th June, 1710, when some persons covered the king's face with mud, and deprived his majesty of his sword and truncheon. On the following Monday, the house of lords resolved, "That the lord chancellor, as speaker, do, as from this house, forthwith attend his excellency, and acquaint him, that the lords, being informed, that great indignities were offered, last night, to the statue of his late majesty king William of glorious memory, erected on College-green, to shew the grateful sense this whole kingdom, and particularly

bates of the parliament of Pimlico, in the last session of the eighteenth century. Tripilo: published by the executors of Judith Freel, late printer to his Dalkeian majesty, and sold at 5, College-green, and by all the flying stationers. Price Four Camacks." This publication was succeeded by the "Olio or Anythingarian Miscellany," in the second number of which appeared the ballad of "Mary Le More," by G. N. Reynolds, to whom the "Exile of Erin" has been ascribed. Dowling's house has been for many years an office of the Royal Exchange Insurance Company.

the city of Dublin, have, of the great blessings, accomplished for them by that glorious prince, have made this unanimous resolution, that all persons concerned in that barbarous fact, are guilty of the greatest insolence, baseness, and ingratitude; and desire his excellency the lord lieutenant may issue a proclamation, to discover the authors of this villainy, with a reward to the discover, that they may be prosecuted and punished accordingly." One hundred pounds were consequently offered for the discovery of the iconoclasts, the house of commons returned the duke of Wharton their thanks for his prompt conduct on the occasion; and, at the expense of the corporation, the statue was repaired and a new truncheon placed in its hand, with great solemnity, in the presence of the twenty-four guilds of the city. It having been subsequently discovered that the statue had been defaced by three young men, named Graffon, Vinicome, and Harvey, the two former were, in consequence, expelled from the university, condemned on 18th November, 1710, to six months imprisonment, to pay a fine of £100 each, and to be carried on 19th November, at 11 a.m. "to College-green, and there to stand before the statue for half an hour with this inscription on his breast, 'I stand here for defacing the statue of our glorious deliverer, the late king William.'"* The latter part of the sentence was remitted by Richard Ingoldsby, lord justice, and their fines were reduced to five shillings, on the following petition, which is now printed for the first time:

"John Graffon of Dublin, gentleman, and William Vinicome fined £100 each. They state that it was the great misfortune of them, the Petitioners, the night that the statue of king William on College-green was defaced, to have, contrary to the former course of their lives, indulged themselves too freely in drinking on the news of the surrender of Douay. That, returning late that night to the college of Dublin, in company of one Thomas Harvey, who had also been with them drinking, and passing by the said statue, the said Harvey proposing to get up to the statue, the said Graffon and Vinicome dissuaded him from it; yett he persisting in the frolic, Vinicome not being sensible of the evil consequence of the fact, was drawn in by Harvey's instigation to assist him. That Graffon though under great disorder at that time, yet was so far from concurring in that fact, that he went away towards the Round church, and coming back againe found they had taken the truncheon from the statue. That next day, when the said Graffon and Vinicome came to a sense of what they had done, they were seized with

* King's bench rule book, 18, November, 1710, M.S.

confusion and sorrow for their folly, and being swayed by the notions they had of the dishonourableness of the character of an informer, they omitted their duty in discovering it on the proclamation issued to that effect, and afterwards one Markham having by insinuation and artifices obtained a confession from the said Vinicombe, and discovered the same, and had the said Graffon and Vinicombe apprehended and prosecuted, aggravating severall circumstances of the crime, beyond what really they were, and that Graffon and Vinicombe have been severally punished by the college to the utter ruin of all their hopes from the relation they had to that venerable body, and have been also most severely sentenced in the queen's bench to an infamous punishment, besides imprisonment and such a fine as they are now way able to pay, and have already suffered about three months imprisonment in miserable circumstances, to the great hazard of their health, and with so great expense and inconvenience that they can scarcely hope to recover from the ill effect."

On the 11th of October, 1714, "as disaffected to his majesty's government, offer great indignities to the memory taking out and breaking the trunche aggressors on this occasion do not appear, although government offered £1 The Boyne, Enniskillen, Aughrim, societies formed in Dublin in the first 1 were accustomed, on their anniversaries through the city to College-green, where and colours flying, and with green boug in their hats, they drew up in military and having discharged a general volley in regular order to hear a sermon at one of the parish churches, after which they retired to partake of a banquet provided for the occasion, where they toasted the "glorious pious and immortal memory of the great and good king William." In 1765 the statue was taken down and replaced on a stone pedestal of greater elevation than the former pediment; being, however, usually encircled by hackney chairs, it began to be regarded as an obstruction to the confined passage through College-green. A watch-house, located on its eastern side, was inefficient to protect its base from being perpetually covered with filth, in consequence of which nuisance to the neighbourhood a proposal was made to remove it to the barracks. After the formation of the Volunteers, however, the statue regained its original importance from their annual musters in its vicinity, which commenced on the fourth of November, in the eventful year, 1779 :

"Being the anniversary of the birth-day of king William III., that happy instrument in the hands of Providence for relieving this kingdom from the arbitrary dominion of the Stuart line, all the bells in the city were rung at the opening of day, and the citizens decorated with orange ribbons. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, the different bodies of Volunteers of this city and county, consisting of the cavalry, commanded by their own officers; the corps of the city and Liberty, to the right of the county, commanded by his grace the duke of Leinster; and the county of Dublin corps, commanded by captain Gardiner; assembled at St. Stephen's green, and having made a proper disposition, with drums beating and colours flying, they marched in files, through York-street, Aungier-street, Bishop-street, Bride-street, Werburgh-street, Castle-street, Cork hill, and Dame-street, till they arrived at College green, where, having arranged themselves around the statue of king William, in the following order:—The Volunteers took their ground, and surrounded the statue in College green, at half-past twelve o'clock; they were preceded by the Castleknock troop of light horse, most nobly mounted, uniform, scarlet faced with black, helmets and black plumes. And also, by sir John Allen Johnston's Rathdown light horse, elegantly mounted on fine hunters, uniform, scarlet with black facing, helmets, with red plumes, white waistcoats, &c. They were immediately followed by the Dublin Volunteers, under the command of our gallant Irish duke, blue uniform lined with buff, red collars and red edgings, buff waistcoats, &c., the grenadiers with feathers, and the infantry with caps and plumes, 200 men, with two pair of colours, one of which was lately presented by the duke, with the never-to-be-forgotten motto of 'The 12th October, 1779.' The Liberty Volunteers, commanded by sir Edward Newenham, uniform, blue edged with orange, buff waistcoats, &c., colours, orange and blue, with oak

* In commemoration of the Williamite troops at the Boyne having borne green boughs to distinguish them from the Jacobite soldiers, who wore pieces of white paper in their hats. The music of the Volunteers march will be found in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. VI. The most popular song among the people at this period was "Paddy's address to John Bull," which was set to the air of "Larry Grogan," and usually played at the Volunteer meetings. As this song is not published in any printed collection, we here subjoin it, premising that the second stanza alludes to the abolition of the Irish wool trade by William III., and the "sheep skin well beat" refers to the drums of the Volunteers:

"By your leave, gossip John, by my faith, it's so long
 Since we play'd you a lilt, this same key on, same key on,
 Don't turn the deaf ear, since our harp wants repair;
 Faith, we've got other music to play on, to play on.
 Sixty thousand bold boys have contriv'd such a noise,
 As now charms the ear of gay France, sir, gay France, sir;
 Nay, some folk go further, I hope 'tis no murther,
 To say it would make a king dance, sir, king dance, sir.
 Were you not currd dull, when you took off our wool,
 To leave us so much of the leather, the leather;
 It ne'er enter'd your pate, that a sheep-skin well beat
 Would arouse the whole nation together, together.
 One and all, young and old, none complain of the cold,
 Tho' stripp'd to the skin and the bone, sir, the bone, sir,
 All join the parade, and shout out—'A free trade'—
 Or else—you may leave it alone, sir, alone, sir.

boughs in their hats, 180 men. Lawyers' company, under the command of counsellor Pethard, uniform, scarlet, white waistcoats, &c. 80 men. Goldsmiths' company, under the command of counsellor Caldbeck, uniform, blue edged with buff, buff waistcoats, &c., and colours, 70 men. This corps brought their train of two field pieces to the Green, where they fired several rounds, and wrought their pieces with much address. Merchants' company, uniform, blue, faced with red, white waistcoats, &c., 170 men.—colours, orange, with Hibernia endeavouring to support her harp, and grasping the cap of liberty. Barony of Castleknock, Luke Gardiner, esq. captain commandant, 130 men; scarlet faced black, white breeches and waistcoat; colours, &c. Barony of Coolock, Richard Talbot, esq., captain; 150 men; scarlet faced black, white breeches and waistcoats. Uppercross Fusileers, John Finlay, esq. captain; uniform, scarlet faced with black, white waistcoat and breeches, 30 men. The whole being upwards of nine hundred men; at the discharge of a rocket, and taking the word of command from his grace the duke of Leinster, they fired three grand discharges; beginning with the Dublin Volunteers on the north side, and followed by the county Volunteers on the south, taking the word of command from captain Gardiner. So much order and regularity were seldom observed, even among veterans, nor was the uniform precision of their firing, perhaps, to be surpassed, by any troops in Europe. After this there was a discharge of small cannon, which was placed in the centre; and the whole body of Volunteers then separated. The statue and pedestal of king William was painted and ornamented in a very handsome manner, and to the shields of the four sides of the pedestal were hung the following labels in large capital letters. 1. 'Relief to Ireland.' 2. 'The Volunteers of Ireland; Motto—Quinquaginta millia juncta, parati pro patria mori.' 3. 'A short money bill'—'A free trade—or else!!!' 4. 'The glorious revolution.' The numbers of spectators on this occasion were almost incredible. Every avenue that leads into College green, was so crowded that all free intercourse subsided until

Now what signifies your palaver and lies,
 Can't you speak the blunt truth, plain and civil, and civil;
 Can't you say, gossip Pat, you shall have this or that,
 A free trade or—the road to the devil, the devil.
 By St. Patrick, my name-sake, I wish for the game-sake,
 To see how we'd take this last answer, last answer,
 Not the cowardly Yankees, e'er gave you such thank ye's,
 Nor the thund'ring armadas of France, sir, of France, sir.

Our commons grown wise, have now open'd their eyes,
 And perceive their rent-rolls in a stew, sir, a stew, sir,
 Some-steps must be taken for saving their bacon,
 As hanging or starving won't do, sir, won't do, sir.
 A half-year's money bill!—arrah, can't you be still?
 Bless your stars that it's more than a quarter, a quarter;
 Then grant our request—by my faith, you had best—
 Or, by St. Patrick, the next shall be shorter, be shorter.

But make me your friend, and let all squabbles end,
 My old heart will be light as a feather, a feather;
 While our joyful hearts sing, and drink healths to the king,
 Oh, we'll dance Balthora together, together.
 But remember the drum, and take care how you hum:
 For, we Teagues are damn'd nice in our booze, sir, our booze, sir.
 We'll make friends or fight, just as we see right;
 So I leave you at leisure to choose, sir, to choose, sir."

the whole was over. At every discharge of the musquetry, repeated hurrahs were given by the surrounding multitude; and every thing seemed to breathe that noble spirit of liberty and enthusiastic patriotism which first gave rise to those guardians of our freedom. The different corps of the Volunteers afterwards dined with their several commanders, and the day concluded with that happy good order and unanimity which should ever attend the firm resolves of a people engaged in the redemption of their freedom. After which the lord lieutenant, nobility and gentry, paraded round the statue. The regular troops fired three volleys, and the day concluded with the most superb illuminations."

These proceedings, on the 4th November, 1779, formed the subject of a painting by Francis Wheatley, which has been engraved by Collyer, and is now in the possession of the duke of Leinster. The following contemporary notices serve to exhibit the proceedings of the Volunteers on College green in the four years subsequent to 1779:

"At ten o'clock in the forenoon (4th November, 1780), the several Volunteer corps of this city and county, assembled in St. Stephen's green, under arms, in order to celebrate the anniversary of the birth and landing in England of king William the third. At eleven, a detachment of Gardiner's light horse was despatched to wait upon the earl of Charlemont (who was appointed general for the day), at his house in Palace row; and in an hour after, the appearance of the general at the Green being announced by a rocket, he was saluted by the cannon; he then, accompanied by his aides de camp, Mr. Yelverton and Mr. Stewart, rode along the line, who as he passed did him military honours. This done, the general put himself at their head, and marched the army to College green, where having taken post round the statue in the usual manner, a grand feu de joie was fired. The duke of Leinster, lord Trimleston, Mr. Gardiner, sir Edward Newenham, sir Allen Johnson, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Deane, colonel Caldbeck, &c., &c., appeared at the head of their respective regiments and companies, whose excellent order and discipline deserve the highest praise. Shortly after the Volunteer army retired, the royal army from the barracks took their place in College green, and also fired a feu de joie. The whole concluded with a grand procession of coaches, in which were his excellency the lord lieutenant, the right hon. the lord mayor and sheriffs, the nobility and great officers of state. The Volunteer army had all orange cockades, and the caparisons of the horses were likewise decorated with orange ribbands."

"Yesterday morning (4th November, 1781), the following city and county corps of Volunteers, of cavalry and infantry, viz. Cavalry—Dublin union, county of Dublin light dragoons, Rathdown county of Dublin carabineers, lord Powerscourt's carabineers, Donore horse, sir James Tynte's light dragoons. Infantry—Dublin, goldsmiths, merchants, lawyers, Liberty rangers, independent Dublin,

builders, North and South-Down, Upper-arm, Banbridge and Newcastle and Down union,—and Colonel Calbank's regiment of artillery, having determined to celebrate the birth and landing of William III. of glorious memory, assembled at St. Stephen's green (as the fourth fell on Sunday), where they were reviewed by the right hon. the earl of Charlemont, from whence they proceeded to College green, attended by Colonel Calbank's artillery, which fired three volleys of eleven guns each over the statue, and accompanied by many folios from the several corps, who were drawn up round the statue, after which they marched to the Royal Exchange, where they dispersed. There was a continual rain all the day, which greatly disappointed a vast number of spectators who were assembled on that occasion. The following inscriptions in large characters, were hung upon the pedestal of the statue of king William, when the Volunteers paraded in College green. 1. 'The Volunteers of Ireland.' 2. 'Respect a real free trade.' 3. 'A declaration of rights, a repeal of the mutiny bill, &c. or else' 4. 'A glorious revolution.'

"Yesterday (4th November, 1783), being the anniversary of the birth day of our glorious deliverer, William the third, the several corps of cavalry and infantry of the county and city of Dublin met at ten o'clock on Stephen's green, where they paraded under the inspection of their revered general, the right hon. the earl of Charlemont; and from thence they marched in grand divisions through York-street, Augier-street, Bishop-street, Kevin-street, the Combs, Meath-street, Thomas-street, Dirty-lane, Queen's bridge, Arran, Inn's and Ormond-quays, Essex bridge, Parliament-street, and Dame's street, to College green, where they formed a square round the statue of king William, and fired three volleys, that would have been applauded even by the hoary veteran, Frederick the third of Prussia, though the greatest disciplinarian in the world; after which the different corps dined together, and spent the remainder of the day with that harmony and hilarity which did honour to independent citizens and loyal subjects to the most amiable and illustrious prince. The regulars likewise fired three excellent volleys in honour of the day. On the pedestal of William the third's statue appeared the following inscriptions: On the West side was 'The Volunteers of Ireland by persevering will (On the South side) Overthrew the fancible scheme (On the East side) Procure an unequivocal bill of rights, and (On the North side) Effectually establish the freedom of their country.'

"This day (4th November, 1783), sacred to the glorious institution of the Volunteers of Ireland, the troops mustered at the Exchange and other parades, and were entirely by twelve o'clock, when the general, lord Charles, escorted by Gardiner's troop of horse, and was with the usual honours. The troops after marching through the principal streets and quays of the whole in College-green, round the statue of king William, three of the best feat de sold that ever ran Volunteers had quit College-green, the troops

streets from the castle to College-green,* and his excellency the lord lieutenant, attended by an escort of horse, and a vast number of the nobility and gentry in their carriages, went round Stephen's-

* Towards the year 1766 a proposal was made to erect a monument to Swift, on College-green; and about 1772 the building of law courts in the same locality was contemplated. The taverns and coffee-houses on College-green were the "Parliament coffee-house" (1706); "Jack's coffee-house (1706); the "Bear tavern" (1741), in which the charitable music society, for the relief of distressed families, held their meetings, it was also much frequented by the collegians, and in it the "brethren of the select club" (1753) used to assemble on the first Friday of every month; Hughes's club, No. 28 (1787), which was subsequently kept by Patrick Connor. Of Daly's original club house in Dame-street, we have already given some account; the magnificent new edifice, built by F. Johnston, extending from the corner of Anglessea-street to Foster-place, was opened for the first time, with a grand dinner on the sixteenth of February, 1791. The house was furnished in a most superb manner, with grand lustres, inlaid tables, and marble chimney pieces, the chairs and sofas were white and gold, covered with the richest "Aurora silk." For the convenience of members, a foot path, across Foster-place, led from the western portico of the parliament house, to a door, since converted into a window, on the eastern front of the club house, opening on a hall and staircase, the latter communicating with the principal portions of the building on College-green. Daly's was the chief resort of the aristocracy and members of parliament, and many extravagant scenes of gambling and dissipation are said to have been enacted here by the members of the "Hell-fire club," and similar societies who used to assemble within the building. The magnificence of this club house excited the surprize and admiration of travellers, who concurred in declaring it to be the grandest edifice of the kind in Europe. "The god of cards and dice," says a writer in 1794, "has a temple, called Daly's, dedicated to his honor in Dublin, much more magnificent than any temple to be found in that city dedicated to the God of the universe." The wealth of Dublin, resulting from the presence of the aristocracy and parliament, was at this period very great, and the prediction of its decline in consequence of an union formed one of the strongest arguments of the opponents of that measure. William Smith, appointed a baron of the exchequer for voting in favor of the union, made the following observations on this subject in the house of commons on the 24th of January, 1799, when he endeavoured to argue that the metropolis would not suffer by such a measure: "The splendour of Dublin, I take to be artificial. It is not such a symptom of general national greatness, as that, given the wealth of Dublin, you can measure the prosperity of Ireland. The riches of Dublin (and so must be the case of every metropolis) arise from an accumulation, and determination of consumption, to that quarter: a mere concentration of national expense. Dublin might be less great, yet Ireland equally prosperous: the same wealth would not the less exist, because it circulated more widely.—The metropolis would, for some, not have those attractions which it boasts at present; and what might be the consequence? That our noblemen and gentry, dispersed throughout the country, would live, and spend their money, more usefully, amongst their tenants, and on their estates." Daly also rented the Carragh coffee-house in the town of Kildare, where he died and was succeeded in the club

green. After their return to the castle the army fired three rounds, which were answered by the guns at the salute battery in the park. Around the statue of king William were labels, in large characters, with the following inscription: 'The Volunteers of Ireland, having overturned the cadaverous simple repeal, must now effectuate an equal representation of the people.'"

The spirit of toleration and equality becoming disseminated more widely, exhibited the anomaly of rendering annual honors to the memory of a monarch who had been instrumental in ruining the commerce of the country, and whose name had in Ireland been unscrupulously used as a pretext for despoiling and oppressing those who desired to exercise liberty of conscience. The Volunteers also reflected that their own greatest achievement had been the abrogation of the disabilities imposed upon Ireland by William, and they found that England, notwithstanding the boasted advantages derived from the "glorious revolution," paid but little respect to the memory of the prince of Orange. The corporation of London, in 1731, refused to permit a monument to his memory to be erected within their jurisdiction, and the spot at Brixham, where in 1688 he first set foot on English land, was only distinguished by a paltry iron railing, erected at the cost of a few shillings. The people also, at this period, became deeply tinctured with the sentiments of those writers who declared that William merely undertook the expedition to Great Britain as a commercial speculation, and that by it he realized considerable profit, independent of £600,000, which the nation had to pay for the fleet which conveyed him from Holland.* These considerations,

house by Mr. Peter Depoe, who paid the same rent for the premises as his predecessor—£600 per annum. Lysaght's prediction of the decline of the club, as quoted at page 751, was verified in the course of a few years, when, the aristocracy becoming absentees, the establishment was deprived of the necessary support. Depoe retired from it in 1823, and the building is now occupied by insurance and other offices. The appearance of College-green before and after the Union is admirably exhibited in two spirited etchings, published by Stockdale of London in the year 1812. It may be added, that during the sitting of parliament, no carts or heavy vehicles were allowed to pass through College-green or Dame-street. This prohibition, enforced by the lord mayor's authority, was found necessary to prevent obstructions or accidents to the vast number of costly equipages which usually thronged the approaches to the parliament house during the session.

* See also, in the first paper of this series, page 55, the details of the shameful manner in which William III. and the English parliament defrauded the Enniskilleners and other Williamite troops of their pay.

combined with a desire of no longer outraging the feelings of their fellow-subjects, induced the Volunteers to discontinue their annual procession round the statue on the 4th of November, 1792, and from that period they appeared on parade with green cockades in place of the orange ribands, which they had been accustomed to wear. This prospect of unanimity presented a formidable aspect to intriguing politicians, with whose ulterior views it was totally at variance. The Volunteers were disbanded, United Irish associations were organized, and Orange societies formed, whose "gathering spell was William's name," and on whose medals and certificates representations of the statue were engraved. The spirit of discord was thus revived with additional force. On the 12th of July and the 4th of November, the statue was annually coloured white, decorated with orange lilies and with a flaming cloak and sash; the horse was caparisoned with orange streamers, and a bunch of green and white ribands was symbolically placed beneath its uplifted foot. The railings were also coloured orange and blue, and every person who passed through College-green on these occasions was obliged to take off his hat to the statue. These annual decorations were at the expense of the corporation, to whom the paraphernalia were supplied, for many years, by William Mac Kenzie, a bookseller on College-green, who was known in the city as the "man milliner to king William." Such exhibitions were naturally productive of much acerbity. During 1798 the sword was wrested from the side of the statue; and Walter Cox, by trade a gunsmith, attempted to file off the king's head, but having miscalculated that the statue was composed of brass, he was obliged to decamp without effecting his object; deep traces of the "limæ labor" of the editor of the "Irish Magazine" were, subsequently, discovered on the neck of the statue. In 1805, the 4th of November falling on Sunday, the usual procession was postponed to the ensuing day. At midnight on Saturday, the 3rd of the month, the watchman on duty in College-green was disturbed at his post by a painter, who stated that he had been sent by the city decorator to prepare the statue for the approaching ceremony, adding that the apprehended violence of the people had rendered it advisable to have this office performed at night. Having gained access to the monument, the artist plied his brush industriously for some time, and on descending requested the watchman to take

care of the painting utensils, which he left on the statue, while he repaired to his employer's warehouse for some material necessary for the completion of the decoration. The night, however, passed away without the return of the painter, and at day-break on Sunday the statue was found completely covered with an unctuous black pigment, composed of tar and grease; the vessel which had contained the mixture being suspended from a halter placed round the king's neck.* This act caused the most violent excitement amongst the Orange societies in the city, and had the adventurous artist been discovered, the consequences might have been serious. On this occasion a Dublin wit happily applied to the statue the classic line—

“*Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto !*”

The usual ceremonies were performed round the monument on the Monday after this affair; but in the succeeding year, the duke of Bedford, then lord lieutenant, refused to sanction the 'procession by his presence. The annual decorations were, notwithstanding, regularly performed; the practice of firing volleys over the statue was, however, discontinued, and sir Abraham Bradley King, lord mayor in 1820–21, endeavoured unsuccessfully to abolish the observance altogether. Immediately pre-

* This transaction was chronicled as follows in a street ballad set to the air of the old Dublin gaol song—"The night before Larry was stretched:"

"The night before Billy's birth day,
Some friend to the Dutchman came to him,
And though he expected no pay,
He told the policeman he'd do him;
For, said he, 'I must have him in style,
The job is not wonderful heavy,
And I'd rather sit up for a while,
Than see him undress'd at the levee,
For he was the broth of a boy.'

Then up to his highness he goes,
And with tar he anointed his body,
So that, when the morning arose,
He look'd like a sweep in a noddy;
It fitted him just to the skin,
Wherever the journeyman stuck it.
And after committing the sin,
'Have an eye,' said he, 'Watch, to the bucket,
For I have not done with him yet.'

The birth-day being now very nigh,
And swaddling clothes made for the hero,
A painter was sent for to try,
To white-wash the face of the negro;
He gave him the brush, to be sure,
But the first man so deeply did stain him,
That the white-wash effected no cure,
Faith, the whole river Boyne would not clean him!
And still he remains in the dirt."

vious to the visit of George IV. to Ireland, it was agreed that the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Dublin should, during his majesty's stay, lay aside their party differences and assemble together at a public banquet to entertain the king. This arrangement was nearly dissolved by some persons dressing the statue, as usual, on the 12th of July, 1821; a reconciliation, was, however, effected by the lord mayor's declaration that it had been done in defiance of his orders and without his knowledge. At half-past four o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 12th of July, 1822, a body of Orangemen marched in procession to College-green, bearing the customary paraphernalia with which they proceeded to decorate the statue, as usual, amid cheers and vociferations. At that early period, and during the day, several persons expressed their disapprobation of the exhibition. Towards nine in the evening a considerable crowd had collected round the statue, and much excitement prevailed, the people having seized and beaten an Orangeman who had drawn a cane-sword. About ten o'clock the four lamps surrounding the statue were demolished, and a few active young men instantly mounted the pedestal, tore down the orange lilies and insignia and flung them in the kennel. At this juncture the Orangemen, aided by a detachment of police and yeomanry, having obliged the populace to retire, took up their station round the monument, and with shouts of triumph, which alarmed the whole neighbourhood, maintained their position, obliging all passengers to take off their hats to the statue. At 11 p.m. these proceedings terminated: a party of yeomanry, in uniform, unrobed the figure, and the trappings were removed in a hackney coach to Daly's tavern in Werburgh-street, which had formed the head quarters of the Orangemen during the day. Several persons having been severely wounded during this affray, and there being reason to apprehend that dangerous results might ensue on the next 4th November, the lord mayor, John Smith Fleming, issued a proclamation on the 21st of October, 1822, prohibiting the "decoration of the statue or affixing thereto any emblem, ornament, or device whatever, with a view to the approaching anniversaries." Since the promulgation of this decree the annual processions and decorations have been abandoned. The last demonstration here was during lord Anglesey's vice-royalty, when the repeal processions of the trades of Dublin, headed by the gentleman who now holds the office of attorney general to her Bri-

tannic majesty at Gibraltar, marched round the statue of William, on their way to present an address to Daniel O'Connell, at Merrion square,—a circumstance which a writer of the day compared to the proceedings in 1713, at the statue of Charles II. in Parliament close, Edinburgh, when the Scotch repealers drank queen Anne's health, that of all true Scotchmen, and the "dissolution of the union."

The latest, as well as the most ingenious and successful assault on the monument was made in 1836. During the month of March in that year three attempts were made to blow it up: Thomas Smith, a watchman who was located at the college gate, on one of these occasions discovered a lighted match attached to the statue, and removed it with his pole. On a closer examination he found, in a hole, upon the horse's side, a nail joined to a long string of hemp, one yard of the latter being on the exterior, and two yards in the interior of the body of the leaden horse. The discovery was duly reported at the watch house, and although the latter was then under the management of a Conservative corporation, no precautionary steps were taken. On the night of Thursday, the 7th of April, 1836, at a few minutes past twelve o'clock, a light appeared suddenly on the side of the statue next to the bank of Ireland, and a few minutes afterwards the figure of the king was blown several feet into the air, accompanied by a deafening explosion, which extinguished all the lamps in College-green and its vicinity. The figure fell at a considerable distance from its pedestal, in the direction of Church lane, its legs and arms were broken, and its head completely defaced by the fall: the horse was also much injured and shattered in several places. The mutilated representative of majesty was, next day, placed in a cart and conveyed to College street police office, where it was deposited in the hall, while an investigation was held relative to the circumstances connected with the outrage. The inquiry, however, elicited no important information, except that, on a careful examination of the riderless horse, a hole was found bored in its back, between the right hip and the saddle skirt, and as there was no appearance of gunpowder having been placed in its body, it was sapiently concluded that the agency of fulminating silver had been employed. The occurrence for some time furnished the newspapers and ballad singers with an interesting theme; the Roman Catholic party charged the

Orangemen with the offence, while the latter repelled the imputation, and ridiculed a Liberal meeting held on the 25th of April in the Exchange, for the purpose of "expressing indignation at the outrage on the statue of king William III.. and of devising means of bringing the perpetrators to justice." Rewards of £100 and £200 were offered by the lord lieutenant and the corporation for the detection of the iconoclast, who was not, however, discovered, and the secret was well kept until the term of the information expired. Cobbett was said to have expressed his conviction that there never would be peace in Dublin until the statue had been demolished; and it was a singular coincidence, not hitherto observed, that this most successful attempt at its demolition was made during the vicegerency of the earl of Mulgrave, a direct descendant of sir Constantine Phipps, who, as noticed at page 759, was the first chief governor who essayed to abolish the annual manifestations of party feeling in our city. The corporation, with an economy for which they obtained little credit, issued notices that they would receive proposals from contractors to restore the statue, and the damages having been repaired, the king was once more reinstated in his seat, and exposed to public view on the first of the following July. Under the auspices of Daniel O'Connell and the late corporation the statue was coloured bronze and placed in the condition in which it now appears. The railings and a fountain, on its western side, have been removed, and it now remains the oldest of the four exposed public statues in our metropolis, the others being those of two Anglo-German princes, and an English admiral—a circumstance which has awakened the surprise of foreigners, who are unable to divine the cause why no monument has yet been erected to any distinguished Irishman in the streets of Dublin.

ART. III.—LADY BLESSINGTON.

ABOUT fifty years ago, there might be encountered in the bustling streets of Spenser's "sweet Clonmell," a tall, portly, gentleman, moving with an air of grave importance. He wore a stiff, high, white cravat, and on windy days his full bosomed pretentious-looking shirt front, flapped from side to side, which circumstance had obtained for him the sobriquet "Shiver-the-Frills"—his name, however, was Edmond Power. Mr. Power's father, Michael, had, when dying, left to him a small property called Curragheen, in the county of Waterford. It is situated in a wild district of the western portion of the county, bordering upon the sea, and not far from the Duke of Devonshire's town, Dungarvan. Mr. Power's life here was, like that of most country gentlemen of his time, filled up by agricultural pursuits, and by field sports. He married, about the year 1783, a Miss Sheehy, the daughter of a wealthy landed proprietor in his neighbourhood, who was, like himself, a member of an old and respected Roman Catholic family. Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Power removed to Knockbrit, close by the town of Clonmel, and here, upon the first day of September, 1790, was born his third child, and second daughter, Marguerite, the subject of this memoir. Her father resided at Knockbrit for six or eight years after her birth, and then resolved, for the sake of his children's education, to change his abode to Clonmel. His family at this period consisted of Michael; of Edmond and Ann, who died in infancy; of Ellen who afterwards married, first, Mr. Home Purves, brother of Sir Alexander Home Purves, and secondly, the Viscount Canterbury, Speaker of the House of Commons; of Robert, now Surveyor General of Van Diemen's Land; of Marguerite, afterwards Countess of Blessington, and of Marianne, afterwards married to the Baron de St. Marsault.

Mr. Power was not a thrifty man, he was one of that class so common in Ireland, who go maundering through life, ever speculating, squandering, borrowing, and, as a matter of course, losing. Sydney Smith used to say, there were three things, every man thought he could do intuitively—"drive a gig, cultivate a small farm, and write an article for a newspaper." Mr. Power had driven the gig, and cultivated the small farm; he was now about to try his success in writing

the article for a newspaper. At the period in which he came to reside in Clonmel, the people were lawless, violent, and rebellious, and the times were critical and troublous. The leading proprietors of the neighbourhood, Lord Donoughmore, the Bagwells, the Maudes, induced him to accept the commission of the peace, and then prevailed upon him, by a promise of a monopoly of all the government advertisements, to start a newspaper for the advocacy of their own views of nationality and ascendancy. These promises were never fulfilled, and when the necessity of the time had passed, and their own peculiar objects were gained, these men neglected their friend, to the ruin of his fortune.

While the family resided at Knockbrit, Marguerite had been a pale, sickly child, almost ghastly from delicacy, whilst her brothers and sisters were handsomer than are most children of their age. There was, however, about Marguerite, a quickness of intelligence far beyond her years, but as too often happens, her want of beauty, and her weakness of health, produced neglect and carelessness upon the part of those around her.

Parents, and those who are continually in the company of delicate children, very generally think that want of health implies want of capacity, and so, in little Marguerite Power's case, the quick fancies of the child were but too often subdued, by the silence, or by the moroseness with which her perpetual questionings were received. Her sisters and her brothers were taught to read and write, but she was deemed too young, or too weak, to acquire these first steps in knowledge, though the fact, in all likelihood was, that her parents considered her unworthy the trouble and expense of instruction. Her mind, however, was filled with all the dreamy fancies in which a delicate child luxuriates and lives; every flower in the garden, and every tuft of wild buds in the neighbouring fields, had for her, as she told us, a whole world of romance. She loved the beautiful scenery surrounding her father's residence, and in the deep heart of childhood, the taste for the charms of external nature, which, long years after, gave joy and happiness to the woman's life, had sprung up, and grown in strength beyond her years. She cried bitterly when told that the family were about to leave Knockbrit for ever, and to reside permanently in Clonmel. Upon the day of departure she stole away unperceived from the house, and only returned

when the carriages were about to start from the door. The family arrived in Clonmel, and after tea, as Marguerite was crossing the room, her mother observed that her pockets were closely and carefully crammed with some bulky substance. She accordingly called the child and said, "What have you got in your pockets?"—Marguerite held down her head, and made no answer, but appeared confused. Mrs. Power then placed her hand in the pockets, and drew from them a quantity of withered flowers, with which the little girl had filled them in the morning when leaving Knockbrit, meaning to keep them as memorials of the pleasant days of green fields and country childhood. The flowers were thrown into the street, and Marguerite was sent at once to bed, and scolded for having behaved so like a little idiot, by filling her pockets with dirty roots and withered leaves.

John O'Connell, in his Life of his father, tells us, that the great agitator was first prevailed upon to learn his alphabet by a kind-hearted schoolmaster, who had observed that the child was hurt by the roughness with which the servant combed his hair, and who, by arranging it gently, thus won over little Dan to take his first steps in knowledge. Little Marguerite Power required no such inducement, she was quite willing to learn her alphabet, could she but procure a teacher, and her curiosity being aroused by the stories told to her by a Miss Dwyer, a constant visiter at the house, she asked where these stories could be found, and the answer was, in books. Here the whole world of future happiness was before her, she studied eagerly and attentively. Miss Dwyer was a teacher, equally anxious and zealous, and thus taught through kindness, and learning through love, the future Countess of Blessington commenced her first acquaintance with literature. Her reading, as Miss Dwyer long years afterwards told us, was not the reading of childhood, that is, of conventional childhood. Fairies and enchanted princesses, valorous knights, and doughty squires, had no charm for her. She loved the world of men and women, thereby proving the truth of that which has been written of thoughtful children—"We look fondly back to childhood, they ardently forward to maturity—we magnify the happiness that is past, they that alone which is to come. For them, men and women are gods and goddesses, and no description of the Paradise they now enjoy, interests them half so much as a peep into that Olympus they hope one day to climb."

Having thus acquired the means of amusing herself, she no longer regretted the sunny fields and summer wild-flowers of Knockbrit. All her time was now devoted to reading; books were her fairy-land; she was herself the magician, to raise at her will the spirits who peopled her own happy dream-land, and all her subjects came, quick as Ariels, at her bidding. In the long winter evenings, her brothers and sisters gathered about her, to hear the tales which her fancy wove for their delight; and the child who had been all day neglected and sad as Meisters's Mignon, was now as gay, as fanciful, and as *spirituelle*, as Andersen's charming creation, the Angel Child. Too much reading, too much confinement of the body, and an exercise of the fancy, far too unrestrained, at length reduced her to a state of health so delicate, and her form seemed so fragile, that her family feared she was becoming consumptive. Such, however, was not the case, and by some few months' attention and care, her health was completely regained.

Shortly after this restoration to strength, she attained her fourteenth year, and her parents believing that she could not enter the world too early, at once introduced her into such society as Clonmel then afforded—and pleasant society it was. The surrounding country was filled by a resident gentry, and the estates were in the possession of their owners; for as yet the sway of Receivers, and Incumbered Estates Court attorneys, was unknown. Edmond Power's house was frequented by all the neighbouring proprietors; the military and the bar were ever welcome to his table, and amongst his guests he could number glorious John Philpot Curran, and witty rollicking Ned Lysaght. The daughter of such a man as this could not be otherwise than well received in the society of her father's town, and at the particular period of which we write, Clonmel was more gay than usual. Public balls were frequent, and, in addition to these, entertainments were held at private residences once or twice a week, the chief attraction of which was dancing, the harpsichord being played by the young ladies of the house. These latter entertainments, to distinguish them from the balls, were called, if we remember rightly, *coteries*. Marguerite enjoyed these parties with all the intense satisfaction of a debutant. She was not beautiful; she had about her none of that Juno-like grace which in after life distinguished her, but the result of her reading was apparent in her conversational powers, considerable even at this period; she dressed becomingly, and danced with spirit and elegance.

This change of life and scene completely established her health, and although her sister Ann, the eldest of the family, had died, and although her second brother Edmond had been also snatched from them, the father and mother found a solace, the former in his reckless gaiety, the latter in the beauty of her daughter Ellen, and in the attractive charms of Marguerite.

About the year 1805, the 47th regiment was stationed at Clonmel; and, as a matter of course, its officers were the welcome guests of Edmond Power. Amongst these officers were Captain Murray, and a Captain Farmer, of Poplar Hall, in the county of Kildare. After some few visits it was evident to all, that each of these gentlemen admired, if he did not love, Marguerite Power, and that however she might admire, she certainly did not love, either of them. Captain Murray was gay and good-looking, and gifted with the store of small talk which, at that period, the roving life of a military man supplied. Captain Farmer was young, handsome, and pleasing, but there was about his manner a strange abruptness, and an occasional vacuity, betokening that insanity which afterwards embittered his wife's existence, and drove him to terminate his own by suicide.

Upon the same day, and almost at the same not yet fifteen years of age, was proposed for by mirrors. Farmer, first, addressed himself to her; dislike to him was evident; Murray, upon learn his brother officer's proposal, rushed to the young and hoping to drive all thoughts of his rival from her, informed her that Farmer was subject to violent fits of insanity. She knew not how to act, seriously, in the hope that her parents would make a decision respecting Captain Farmer's offer, and she learned that they had resolved upon her union. Entreaties, protestations of dislike, even of abuse, were useless; her father was a half-ruined man, and dissatisfied to pay, for a restoration to solvency, at her hand, bartered for a remnant of a life's existence of anguish and of horror to her. She was driven to the altar, and Marguerite Power became through the poverty of her parents.

A wedded life thus begun could not prove other than most wretched. Days and nights of tears and sorrow upon her part, of neglect and madness upon that of her husband; of endurance

and of patient suffering on the one side, and of insane jealousy upon the other, drove her, so young, and so inexperienced, to the very brink of misery and despair. Farmer would not permit her to return to her father's roof, and thus rid him for ever of her presence; but at length, when mind and body were almost worn out by a succession of unvaried acts of ill-usage, she fled from her husband, to seek refuge, and to find it, amongst her family, and amidst her friends.

Some few years passed on, and growing weary of a country town life, she came with her brother Robert to London, and resided for many months in Manchester-square. Here she employed herself with all the tasteful pursuits, in a humble way indeed, which afterwards made the charms of her existence in St. James's-square, in Seamore-place, and in Gore-House. By the quietude of her life at this period, she was enabled to devote her mind to the studies, and to the acquirement of those accomplishments which, in later years, excited admiration of Lord Byron, and which qualified her to assume a companionship, and identity, with all that was brilliant and celebrated in the genius of her time.

Every body who knows the frigid propriety so prevalent in these kingdoms, must be well aware that a woman who lives separated from her husband, whether through her own fault, or through his, is liable to very many disagreeable insinuations, so many, indeed, that the death of the husband may be considered a cause of congratulation, rather than of regret, and Mrs. Farmer experienced this relief, through the decease of her husband, which took place in the year 1817. His insanity had increased with years, and at a dinner-party, given by one of his friends, he was seized with a fit of phrenzy; he hurried to the door of the room, which was locked, and then rushing to an open window, flung himself from it, and was carried, crushed and bleeding, from the ground beneath, and died before two hours had elapsed. Thus, in her twenty-seventh year, Marguerite Farmer was a widow.

From Petronius and his widow of Ephesus, to Sterne and the fair besieger of uncle Toby, widows have ever afforded an unfailing source of malicious laughter to wits, to poets, and we may add, to mankind generally. To the prose world, who, however they may lack wit, never fail in inuendo, or in scandal, they have always furnished an exhaustless subject upon which to exercise these popular attributes. Mrs. Farmer

could not expect to, and did not, escape more scathless than the great majority of those in her condition. Had she been a Frenchwoman, and living under the old régime; had she, as has been said, violated all the common duties of life; had she given pleasant little suppers, and supped and sinned with Madame d'Epinay, and Diderot, and Holbach, and Grimm; had she been a woman of great French respectability; had she been one of those who seemed "almost always to have wanted the flavour of prohibition, as a necessary condiment to human life;" had she always required "the wrong man, the gentleman without the ring," she could not have been more maligned, or more misrepresented, than she found herself. Nay, whilst poor Madame d'Epinay was content with one lover at a time, Mrs. Farmer was reported to be happy only in the possession of two. And yet, one syllable of truth, as far as we have ever learned, was not contained in all these slanderous charges. It is quite certain that the house of the fair widow in Manchester-square was the resort of several new-made friends, and many old ones, who had known her in younger, but not more happy days, in her father's house at Clonmel. Amongst these visitors were Captain Jenkins, and the late Earl of Blessington; both were her admirers before her husband's death, and both were her suitors after she had become a widow. Captain Jenkins was only a Captain, though a good-looking one; the Earl of Blessington had a coronet to bestow, and was therefore the better match. It is very likely that she speculated thus: the dream of her life was over, for, at twenty-eight what woman *dreams* of love? Then, love must be "love in full life, not love ideal;" and she herself thought that a woman—a pretty woman, should feel no anxiety for existence after forty; she might once have believed with the poet-engraver of Manchester, Charles Swain:—

"Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
 Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
 Where Time seems young, and life a thing divine.
 All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
 Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
 Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;
 And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

Yes, this is love, the stedfast and the true,
 The immortal glory which hath never set ;
 The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew :
 Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet !
 Oh ! who but can recall the eve they met
 To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
 While summer flowers with moonlight dew were wet,
 And winds sigh'd soft around the mountain's brow,
 And all was rapture then which is but memory now !"

But the time when she felt thus was gone. She had never known the joys of a first love, although she had fully experienced all the terrible realities of an unhappy first marriage. So situated, and thinking thus, and at the same time respecting and liking her noble suitor, Mrs. Farmer accepted him, and on the sixteenth day of February, 1818, she became Countess of Blessington.

Charles Gardiner, Viscount Mountjoy, Earl of Blessington, was the only surviving son of Luke, Viscount Mountjoy, and of Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir William Montgomery, of Magbie-hill, in the county of Peebles, Baronet. Lord Blessington was born on the 19th day of July, 1782, and succeeded to the title in the year 1798, his father having been killed by the rebels at Ross, on the 5th day of June in that year. Lord Blessington was elected a Representative Peer for Ireland in the year 1809, and was advanced to the Earldom on the 22nd day of June, 1816. He was, at the period of his union with Mrs. Farmer, a widower, having married Mary Campbell, widow of Major William Brown. She died at St. Germain, in France, on the 9th day of September, 1814, leaving three children, Harriet Ann Frances, now Countess D'Orsay, Luke Wellington, Viscount Mountjoy, who died aged ten, in the year 1823, and Lady Mary, who died young.

Thus wedded to one high-born, independent in fortune, and loving sincerely, Lady Blessington was at length happy. All that wealth and taste could procure or design, was concentrated in Lord Blessington's mansion in St. James's-square. Young, beautiful—for beauty had grown with woman-hood—self-reliant, as from adversity she had learned to be ; gentle and kind, as prosperity, and the full fruition of her brightest hopes had made her, who can wonder that she was happy, that being happy she was kind to all, and that in her high position, the idolized wife never forgot the old friends of her childhood, of her girlhood, or of her unhappy wifedom.

Her life was like the sunny vision of the German poet; beautiful and fair she seemed in all her gay, genial, Irish temperament; her bright sparkling eyes, her glowing smile, all gathering a charm from that wavy, radiant hair, which proved how truly the beauty of the head was prized by the old Greeks. It was, whilst displaying all this beauty, and whilst feeling all the bosom-peace which her happy position could give, that she sat to Lawrence for her portrait, bearing in her breast a bunch of heart's ease, Truly her life embodied, at this period, Schiller's thought—

“Sanft und eben rinnt des Lebens Fluss
Durch der Schönheit stille Schattenlande.”

Party, profession, or the hundred other things that close the doors of pleasant houses against pleasant men in England, never barred the portals of Lord Blessington's mansion against genius, or against worth. Amongst those who were the intimates of him, and of his wife, we remember Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Grey, Lord Castlereagh, Lord John Russell, Lord Guilford, Lord Alvanley, Sir W. Herschel, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Lord Dudley and Ward, Sir George Beaumont, John Kemble, Sir William Gell, Sir William Drummond, Moore, Mathias, Cosway, Rogers, Luttrell, William Spenser, and, though last, not least, Doctor Parr. Painters, orators, statesmen, poets, even the Royal blood of England, all that the kingdom could name amongst its highest, were guests at Lord Blessington's, in St. James's square; however, Lord and Lady Blessington, after about three years of this life had been passed, grew weary of their English happiness, and set out upon a continental tour, in the year 1822, and from which Lord Blessington was never to return. It was a long tour, eight years elapsed before Lady Blessington came back, a widow, to the shore of Britain, but, during these eight years, her life had been passed amidst scenes which form the glory of the world, and, for a time, with one whose genius makes the brightest ray in the modern poetry of his country.

Lord and Lady Blessington remained in Paris but for one week; however, during this week, Lord Blessington surrounded his wife with all the luxuries and comforts that his love for her, and his anxiety to secure her ease, in their projected tour, could suggest. Having made their arrangements in the gay capital, and having secured the cook of an Emperor, and the

batterie de cuisine of a Club-house, they set out for Switzerland, and in five days reached the Jura. They travelled for about a month in Switzerland, and returned through Geneva and Lyons, to Vienne in Dauphiné. Vienne is about as stupid a place as the tourist can well discover, but, when the Blessingtons had grown tired of it, after a fortnight's residence, they moved on to Avignon, where they remained during many weeks, for Avignon was, thirty years ago, as gay and pleasant a spot as one could wish to reside in.

Lord and Lady Blessington were accompanied by his Lordship's daughter, Lady Harriet, and by Lady Blessington's sister, Miss Marianne Power, and whilst loitering by the way at Valence, on the Rhone, they had been introduced to a young French officer, attached to the army of the projected expedition against Spain—the Count Alfred D'Orsay. This young officer admired Lady Harriet, and finding that the proposed Spanish expedition was one of those pieces of bombastic absurdity, conceivable only by a French statesman, and capable of being backed only by the French people, and the Blessingtons having, in November 1822, passed onward, *en route* to Italy, he, some few months afterwards, threw up his commission and joined them.

Count Alfred D'Orsay and his sister, the present Duchesse de Grammont, were the only children of General Count D'Orsay, a gallant soldier of the Empire. They were of an old family who, in the days when the ancient noblesse ruled over the land, held sway in the not very rich districts that lie between the Seine, and the quaint old town of Poissy. But the D'Orsays were quite old enough, and quite good enough, to be the suitors for the hand of a daughter of the house of Mountjoy, and Lord Blessington being the last in all the world to think of that man's wealth, with whose birth and honor he was satisfied, and with whose society he was pleased, Count Alfred D'Orsay was received as the suitor of the Lady Harriet, and travelled with the Blessington party upon their Italian tour, from Avignon, where he joined them, to Albaro, where commenced their memorable friendship with Lord Byron.

At this period Byron was living his lone and unhappy life; the brightest glories of his five and thirty years of existence had been given to the world; he was dreaming of liberty and of Greece; he was disgracing his name, his country, and himself, by his unfortunate connexion with the

worthless Gamba family. But wild as Byron's career had been, he was still an English nobleman, a man of brilliant genius and an old friend, therefore Lord Blessington resolved to call upon him, and on the 1st day of April, 1823, Lady Blessington was introduced to the Poet, and thus writes of him :—

“ The impression of the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air ; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing ; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble ; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other ; the nose is large and well shaped, but from being a little *too thick*, it looks better in profile than in front face : his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending, the lips full and finely out. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even ; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. This particularly struck me. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so, that his figure has almost a boyish air ; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, and its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person, and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally ; he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation ; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character, as I observed that when any observation elicited a smile—and they were many, as the conversation was gay and playful—it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilet, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large—and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready made, so ill do they fit him. There is a *gaucherie* in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him ; for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable, that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my preconceived notions of them, as his appearance. I had expected

to find him a dignified, cold, reserved and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world; but nothing can be more different, for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterise a man of birth and education."

At the period when Lady Blessington saw Lord Byron, and made this pen-and-ink sketch, he was residing in the Casa Saluzzo, at Albaro, about a mile and a half distant from Genoa. Her husband had been, in the days of Byron's early London life, an intimate friend of the wayward Poet, and knowing his strange and eccentric way, Lord Blessington, in calling upon Lord Byron, left Lady Blessington in the carriage whilst he himself went into the house to pay his visit. In the course of conversation Lord Byron said he should like to be introduced to Lady Blessington. This request, so unusual from Byron, somewhat surprised Lord Blessington, but he at once said that Lady Blessington, and her sister Miss Power, were in the carriage waiting at the Villa gate. Upon hearing this, Byron hurried out, and being introduced to both ladies, invited them to enter the Villa, entertained them there for two hours, which seemed to the visitors but so many minutes, asked permission to call next day at their hotel, which permission was of course most readily conceded, and from that moment, Lord Byron and Lady Blessington were friends for life. That he admired her much can be best judged from his own words; he writes thus to Moore, from Genoa, April 2nd, 1823, the day after the interview:—

"Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor Blessington and *épouse*, travelling with a very handsome companion, in the shape of a 'French Count' (to use Farquhar's phrase in the *Beaux Stratagem*), who has all the air of a Cupidon déchainé, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution, an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought that we should look again. Miladi seems highly literary, to which, and your honour's acquaintance with the family, I attribute the pleasure of having seen them. She is also very pretty, even in a morning,—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier. Certainly English women wear better than their continental neighbours of the same sex. Mountjoy seems very good-natured, but is much tamed since I recollect him in all the glory of gems and snuff boxes, and uniform, and theatricals, and speeches in our house,—'I mean of peers,'—I must refer you to Pope, whom

you don't read, and won't appreciate—for that quotation (which you must allow to be poetical, and sitting to Stroelling, the painter, (do you remember our visit, with Leckie, to the German?) to be depicted as one of the heroes of Agincourt, 'with his long sword, saddle, bridle, Whack fal de, &c., &c.'"

Moore continues:—

"The new intimacy of which he here announces the commencement, and which it was gratifying to me, as the common friend of all, to find that he had formed, was a source of much pleasure to him during the stay of his noble acquaintances at Genoa. So long, indeed, had he persuaded himself that his countrymen abroad all regarded him in no other light than as an outlaw or a show, that every new instance he met of friendly reception from them, was as much a surprise as pleasure to him; and it was evident that to his mind the revival of English associations and habitudes always brought with it a sense of refreshment, like that of inhaling his native air. With the view of inducing these friends to prolong their stay at Genoa, he suggested their taking a pretty villa called 'Il Paradiso,' in the neighbourhood of his own, and accompanied them to look at it. Upon that occasion it was that, on the lady expressing some intentions of residing there, he produced the following impromptu, which—but for the purpose of showing he was not so 'chary of his fame' as to fear failing in such trifles—I should have thought hardly worth transcribing. "*"

The intimacy thus commenced became closer, and more friendly, at each succeeding interview. Lady Blessington was not a learned woman; had she been so, Byron could never have continued her friend, as, in common with Juvenal, Montaigne, Bayle, and Napoleon Buonaparte, he hated the learned portion of the sex; but she was a clever, beautiful woman, old enough to understand him, and possessing sufficient tact to rule, without showing it, his wayward humors.

Miss Marianne Power, now Countess de Saint Marsault, was then a fair and fragile girl, just verging into womanhood, so delicate in appearance that Byron compared her to "a preserved butterfly." With so many friends in common, the Blessingtons and Byron experienced no lack of materials for censure or for praise, and as Lady Blessington tells us, ridicule and persiflage formed no small portion of the Poet's ordinary conversation. His own misfortunes and wrongs, real and fancied, were a frequent and a favorite subject of complaint; England he abused continually, but his own case was invariably the conclusion of the topic. Lady Blessington believing that this species of blatant, and exaggerated repining, was no-

* These lines we shall presently give.

thing more than selfish, and it might be, vulgar, egotism, ventured to address, and to hand him, the following lines :

And canst thou bare thy breast to vulgar eyes ?
 And canst thou show the wounds that rankle there ?
 Methought in noble hearts that sorrow lies
 Too deep to suffer coarser minds to share.

The wounds inflicted by the hand we love,
 (The hand that should have warded off each blow,)
 Are never heal'd, as aching hearts can prove,
 But *sacred* should the stream of sorrow flow.

If *friendship's* pity quells not real grief,
 Can *public* pity soothe thy woes to sleep ?
 No ! Byron, spurn such vain, such weak relief,
 And if thy tears must fall—in secret weep.

These lines she wrote, and presented to Lord Byron, whilst he was sitting for his portrait to Count D'Orsay. He read them, and became flushed and pale by turns, with anger, and threw them down upon the table, with, as she said, "an expression of countenance that is not to be forgotten."

He never appeared to so great a disadvantage as when he talked sentiment. She endeavoured to give him views, better, and more calculated to conduce to his happiness, than those which he seemed to entertain. He bore her lecturings sometimes with good-humour, but became occasionally vexed and dissatisfied with her remonstrances ; however, he always returned to the friendly mood before separating. So well did he like her society, that he induced the Blessingtons to prolong their stay at Genoa, and suggested their taking a pretty villa called *Il Paradiso*, in the neighbourhood of his own. This *Il Paradiso* the Genoese believed, or pretended to believe, he had intended for himself, and had given up at the request of Lady Blessington, and they said, "*Il Diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso*," upon which *not* Lord Byron wrote the following lines :—

Beneath Blessington's eyes
 The reclaimed Paradise
 Should be free as the former from evil ;
 But if the new Eve
 For an apple should grieve,
 What mortal would not play the devil ?

Finding Byron thus inclined to be poetical, Lady Blessington

asked him to write for her some stanzas which she might consider peculiarly her own. The subject selected by him was herself, and a more poetic and inspiring one could not, at that period, be chosen. All the graces of womanhood, and nearly all the charms of beauty, were then possessed by Lady Blessington. She was lovely, wealthy, and witty; she dressed in the most perfect taste of the time, and was ever *bien coiffée, et bien gantée*; she walked, as only an Irish or a Cuban woman can, which is, as Saint Simon says—"une démarche de déesse sur les nuées." The lines were the following, and with a good deal of Byron's affected misanthropy and dreary hopelessness, contain, no doubt, a considerable share of real sentiment and feeling:—

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

1.

You have ask'd for a verse:—the request
In a rhymers 'twere strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head.

4.

My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plough;
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

5.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

At this time Lord Byron was meditating the Greek expedition, and for many reasons he was induced to assent to Count

D'Orsay's wish, that he should sit to him for his portrait. This is the picture which afterwards appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and which subsequently formed the frontispiece to Lady Blessington's *Conversations With Lord Byron*. The Poet himself considered the likeness a good one, and wrote, after it was finished, to Lady Blessington, upon the 6th of May, 1823—"I have a request to make to my friend Alfred, (since he has not disdained the title,) viz., that he would condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the jacket,—it would complete his costume,—and smoothe his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me!"

And of the portrait, the Count thus wrote some years afterwards :—

"Le portrait de Lord Byron, dans le dernier numéro du *New Monthly Magazine*, a attiré sur lui des attaques sans nombre—et pourquoi ? Parcequ'il ne coïncide pas exactement avec les idées exagérées de M. M. les Romantiques, qui finiront, je pense, par faire de Thomas Moore un géant, pourvu qu'ils restent quelque temps sans le voir. Il est difficile, je pense, de satisfaire le public, surtout lorsqu'il est décidé à ne croire un portrait ressemblant qu'autant qu'il rivalise d'exagération avec l'idée qu'il se forme d'un sujet ; et si jusqu'à ce jour les portraits publiés de Lord Byron sont passés sains et saufs d'attaque, c'est que l'artiste ne s'étoit attaché qu'à faire un beau tableau, auquel son sujet ne ressembloit qu'un peu. Redresser l'esprit du public sur la réelle apparence de Lord Byron est sans contredit plus difficile à faire, qu'à prouver que le meilleur compliment que sa mémoire ait reçue, est la conviction intime, que l'on a, qu'il devoit être d'un beau idéal, pour marcher de front avec ses ouvrages ; ainsi rien moins qu'une perfection n'est capable de satisfaire le public littéraire. Il n'en est pas moins vrai que les deux seuls portraits véridiques de Lord Byron présentés jusqu'à ce jour au public, sont celui en tête de l'ouvrage de Leigh Hunt, et celui du *New Monthly* ; qu'ils satisfassent ou non, la présente génération d'enthusiastes, peu importe, car, trop généralement, elle est influencé par des motifs, secondaires. On trouve dans ce moment des parents de Lord Byron qui se gendarment à l'idée, qu'on le decrive montant à cheval avec une veste de nankin brodé et des guêtres ; et qui ne peuvent digérer qu'il soit représenté très maigre, lorsqu'il est plus que prouvé, que personne n'étoit aussi maigre que lui en 1823 à Gênes. Le fait est qu'il paroît qu'au lieu de regarder les poètes avec les yeux, il faut pour le moins des verres grossissants, ou des prismes si particuliers qu'on auroit de la peine à se les procurer. C'est pour cette raison qu'il est probable que l'auteur de l'esquisse regrette de s'en être rapporté à ses propres yeux, et d'avoir satisfait toutes les connoissances présentes de Lord Byron, qui ont alors si maladroitement intercédés pour la publication de cette trist et infor-

tunée esquisse, qui rend le *Court Journal* et tant d'autres inconsolables."

The misfortune of Byron's life was that he had never known a woman, with a genuine woman's genuine feelings; his mother, at one period fierce as a baffled tigress, at another loving with more than a parent's tenderness, was not calculated to teach him the rich treasures a woman's heart contains, and can lavish upon the object of its true affections. Passion, in all its fiery phases, he learned too fully in after life, but love, deep and true as his heart was capable of appreciating, he had, we firmly believe, never experience :—

" Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime ?"

was an interrogation not more applicable to a country, than to his own heart : had that heart been known, had it's good qualities been fostered, had it's errors been repressed, or nurtured into right, it would, like the sons of the fair land of which he sung, have been but the more brightly beautiful, in the active exercise of all it's good qualities, from the intense vividness of those feelings, which, misguided, degenerated into errors.

His moral nature was not composed of

" A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;"

Misreared as he had been, neglected, petted, despised, and flattered, each in turn, no thought of heaven or of the future being inculcated, who can feel surprised, that he who had been—

" A dauntless infant ! never scar'd with God,"

should have grown up a world-defying sneerer at the most glorious attributes of our great mother Nature. It has been well written, " Poor, Proud, Byron : " and truly he was, as his letters prove, poor, proud, Byron. In almost every sentence of those wonderful productions, when his pride, or his vanity, will suffer him to be himself, he is a man, loveable as Cowper, ingenuous as Southey, unflinching and honest in his manhood as Samuel Johnson—this despiser of women, this poor, proud, Byron, so full of contrarieties and of dreaminess, could, in the midst of all his frippery, and of his fancied cold-heartedness, write thus :—

“There is something to me very softening in the presence of a woman,—some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them—which I cannot at all account for, having no very high opinion of the sex. But, I always feel in better humour with myself and everything else, if there is a woman within ken. Even Mrs. Mule, my fire-lighter, the most ancient and withered of her kind,—and (except to myself) not the best-tempered—always makes me laugh,—no difficult task when I am ‘i’ the vein.”

And yet the man who wrote this, so flippantly, and so like the most heartless of the worthless, the *petit-maître* of philosophers, Horace Walpole, could thus act kindly to the very humblest, as Moore tells us, in the person of this Mrs. Mule:—

“He first found this old woman at his lodgings in Bennet-street, where, for a whole season, she was the perpetual scare-crow of his visitors. When, next year, he took chambers in the Albany, one of the great advantages looked to in the change was, that they should get rid of this phantom. But, no,—there she was again—he had actually brought her with him from Bennet-street. The following year saw him married, and, with a regular establishment of servants, in Piccadilly, and here—as Mrs. Mule had not made her appearance to any of the visitors,—it was concluded, rashly, that the witch had vanished. One of those friends, however, who had most fondly indulged in this persuasion, happening to call one day when all the male part of the establishment were abroad, saw, to his dismay, the door opened by the same grim personage, improved considerably in point of habiliments since he last saw her, and keeping pace with the increased scale of her master’s household, as a new peruke, and other symptoms of promotion testified. When asked ‘how he came to carry this old woman about with him from place to place,’ Lord Byron’s only answer was, ‘The poor old devil was so kind to me.’”

This reply discloses the secret of his bitterest, and life-long misery. Through his misfortune, or through his fault, he had never experienced that kindness, or that love suited to his peculiar disposition. In Lady Blessington, Byron found the first virtuous woman who, through a thorough appreciation of his genius, and a knowledge of his errors, and a feeling of regret for his unhappiness, endeavoured to lead him into right, and to guide him, through rectitude, to happiness. She found him “a harlot’s slave,” a wearied one, and a sated, it may be, but with the intuitive and tender tact, that only a woman’s heart can teach, she lured him, through that deep and inborn love for his child, Ada, to think more kindly, and more truly of her, who was the mother of that child; as Moore has well written:—

"One of the most important services conferred upon Lord Byron by Lady Blessington during this intimacy, was that half reviving his old regard for his wife, and the check which she contrived to place upon the composition of *Don Juan*, and upon the continuation of its most glaring immoralities. He spoke of *Ada*; her mother, he said, 'has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her maturity shall be mine.' Lady Blessington told him, that if he so loved his child, he should never write a line that could bring a blush of shame to her cheek, or a sorrowing tear to her eye; and he said:—'you are right, I never recollected this. I am jealously tenacious of the undivided sympathy of my daughter; and that work (*Don Juan*) written to beguile hours of *tristesse* and wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold on her affections. I will write no more of it,—would that I had never written a line.' In this gentler mind, with old loves, old times, and the tenderest love that human heart can know, all conducing to soothe his pride and his dislike of Lady Byron, he learned that a near friend of her Ladyship was in Genoa, and he requested Lady Blessington to procure for him through this friend a portrait of his wife. He had heard that Lady Byron feared he was about to come to England for the purpose of claiming his child. In requesting the portrait, and in refuting the report, he addressed the following letter to Lady Blessington—

' May 3, 1823.

Dear Lady Blessington,

My request would be for a copy of the miniature of Lady B. which I have seen in possession of the late Lady Noel, as I have no picture, or indeed memorial of any kind of Lady B. as all her letters were in her own possession before I left England—and we have had no correspondence since—at least on her part. My message with regard to the infant, is simply to this effect, that in the event of any accident occurring to the mother, and my remaining the survivor, it would be my wish to have her plans carried into effect, both with regard to the education of the child, and the person or persons under whose care Lady B. might be desirous that she should be placed. It is not my intention to interfere with her in any way on the subject during her life; and I presume that it would be some consolation to her to know, (if she is in ill health, as I am given to understand,) that in no case would any thing be done, as far as I am concerned, but in strict conformity with Lady B.'s own wishes and intentions—left in what manner she thought proper. Believe me, dear Lady B. your obliged, &c.' "

Having remained the time agreed on in *Il Paradiso*, the Blessingtons resolved to leave Genoa, the first week of June, 1823. Byron regretted their approaching separation very sincerely, and said frequently how lonely he should feel when they had quitted him. Moore writes:—

"On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady Blessington, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose

of taking leave, and sat conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his own intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. 'Here,' said he, 'we are all now together—but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece.' Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady Blessington, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by his emotion, while he himself, apparently ashamed of his weakness, endeavoured to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of nervousness. He had, previous to this conversation, presented to each of the party some little farewell gift—a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolimi to another, and to Lady Blessington a copy of his *Armenian Grammar*, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him one of her rings; in return for which he took a pin from his breast, containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion, and presented it to her Ladyship. The next day Lady Blessington received from him the following note—

"Albaro, June 2, 1823.

"My dear Lady Blessington,

"I am *superstitious*, and have recollected that memorials with a *point* are of less fortunate augury: I will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the *pin*, the enclosed chain, which is of so slight a value that you need not hesitate. As you wished for something *worn*, I can only say, that it has been worn oftener and longer than the other. It is of Venetian manufacture, and the only peculiarity about it is, that it could only be obtained at or from Venice. At Genoa, they have none of the same kind. I also enclose a ring, which I would wish *Alfred* to keep; it is too large to wear; but it is formed of *lava*, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character. You will perhaps have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back the pin (for good luck's sake), which I shall value much more, for having been a night in your custody.

"Ever faithfully your obliged, &c.

"P.S.—I hope your *nerves* are well to-day, and will continue to flourish."

Thus the friends separated: the Blessingtons continued their route to Florence, where they remained about a month, and then passed on to Rome, where they rested a week.

Rome had then few attractions for them, and they went onward to Naples, where they hired the furnished palace of the Prince and Princess di Belvedere, at Vomero. It was one of the most delightfully situated residences in Italy, overlooking the sunny bay of Naples, and their style of living, their hospitality and rank, drew around them all the gay, agreeable society, English and Italian, of the city. Whilst residing here Lady Blessington wrote the following sketch, which she afterwards published in *The Lottery of Life* :—

THE BAY OF NAPLES,

In the Summer of 1824.

It is evening, and scarcely a breeze ruffles the calm bosom of the beautiful bay, which resembles a vast lake, reflecting on its glassy surface the bright sky above, and the thousand stars with which it is studded. Naples, with its white colonades, seen amidst the dark foliage of its terraced gardens, rises like an amphitheatre: lights stream from the windows and fall on the sea beneath like columns of gold. The castle of St. Elmo crowning the centre; Vesuvius, like a sleeping giant in grim repose, whose awakening all dread, is to the left, and on the right are the vine-crowned heights of the beautiful Vomero, with their palaces and villas peeping forth from the groves that surround them; while rising above it the convent of Camaldoli lifts its head to the skies. Resina, Portici, Castel-a-mare, and the lonely shores of Sorrento, reach out from Vesuvius as if they tried to embrace the Isle of Capri, which forms the central object; and Pausilipo and Misenum, which, in the distance, seem joined to Procida and Ischia, advance to meet the beautiful island on the right. The air, as it leaves the shore, is laden with fragrance from the orange trees and jasmine, so abundant round Naples; and the soft music of the guitar, or lively sound of the tambourine, marking the brisk movements of the tarantella, steals on the ear. But, hark! a rich stream of music, silencing all other, is heard, and a golden barge advances; the oars keep time to the music, and each stroke of them sends forth a silvery light; numerous lamps attached to the boat, give it, at a little distance, the appearance of a vast shell of topaz, floating on a sea of sapphire. Nearer and nearer draws this splendid pageant; the music falls more distinctly on the charmed ear, and one sees that its dulcet sounds are produced by a band of glittering musicians, clothed in royal liveries. This illuminated barge is followed by another, with a silken canopy overhead, and the curtains drawn back to admit the balmy air. Cleopatra, when she sailed down the Cydnus, boasted not a more beautiful vessel; and, as it glides over the sea, it seems impelled by the music that precedes it, so perfectly does it keep time to its enchanting sounds, leaving a bright trace behind, like the memory of departed happiness. But who is he that guides this beauteous bark? His tall and slight figure is curved, and his snowy locks, falling over ruddy cheeks, show that age has

bent but not broken him ; he looks like one born to command—a hoary Neptune, steering over his native element ;—all eyes are fixed, but his follow the glittering barge that precedes him. And who is she that has the seat of honour at his side ? Her fair, large, and unmeaning face wears a placid smile ; and those light blue eyes and fair ringlets, speak her of another land ; her lips, too, want the fine chisselling which marks those of the sunny clime of Italy ; and the expression of her countenance has in it, more of earth than heaven. Innumerable boats filled with lords and ladies, follow, but intrude not on the privacy of this royal bark, which passes before us like a vision in a dream. He who steered, was Ferdinand, King of the Sicilies ; and she who sat beside him was Maria Louisa, Ex-Empress of France.

After a residence of three years at Vomero, Lord Blessington and his party, in February, 1826, left the beautiful spot and passed about a year and a half in, and between, Rome, Florence, Genoa, and Pisa, and in June, 1828, they arrived once more in Paris. Lady Blessington was destined here to lose her husband, to be an eye witness of the downfall of the Bourbons, and of the Three Days' Revolution.

Lord Blessington was resolved that his wife should lead the fashion, and that, so far as wealth and neverfailing attention could accomplish it, her life should be happy as a dream of fairy land. He hired the mansion, formerly the residence of Marshal Ney, situated in the Rue de Bourbon, and looking on the Quay D'Orsay, and the gardens of the Tuilleries. Her bed rested upon the backs of two carved silver swans, each feather being wrought in relief. The recess in which the bed was placed, was lined with white fluted silk, the borders being blue embossed lace ; the frieze of this recess was hung with curtains of pale blue silk, with white satin lining. One side of the room was entirely filled with an elaborately carved sofa : there were also a writing table, a lounging chair, a bookstand, two magnificent jewel cases, boxes for lace, a cheval glass of the largest size, and the entire furniture was silvered, that it might be in keeping with the bed. The dressing-room was hung, and the toilette table and the lounge were covered, with blue silk, and trimmed with lace and frills of the same ; the carpet was of the richest pale blue pile. The bath-room, and its sofa, were trimmed with white lace ; the bath was of white marble, and upon the ceiling of the room there was painted a Flora, with one hand holding an alabaster lotus-shaped lamp, and with the other scattering flowers. The entire mansion was

furnished in a style equally magnificent, and cost, as we have been informed, £4,000.

Count D'Orsay had been married to Lord Blessington's daughter, Lady Harriet Gardiner, some short time before the taking of the mansion, and through his connexion with the Duc de Grammont, who was married to his sister, the Blessingtons became acquainted with the Duc de Guiche, Prince Polignac, the Duc de Cazes, and with all the best and pleasantest society of Paris.

Lady Blessington's happy life continued until the 23rd of May, 1829; upon this day Lord Blessington appeared to be in good health, and after having lunched upon a mutton chop, and having drank a rather large quantity of Eau de Melise, he rode, in the heat of the day, along the Champs Elysées.

He had not proceeded more than half way through the great avenue, when he was attacked by a stroke of apoplexy, and was saved from falling from his horse by his servant, who rushed to his side and supported him. He was carried to a neighbouring house, Doctors Boyton and Young were at once sent for, but before their arrival life was completely extinct.

Lord Blessington was only forty-six years of age at the period of his death. He had been a kind, considerate, and loving husband, but although he supported his wife with so lavish an expenditure of money, it is strange that he left his widow a jointure of only £2,500 a-year, with, however, a considerable quantity of furniture, plate and pictures.

Lady Blessington resided in Paris until after the Revolution of 1830, and then returning to England took up her residence in Seamore Place, and in the year 1836 removed to Gore House, Kensington. The marriage of Count D'Orsay with the Lady Harriet had not been a happy one, and by mutual consent they separated, she remaining in Paris, whilst the Count accompanied Lady Blessington.

Her life in England was as brilliant, though not so luxurious or so princely, as whilst residing abroad and supported by the fortune of her husband. Some of her Irish relatives believed that, in her increase of wealth, they should, by right, participate. This, during Lord Blessington's life-time, she had, to some extent, experienced, and to relieve the necessities of her humble friends, she had, on many occasions, made various and self-denying efforts. However, at the death of Lord Blessington, they considered her to be in the possession of an

ample fortune, whilst she knew it to be, measured by her late life, but a very moderate competence. She was a woman of the world, who had never learned the advantages of saving; she knew nothing of that maxim of the old Roman moralist which teaches, "*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia;*" but, as Mrs. Inchbald could stint herself to support the sisters, whose course of life she reprobated,* so Lady Blessington, who, though petted, was not selfish, could remember those who were her early connections, although they had never been her friends. Her mother had died some months after the marriage with Captain Farmer; and about the year 1829, her father had married a woman in humble life, many years younger than himself. Nevertheless, his daughter forgot this folly, and very many other annoyances, of which he was the cause, and agreed to allow him a sum of money, more than sufficient for his support and comfort, provided he would live with her aunt, and his sister, Mrs. Gleeson, of Cove-hill, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford.

This was not the only act of kindness towards her family which distinguished Lady Blessington; to all connected with her, she frequently gave money, often in large sums; and she reared, educated, and supported the children of her brother Robert. She never thought with Charles Lamb, that a

"Poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon your success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's-head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate—a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy—an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet."

These facts of her kindness to her family we know well, and we state them for the purpose of showing that Lady Blessington, however she may have been a woman of the world, was not a mere worldly woman; fortune had not spoiled her, and in the case of one who had often to struggle against the con-

* See "Boaden's Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald. Ed. 1833.

tumely which the want of money frequently produces, as she had been forced to do in her early days of neglected wifhood, this is no mean praise.

From the period of her return to London, in the year 1830, she devoted herself to literature with very considerable assiduity, and with great success. In the year 1822 she had made her first venture as an authoress, and had published, with the Longmans, her book entitled the *Magic Lantern, or Scenes in the Metropolis*; some time afterwards, she had published her *Sketches and Fragments*, and then her *Tour in the Netherlands*. Of each of these, however, but a few copies were published, beyond those required for private circulation, which proved that Lady Blessington meant her works to be but for her friends, and that she deprecated criticism. However, she was now older, probably more wise, and certainly less rich, than when she had issued these productions; she, therefore, came forth boldly and openly to the world as an authoress, exclaiming, probably, with her friend Byron—

“Here’s for a swim on thy stream, old time.”

And the stream floated pleasantly onward, and all the gay shores of life were thronged by pleasant people, willing to take passage with her who guided so gaily and so well. It may be, that the age of learned women has passed away for ever, and that the calumnious gossipings of Juvenal, of Isaac Vossius, of Columesius, and of the hundred others, who have written that a woman’s truth, and purity, and holiness, are blasted by her learning, have achieved the victory, and that estimable womanhood and learning can never more be conjoined; yet, the age of clever women is not passed, but is more powerful and all-swaying than ever. Madame De Stael supported by all her antecedents, and strengthened by all the horrid glories of the time through which she had lived, secured for herself a position which she could never have reached, supported solely by her own merit—Lady Morgan, a diluted Madame De Stael, possessed of more assurance, less reading, less experience, but a greater assumption of knowledge, and a more brazen display of boldness, was, in her way, the last of the race of would-be learned women. Lady Blessington assumed to be only a clever and an agreeable woman, who seemed, as the immortal P. P. of Watergrass-hill, Father Prout,

has said of her, "ever graceful, dignified and rational," she never pretended to be, like Donna Inez—

"a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equal'd by her wit alone;
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded,
In their own way, by all the things that she did."

Upon returning to London, Lady Blessington resided, as we have stated, first in Seamore-place, and, about the year 1836, removed to Gore-House, Kensington, in which she continued to reside until the year 1849. In Seamore-place, and in Gore-House, Count D'Orsay was an inmate, and the friendship existing between him and Lady Blessington, was the source of a very great deal of scandal. She, however, despised all the calumnies of the world; and, as De Grammont said of the Countess of Castlemaine, and the reports regarding Jacob Hall, "elle se mit bien au-dessus de tous ces petits bruits, et n'en parut que plus belle."

The Seamore-place and the Gore-House parties were the reunions of all the talent and genius in London. Statesmen, orators, poets, painters, of every country, were anxious to become known to Lady Blessington, and she received all, hospitably and kindly. To the society of authors and painters, she was particularly attached, her parties were always graced by their company and conversation, the hostess feeling, with Isaac Disraeli, that "Diamonds can only be polished by their own dust, and are only shaped by the friction of other diamonds; and so it is with literary men and artists."

Lady Blessington was one meant for society by nature, she could never be content to lead a Baucis and Philemon life, and to gaze, with the dissatisfied Shenstone, upon the drizzly day, or the dreary tracks of wintry snow, or to watch cowslips and hawthorns budding; her life should be passed in the world of men and women; give her but this, and she could enslave a male coquette, more volatile even than Buckingham, or more careless far than *Ranger*. The charms that won at first, she could make charming to the last, and to him who had once admired her attractions, it could never be said, in the lines of Fenton:—

“ These and the rest you doated on,
 Are nauseous and insipid grown,
 The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
 And Sacharissa turns to Joan.”*

We have stated that she was visited in London by very many celebrated and well-known foreigners, amongst the rest we remember the Duc and Duchesse de Grammont, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Baron D'Haussez, and latterly, one of her most frequent visitors, was Prince Louis Napoleon.

In the year 1833 the Countess Giuccioli was in England, and remembering Lady Blessington's old friendship for Lord Byron, called upon her to complain of the manner in which her, Madam Giuccioli's connexion with Lord Byron was spoken of in London. She requested Lady Blessington to defend her from the charge of immorality; to Lady Blessington this appeared a somewhat difficult task, and she endeavoured to make the Countess understand the utter impossibility of doing that which she required; however, when the difficulties were placed, to the best of Lady Blessington's ability, before the Italian Countess, she astounded her English friend by telling her to state, as a complete vindication, that she had never lived under the same roof with Lord Byron but whilst her father and brother, the Counts Gamba, had resided in the house during all the period.

Amongst the many accounts given of Lady Blessington's parties, the following, from the pen of gossiping Willis, who may be considered the Boswell of every body celebrated, is in our opinion the best, because the most accurate :—

“ A friend in Italy had kindly given me a letter to Lady Blessington; and with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated authoress, I called on the second day after my arrival in London. It was ‘ deep i’ the afternoon,’ but I had not yet learned the full meaning of town hours. ‘ Her Ladyship had not come down to breakfast.’ I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarce reached home when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten. In a long library, lined alternately with splendidly-bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found Lady Blessington alone. The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one :—a woman of remarkable beauty half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive

* The Platonic Spell.

and elegant trifles in every corner ; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially ; and a gentleman entering immediately after she presented me to Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on. Her Ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little. She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly Bulwer, and D'Israeli, the author of *Vivian Grey*. 'If you will come to-morrow night,' she said, 'you will see Bulwer, I am delighted he is popular in America—he is envied and abused—for nothing, I believe, except for the superiority of his genius, and the brilliant literary success it commands ; and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride which is only the armour of a sensitive mind afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and noble creature in the world, and open, to boyishness with those whom he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother Henry, who is also very clever in a different vein, and is just now publishing a book on the present state of France. Do they like the D'Israelis in America?' I assured her Ladyship that the '*Curiosities of Literature*,' by the father, and '*Vivian Grey*,' and '*Contarini Fleming*,' by the son, were universally known. 'I am pleased at that, for I liked them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him, and the son's respect and affection for his father. D'Israeli the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from town ; seldom comes up to London, and leads a life of learned leisure, each day hoarding up, and dispensing forth treasures of literature. He is courtly, yet urbane, and impresses one at once with confidence in his goodness. In his manners, D'Israeli the younger is quite his own character of *Vivian Grey* ; full of genius and eloquence, with extreme good nature and a perfect frankness of character.' I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua, and the engraving of her Ladyship's name, with some others, upon a rock, was not a quiz. 'Oh, by no means. I was much amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing, 'most charming Countess—for charming you must be, since you have written the *Conversations of Lord Byron*'—Oh, it was quite delightful. I have shown it to every body. By the way, I receive a great many letters from America, from people I never heard of, written in the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in perfectly good faith. I hardly know what to make of them.' I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things, to occupy their minds as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend.

‘America,’ I said, ‘has probably more literary enthusiasts than any other country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England, who know perfectly every writer on this side the water, and hold them all in affectionate veneration, scarcely conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations; I, for one, would never write another line.’ ‘And do you think these are the people who write to me? If I could think so, I should be exceedingly happy. A great proportion of the people in England are refined down to such heartlessness; criticism, private and public, is so much influenced by politics, that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed I think many of our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure.’ I asked if her Ladyship had known many Americans? ‘Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord Blessington in his yacht at Naples when the American fleet was lying there, ten or eleven years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us frequently of an evening on board the yacht or the frigate, and I remember very well the bands playing always ‘God save the King,’ as we went up the side. Count D’Orsay here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for ‘Yankee doodle,’ and it was always played at his request.’ The Count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that shows him to be a man of uncommon tact and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess Giuccioli on the Continent, and I asked Lady Blessington if she knew her. ‘Yes, very well. We were at Genoa when they were living there, but we never saw her. It was at Rome, in the year 1828, that I first knew her, having formed her acquaintance at Count Funchal’s, the Portuguese Ambassador.’ It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics, which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me. The portrait of Lady Blessington in the ‘Book of Beauty’ is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavorable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me, taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen,* which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer’s heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter’s most inspired hour. The original is no longer *dans sa première jeunesse*. Still she looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of

* Willis is mistaken, she was eight and twenty when the portrait was painted.

an admirable shape; her foot is not pressed in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows,) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have here and there a reader in my eye who will be amused by it,) was cut low, and folded across her bosom in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders, while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *fermier* of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline, a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fulness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good-humour. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always, musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the 'doctrine of compensation.' "

Such was her style of indoor-life, and though no longer young, her appearance and grace fully justified the truth of that thought of Euripides, upon beauty in those who have passed beyond the period of middle age, "In the fairest bodies, not only the spring is lovely, but also the autumn."

We have given Willis's account of Lady Blessington's home life; of her outdoor appearance, we subjoin the following, from the pen of one who knew her and her intimates well. The scene is the Ring, in Hyde-park, and the writer of the sketch is supposed to be lounging in the crush of men, who are gazing at the brilliant equipages, and the people, passing, and gives one a very perfect idea of that spot, where the fairies of London life dance the hays of fashion :—

"Observe that green chariot just making the turn of the unbroken line of equipages. Though it is now advancing towards us, with at least a dozen carriages between, it is to be distinguished from the throng by the elevation of its driver and footman above the ordinary level of the line. As it comes nearer, we can observe the particular points which give it that perfectly *distingué* appearance which it bears above all others in the throng. They consist of the white wheels, lightly picked out with green and crimson; the high-stepping action, blood-like shape, and brilliant *manège*, of its dark bay horses; the perfect style of its driver; the height (six feet two) of its slim, spider-limbed, powdered footman, perked up, at least, three feet above the roof of the carriage, and occupying his eminence with that peculiar air of accidental superiority, half *petit*.

maitre, half plough-boy, which we take to be the ideal of footman-perfection ; and, finally, the exceedingly light, airy, and (if we may so speak) the intellectual character of the whole set-out. The arms and supporters blazoned on the centre panels, and the small coronet beneath the window, indicate the nobility of station ; and if ever the nobility of nature was blazoned on the 'complement external' of humanity, it is on the lovely face within—lovely as ever, though it has been loveliest among the lovely for a longer time than we dare call to our own recollection, much less to that of the fair being before us. If the Countess of Blessington (for it is she whom we are asking the reader to admire, howbeit at second-hand, and through the doubly refracting medium of plate-glass and a blonde veil,) is not now so radiant with the bloom of mere youth, as when she first put to shame Sir Thomas Lawrence's *chef-d'œuvre*, in the form of her own portrait, what she has lost in the graces of mere complexion she has more than gained in those of intellectual expression. Nor can the observer have a better opportunity than the present of admiring that expression ; unless, indeed, he is fortunate enough to be admitted to that intellectual converse in which its owner shines beyond any other females of the day, and with an earnestness, a simplicity, and an *abandon*, as rare in such cases as they are delightful. The lady her companion is the Countess de St. Marsault, her sister, whose finely-cut features and perfectly oval face bear a striking resemblance to those of Lady Blessington without being at all *like* them. But, see ! what is this vision of the age of chivalry, that comes careering towards us, on horseback, in the form of a stately cavalier, than whom nothing has been witnessed in modern times, more noble in air and bearing, more splendid in person, more *distingué* in dress, more consummate in equestrian skill, more radiant in intellectual expression, and altogether more worthy and fitting to represent one of those knights of the olden time, who warred for truth and beauty, beneath the banner of Cœur de Lion. It is Count D'Orsay, son-in-law of the late Lord Blessington, and brother to the beautiful Duchess de Guiche. Those who have the pleasure of being personally intimate with this accomplished foreigner, will confirm our testimony, that no man has ever been more popular in the upper circles, or has better deserved to be so. His inexhaustible good spirits and good-nature, his lively wit, his generous disposition, and his varied acquirements, make him the favorite companion of his own sex : while his unrivalled personal pretensions render him, to say the least, 'the observed of all observers' of the other sex. Indeed since the loss of poor William Locke there has been no body to even dispute the palm of female admiration with Count D'Orsay. It is, perhaps, worth while to remark here, in passing, that Lady Blessington's taste in dress, and in equipage, was not only essentially correct, but in advance of her time ; in proof of which it may be stated that, though the most conspicuous results of that taste stood alone for years after they were first introduced, they at last became the universal fashions of the day. Lady Blessington was the first to introduce the beautifully simple fashion of wearing the hair in bands, but was not imitated in it till

she had persevered for at least seven years; and it was the same with the *white wheels*, and peculiar style of *picking out* of her equipages; both features being universally adopted some ten or a dozen years after Lady Blessington had introduced and persevered in them."

It may seem strange, that Lady Blessington's jointure of £2,500 a year, and charged upon an Irish property, should enable her to continue, for nearly twenty years, this elegant style of living; but it must be remembered, that her pen was, during all this time, actively employed. A titled name is always anxiously sought for by the publisher who starts a periodical work, meant for the drawing-room table, and when Thackeray makes good Mrs. Bungay delighted with the works of the Honorable Percy Popjoy, whilst she scarcely notices those of poor Pendennis and Warrington, the author was not inventing for the purpose of being satirical, he was merely writing the truth, and Mrs. Bungay is but the type of many a fashionable publisher, who sends into the world the effete productions of titled authorlings, and for the gain of a few shillings, thus takes to multiplying mediocrity.

The period at which Lady Blessington returned to London, was that in which the rage for Annuals, Keepsakes, Books of Beauty, and Drawing-room Scrap-books, was at its height. All the colors of the rainbow were employed in binding all the deep and deeper shades of inanity and stupidity, brightened only by the gleams of genius which played around the portions contributed by the editors, and by a few chosen writers.

Lady Blessington conducted, for many years, the well-known Book of Beauty; she also conducted several other Annuals, at various periods, but her own works are those upon which her reputation as an authoress must be founded.

She wrote much, and well, and successfully. Her first book was, as already stated, *The Magic Lantern*; her second was entitled *Sketches and Fragments*, from the sale of which the publishers paid, by her directions, £30 to the Irish Society. Then followed *A Tour in the Netherlands*, *A Tour in the Isle of Wight*, *The Idler in Italy*. This last work is peculiarly suitable to the present period, as it contains a great deal of interesting matter regarding the Bonaparte family, and in particular, as connected with Louis and Hortense, and their son, (that is, if he can be really considered the son of Louis,) the present ruler of the French. Then followed *The Idler in France*, *The Lottery of Life*, *Strathern*, *Conversations*

With Lord Byron, *Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre*, Marmaduke Herbert, *The Governess*, *The Repealers*, or *Grace Cassidy*, *The Victims of Society*, *Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman*, *Confessions of an Elderly Lady*, *The Belle of a Season*; and in *The Lady's Newspaper*, for the year 1848, appeared a very interesting story, *Country Quarters*, which has been since published as a three-volume novel.

She wrote various contributions for magazines and annuals, and was one of the greatest favorites of the circulating library. She is not so masculine in her conceptions as Mrs. Trollope; she is not so clinquant as Mrs. Gore; she is not so flashy, or so bizarre, as Lady Charlotte Bury; nor is she a monstrosity of genius, a mental hermaphrodite, such as the authoress of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*. Her women are real women, such as one may meet with in life, and may love or dislike. Her men are real men, precisely such as you meet in Bond-street or Merrion-square, in Yorkshire or in Tipperary; but, over all, there is a womanly charm, a depth of sentiment, of thought, and of feeling. Nobody is sublimatedly, or preternaturally good; nor is there anybody demoniacally or hellishly wicked.

There are in the *Governess*, and in *Country Quarters*, sketches of life worthy of Dickens or of Thackeray, of Banim or of Lover. She has painted in *Country Quarters*, and in *The Repealers*, scenes of Irish life, such as only the Irish born can depict, unexaggerated in feeling, and correct in idiom and in brogue.

Successful as Lady Blessington's career in authorship was, it is as a conversationalist, and as a *femme d'esprit* that her chief merit was acknowledged; and however brilliant or charming her recollections of Lord Byron appear, they afford no adequate means of judging the effect which her account of those conversations produced, when given with her own lips to a chosen circle of friends. It was then that all her Irish temperament shone out, her kindness of heart, and goodness of disposition appearing in every word, and proving that there was no occasion for the apology which she sometimes made—"I am, perhaps, a *leetle* spoilt, but that is not to be wondered at, considering the fuss people make about me."

The best specimen of her general cast of thought is that furnished by her little book entitled, *Desultory Thoughts and*

Reflections. It is in the style of Rochefoucault's *Maxims*; and although after him, all such productions must be somewhat *réchauffée*, yet, when we remember that nearly a century and three quarters ago, La Bruyère said, "We are come too late, by several thousand years, to say anything new upon morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners, have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenious of the moderns;" we must still acknowledge, that, in these thoughts there is much beautiful womanly feeling, combined, which is not always the case, with a considerable share of good common sense.—

"FEMALE EDUCATION. The whole system of female education tends more to instruct women to allure than to repel; yet how infinitely more essential is the latter art! As rationally might the military disciplinarian limit his tuition to the mode of assault, leaving his soldiery in entire ignorance of the tactics of defence.

FLOWERS.

Flowers are the bright remembrances of youth;
 They waft back, with their bland and odorous breath
 The joyous hours that only young life knows,
 Ere we have learned that this fair earth hides graves.
 They bring the cheek that's mouldering in the dust
 Again before us, tinged with health's own rose,
 They bring the voices we shall hear no more,
 Whose tones were sweetest music to our ears:
 They bring the hopes that faded one by one,
 'Till nought was left to light our path but faith,
 That we, too, like the flowers, should spring to life,
 But not, like them, again e'er fade or die.

SOCIETY. Be prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain your friends. This is not what society says, but it is the principle on which it acts.

RESIGNATION. Resignation is sometimes mistaken for happiness, though never found until its death.

LOVE MATCHES. Love matches are formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.

WOMEN. Women should not paint love, until they have ceased to inspire it.

POLITENESS. A substitute for goodness of heart.

LOVE. Love in France is a comedy; in England a tragedy; in Italy an opera seria; in Germany a melodrama.

MEN AND WOMEN. A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is generally influenced by his head.

THE POETRY OF LIFE. The poetry of our lives is, like our religion, kept apart from our every-day thoughts; neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if, instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.

FRIENDS. Friends are the thermometers by which we may judge the temperature of our fortunes.

COURAGE. Courage defends the honour of man; modesty guards that of woman.

ADMIRATION. Those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

AMUSING MEN. We never respect those who amuse us, however we may smile at their comic powers. A considerable distinction exists between the amusing and entertaining man: we laugh with one, but reflect with the other.

SCEPTICS. Sceptics, like dolphins, change when dying.

SCANDAL. Scandal is the offspring of envy and malice, nursed by society, and cultivated by disappointment.

SUPERSTITION. Superstition is but the fear of belief; religion is the confidence.

PITY. All that we bestow in pity to the unfortunate, we take away in respect; hence, he that would be respected must never allow himself to become an object of pity.

THE FUTURE. A consolation for those who have no other.

MOURNERS. They only truly mourn the dead, who endeavour so to live as to insure a reunion with them in heaven.

COSMETICS. There is no cosmetic for beauty like happiness.

WOMEN. Young women ought, like angels, to pardon the faults they cannot comprehend; and old women, like saints, should compassionate, because they have endured temptations, and experienced the difficulty of resisting them.

BORES. People who talk of themselves, when you are thinking only of yourself.

Byron presents Moore with the memoirs of his life. A. D. 1823.*

The ancients were famed for their friendship we're told
Witness Damon and Pythias, and others of old;
But, Byron, 'twas thine friendship's power to extend,
Who surrendered *your* life for the sake of a friend.

The charming Mary has no mind, they say;
I prove she has—it changes every day."

Lady Blessington's style of living was expensive, and her property being Irish, the famine and potato blight affected her

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. p. 423.

income very materially. In the years 1847, and 1848, she was much embarrassed, and early in the latter year, she resolved to sell her house and furniture, and remove to Paris, where she could live more economically, in a style that better suited her reduced means, and which would not entail so considerable a stress upon her mental resources. She accordingly advertised her house and furniture, and pictures, reserving very little indeed for herself, and in the early part of the year 1849, all were sold.

Most of the articles brought considerable prices, the pictures in particular, produced large sums. Her own portrait, that of which Byron wrote—

“Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well,”

and which, as we know, cost originally eighty pounds, was purchased for 420 guineas, by the present Marquis of Hertford, who, upon being declared the purchaser, cut it from the frame, sending it to Hertford House at once, lest by any mischance it should be injured. A portrait, by Lawrence, of Mrs. Inchbald, was sold to Mr. Birch of Ripton, for £48 0s. 6d. Count D’Orsay’s portrait of the late Duke of Wellington, was bought by Lord Normanton for 180 guineas, and Landseer’s portrait of a spaniel brought £150 10s. His sketch of Miss Power, sold for £57 10s.—and engravings after his pictures, chiefly presentation proofs, produced prices more than double those for which they sell at the shops. For these latter subjects there was a most ardent competition, and one which we know was gratifying to Lady Blessington, as they were in all instances bought to be kept as remembrances of brilliant hours of past-by happiness.

The portraits of Lady Blessington by Chalon, D’Orsay, and others, were not sold.

The party who left London, consisted of Lady Blessington, Count D’Orsay, and Lady Blessington’s nieces, the Miss Powers, the daughters of her brother Robert, whom she had educated. Count D’Orsay, who had been her intimate from choice in England, was now the only man, nearer to London than the antipodes, on whose friendship and protection she possessed the claim of kindred however remote. In her prosperity, her house had been open to him ; at her husband’s death it had continued so, and in the hours of her declining

fortune, and of his poverty, for that infliction which straitened her, ruined him, D'Orsay continued still her firm and loyal friend.

Count D'Orsay was born at Paris in the year 1798; from his father he inherited, as we have stated, little more than a name; his sister, by her marriage with the Duc de Grammont had, to her own name, added another which recalls all the glories, all the shames, every virtue, and every vice, of the Fronde, and of the wild court of Charles the Second. The Count had been in England before his meeting with the Blessingtons at Valence, in the year 1822. At the period of his visit the world of fashion was ruled by O'Connell's "bloated buffoon," Lord Alvanley, and by George Brummel; but young as he was, the taste and elegance, combined with the beauty of the young Frenchman, quickly raised him to a position in the ranks of dandyism, as high, if not higher, than that occupied by his older rivals. He was not a mere dandy, he was a clever mechanic, he was an artist of no mean order, and his busts and statues were considered, by those fully competent to judge, equal to the productions of able professional artists. During his first visit to England, he had kept a journal of all he saw, heard, and thought, and when he was introduced to Lord Byron at Genoa, in the year 1823, as the journal contained much that could not fail to interest the Poet, the book was lent to him, and he thus gives his opinion of it in a letter addressed to Lord Blessington.

" April 5th, 1823.

" My dear Lord,

" How is your gout? or rather how are you? I return the Count D'Orsay's journal, which is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes; and after reading his remarks, have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would, however, plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by and bye. The most singular thing is *how* he should have penetrated *not* the *facts* but the *mystery* of the English *ennui*, at two and twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles—for there is scarcely a person whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less intimately with most of them—but I never could have discovered it so well, *Il faut être Français* to effect this. But he ought also to have been in the country during the hunting season,

with 'a select party of distinguished guests,' as the papers term it. He ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on the hunting days), and the soirée ensuing thereupon—and the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather been hunted; and I could have wished that he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at Lord Cowper's—small, but select, and composed of the most amusing people. The dessert was hardly on the table, when out of twelve, I counted *five asleep*; of that five, there were *Tierney Lord* " ", and Lord Darnley—I forget the other two, but they were either wits or orators—perhaps poets. My residence in the East and in Italy, has made me somewhat indulgent of the siesta;—but then they set regularly about it in the warm countries, and perform it in solitude (or at most in a tête-à-tête with a proper companion), and retire generally to their rooms to get out of the sun's way for an hour or two. Altogether your friend's Journal is a very formidable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths usually are. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction—I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure*—at least I won't say so, whatever I may think. I showed it (I hope no breach of confidence) to a young Italian lady of rank, *tres instruite* also; and who passes or passed, for being one of the most celebrated belles in the district of Italy where her family and connexions resided in less troublesome times as to politics (which is not Genoa by the way), and she was delighted with it, and says that she has derived a better notion of English society from it, than from all Madame de Stael's metaphysical disputations on the same subject, in her work on the Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B. and her sister.

Believe me, your very obliged and faithful

N. B.

P.S.—Tell Count D'Orsay that some of the names are not quite intelligible, especially of the Clubs. He speaks of *Watts*—perhaps he is right, but in my time *Wattier's* was the Dandy Club, of which (though no dandy) I was a member, at the time too of its greatest glory, when Brummel and Mildmay, Alvanley and Pierrepont, gave the Dandy Balls: and we (the Club, that is,) got up the famous masquerade at Burlington House and Garden for Wellington. He does not speak of the *Alfred*, which was the most *recherché* and most tiresome of any, as I know, by being a member of that too."

On the 9th April, 1823, he writes:—

"I salute Miladi, Mademoiselle Mamma, and the illustrious Chevalier Count D'Orsay; who, I hope will continue his history of 'his own times.' There are some strange coincidences between a part of his remarks and a certain work of mine, now in MS. in England,

(I do not mean the hermetically sealed Memoirs, but a continuation of certain cantos of a certain poem,) especially in *what a man* may do in London with impunity while he is *à la mode*,* which I think it well to state, that he may not suspect me of taking advantage of his confidence. The observations are very general."

We have heard that Count D'Orsay followed the hint here offered, and continued the diary to a very recent period. He could scarcely neglect the advice given by Byron, and urged upon him in the following letter:—

"April 22, 1823.

"My Dear Count D'Orsay (if you will permit me to address you so familiarly), you should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has succeeded since the days of Charles the Second, and the records of Antonio Hamilton, without deviating into our barbarous language,—which you understand and write, however, much better than it deserves. 'My approbation,' as you are pleased to term it, was very sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for, though I love my country, I do not love my countrymen—at least, such as they now are. And besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work, I fear that to me there was the attraction of vengeance. I have *seen* and *felt* much of what you have described so well. I have known the persons and the reunions so described,—(many of them, that is to say,) and the portraits are so like, that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance. But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated? But never mind, *en avant*!—live while you can; and that you may have the full enjoyment of the many advantages of youth, talent, and figure which you possess, is the wish of an—Englishman,—I suppose, but it is no treason; for my mother was Scotch, and my name and my family are both Norman; and as for myself, I am of no country. As for my 'Works,' which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the devil, from whence (if you believe many persons) they came. I have the honor to be your obliged, &c. &c."

That Lady Blessington should feel happy in the society of such a man as this, cannot at all surprise us. He was her favorite, as he was the favorite of all who knew him, and amongst the guests at Gore House apparently most attached to the Count, was Prince Louis Napoleon. That the President could allow his friend to want, and could forget the intimacy of the Prince, we shall presently discover.

When Lady Blessington arrived in Paris, she resided for

* Don Juan. Canto xii. Stanza 23.

some days at an hotel, where she was visited by several old friends. The De Grammonts, and her sister, the Countess de St. Marsault, were of course fully as attentive as ever, and with these old names* to back her own pretensions, she could not find herself lonely, did she seek society, in a capital even less gay, and more exclusive, than Paris.

Paris, however, is not a city where one constituted as Lady Blessington was, could be so happy as in London. Women make up the soul of French society, and for the company of her own sex, she felt no very ardent longing. In fact, women did not care for her, and, as she very truly observes in her *Desultory Thoughts*, "Those women who are most loved by their own sex, are precisely such as are least sought by the other." The President was just attentive enough to show that he had not forgotten Gore House, but knowing D'Orsay's actual *poverty*, and possessing, as he did by his high office, the power to place him in a position where his talents could be usefully employed, he suffered him to linger on, a needy desponding man. Lady Blessington, whilst staying at the hotel, had hired a very pretty house in the Rue de Cirque, which she at once commenced to furnish. In the latter part of the month of May, finding the hotel very noisy, and very hot, she removed to her new home on the third of June, before it was quite prepared for her reception. Her health had been, for weeks, very much broken; she complained of frequent palpitations of the heart; grief and mortified pride had conspired to render her condition deplorable, and all that medicine could afford, to alleviate her distress of mind and body, was counteracted by the folly with which she persisted in carrying out the homœopathic system, and she thus, like Malibran, fell a victim to her trust in a science pushed beyond its proper limit. She looked pale, thin, and care-worn, but was still willing to enjoy society, and upon the third of June, the day upon which she took possession of her house, she dined with the Duchesse

*The St. Marsaults are an old family. Chateaubriand in his *Memoirs*, writes:—"Accordingly, one fine morning, I set out to perform my penance, attired as a *debutant*, in a grey coat, red breeches and waistcoat, top boots, and a little French hat, decorated with gold lace. When we reached Versailles, we found three other *debutans* besides myself, the two *Messieurs de Saint Marsault* and the Comte d'Houteville. The Duc de Coigny gave us a few instructions. He bade us avoid trying to be in at the death, as the king was always greatly displeased if any body attempted to pass between him and the animal." This was the royal hunt to which only the highest families were invited.

de Grammont, and returning home, retired to rest in as good health as she had lately enjoyed; early the following morning, she rang her bell for assistance, the servants and her inmates gathered around her bed, medical assistance was at once summoned, but in vain, and on the fourth day of June, 1849, Marguerite Countess of Blessington died, calmly and painlessly, in the sixtieth year of her age. Her death was caused by apoplexy, induced by a long concealed disease of the heart, all the worst symptoms of which had been increased by her recent troubles. Her remains were at first placed in the Church of the Madeleine, and thence, after some days, were removed to Chambourcy.

When the tourist, twenty years ago, wished to reach Paris from Rouen, and was anxious to avoid the long road by Meulan, he took, on arriving at Nantes, the route known as *Le Chemin de Quarante Sous*, and passing by the banks of the Seine, by the old town of Poissy, and by the forests of Saint Germain and of Marley, arrived at the little village of Chambourcy, a quiet, sleepy, country place, belonging to the De Grammont family, and situated close upon the edge of Marley forest. To this spot Lady Blessington's remains were borne, and placed in a tomb designed by Count D'Orsay. Of the monument, the following beautiful and accurately written description, was given by the late lamented Mrs. Romer:—

“A tomb was constructed for her, far from the crowded cemeteries of the capital, in a spot which she herself would have selected, could her wishes have been consulted. On the confines of the quiet village of Chambourcy, a league beyond St. Germain-en-Laye, a green eminence crowned with luxuriant chesnut-trees, divides the village church-yard from the grounds of the Duke de Grammont. On that breezy height, overlooking the magnificent plain that stretches between St. Germain and Paris, a mausoleum has been erected worthy of containing the mortal remains of her whom genius and talent had delighted to honour—

‘Whom Lawrence painted, and whom Byron sung!’

A pyramid composed of large blocks of white stone, and similar in form to the ancient monuments of Egypt, rises from a platform of solid black granite, which has been completely isolated from the surrounding surface by a deep dry moat, whose precipitous slopes are clothed with softest greenest turf. A bronze railing encloses the whole, within which has been planted a broad belt of beautiful evergreens and flowering shrubs; and beyond these the lofty chestnut trees ‘wave in tender gloom,’ and form a leafy canopy to shelter

that lonely tomb from the winds of heaven. Solid, simple, and severe, it combines every requisite in harmony with its solemn destination ; no meretricious ornaments, no false sentiment, mar the purity of its design. The genius which devised it has succeeded in cheating the tomb of its horrors, without depriving it of its imposing gravity. The simple portal is surmounted by a plain massive cross of stone, and a door, secured by an open work of bronze, leads into a sepulchral chamber, the key of which has been confided to me. All within breathes the holy calm of eternal repose ; no gloom, no mouldering damp, nothing to recall the dreadful images of decay. An atmosphere of peace appears to pervade the place, and I could almost fancy that a voice from the tomb whispered, in the words of Dante's Beatrice : —

‘Io sono in pace!’

The light of the sun, streaming through a glazed aperture above the door, fell like a ray of heavenly hope upon the symbol of man's redemption—a beautiful copy, in bronze, of Michael Angelo's crucified Saviour—which is affixed to the wall facing the entrance. A simple stone sarcophagus is placed on either side of the chamber, each one surmounted by two white marble tablets, encrusted in the sloping walls. That to the left encloses the coffin of Lady Blessington—that to the right is still untenanted ; long may it remain so ! The affection she most valued, the genius and talent she most admired, have contributed to do honour to the memory of that gifted woman. Her sepulchre is the creation of Alfred D'Orsay, her epitaphs are the composition of Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor. *Her* last resting-place will not be neglected ! The eye of faithful affection watches over it as vigilantly as though the dust that sleeps within, were conscious of his care. But lately a sentiment of exquisite tenderness suggested the addition of its most touching and appropriate embellishment. A gentleman in the county Tipperary* had been commissioned to send over to Chambourcy a root of ivy from Lady Blessington's birth-place to plant near her grave. He succeeded in obtaining an off-shoot from the parent stem that grows over the house in which she was born. It has been transplanted to the foot of the railing that surrounds her monument—it has taken root and spread—and thus the same ivy that sheltered her cradle will overshadow her tomb ! Upon the two tablets placed over her tomb, are inscribed the following tributary lines :—

“In memory of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, who died on the 4th June, 1849.

In her life-time she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science, in distant lands sought her friendship ; and the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters, of her own country, found an unfailing welcome in her ever hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help, and sympathy, and useful counsel ; and she died lamented by many

* R. Bernal Osborne, Esq. M.P. The reader will remember that she carried flowers with her when, a child, she left Knockbrit for ever.

friends. They who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest.

BARRY CORNWALL."

"Infra sepultum est
Id omne quod sepeliri potest,
Mulieris quondam pulcherrimæ.
Ingenium suum summo studio coluit,
Aliorum pari adjuvit.
Benefacta sua celare novit, ingenium non ita.
Erga omnes erat largâ bonitate,
Peregrinis eleganter hospitalis.
Venit Lutetiam Parisiorum Aprili mense,
Quarto Junii die supremum suum obiit.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

Count D'Orsay did not long survive his old friend. After her death he resided at Paris, in the Rue Ville l'Evêque, and hoped on against hope, and waited for the assistance he expected from the President. His health declined, his chest became painfully affected, and the seeds of death were thoroughly and thoroughly sown. Then came the *coup d'état* of which D'Orsay was an opponent; the friendship of the President grew cool, and the man who was a traitor to his country and to its constitution, became a tyrant to those who despised his scoundrelism.* D'Orsay lived alone, shut out from the world in his roof-lighted studio, sick at heart, broken in health, beggared in pocket. Here, however, he made many friends; authors, poets, painters, came around him. Pierre Dupont sang his praises, and George Sand, was not the George Sand of her books to him, but with her own deep, loving heart, and with her admiration of all that is noble and good, she came to him as a friend, as a woman, as the Aurora Dudevant of twenty years ago. At length, through the pressing and urgent appeals of friends, he was appointed Director of Fine Arts. The nomination came too late, and on the third of June, 1852, he wrote to a friend that he was dispirited and sick, he grew rapidly and fatally worse, and died at his residence in Paris, on the fourth day of August, 1852, aged fifty-three years.

* This blood-stained oath-breaker has the audacity to talk of Charlemagne, and to dub himself "Protector of Holy Places." Is there no Rabelais or Pascal now in France? Has its genius become stunted? Has it dwindled into Montalembert? Are Bossuet and Huet represented by Abbé Gaume, and Cardinal Gousset? Is *Le Ver Rongeur des Sociétés Modernes; ou Le Paganisme dans l'Education*, to guide the education of youth, despite the teachings of Innocent XI., and of St. Charles Borromeo?"

His body was borne to Chambourcy—the sarcophagus in which the remains of Lady Blessington had been laid, was placed at one side of the monument; at the period of her interment, a second sarcophagus had been observed, that day it was empty—within it now there moulders all that is earthly of Alfred Count D’Orsay. He and Lady Blessington had been reared Roman Catholics, but, like Pope and Moore, they thought little of its observances. However, in D’Orsay’s last hours he was attended, at his own request, by a clergyman of his church, and by his bed, in his bitter, most bitter agony, were the Archbishop of Paris, the Abbé Daguerre, and the Abbé Penon.

The world has not suffered the memory of the two dead friends to rest. As slander, and as calumny were their lot in life, the grave was no refuge for them, they found no sanctuary in its dark shadow from, as Wordsworth hymns it, and as we repeat—that

“fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother’s grave!
Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy pin-point of a soul away.”

Both our old friends are gone, together in life, not separate in death, they rest side by side—genius—beauty—birth. Kind hearts and firm friendships had been theirs through life, and pleasant days, and glorious evening gatherings, had cheered them in all the happy noontide of their brilliant existence.

As we write now, those evenings, gone for ever, come back once more in fancy, and that room in Gore-House is again before us. Lady Blessington is there, looking, aye and feeling too, that

“All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.”

We can recall the pleasant laughter, and the sweet, low hum of voices steals upon the summer air; there come around us Moore, and Bulwer, and Disraeli, as he was years ago, before he had ratted for a place, and eaten dirt, and sold his own consistency, and forgotten Bentinck’s friendship, that he might batten and grovel in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and proved, that though the waters of Baptism may wash out the stain of Judaism, nothing can ever cleanse the blood

from the taint of Judas. Henry Bulwer enters too, all lisp and affectation, and cleverness ; and poor Haynes Bailey, and Isaac Disraeli, and Patmore, and Landseer, and Lover, and Richard Sheil, and the Countess de St. Marsault, then in England, and looking lovely and graceful as when, gazing from *Il Paradiso*, Byron sat smiling by her side—all are around us—but, alas, it is only the dream of a shadow, the best, the brightest, the most loved are gone, and as we recall old kindnesses extended to us, which can never, never in this world, be repaid, we sigh with poor George Morris—

“ Oh ! many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old ;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.”

ART. IV.—MR. WORSAAE ON THE DANES AND NORWEGIANS IN IRELAND.

An account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. J. A. Worsaae, for F. S. A., London, a royal commissioner for the preservation of the national monuments of Denmark ; Author of *Primæval Antiquities of Denmark*, &c. &c. London : John Murray, 1852.

THIS volume contains the result of a tour of twelve months in 1846-7, undertaken by the author as a royal commissioner, appointed by Frederick VII. king of Denmark, president of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, to inquire respecting the monuments and memorials of the Danes and Norwegians still extant in Great Britain and Ireland. Every student of history knows that from the close of the eighth century, England, Scotland and Ireland were harassed by the continuous incursions of piratical Heathen tribes from the north of Europe, styled Northmen, Norsemen, or Danes. The chronicles of the middle ages concur in representing these invaders as blood-thirsty barbarians ; but as such histories were chiefly compiled by ecclesiastics, whom the Northmen pursued with murderous enmity, originating from the bloody massacre perpetrated on their Saxon ancestors by the Christian Charlemagne, in his fruitless attempt to force them to renounce their belief in Odin, it has been argued, that religious prejudices induced

the monks to depict their Heathen oppressors in too unfavorable colors. The first hostile incursion of the Scandinavians upon Ireland was made in the year 795, when they burned and plundered the isle of Rachrann, or Rathlin. Our readers have been already informed that there is extant in manuscript, written in the Gaelic language, an exceedingly valuable history of the wars between the Irish and the Danes,* which is nearly contemporary with the events it chronicles; and until it has been published we must rest contented with the information on this era derivable from the works already accessible.

From the close of the eighth century, the Northmen continuously maintained their descents upon Ireland, where they encountered a fierce and stubborn resistance, both by sea and land, and while in France and England they reigned paramount, exacting heavy tributes at the gates of Paris, and inflicting the severest cruelties on the imbecile Anglo-Saxons, they were in Ireland obliged to succumb to the native princes, who permitted them to settle in the maritime towns, on condition of acknowledging their supremacy, paying a stipulated tribute, and supporting them in contests with hostile tribes. The particulars of some of those tributes have been minutely recorded, and we find that a few years before the conquest of England was completed by the Danes, they were kept in such subjection by the Irish that Gildas Mochonna, a petty Leinster prince, was accustomed to make them subservient to his agricultural operations by yoking them, as beasts, in his ploughs and harrows. Many, however, of the more important Scandinavian settlers formed alliances and intermarried with the natives, with whose interest they thus became identified, and consequently in the majority of the battles and expeditions from the eighth to the twelfth century, we find that Gaels and Danes were to be seen ranged on both sides, the Northmen never hesitating to wage war, in unison with the Irish, against hostile Scandinavians. This feature in our annals has been too much overlooked by writers who represent the Northmen as on all occasions standing aloof from the Irish, and undertaking their warlike expeditions as a people totally distinct and separate from the natives.

* For information relative to this manuscript, and other particulars noticed in the present paper, the reader is referred to the "Historic Literature of Ireland," and the "Celtic Records of Ireland." *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. I.

That the Irish were not without shipping and commerce before the coming of the Scandinavians is sufficiently proved by Tacitus, by their hostile incursions on Britain and Gaul, recorded by the Roman writers; by their communication with the Continent, and even with the remote Iceland, which is admitted to have been first colonized by Irishmen. From Cormac's Glossary we learn that a single merchant, *Brecan*, grandson to Nial "of the nine hostages," had fifty *currachs* trading between Erin and Alba (Scotland), a fact further attested by the Irish name *Coire Brecaín*, anciently applied to the whirlpool between Cantyre and the island of Rathlin, off the coast of Antrim, and now known as the Mull (*Maoil*) of Cantyre. Among the stipends paid by the sub-chiefs to their superiors, before the Danish era, we find repeated references to "fully rigged ships," and to various foreign commodities, as "gold and riches brought across the sea."—"steeds with costly trappings from beyond the *glas mhuir* or green sea," and "bondsmen and fair shields imported across the bristling surface of the ocean." The ante-Danish Brehon laws contain enactments relative to imports and exports, and lay down the amounts to be paid to artificers for building the respective classes of ships; they also expressly decree that all "fosterers," to whom the care of children was committed, should be required, under penalties, to instruct them in the science of navigation. The *Leabhar Breac*, or "Speckled Book," an ancient manuscript, relates the stranding of a fleet of one hundred and fifty ships off the coast of Erin, early in the seventh century, and the later native annals record several engagements on sea between the Gaels and the Northmen.

Dr. Petrie has conclusively proved that the Gaels did not derive their coinage from the Scandinavians, as had been erroneously conjectured; while the many elaborate and exquisite specimens of art-manufacture in the precious metals, bearing the monograms of native artists, attest the perfection to which this branch of industry had attained in Ireland at an early period. To form an estimate of the state of learning among the Irish at the era of the first Northern irruption, we have but to consult the continental historians, who aver that the island had then been long the chief repository of European literature and science, and furnish us with catalogues of the numerous illustrious sages who, from the remote Hibernia,

bore religion and civilization to many of the European states. Distinguished writers on art have also borne testimony to the beauty and perfection of the school of ornamentation which was peculiar to Ireland, while the fine arts were almost extinct in the rest of Europe. To these evidences of a certain civilization may be added the proficiency of the Irish in music, so fully recognized, that in the seventh century, we find notice of professors being sent for from Ireland, to instruct French religious communities in the science of psalmody. Although, as in France and England, numerous contests took place between the Northmen and the Gaels, from the eighth to the twelfth century, it will be found that, notwithstanding such intestine commotions, Ireland continued to produce many eminent writers, as Cormac Mac Cullinan, king of Cashel, compiler of an invaluable polyglot glossary; Marianus Scotus, Oengus, the hagiographer, and the illustrious Joannes Erigena, besides a host of other native authors, whose compositions are still extant. On the other hand, the Scandinavians, although for four centuries settled in Ireland, produced not a single distinguished literary character; they have left behind them neither manuscripts, nor inscriptions, nor even a single specimen of art-manufacture worthy of comparison with the native productions; and their most enthusiastic admirers have been obliged to rest their claims to a progressed civilization on their skill in barque-building, an art common to the most savage islanders.

When a race of colonists, in the seventeenth century, aided by the power and wealth of Britain, and abetted by large numbers of discontented natives, succeeded in dispossessing the old Irish of their lands and properties, it became their policy to represent the despoiled race as ignorant and barbarous. Dishonest antiquaries and venal writers were found to assert that all traces of remote civilization existing in Ireland were attributable to the Danes, a name by which the Northmen were most widely known among the peasantry. After a few generations, this idea became strongly engrafted on the minds of the lower orders, who were thus led unwittingly to confound the deeds of the Danes with the mighty achievements traditionally ascribed to the semi-mythic race of *Danans*. In the last century the "Dano-mania" found a learned and able advocate in the Rev. Edward Ledwich, who expected that his ingenious attempts to raise the reputation of the Scandinavians,

at the expense of the old Irish, would recommend him to a bishopric, in which, however, he was deservedly disappointed. The careful and profound researches of recent times having exposed such dishonest attempts, and enabled the dispassionate investigator to estimate justly the merits of the two races, we were induced to look forward with interest to the result of the labors of Mr. Worsaae, who was favorably known to us by his treatise on the "Primeval Antiquities of Denmark,"* in which he laudably essayed to establish a correct system of terminology, and, with considerable ability, demonstrated the importance of preserving and classifying monuments of antiquity, as ancillary illustrations to the written history of past ages. On an examination, however, of the portion of his present work which treats of the Danes and Norwegians in Ireland, we regret to find that he has flagrantly violated all the laws of historical probity, recklessly sacrificing truth and justice to a self-evident desire of gratifying the prejudices of the lowest class of his English readers, and of pandering to the vanity of his own countrymen, by putting forward a mass of assertions, based on distorted views and dishonest inferences. A considerable part of his first chapter, on the Danes in Ireland, is filled with an impertinent and uncalled-for digression, relative to the political agitation in Ireland, under O'Connell, who he gravely assures us claimed descent from Brian Borumha! Instead of endeavouring to exhibit the state of the island at the era of the first Danish invasion, he falsely avers, that the remaining relics of her literature are mostly limited to "chronicles in the forms of annals, and a few old songs," totally omitting to mention the various detailed histories, romances, and translations from foreign authors. He then calls upon us to believe his unsupported assertion, that the "Irish accounts are far from being always trustworthy," while "what the Sagas, and the rest of the Scandinavian chronicles relate about Ireland is, for the most part, very trustworthy," cautiously, however, avoiding

* "The Primeval Antiquities of Denmark, by J. J. A. Worsaae, translated, and applied to the illustration of similar remains in England, by W. J. Thoms." 8vo, London; J. H. Parker, 1849. This work was originally written in Danish, for a Copenhagen society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and published, in 1843, under the following title, "*Danmarks Oldtid oplyst ved Oldsager og Gravhøie. Udgivet af Selskabet for Trykkefrihedens rette Brug.*" It is, however, but just to state, that the English edition derives its chief value and interest from the editorial labors of Mr. Thoms.

any reference to the fact, that the Sagas are semi-fabulous and entirely traditional. Their supporters have hitherto failed to produce any Icelandic manuscript, anterior to the fourteenth century; the most important ancient document of which the Northern antiquaries can boast, being the "Codex Flateyensis," written in 1395, and so named from having been discovered in the island Flatö, on the west of Iceland. On the other hand, Dr. John O'Donovan's opinion, that the Irish had the use of letters in the third century, is confirmed by the magnificent caligraphy of the "book of Kells," and by the internal evidences afforded by many other ancient Hiberno-Celtic documents. Sir James Mackintosh, an authority infinitely higher than Mr. Worsaae, assures us that the Irish "possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses in its present spoken language," and it is remarkable that no important discrepancy has yet been discovered between the various detached remains of the historic literature of Ireland, but, on the contrary, various isolated and independent Celtic records, discovered in the most remote and distant localities, harmonize and confirm the statements of our annalists, a circumstance which elicited the following just observations from a late erudite writer:—"A sæculo inauditum esse existimo, in rebus præsertim Septentrionalibus, veritatem facti cujuscumque antiqui tanta rerum in uno anno concordantium varietate, totque personarum, locorum et circumstantiarum adjunctis, quæ alibi quam in nostris annalibus inveniri nequeunt, possit tam dilucide et inconcusse demonstrari."

After observing that "Ireland is usually treated of incidentally, nay almost accidentally" in the Sagas, Mr. Worsaae proceeds to establish the minute accuracy of those documents by topographical etymologies in the following style:—

"The Kongespeil states that Saint Diermitius had a church on a small island, 'Misdredan' or 'Inisdredan, on the lake 'Logherne.' This island is evidently 'Inisdreckan,' in the lake Lough Erne, where formerly Saint Diermitius actually had a church. Subsequent transcribers of the book have clearly enough transformed Inisdreckan into Inisdredan, Misdredan, &c." Page 310.

"Inisdreckan" has been created by Mr. Worsaae to sustain the authority of his Saga, there being no such island in existence. St. Diermitius resided on Inis Clothra, in Loch Righe, an

expansion of the Shannon. By a similar ingenious process Mr. Worsaae metamorphoses the Hill of Howth into "Ceann Fuaid," the Irish name of Confey, a town in Kildare; while *Inis Cocrach*, the island of the sheep—now "Mutton island,"—is according to him, derivable from the Scandinavian name *Sker*, or *Skjær*, a reef.

"*Jöllduhlaup*, which signifies 'the course or breaking of the waves,' is merely a translation into Icelandic of the Gaelic name 'Corrybracan' (Coire Breacain), whereby the Gaels denote a whirlpool between the little island of Rathlin (or Raghlin), and the north-easternmost part of Ireland." Page 311.

According to Cormac's Glossary, Coire Breacain signifies, not "the course or breaking of the waves," but the whirlpool of the merchant Breacan, noticed at page 819, who was submerged with his mariners in this vortex. Adamnan and O'Donnellus translate it as "Charybdis Brecani," the latter confirming the authority of the Glossary as follows, "*Vorticosa quædam Charybdis, nautis et navigantibus formidabilis, quæ vulgo Core Breacain, id est, Charybdis Brecani, appellatur, quia ibi ante annos multos Brecanius ex Manio filio, Nielli magni, Hiberniæ regis, nepos, submersus interiit.*"

"On the flat shores in the middle of the eastern coast of Ireland, between Dublin and Drogheda, which are called Finngall, or the 'stranger's land' (from '*finne*,' a land and '*gall*,' a stranger), and which in ancient times were colonized chiefly by Norwegians, is a small town called Baldoyle. In old documents this town is named '*Balidubgail*,' the *Dubhgalls* or Danes' town ('bal,' a town). We have thus an existing proof that the Danes also were once actually settled in Ireland." Page 313.

The Gaelic word *finé* signifies a tribe; and Baldoyle, Hibernice *Baile ui Dubhghaill*, took its name from the O'Doyles, a Leinster family of the line of Ugainé Mor.

We likewise find Mr. Worsaae erroneously asserting that two of the chiefs of the Limerick Danes—*Eachmarcach* and *Maol-na-m-bo*—undoubted Gaels, were men of Scandinavian race.

"Among the names of places in Ireland which remind us of the Norwegian dominion, we must in particular specify the names of three of Ireland's four provinces, viz., Ulster (in Irish 'Uladh'), Leinster (Irish 'Laighin'), and Munster (Irish 'Mumha,' or 'Mumhain'), in all of which is added to the original Irish forms the Scandinavian or Norwegian ending *stadhr*, *ster*." Page 314.

This derivation, borrowed without acknowledgement from Chalmers, is totally untenable, as the names of the three

provinces are not to be found with the present terminations in any document anterior to the 12th century, when for the first time, they were styled by the Anglo-Normans "Ulneistere," "Monestere," and "Leynistere," the final syllable being unmistakeably the French *terre*, as in *Angleterre*, cognate with the Latin *terra*, which foreign philologists derive from the analogous Celtic noun *Tír*. These errors, and many others, with which Mr. Worsaae's work abounds, might be considered as resulting from the obstacles which a stranger is supposed to encounter in researches of such a nature; he, however assures us that such a difficulty did not occur in his case, and we are aware that while in Ireland every source of information was liberally rendered accessible to him.

The two ensuing extracts will serve to exhibit our author's fidelity in quoting even from printed works, when his object is to maintain peculiar theories:—

"In an Irish poem *of the early middle ages*, about the Norwegian chief, 'Magnus the Great,' the Norwegians are called '*the people with the twelve counsellors*.' This leads us to think that the Norwegians, like the Danes in England, must have employed in their judicial proceedings a sort of jury, consisting of twelve men of repute, *an institution so foreign and striking to the Irish*, that they were led to characterize the Norwegians by it." Page 322.

In the poem thus adduced to prove the existence of the jury among the Northmen, the imaginary Scandinavians are poetically styled the sons of the twelve councillors of the king of Norway, the production is, moreover, of no historical authority, being merely a romantic ballad of comparatively modern date, detailing an imaginary dialogue between St. Patrick and the bard Oisín, in which the latter is represented as narrating the exploits of certain Irish heroes who flourished five centuries anterior to the first Danish irruption. That the jury was an institution by no means foreign to the Irish, is proved by an ancient Brehon law, decreeing that, in particular cases, when the property of lands is disputed, "*the unanimous voices of twelve men* shall decide the controversy." The erudite Camden admitted that the Anglo Saxons received the use of letters from the Irish,* and we expect that, ere long, an examination of our Hiberno-Celtic manu-

* Dr. Wordsworth, in his recent sermons, on the Irish Church, also bears honorable testimony to the services rendered to the Anglo-Saxons by the missionaries from Ireland.

scripts will show that the jury was not introduced into England by the Danes, as Mr. Worsaae thinks he has conclusively proved in another portion of his work.

“ One of the chief causes that the Norwegians in the Irish cities maintained uninterruptedly their Scandinavian characteristics, and consequently their independent power likewise, was that they not only lived in the midst of the Irish, but that, as Giraldus Cambrensis expressly intimates, they erected in every city a town of their own, surrounded with deep ditches and strong walls, which secured them against the attacks of the natives. They built a *rather extensive town* for themselves on the river Liffey, *near* the old city of Dublin, *which was strongly fortified with ditches and walls*, and which, after the Norwegians and Danes (or Ostmen) settled there, obtained the name of Ostmantown (in Latin ‘vicus,’ or ‘villa Ostmanorum’) i.e. the Eastman’s town. Even the Irish chronicles, which attest that, as early as the beginning of the tenth century, the Norwegians in Dublin had well intrenched themselves with walls and ramparts, *also state that in the art of fortifying towns they were far superior to the Irish*. Ostmantown continued through the whole of the middle ages to form an entirely separate part of Dublin, and *the gates of the strong fortifications with which it was surrounded were carefully closed every evening*. *The walls were at length razed*, and Ostmantown, or, as it was now corruptly pronounced, ‘Oxmantown, (whence an Irish peer has obtained in modern times the title of Lord Oxmantown), was completely incorporated with Dublin. But to the present day the name of Oxmantown remains an incontrovertible monument of an independent Norwegian town formerly existing *within* the greatest and most considerable city of Ireland.” Page 322.

The walls and gates of Oxmantown never had existence, save in the imagination of Mr. Worsaae. That Oxmantown was not an extensive settlement is sufficiently attested by the fact, that until after the sixteenth century the only buildings of importance on the North side of Dublin were two monastic institutions. Nor do the native chronicles assert that the Northmen were superior to the Gaels in fortifying towns; this is not, however, we may observe, the sole instance in which our author quotes the Irish annals for statements which they do not contain.

Even in his account of the battle of Clontarf, where the writer might be expected to exhibit some degree of accuracy, we find it stated that the conflict was the result of Brian’s rupture with Sigtryg, chief of the Danes of Dublin, which is totally incorrect, and equally unfounded with the assertion, in the same page, that Sigtryg was present at the battle, and subsequently “returned with the

remnant of his army to Dublin," as the best authority on this particular point assures us, that Sigtryg remained within the walls of the city during the entire time of the engagement. To convince us of the great valour of the "proportionately few and scattered Norwegians, who could reach Ireland only by sea, and who could derive assistance only from their countrymen settled upon the coasts of England and Scotland," Mr. Worsaae, on his own unsupported authority, avers that the population of Ireland one thousand years ago, does not appear to have been less than it is at the present day; by a similarly correct statistical view, he tells us that Dublin at the period of his visit contained "more than 300,000 inhabitants," whereas, if we are to believe the census returns of 1841, its population was then 232,726.

Having thus adduced a few specimens of Mr. Worsaae's inaccuracies, we deem it superfluous to continue our errata, which might be indefinitely elongated, there being scarcely a page of the portion of his work relating to Ireland which does not contain some false view, or unfounded statement. The author's object is, clearly, to endeavour to propagate the erroneous theory, that his countrymen were a superior race, always firmly combined, and proudly standing forth as a civilized people, amidst a nation of disunited and semi-barbarous Gaels, on whose dissensions he profusely dilates, passing lightly over the intestine disunion, bloody fratricides, and murders which prevailed extensively among the Danish and Norwegian settlers in Ireland. One instance may however be cited, to show the absurdities into which he is occasionally betrayed in his ardour to advance the reputation of the Northmen: After asserting that the ancient Celtic sepulchre in the Phoenix park, Dublin, is a Danish monument, he concludes that the recently discovered skeletons of the Gaels, who were buried at Kilmainham after the battle of Clontarf, are the remains of an "isolated band of Heathen vikings," and the weapons found in these graves he consequently pronounces of Danish origin, adding that

"On placing the short and ill-formed Irish sword by the side of the much larger, better, and handsomer Norwegian one, we may almost say that we obtain, as it were, a living image of the degenerate and miserably equipped Irish people, in comparison with the strong and well-armed Norwegians." *Page 328,*

Mr. Worsaae has been here inadvertently induced to admit

that the Gaels, who so repeatedly defeated and subjugated his countrymen, achieved those victories even whilst laboring under the disadvantage of being equipped with inferior arms. It is, however, incontrovertible, that the weapons and other remains of Scandinavian implements discovered in Ireland are so inferior in workmanship to the undoubted contemporary Irish specimens of brooches, spears, sgians, axes, &c. that nothing but the writer's confidence in national prejudice could have induced him even to hazard a comparison between them. The two following parallel extracts may serve to exhibit the consistency of this royal commissioner :—

“Just as the *proportionally numerous Norwegian graves** near Dublin prove that a considerable number of Norwegians must have been settled there, so also do the peculiar form of workmanship of the antiquities that have been discovered in them, afford a fresh evidence of the *superior civilization which* the Norwegians in and near Dublin must, for a good while at least, have possessed in comparison with the Irish.

The antiquities hitherto spoken of only prove, indeed, that the *Norwegians and other Northmen were superior to the Irish with regard to arms and martial prowess.*

But there are other Norwegian antiquities, originating in Ireland, and found both in and out of that country, which also prove that the Danes and Norwegians formerly settled there contributed, like their kinsmen in England, by peaceful pursuits, to influence very considerably the progress of civilization in Ireland.” Page 331.

“Not even the Norwegian expeditions into Ireland, and the destruction of churches and convents by which they were accompanied, were able to annihilate the influence of the Irish clergy on the diffusion of Christianity in the north-western part of Europe.”—“As we have before stated, the commencement of a national Irish literature was also developed among the clergy at a very early period; which, together with the numerous ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland, prove that the Irish clergy of those times must have attained no mean degree of civilization, and that with regard to education they must, in certain respects, have been a great deal in advance of the heathen Scandinavians.” “It is true, indeed, that the Norwegian vikings made their way with fire and sword, that they destroyed a number of churches and convents in Ireland, and that in this manner they often occasioned the most violent intestine commotions, which for a time, at least, could not but tend to hinder the progressive development of Christian civilization.” Page 333.

* As usual with Mr. Worsaae, this induction rests on no foundation, the graves he assumes to be Norwegian, being, according to our chronicles, the sepulchres of the Gaels who fell at Clontarf.

After perusing the introductory portion of the present paper, in which we endeavoured concisely to exhibit, from various authentic native and foreign sources, the condition of the Gaels, previous to and during the Scandinavian irruptions, the reader will be able to form an estimate of Mr. Worsaae's historical probity in endeavouring to promulgate the following unfounded statements :

1. That the Danes conquered Ireland.—2. That the Icelandic literature “both in form and substance was undoubtedly far superior to the Irish.”—3. That there is reason enough to doubt whether the Irish people, although Christianized, were really more educated or more advanced in true civilization than the heathen Norwegians.—4. That previously to the arrival of the Norwegians the Irish do not appear to have carried on any great trade, or on the whole to have had any very extensive intercourse with the rest of Europe.—5. That the “Norwegians were the first who minted coins, and carried on any considerable trade and navigation in Ireland.”

With such reckless and untenable assertions it would be obviously supererogatory to contend, as they are completely disproved by the whole body of our monumental and written history ; the reader is therefore left to decide whether Mr. Worsaae's errors are attributable to ignorance, or to deliberate misrepresentation—the former cause is humiliating as the latter is damnatory to the reputation of an historical compiler.

In taking leave of this work, on which the public money of Denmark has been so unprofitably expended, we would caution similar writers, that the day is past when every literary empirick might with impunity falsify and distort our history, in pursuit of an ephemeral notoriety amongst classes whose prejudices outweigh their devotion to the cause of truth. The animus of Mr. Worsaae's production forcibly demonstrates that the most effective mode to prevent the recurrence of similar attempts, is to take prompt steps to make the learned world acquainted with the contents of the important and still unpublished materials for Irish history.

ART. V.—HEAD'S FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.

A Fortnight In Ireland. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart.
1 vol. 8vo. London: John Murray, 1852.

WE have always been pleased to find the name of Sir Francis, Head in the Publisher's Circular. Many of our gayest hours of light reading are connected with his *Rough Rides*, his *Bubbles*, his *Stokers and Pokers*, his *Emigrant*, and his *Faggot of French Sticks*. We have admired his honest sentiments, and his manly avowal of views, not always the most popular, and, however much we may have dissented from his pamphlet upon the National Defences, we gave him full credit for the very best intentions, as a patriot and as a soldier. The spirit of the soldier, we thought, actuated him too strongly, and when he prescribed increased forces, and extended fortifications, we felt inclined to class him with the goldsmith in Molière's play who recommends a sorrowing father to cure his daughter's melancholy by "une garniture de diamants," and we could have replied with the father, "Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse, vous êtes orfèvre."

About all Sir Francis' books there is a genuine bonhomie, and he is ever a high-minded gentleman. His own views peep out very frequently, little objects engage his attention, and he would, we are sure, have made a capital companion for Montaigne in that famous tour "Into Italy, through Switzerland and Germany." Indeed, Sir Francis, his opinions, tastes and feelings, even his physical infirmities, appear so frequently to the reader, that he is inclined to fancy the author has adopted Montaigne's motto—"Je n'ay pas plus faict mon livre, que mon livre m'a faict,—livre consubstantiel à son auteur." In the work before us, Sir Francis is not so successful, although as amusing, as in his earlier tours. He came to Ireland a total stranger, knowing nothing of the country, taking his information from carmen, commissioners of police, Maynooth professors, and head constables of constabulary. Like Mr. Pickwick, to whose immortal adventures Sir Francis refers in the preface, he is ever ready with his note-book, in which he jots down data of all kinds and of every value. Knowing so little of Ireland from actual experience, he came over expecting to discover a wild, half-starved, half-savage people. He left us

we are happy to find, in other and more rational sentiments. He worked hard, whilst here, to acquire information, he procured letters of introduction wherever it was possible to obtain them; he was anxious to know the truth and to tell it fully, and whenever he is mistaken in his views on Irish affairs, or in his estimate of Irish grievances, his errors are the result of ignorance rather than of prejudice. His mistakes cannot be considered as arising from silence or bashfulness; he asked questions with the pertinacity of a Yankee, having caught the infection, we presume, whilst Governor of Canada. Between his questions, and his eternal note-book, he reminds us of Sir John Carr, and seems to have taken for his model, that account of himself left us by Lemuel Gulliver, who, when amongst the Houyhnhnms, and ignorant of their affairs, writes—"I pointed to every thing, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book, when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent, by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often!" But whilst we thus give Sir Francis Head our very sincerest approbation for good intentions, we cannot honestly assert that he has produced a book likely to add to his own reputation, or calculated to extend a just knowledge of Ireland amongst the people of the sister kingdoms. There is about this work a very evident appearance of book-making, and there are several absurd mistakes as to localities, and the attempts at the Irish brogue are miserable failures. Sir Francis, like many other tourists, came to this country determined to find us turbulent, poverty-stricken, and perpetually joking. The first chapters of the book might just as well have been written in the author's study at Oxendon, with the aid of Fraser's Hand-book, and Thackeray's Irish Sketch Book. We think it quite possible that Sir Francis, who is a practised writer, may have arranged those chapters before leaving England. He calls Grafton-street Grattan-street; he gets to the Liffey from O'Connell's house, in Merrion-square, by some route known only to himself, and he sees the people going to Donnybrook Fair nearly three weeks before that national Saturnalia took place. The waiters at Morrison's ask—"Would you'r Arn'r like to take anything?" A carman tells him that the statue in College-green is that William the Conqueror. He has discovered, too, that we have, owing to the Liffey, no want "of good pure air." We only wish he could walk to the Four Courts on

a June morning, when the tide is out, and he could count, as did Coleridge at Cologne,

“two and seventy stenchs,
All well defined, and several stinks.”

He could not, however, discover the “hideous wenches.” We might for these, and other reasons, assume that Sir Francis prepared those chapters before arriving in Ireland, thus taking a lesson from Sheridan, who, when his son Tom had expressed a wish to descend a coal mine, said, “What do you want there?” “Oh,” replied Tom, “I’d like to say I was in one.” “Well,” observed Brinsley, “can’t you say so?” We will, however, give our author the full credit of having seen all that he states, and place his errors to the score of ignorance, and to his bad sight, of which he, in the *Faggot of French Sticks*, complains so repeatedly.

The style of this book is curious. The early chapters are imbued with a very evident tinge of the author’s peculiar humor; they compose what is called “Part I.,” and contain chapters on “Dublin,” “National Education,” “Dublin Police,” and ninety-two pages are devoted to “My Tour,” of five days, through Galway, Westport, and the far west; he also visits an emigrant ship. This first portion of the book is written in a calm, dispassionate spirit, and the author appears to have been good natured. He occasionally hits the Roman Catholic, and then relieves himself by an attack on the Protestant. We can fancy that whilst writing one chapter he whistled the “Priest in his Boots,” and that, when composing the next, he changed the tune to “Protestant Boys.” He omits no opportunity of obtaining information, when he cannot procure letters of introduction he introduces himself, and invariably experiences kindness and attention. At Maynooth, the vice-president, a Christian, a gentleman, and a scholar, acts as his cicerone, and invites him to dine with the professors although he had no letter of introduction, having failed in his attempt to see Dr Cullen, on whom he called twice. His account of Maynooth is highly interesting, and not a little amusing. Everything there surprises him, from the blasting of a quarry, to a railway whistle, from the great variety of bibles in the library, to the “Litany of Loretto,” which he copies from a prayer book called “The Key of Heaven.” On leaving the library

he was surprised to observe the following inscription, "Whoever takes a book out of this Library incurs excommunication, *ipso facto*."

We have stated that Sir Francis suffers no opportunity of obtaining information to escape him, and whilst in Castlebar, he actually calls upon Lord Lucan, a stranger to him, "a tall slight, intelligent, gentleman-like man, of apparently about fifty," from whom he procures a great deal of information on the subject of evictions. He finds that his lordship has, in the neighbourhood of Castlebar, about 15,000 acres stocked and cropped, and about 15,000 more in a transition state. The former is farmed by himself, the latter, when reclaimed, will be farmed by tenants, for whom houses are now being built, costing about £500 each. Sir Francis saw at the farm a steam-engine—in charge of a Scotchman—thrashing, cleaning, grinding, chaff-cutting, sawing, besides lifting water to supply whole premises, and, moreover, heating a kiln for drying corn—the engine being heated by turf, and costing five shillings a-day. Lord Lucan has evicted about 10,000 persons, of whom one-tenth are employed by him. Most of the laborers are cottiers, and are paid from 9d. to 10d. a-day, throughout the year. The land at Ballinrobe, where the system of farming is fully carried out, will support double the former amount of stock. The cottiers there are paid from 1s. to 8d. a-day, all the year, and the greater number have gardens. The usual wages paid by other parties is from 6d. to 8d., without a house.*

To the subjects of the Dublin Police, of the Constabulary, the Revenue Police, and of the National Schools, Sir Francis has directed a large portion of his book, and the information afforded is very interesting, and not less useful. All through the country, the author has never failed to visit the police barracks, for the purpose of learning the condition of the neighbourhood. He tells us:—

"Ireland, for police purposes, is divided into thirty-five counties, and ridings over, each of which is placed a county-inspector. Each county and riding is divided into districts, averaging seven in number over each of which is placed a sub-inspector, whose district is further sub-divided into about seven sub-districts, each under the immediate charge of a head or other constable. Each sub-district comprises, on an average, forty town lands. There are at present in

* IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. Vol. I., p. 184.

Ireland 1,590 police stations, giving on an average forty-eight stations to each county, and eight policemen to each station. The force at present consists of 12,501, of whom 7,798 are Roman Catholics, and 4,703 are Protestants: 10,000 police, with officers and staff, cost £2,000 a-year less than 10,000 soldiers without staff. The average annual cost of clothing the police is—infantry, £1 5s. 5½d. per man; cavalry, £1, 19s. 1d. per man!"

Sir Francis has added a map to the book before us, on which, by dots, he points out the position of police barracks through Ireland, and recommends a Lord-Lieutenant, ignorant of the country, to look at the face of the first little boy he meets, who is deeply pitted with small-pox, or to discharge a gun, loaded with snipe-shot, at a sixpenny map of Ireland; by either of these means he will judge pretty accurately of the position of police stations. To all who are acquainted with Sir Francis Head's works, it is quite unnecessary to observe that he is a very great admirer of female beauty, and a most ardent supporter of female virtue. Upon arriving at Galway, he was struck by the peculiarly modest air of the women, the Claddagh fishwomen particularly—that strange race, half-gipsy in mode of life, and intensely Roman Catholic in religion, living almost solely on fish, marrying amongst themselves, and at an age that astounds the physiologist, and producing children with a rapidity unknown, save in the obstetric records of parturient royalty; and yet, amidst all their dirt, poverty and ignorance, preserving a chastity more stainless and more intact than that of which any vestal virgin could boast. We have heard many reasons given for this fact; one man says it arises from race, another from the certainty of early marriage, a third from the check afforded by the Roman Catholic practice of confession. However, let the cause be what it may, the evidence adduced by Sir Francis Head is as follows:—

"From the morning on which I had visited the great model National School, in Marlborough-street, Dublin, to the hour of my arrival at Galway, I had remarked in the Irish female countenance an innate or native modesty more clearly legible than it has ever been my fortune to read in journeying through any other country on the globe. Of the pure and estimable character of English-women, I believe no one is a more enthusiastic admirer than myself: nevertheless I must adhere to the truth of what I have above stated, and I do so without apology, because I am convinced, that no man of ordinary observation can have travelled, or can now travel, through Ireland without corroborating the fact. But I have lived long enough to know that outward appearance cannot always be trusted, and, accordingly, wherever I went, I made enquiries, the result of which

was not only to confirm, but to over-confirm my own observation; indeed, from the Resident Commissioner of the Board of National Education in the Metropolis, down to the governors of gaols and masters of the remotest work-houses, I received statements of the chastity of the Irishwomen so extraordinary, that I must confess that I could not believe them; in truth, I was infinitely more puzzled by what I heard than by the simple evidence of my own eyes. I resolved, therefore, that before concluding my trifling tour, the sole object of which had been to inform myself as correctly as possible of the real character of the Irish people, I would, instead of generalities, come to particulars on the subject in question, and I accordingly put to the constable the following questions, the answers of which I wrote as he pronounced them:—Q. ‘How long have you been on duty in Galway?’—A. ‘Above nine years.’ Q. ‘Have you much crime here?’—A. ‘Very little; it principally consists of petty larcenies.’ Q. ‘Have there been here many illegitimate children?’—A. ‘Scarcely any. During the whole of the eight years I have been on duty here I have not known of an illegitimate child being reared up in any family in the town.’ Q. ‘What do you mean by being reared up?’—A. ‘I mean, that, being acquainted with every family in Galway, I have never known of a child of that description being born.’ Q. ‘Does that fact apply to the fishing village of ‘the Claddagh?’—A. ‘Particularly so.’ Q. ‘Do you mean to say that, to your knowledge, there has never been an illegitimate child in the town of Galway?’—A. ‘I have *heard* that a servant girl has had one, but at the present moment there is no such case in my mind. In the village of Claddagh they get their children married very young.’ The above statement appeared to me so very extraordinary, that I begged the constable to be so good as to conduct me to his commanding-officer (sub-inspector), a well educated and highly intelligent gentleman, whom we found at the court-house, seated on the bench with the Magistrates. As soon as the business was over, I went with him to his lodgings, and, after some conversation on the subject, I asked him the following questions:—Q. ‘How long have you been on duty here?’—A. ‘Only six months.’ Q. ‘During that time have you known of any instance of an illegitimate child being born in the village of Claddagh?’—A. ‘Not only have I never known of such a case, but have never heard any person attribute such a case to the fisherwomen of Claddagh. I was on duty in the three islands of Arran, inhabited almost exclusively by fishermen, who also farm potatoes, and I never heard of one of their women—who are remarkable for their beauty, having had an illegitimate child, nor did I ever hear it attributed to them; indeed, I have been informed by Mr. ———, a magistrate who has lived in Galway for eight years, and who has been on temporary duty in the island of Arran, that he also never heard there of a case of that nature. These people, however, when required to pay poor rates, having no native poor of their own in the work-house, resisted the payment of what they considered a very unjust tax—in fact, they closed their doors, and the rate was only partially collected.’ The officer seeing that I took great interest in the subject on which I had been conversing with him, sent

for some subordinates, who, he observed, had been longer in Galway than himself. They arrived separately, and the information of the head-constable (sergeant), in reply to the same questions I put to the constable, was as follows:—A. 'I have been here better than two years, and during that time I have never known of any women of Claddagh having had an illegitimate child; indeed, I have never even heard of it.' Q. 'Have you ever known of any such case in Galway?'—A. 'Oh, I think there have been some cases in town. Of my own knowledge, I cannot say so, but I have *heard* of it.' The sergeant in charge of the Claddagh station now arrived, and gave his opinion as follows:—Q. 'How long have you been in charge of the Claddagh village?'—A. 'I have been nine years here, for five of which, last March, I have been in charge of Claddagh.' Q. 'During that time has there been an illegitimate child born there.'—A. 'No; I have never heard of it, and if it had happened I should have been sure to have heard of it, as they wouldn't have allowed her to stop in the village.' Q. 'Have you ever heard of any that occurred *before* your arrival?'—A. 'No, Sir.' Q. 'During the nine years you have been in Galway, have you known of any cases that occurred *there*?'—A. 'Well, there were very few: only one that occurred to my own knowledge.' Q. 'Are the Claddagh people as slovenly in their person as I have seen to-day?'—A. 'Oh, no! On Sundays the fishermen turn out clean and neat, in blue jackets, and trousers, and shoes. The women turn out with scarlet cloaks and white caps; the young women with their hair trimmed, and bound up very tastily.' 'And yet,' said I to myself, 'what ornament can these poor young people put on equal to that virtuous character which they wear wherever they go, and which, in spite of their poverty, it appears no human power can deprive them of!' He added, 'but they are very improvident; they make much money in summer. I have known them catch 260 pair of soles in one haul.' The officer here stated, and the last witness (the sergeant), who had been in charge of Claddagh for the last five years, subsequently, of his own accord, repeated the assertion, that, until lately, 'the crime of theft had been utterly unknown among the fishermen, and was almost so now, in fact,' added the sergeant, 'no theft has occurred in Claddagh during *my* time.'"

"Part II." of the Tour is devoted to the explication of Sir Francis Head's own peculiar views of Irish affairs, to a recapitulation of Irish errors, and to a long catalogue of

* Those who wish to learn the superior virtue of Irishwomen, we refer to Kay's "Social Condition and Education of the People." Vol. I. p.p. 354-616. Laing's "Social and Political State of the European People in 1848, 1849," p.p. 273-312. Lord Ashley's (now Earl of Shaftsbury) Speeches in Hansard for 1848-49-50. Porter's "Progress of the Nation." Ed. 1850. Art. "Manners." Rev. H. Worsley's "Prize Essay on Juvenile Depravity." Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor," p. 104. See also the very able review in the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, 1838, of Duchatelet's "Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris."

Irish faults, and concluded by a very short chapter upon the means best calculated to remedy those evils. The Priests, in Sir Francis' opinion, are the principal cause of all the evils of Ireland. We never knew an Englishman who had not some theory of his own regarding Ireland and its misery. One man thought it was turf and absentees; another considers it all to have arisen from potatoes and early marriages; a third attributes it to a repeal of the corn-laws; and John Bright affirms that every wrong, and misery, and poverty, and starvation should be placed to the account of the Established Church—but Sir Francis Head will insist that the Priests are the sole cause of every misfortune. Having made this discovery, our author, to support his views, and to prove his case, makes extracts from various letters and speeches given to the world by certain Roman Catholic clergymen during the late elections.

Upon the question, the great question, National Education, Sir Francis Head writes very pleasingly, and his account of the Marlborough-street Schools is well worth reading, and will, we hope, extend the sale of his book. He found the children of all religions living happily together; no little disputes about faith ever disturbing their peace, and he suggests that some form of prayer might be introduced in which all could join. There is an old maxim which advises that we should "Leave well enough alone:" and Sir Francis's suggestion proves how little he knows of the great difficulties that have been surmounted by the Commissioners, nay, the great difficulties under which they at present labor, in endeavouring to inspire confidence in the National System. Through the unfailing, unflagging attention of Professors Sullivan and M'Gauley, the system has been successful; through the ability and scientific knowledge of the latter gentleman, whose educational works are an honor to the country, and to the institution, the teachers have been trained ably, carefully, and successfully; through the watchful attention of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Clergy in the country, the full benefits of the grand educational scheme have been wonderfully extended. "In 1834, the number of schools under the National System was 789, and the number of children attending amounted to 107,042. In the year 1846, the schools were 3,637, and the children attending 456,410. In 1847, the woful famine year, the schools were 3,825, but the children had fallen to 402,632. In 1849, the schools were 4,321, and the children attending amounted to

480 623."* This is a satisfactory statement, and since the latest year quoted by Mr. Porter, 1849, the demand for schools, and the attendance of pupils, has been much more than proportionally increased. The National System has pleased all parties, and it has obtained the approbation of Drs. Whately, Murray, and Henry, and has forced, the Roman Catholic, Dean Meyler, to acknowledge, that Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to the Earl of Derby for the establishment of those schools. Their success proves that the late Dr. Doyle was right when, in his evidence before the House of Commons, he said :—

“ I do not see how any man, wishing well to the public peace, and who looks to Ireland as his country, can think that peace can ever be permanently established, or the prosperity of the country ever secured, if children are separated, at the beginning of life, on account of their religious opinions. I do not know any measure which would prepare the way for a better feeling in Ireland, than uniting children at an early age, and bringing them up in the same school, learning to commune with one another, and to form those little intimacies and friendships which often subsist through life. Children thus united, know and love each other, as children brought up together always will, and to separate them is, I think, to destroy some of the finest feelings in the hearts of men.”

These were the opinions of one who knew this country and its wants, and they but support the views afterwards advanced by another eminent Irishman who wrote :—

“ In these countries, but especially in Ireland, where forgetfulness of sectarian distinctions, and brotherly union of all persuasions, is so desirable, for the cause of a common country; as well as of a common Christianity, any arrangement which tends to perpetuate these distinctions, or to preclude this union, is undoubtedly to be deprecated. To class our National Schools under partial designations of Protestant, and Catholic, and Presbyterian, is a contradiction. By becoming sectarian, they cease to be national. By thus parcelling out our people in lots, by thus keeping them ‘parqués,’ in their respective pasturages, we recognise a sort of inherent incompatibility; we tell the child that it is in his nature, and in his duty to live apart and hostile: we grow Protestants and we grow Catholics, for future conflicts; and lest, if confided to their own untutored feelings, they should seek in religion only that in which all agree, we take care to point their attention to that in which each differs. . . We convert into a law of hate what Heaven gave us as a law of love, and degrade seminaries for the universal mind of the country into rival garrisons for a faction. . . Half our animosities arise from ignorance of each other; we imagine every thing evil, for we are not allowed, either by our own passions, or by those of others, to discover what is really good. ‘We hate,’ as Schiller

* PORTER'S PROGRESS OF THE NATION, p. 780, Ed. 1850.

says, 'until we love,'—the moment we come into contact, these phantasms disappear. We find that we are each of us much about the same kind of human beings and British citizens we should have been had we been born under opposite creeds and opinions. But it is some time before these discoveries are made; and of how many evils, and of what evils, is this separation and this ignorance in the interval productive! What years of distrust and dissension, how many generations of misery and crime, has it not sent forth from its prolific womb! We have seen these things, but seen them very late. We have attacked the consequences—but the cause is not yet extinguished. It is easy to pass the sponge over the statute book, but not so easy to pass it over the human heart. The sufferers and the combatants are still alive; it is to those who have been neither—to that generation who were *born free*, and not to the freed man—to that yet untainted generation which is now rising up about us—that the country has chiefly to look. But this will be in vain, if the legislature anathematises the principle and yet permits the practice. It will be a vain task to preach the union of manhood, if we continue to teach children separation. If we would make the country one, we must begin by gathering up the fragments while they are yet soft. Thanks to our original nature, unsectarian, unpolitical, unsophisticated, as it always is, until corrupted by man, this is not difficult. Children, if left to themselves, will naturally unite. Their animosities and prejudices are not *theirs*, but their *fathers'*. Such mixture of sects and classes is the true discipline, by which these pernicious tendencies should be counteracted. There is no place like a school, to teach universal sympathy, unadulterated Christian benevolence—I will not say (for it is a very unchristian word) toleration. Separate at present our children; and the next generation will exhibit all the errors and passions of the old races over again. The Protestant school will turn out its annual show of Protestants—the Catholic schools its rival batch of Catholics; just in the same manner as an aristocratic school shapes its Exclusives, or a corporation school begets its Aldermen and Police Magistrates. The age and country want Englishmen and Irishmen. Nationalism, not Sectarianism, should be the first article of our common charter. But are the especial tenets of each particular faith to be sacrificed or neglected—that which is their Christianity—that by which they are what they are—God forbid! Each believer should believe what he likes, and as much as he likes (belief is not so common that we should quarrel much about the quality or quantity), nor is it less fitting that he should know what he believes, and why he believes it. A period in Education not only admits reasoning on such subjects, and enquiry, but demands it. Enough of this, by all means; but at the proper time—in the proper place—above all, in the proper manner. Common sense and common charity will not seek to protestantise, no more than it would relish to be catholicised itself. Reciprocity—but true and downright reciprocity—Catholico-Protestant reciprocity—no 'universal liberty,' all on one side. As much of your own food for your own taste as you like, but no forcing it upon that of others, unless you can give with it your own taste also. Remember

the fable of the Fox and the Crane: they both gave good dinners, but not for mixed company. As to the good which has been done, is to be done, and must be done, by this compulsory benevolence, I only ask, can benevolence be compulsory? Hence, all attempts at compelling, or insidiously smuggling in, your pet interpretations should be denounced. You have no right to set your polemical spring-guns and soul-traps in this way, on the manor of another. The prohibition of all interpretation is just as bad. It is an absolute misnomer. Instead of none, it means any. When no rule is laid down, it does not follow there will be none; on the contrary, it leaves it in the power of the teacher, or, what is still worse, of the pupil, to take up the very first interpretation he meets. The very absence of interpretation may be proselytism; the simple reading of the scriptures, may be downright sect. All this may be defended; but it will be defended in the sense of the aggressor. It may be explained away; but nothing in the instruction of childhood should require explanation. I dare say it is supreme in religious tactics, but I am not for Proselytism but Education."

These are the opinions of Thomas Wyse,* who is, we regret, wearing away life, buried in the inglorious Ambassadorship of Greece, whilst he should be Minister of Education in England. They are the sentiments of one of the earliest Educational Champions of our time, and their truth is proved by the success of the *Ecoles Mixtes* of France and the Netherlands, of the *Simultan Schulen* of Prussia, and of the *Common Schools* of America.†

We are, we freely acknowledge, admirers of the National and Mixed systems of Education. We think that the Minister who will grant money for a separate system of education, or who will allow to any such school, save theological, the power of conferring degrees, will be a traitor to the people of these kingdoms. Sir Francis Head's suggestion of a common form of prayer we consider most pernicious. To adopt it would be to undo all the labors of the National Board, and to deprive our people of all its advantages, and to negative that recommendation of the Education Committee of 1828, by which the adoption of a system was advised, that "should afford, if possible, a combined literary and a separate religious education, and should be capable of being so far adapted to the views of

* See his "Education Reform; or the Necessity of a National System of Education." London: Longman and Co., 1836.

† See "A Sketch of the State of Popular Education in Holland, Prussia, Belgium, and France." By the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley. London: Ridgeway, 1840, 2nd Ed. See also Kay's "Social Condition and Education of the People."

the religious persuasions which prevail in Ireland, as to render it in truth a system of National Education for the poorer class of the community."

These are the sentiments and recommendations worthy of the free Senate of a free people, acknowledging the great principle that religious instruction should be concurrent with educational progress, but making that instruction free to all as faith might dictate, not throwing the power of moulding the young mind into the hands of the churchman by giving him exclusive control. We are rejoiced to find that Lord Naas has no intention of interfering with the present course of instruction; his reply* to Mr. Bernal Osborne was high-minded and consistent, and proves that the Earl of Derby does not forget the great words of John Milton—"Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation whereof ye belong, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse; not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies."†

In the year 1850, the number of children in the Marlborough-street school was fourteen hundred, each of these pays one penny per week. In the same year the sum paid to teachers of the National Schools, was sixty six thousand, nine hundred and sixty four pounds, being upon an average £14 10s. to each teacher. There are six classes of teachers, and the number trained in the year 1850 was, in the total, 272; of these 185 were males, 87 were females. Fifteen were of the Established Church, two hundred and fourteen Roman Catholics, forty-one Presbyterians, two Dissenters. Under the direction of the Board there are one hundred and twenty-four workhouse schools; of these Ulster has twenty-eight, Leinster twenty-nine, Connaught twenty-four, and Munster forty-three. At Glasnevin there is a farm, in connexion with the Board, of one hundred and twenty-eight acres; at this farm teachers and pupils receive instruction both literary and agricultural, the fruits of which extend themselves all through

* House of Commons, November 19th, 1852.

† Arcopagitica.

the country as is proved by the fact that there are already in Ireland nineteen model agricultural schools—in Ulster eight, in Munster eight, in Leinster one, in Connaught two.

In the Dublin Schools there are now twelve hundred and thirty children ; of these five hundred are males, four hundred and thirty are females, and three hundred are infants. In religion seven-eighths are Roman Catholics, one-eighth Episcopalians and Presbyterians, and, if we remember rightly, there are six Jews.

Those teachers in the establishment in training to become teachers in the country, (whose hours of instruction, except on Saturdays, are from ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon) amount to one hundred and ninety-five, being sixty-five females, one hundred and thirty males ; of these one-fourth are Protestants.

The following is Sir Francis Head's descriptions of his visit to the Marlborough street Schools :—

“ There are three schools for boys ; the largest, consisting of four hundred, is divided into five classes. Over each division is a paid monitor, or pupil teacher. Every division, according to the proficiency of the pupils, is subdivided into classes, over each of which is appointed a class monitor. On proceeding to the largest of these schools I entered a lofty room, eighty feet long, by fifty broad, containing sixteen parallel desks and benches, each affording a location for eighteen squatters, where I found three Professors, each at the same time addressing on an average five benches of boys, who, on every question that was asked, darted out their arms in the sharp, quick way already described. On one exalted desk at the further extremity of the room was inscribed, on a large black slate—

Lessons for the 14th August.

1. Grammar.
2. Geography.
3. Spelling,

“ As I have previously explained, they had not only correctly to spell on a slate whatever word was pronounced to them, but also to write the meaning of it. On the slates of three boys sitting in a row I saw the following words inscribed simultaneously :—

“ *Crab*—Belongs to the third class of animals, called Crustacea.”

“ *The Crab*—Belongs to the class called Crustacea.”

“ *The Crab*—Belongs to that class of animals called Crustacea.”

“ I was afterwards shown several of their books, in many of which, over admirable writing, there appeared, justly written by the Pro-

fessor, the two words, 'Very good'—a testimonial highly prized, I was informed, by the boys' parents. All of a sudden, with a great noise, the whole of the scholars arose from their seats, and, as soon as they stood erect, the Professor put them through all sorts of movements; made them jump—fold arms—turn this way, then the other; at last, the hour for recreation having arrived, in regular procession they were marched out; and as with joyous, intelligent countenances, they one close to the other passed me in lock step, I could not help feeling how triumphantly they contradicted the opinion which has often so unjustly been expressed, that Irishmen instinctively rebel against discipline. In a few minutes these boys were in their play-yard, and by the time I could get to it I found them not only in full enjoyment, but in full chorus—for they were singing together very prettily as well as playing. Some were swinging; some hanging by their hands on five different bars, on one of which a merry lame boy, with a countenance beaming with happiness, was suspending himself by his crutch. The top of a single post, for leap-frog, was beautifully polished by the innumerable hands, to say nothing of cloth and corduroy, which rapidly passed over it. In a shed several were playing at fives. At the first glance the scene was one of apparent confusion, but on analysis I very shortly discovered the method that pervaded it. For instance, close to the lofty pole around the bottom of which four boys were joyously whirling, only occasionally touching the ground with their feet, I observed a line of candidates for the fun, patiently standing in succession one behind the other, so as without contention to enjoy the ropes each in their turn. In another portion of the yard were to be seen two rows of about twelve boys each, with their stomachs pushing hard against their neighbour's backs, their faces being all directed to one of two pumps, at which they were desirous in their turn to drink. At each pump, with his back to the wall, there stood, in charge of its iron saucer and chain, a young monitor. At the entrance-door of the play-ground, there was also a janitor of about the same age. In a neighbouring room I found a congregation of infants on benches raised one above another, merrily singing a tune, into which had been artfully slipped a very small portion of the multiplication table, and as this medicine evidently made them very shortly more or less drowsy (I saw one tiny sinner from the bottom of her soul give a decided yawn,) the teacher artfully revived them by saying very softly, '*Let's take another sleep!*' on which, with great glee, they all threw themselves backwards, an exertion and a joke combined, which on their being ordered to awake, completely revived them. One little girl, however, of about two years old, who had over-acted the part, remained sound asleep; and as, with her tiny mouth open, her glossy flaxen hair lay wild and loose upon her rosy cheeks, I strongly felt how unconscious she was of the parental endeavours which the Lord-Lieutenant, together with Commissioners, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop Murray, Lord Bellew, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Meath, the Right Hon. Alexander Macdonnell, and others of the highest attainments in Ireland, were making to impart, not only to her, but to 511,239 other children throughout Ireland, infantine

habits of cleanliness and obedience, as also the inestimable advantages of an admirable education. And yet I could not help repeating to myself how lamentable is the reflection, that while at an annual expenditure of £164,577, Parliament is assisting this great work, the Commissioners, although they have benevolently spared no pains in giving to the children they have undertaken to educate every temporary assistance that ingenuity could possibly desire, cannot to this day agree among themselves as to the admission of the Bible, or even in the construction of any simple Christian prayer, in which the rising generation of Irish, Catholics and Protestants, might be taught to unite! In short, to the discredit of both religions, these children who are taught so innocently to join together 'with heart and voice,' in a harmonious song of national homage to their Sovereign, are literally by the dark rules of the institution—which 'exclude from the general school all catechisms and books inculcating *peculiar* religious opinions'—strictly forbidden from exclaiming together with similar unanimity—

'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, Good-will
towards men.'"

Sir Francis Head appears quite unable to decide whether he shall give the palm to our Educational or to our Police Establishments. Few of our readers, we presume, are aware of the economy, domestic and external, of those stalwart guardians of the peace, bound in blue cloth and lettered in white cotton, who protect our city and its people. In the Dublin Metropolitan Police Force there are one thousand and ninety-nine men; these are divided into nine hundred and fifty-four constables, twenty supernumeraries, one hundred and three sergeants, and twelve detectives. The average height of the men is five feet eleven inches, and in the B division, composed of one hundred and ninety men, six feet is the lowest standard. A candidate for admission must be under twenty-six years of age and five feet nine inches in height; he must also be able to read and write. The pay of sergeants and detectives, per week, is 21 shillings, of constables of first class 16s. 9d. of constables of second class 15 shillings, of third class 11s. 6d. of supernumeraries 7 shillings. It is a curious fact that in the Metropolitan Police there are very few Dublin men, as the Commissioners select, in preference, countrymen into whose religion they never enquire. In the Dublin force there is one old soldier, and one Attorney. The Metropolitan Police force, or the constabulary, never quarrel amongst themselves, religion and politics are tabooed, and although we have heard it asserted that they were implicated in the attempted insurrection of the

year 1848, we think that their conduct in that wretchedly foolish transaction proved the falsity of the charge.

Of the Police establishments in Dublin, the following is Sir Francis Head's account :—

“ There are sixteen station-houses in Dublin, with a clock in each, by the assistance of which, at the same instant, sixteen reliefs are thrown out over a surface of forty-four square miles. The whole is governed by two commissioners; one civil, and the other, military, whose office is in the Castle. In the police store, within its precincts, I found a number of trophies that had been obtained by the force. Among them was the tricolor flag given by certain Paris ladies of easy political virtue to Mr. Meagher, and captured in the summer of 1848; a black flag, with the harp of Ireland in white; another black flag, tastefully ornamented with the words, ‘Famine and Pestilence;’ pikes of various sorts, for cutting bridles, maiming horses, spitting Protestants, &c. &c.: lastly, a human skull, which, during the State Trials in 1848, had been hung on the knocker of Mr. Kemmis, the Crown Solicitor, as a reminder. I also observed a lot of very efficient extra weapons, in case the police truncheons should prove insufficient, consisting of swords, ship cutlasses, with iron handles; and lastly, as the strongest dose in the Dublin police pharmacopœia, short detonating muskets with brown barrels. In the clothing store I found piled in masses great-coats, trousers, and oil-skin capes, with a quantity of mattresses, stuffed with cocoa-nut fibre. From the Castle, the residence of Vice-Royalty, Colonel Brown was good enough to accompany me to the ‘Old Bishop’s Palace,’ now the principal establishment of the police, consisting of a plot of ground and buildings surrounded by a high wall. In one stable, as clean, and, I may add, as smart as a London livery stable, I found twenty capital, well-bred horses, belonging to the mounted force, every man of which is well trained to the use of the bright arms he bears. The sets of harness belonging to four large vans in which, as in London, prisoners are conveyed to the police courts, and from thence to the gaols, were as highly polished and burnished as if they had belonged to a gentleman’s carriage. On entering the largest of the buildings I found a school for recruits, in which they improve their writing, and also learn by heart a ‘Catechism,’ in which is very clearly expounded to them, that the duty they owe to their neighbour is to conduct him quietly to the nearest station whenever he is disorderly—carry him there when he happens to be unable to stand—force him there when he resists—and handcuff him whenever he is what is professionally termed ‘violent.’ From the school I proceeded to a room where I found twenty fine, good-looking, powerful country lads, with large white teeth and clean ruddy faces, seated with a dinner before them, and with heaps of potatoes which certainly appeared to me altogether enough to choke them. But they were not only learning to eat a good meal, but how to eat it in clean clothes, with a clean knife and fork, off a clean table-cloth; in short, with a probationary pay of a shilling a day, they were undergoing the agreeable process

of being introduced to a new system of life, in which they were not only to display good behaviour, but, like Falstaff's wit, to be the cause of good behaviour in others. Here, again, the members of the two religions were intermingled in most happy communion, and, as one large mealy potato after another disappeared, it was utterly impossible for the keenest observer even to guess whether they had been devoured before his eyes by a Protestant or by a Catholic; indeed, so easily are these recruits made to harmonize together on this point, that on Friday, they, as well as the whole of the police force, often comfortably dine together on fish; in short, the prejudices which great statesmen fancy to be insuperable, *they* readily annihilate by mastication. The bed-rooms were lofty, airy, with floors as clean as women's hands could make them; in fact, it is by the hands of old women, hired by the force, that they are cleaned. After going through several, we came to those in which a hundred men who had been on night duty were lying, with nearly-closed shutters, fast asleep. On opening these doors, and standing for a few seconds at the threshold, I beheld before me, in twilight, under bed-clothes, a series of large lumps of men, all apparently more or less exhausted by fatigue. Here and there a very great eye would open—stare a little—gradually become fishy—and then close. Occasionally a pair would unequally open, until the owner of one set, as if half aghast, actually raised his huge head from his pillow. Not wishing to disturb the poor fellow, I instantly slowly retired backwards, leaving him to recite to his comrades in the morning that he had dreamt he had seen 'the Colonel' gazing at him, accompanied by an inquisitive stranger, who appeared to be taking his picture. In a very neat small room I visited a first class sergeant, who, besides possessing a wife and daughter of very pleasing appearance, has a couple of hundred pounds in the savings-bank. On his table I observed a large Bible, and as the good book, I felt sure, had had something to do with the sum that had been saved, I ascertained on inquiry that the Protestant members of the Dublin police have in savings banks no less a sum than £20,000. As in the Constabulary, no married man is admitted into the corps; nor is any member of it afterwards allowed to marry, unless he is the possessor of £40; the first thing, therefore, that Cupid has to teach a Dublin policeman is to put by a sixpence—to repeat the operation sixteen hundred times, and then apply for his licence. To the force is attached a fire brigade, with a magnificent engine, under the special direction of an acting sergeant, fourteen firemen (from the mounted police), and twenty of the recruits who work the pumps."

In the book before us Sir Francis Head has, as we have already stated, devoted a large portion of his space to what he entitles "My Tour;" and he proves how much injury may be done, how many false impressions may be created, by one who, with professed ignorance, a quick mind and a ready pen, will commit his theories and impressions to the press, even though

actuated, as we believe Sir Francis Head to have been, by the most honest intentions. No man can write truly of Ireland who comes to it armed with a steel pen, burthened by note and sketch-books, and crammed with the information contained in Parliamentary blue books. The Irish people have grown so weary of twaddling tourists, and have become so disgusted with rampant, one-sided, theoretical, note-book compilers, that they experience a species of semi, or bastard, patriotic glow whilst mis-leading a man whom they consider may ridicule, misrepresent, or blunder all connected with them and with their country. We solemnly protest, that in our judgment, since the publication of the works of Arthur Young, and of old Wakefield, no book, save "The Saxon in Ireland,*" has appeared which afforded the slightest, fair, reliable well-intentioned, or accurate information upon the social and political state of the country. Mr. James Grant blundered about us, Mr. Thackeray sneered at us, and all the respectable anility of the kingdoms has been edified, and horrified, in turn, by accounts of our scenery, our patience, our famines, and our murders. If the English people would know this country as it really is, they must visit us and judge, each man, for himself. Englishmen, well meaning and honest, come to Ireland, guided by "Hand-Books," and franked by the railway companies for a fortnight's run through our beautiful land. Some leave us dissatisfied, but the vast majority are delighted. Delighted despite twaddling tourists, despite the poverty of our people, despite the fact that we speak the same language as themselves, and can offer no such exotic attractions as the Rhine or Switzerland afford in their sour wines, high prices, goitres, cretins, tongue-knotting languages, and other vernacular peculiarities, which seduce the English tourist by their novelty. Men and women who have visited Italy, and France, and Germany so often that the show places of these countries are to them as familiar as Regent street or Hyde Park, are as ignorant of Ireland, its scenery, its lakes, its mountains, and its coast, as if the country were situated upon the west coast of Africa.

Whilst wandering with Childe Harold through all the gorgeous lands in which his Pilgrimage was made; whilst awed by the majesty of the moon-lit Coliseum; whilst wondering at

* IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. i. p. 174.

the grandeur of St. Peter's; whilst musing by the Tomb at Arqua; whilst recalling the glory of Greece by the Acropolis; whilst glowing in the pride of manhood at the recollection of the great fight of Marathon; whilst glorying at Waterloo in the achievements of the dead hero Wellington, and in his never dying fame; whilst musing with Byron upon, and amongst, all the worlds of beauty and of greatness, whose names swell in the glorious diapason of his magic and immortal Hymn—Englishmen should remember that in this land, so wretched and so despised, are the scenes whose names, whose memories, and whose associations, gave life and fire to that fancy which glows in the Irish Melodies, and which makes those Melodies vibrate through every heart, save that which could continue spiritless at Marathon, or godless at Iona.

That Englishmen are learning to appreciate this country at something approaching its real value, is a truth becoming every day more evident, and as we advance in education and in self reliance, the English government will advance in just legislation, will suit its laws to our improved condition, and no longer rely, as Sydney Smith said, "upon the wisdom of our ancestors—the usual topic whenever the folly of their descendants is to be defended." Every tourist, and every tour writing author, should be encouraged—encouraged to write the truth, and to see the truth; if he fall into error whilst stating his ignorance, as does Sir Francis Head, he should be corrected with fairness, and his mistakes should be shown him, not as if he were a scoundrel writing as a bookseller's hack, but rather as a gentleman who tells the truth so far as he knows it. We think that Sir Francis is quite incapable of writing a falsehood, we know that he has fallen into many errors—but, the old adage, "*Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, et magis amica Veritas*," compels us to assert that his Tour is neither useless nor deserving of the great reprobation with which it has been received. We think Irishmen, by their abuse and recrimination of each other, have done their country much more harm, in the eyes of strangers, than Sir Francis can possibly accomplish. We are not his apologists, or his defenders, we merely treat him justly. If he wrote wilfully, a falsehood, we should be the first to expose his scoundrelism, and to cry with Emilia—

"If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart."

We have been so much misrepresented in this country, by all classes of English tourists, that we have grown jealous of every man who comes to visit us in a book-making humor; and yet we know of few authors better calculated to compile, or to compose, an agreeable, and at the same time useful, book upon Ireland, than Sir Francis Head. It has been observed of the work before us that it is not valuable for its matter, or just in its tone, but in our minds those who thus criticise "*A Fortnight in Ireland*" forget the title, and would expect to find exciting interest in "*Euclid*," or logical acumen and profound reasoning in "*Monte Christo*." The book is a sketchy, off-hand production, meant for fire-side reading, or calculated to relieve the ennui of a long railway or steam-boat journey. It contains details of various institutions of the country which must be new and interesting to very many readers, and to those who love to dabble in the troubled waters of Irish election politics, or who desire to obtain matter for argument against the Roman Catholic Priests, and Maynooth education, "Part II." of the "*Fortnight*" will prove eminently useful. To the majority of Irish readers, Protestant and Roman Catholic, it may seem only book-making, but they should remember that to Englishmen who are not obliged to live in that state of pugnacious religion, aggressive Christian piety, or militant faith, to which we, in Ireland, are unhappily inured, the letters and speeches reprinted by Sir Francis Head may not be quite so unacceptable. However, we understand that this portion of the book has injured its sale in this country. For ourselves, we wish the author had added another "*Fortnight*" to that spent amongst us, and had omitted the latter portion, for the insertion of an account of our city, of our military establishments, and of our few manufactories.

In the supplemental chapter to the Tour, under the title of "*Evidence collected by Myself*," Sir Francis gives some rather appalling sketches of headings to threatening notices, with copies of various alarming directions served by Captain Rock upon her Majesty's subjects. These, however, can be novel only to English readers, and our author winds up his book by a glowing laudation of the Lord Lieutenant, in which, we believe, many readers will join. In bidding Sir Francis adieu, we think it right again to add, that although he has made many blunders, yet that they arise from ignorance, never from perversion; and whilst Irishmen may learn some-

thing from his pages, Englishmen will discover much with which it is advisable they should be acquainted. We hope to find Sir Francis at Christmas, next year, describing our National Exhibition; the "Tour in the Manufacturing Districts" may serve him as a model. We advise him to come provided with letters of introduction, and thus he will know all, and guess nothing; the more he knows of Ireland the better he will like it, and in the converse of Balzac's thought, may find his epigraph—"Plus on juge, plus on aime."

ART VI.—THACKERAY'S "ESMOND."

The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty, Queen Anne. Written by himself.
London: Printed for Smith, Elder, & Company, over against St Peter's Church, in Cornhill, 1852.

SETTLING down, in his ripe age, on the estate of Castlewood, in Virginia; (so called after the family seat in England,) which was bestowed upon his ancestors by King Charles I., in return for the services suffered by them in the unhappy monarch's cause, Colonel Henry Esmond, eschewing the titles of Viscount Castlewood and Marquis of Esmond, which, of right, he might have borne (as will subsequently appear), bethought himself of composing the memoirs of his early life, and, accordingly, recorded at length the history of the various transactions, in which he had been an actor. His autobiography was edited by his grand-daughter, Rachel Esmond Warrington, and is supposed to have been published in the year 1778, subsequently to his death. It is written, for the most part, as by an author relating the adventures of a third person; but a heightened interest is occasionally elicited by the adoption, though after a somewhat abrupt and confused fashion, of the first person; and "we" and "I" usurp the throne of "he," at revolutionary intervals, the grammatical dynasties being, in turn, expelled and recalled, as the whim takes our Colonel

A more grievous objection presents itself in the transposition of periods of time—a difficulty of a serious character at the outset, where we might have been spared every obstacle to the clear understanding of a work whose style is cast in the mould of a bygone age, and does not help, but rather retards the progress of a nineteenth-century reader, accustomed to dispatch in the forced march of a night's perusal, if need be, his three volumes of traversable romance. Thus, in our hero's memoirs, *Temp. Gul. II.*, *Temp. Car. II.*, *Temp. Jac. II.*, and other *Temps* beside, revel in rebellion against the lawfully constituted authority of orderly chronology. We are introduced to Esmond in his *boyhood*, in a pretty scene at Castlewood in 1691; a pedigree of the Esmond family intervenes, carrying us back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, which might more properly have commenced the work; the history of Esmond's *childhood* succeeds, which should have preceded that of his boyhood; and it is not till the middle of the first volume, that we are graciously permitted to sit down with the characters whose acquaintance we had made 150 pages ago, and which we then hoped to cultivate, unmolested by a chapter from the peerage, and by the intrusion of quite another set of characters, whose undoubted right to eject might never have been invidiously put in force, had not Mr. Thackeray invested our friends of the first chapter with a wrongful possession. Hardly presented to the *fourth* Viscount Castlewood and his lovely and amiable Viscountess, we are discomposed by the entrance of the *third* Viscount C. and *his* unlovely and unamiable Countess. Their intrusion reads as if we had fallen asleep over the book, and *dreamed* of them, awaking to find the third Lord, and his young wife, just as they were when slumber overcame us. We are compelled, therefore—with more solicitude for the comfort of our readers, than Mr. Thackeray has shown for his—to unravel this tangled skein, and, in the old-fashioned way, to “begin at the beginning,” omitting the family pedigree, however, and ignoring all the Dorotheas, Georges, Henrys, Francisces, Eustaces, Esmonds, Poyneses, Tophams, first baronet, first and second Viscounts, and all other scions and relatives of the house of Esmond, save such as our autobiographer was personally acquainted with.

In this story, of Henry Esmond, there is what the young ladies call a “mystery.” For many years our hero passed for

the illegitimate son of Thomas, third Viscount Castlewood. To him succeeded Francis, the fourth Viscount C.; and it was upon the death-bed of the latter that he revealed to poor Harry the secret of his birth. Harry was the lawful heir of his father, the third Viscount, who was married a few weeks before the former's birth, to Harry's mother, a Flemish girl of low extraction. Abandoned and deceived by her husband, she retired into a convent, and died there. Her relatives took charge of the child, and being expelled from the continent as heretics, fled to England, and settled there. From their humble home at Ealing, the boy was taken to Castlewood, in the county of Hants, by a Jesuit named Holt, chaplain to Thomas, Viscount Castlewood; but his legitimacy was at first known only to his father, to the Viscountess, to Francis Esmond, (who wrongfully succeeded to the title and estates) and to the Jesuit father, as a matter of course; nor, till an advanced period of the story, was this mystery made known to the other members of the Castlewood family—namely, to Lady Francis Esmond, to her son Frank, who succeeded the fourth Viscount, and to her daughter, Beatrix Esmond. The motives of this concealment are not assigned with sufficient clearness. A feeling of shame on the part of Esmond's father, arising out of his consciousness of the wrong done to his mother, whose heart he had broken by the most disgraceful treachery; and the influence of his second wife, his kinswoman, Isabel Esmond, who never abandoned the hope of giving her husband an heir (she had had a child by him who died in infancy), would appear to offer a somewhat satisfactory solution of the riddle. Be that as it may, Harry lived at Castlewood during his father's life, in the assigned position of his illegitimate son, received the rudiments of learning from his kind protector, Father Holt, and was bred by him in the Catholic religion. His father, mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne, was succeeded by that nobleman's cousin, Colonel Francis Esmond, married to a young and beautiful woman, the mother of two children, Francis, subsequently Lord Castlewood, and Beatrix, of whom more hereafter. Harry continued to reside at Castlewood, a dependent on their bounty, and was treated by the amiable Lady Castlewood with all the affection which her own son might have claimed. As the boy grew up to manhood, she conceived for him a tender regard, strangely compounded of the love of a mother for a son, and of the fondness of a woman

for her lover. This passion fully developed itself after her husband's death; and, despite of the dangerous rivalry of Lady Castlewood's own daughter, Beatrix, was finally requited by our hero, who married the Viscountess in advanced life. The character and life of this lady constitute the key-stone of the story; and we shall take occasion to offer some observations on the subject, where they may claim to be introduced with effect and propriety. At present, we must proceed with a skeleton narrative of the adventures related by our autobiographer. He studied at Cambridge for holy orders, with a view to the living of Castlewood (Lady Castlewood converted him to the Church of England); but had no vocation for a priestly life, and subsequently entered the army, serving with credit in the wars of the renowned Marlborough. The termination of his collegiate studies found him at Castlewood; and about this time, a man of fashion and gallantry, a celebrity of the last century, Lord Mohun, by name, was a guest of Lord Castlewood, whom he ruined by play, and whose wife, Harry's protectress, he unavailingly attempted to seduce. A duel ensued. Lord Mohun mortally wounded Lord Castlewood. The latter had, for second his kinsman Harry, who was likewise wounded; it being the fashion, at that time, in the conduct of affairs of honour, that the seconds should cross swords, whilst the principals were engaged in deadly combat. The dying nobleman made known to Harry the secret of his birth, and placed in the hands of the clergyman, who attended him in his last moments, a written confession to the same effect. Our hero burned the document, and resolved that the world should thenceforth be no wiser respecting him than before. He shrunk from bringing disgrace on his father's memory, and on his living relatives, and to them only (with the exception of young Frank, whom he allowed to assume the title and possess the family estates, and of his sister Beatrix) did he reveal his knowledge of the great secret. One of them knew it already but too well, the Dowager Viscountess, who supplied him with money, and procured him a commission. His good conduct and good fortune obtained him promotion. He returned to England, to fall in love with Beatrix; but a secret affection for the mother lurked in the depths of his heart, and, when the daughter proved unworthy, he sought for consolation in that bosom where he had ever found it. He brings the Pretender to England about the period of the death of Queen

Anne ; a plot for the restoration of the Stuarts in the person of that Prince fails through his own fault ; the latter flies to the continent and is *pursued*, we may say, by Beatrix, who, we are given to understand, became the mistress of the uncrowned king, betrayed his secrets to King George's cabinet, returned to England, and married Thomas Tusher, who got the living of Castlewood, when Harry entered the army, and who was in time promoted to a bishopric ; for George II. "liked them old and ugly, like his father before him," we are told, and Beatrix lived to be both old and ugly. Young Frank Esmond, Lord Castlewood, remained undisturbed in possession of rank and property ; his generous cousin, plain Harry Esmond, married Frank's mother, and retired with her to the estate of Castlewood, in Virginia. Wife, children, grandchildren, niggers, cotton, tobacco, and authorship, made happy and tranquil the transatlantic years of our ex-Colonel's existence.

It is now fitting to contemplate more nearly the characters of the chief actors in the story. Foremost, Lady Castlewood claims our attention ; and our first duty, at this stage of our retrospect, demands that we should record our opinions of the method of treatment of her strange career, as pursued by the author of the work before us. Both her character and career strongly savour of an ideal condition, presenting features such as Bulwer's pen would delight to delineate—to delineate, too, with a strength and delicacy, which we regret to be of opinion that Thackeray has failed to demonstrate to a satisfactory termination. Of all men living, we should have thought the author of *Vanity Fair* should be the last to poach on the manor of the author of *Ernest Maltravers*. It may with reason be asserted that the strength of the former lies in a minute and plain exposition of passion and feeling, as they manifest themselves in a matter-of-fact way in men and women, such as we all have met, and whose adventures are within the frontier of actual, we might almost say, commonplace life. Rawdon Crawley is a man whom, if we do not know, we might readily make acquaintance with ; and Blanche Amory, with all her airs of sentiment—and, not the less so, because of them—is, after her fashion, but a woman of the world. Of Thackeray's characters, in general, it may be affirmed, that they make their entrances and exits in quite a natural manner, and exhibit themselves, to the extent of their assigned parts in the drama,

upon a visible, tangible stage, common to the vision and buskins of all of us. But, in this new book of his, he has ventured out of the Thackerayan world, and he must be content to pay the penalty of his deviation. This writer whose strength is Antean, whilst his steps are on his mother earth, stumbles with a ricketty gait amidst the clouds that bear Bulwer firmly up, when he alights on his Olympus of the Imaginative and the Artificial. Conceive a lady in the first bloom of her as yet scarce womanly beauty, so young is she, so delicately fair, whose children—she is to be decked out with two, a girl and boy—would seem rather to stand to her in the relationship of sister and brother, than in that more intimate one with which they are invested. A little timid boy, with the bar sinister of her husband's house upon his scutcheon, appears upon the threshold of her young life, and claims her protection with the voice of his helplessness and his abandonment, not of his tongue, which has not even courage to beg for him. With a blush for his origin, she takes the boy into her bosom, and he is as her own child henceforth, for a season. For a season, we say, for there comes a time, when the shadow of an affection without a name falls upon her heart. The boy has become a youth, and she loves him more than ever. As her child? No. As her lover? No. She is faithful to her husband, so far as her will or consciousness have sway in the matter; and yet, it requires no very penetrative glance to discern the aurora of a timorous regard, which is one day to expand into the open sunshine of an avowed love; but through what shadows, what interposing clouds, what hope delayed! And her daughter we must now conceive in the first bloom of her womanhood, for years have flown fast; and for her the youth, now grown to manhood, entertains a devoted and passionate attachment—an attachment which, nevertheless, does not prevent him from cherishing in his bosom, though unconsciously, the germ of a love for her mother, which is destined to outgrow one day the early tenderness for the daughter, and finally to overshadow and push it aside, as a thriving plantation may lord it over the grass of many summers. With what exquisite delicacy might we not reasonably expect the manipulation of so frail a romance as this to be accompanied! And how easily may we conceive such perilous elements refusing to obey the necromancer, and rebelling in sheer coarseness against an over-tasking refinement? Our reasonable expectations

have been partly fulfilled, our fears for the final triumph of such dangerous magic fully realized. Up to the close of the first volume of *Esmond*, Thackeray has managed with admirable tact, and the character of Lady Castlewood has suffered nothing in his hands, so far. But, as we proceed, the opposing passions are marshalled less skilfully; the end is more than abruptly clumsy; and a painful idea intrudes itself, that the hero might as well have married his mother. For the rest, the gentleness, and loving tenderness of her heart, and the long delayed fruition of her hopes, (deferred till her advanced years,) strongly call to mind our dear old friend Emmy, in *Vanity Fair*.

Her daughter, Beatrix, is a reproduction of Blanche Amory; only we must note that she does not affect sentiment, or write verses like her prototype. Blanche was a blonde; Beatrix was a "brown beauty;" but both were clever, undutiful, coquettish, brilliant, accomplished, worldly-minded, false; indeed we regard Beatrix as the final issue and last developement of that class of feminine character, of which Becky Sharp, in *Vanity Fair*, was the germ, and first representative, and Blanche the intermediate product.

Her brother, young Lord Castlewood, bears a very strong family resemblance to Harry Foker, except that he is very handsome, and is a soldier, and is not crossed in love. He is the fast man of the book, is very good-natured, illiterate, and sufficiently stupid.

"After quitting Mons and the army, and as he was waiting for a packet for Ostend, Esmond had a letter from his young kinsman Castlewood at Bruxelles, conveying intelligence whereof Frank besought him to be the bearer to London, and which caused Colonel Esmond no small anxiety.

"The young scapegrace, being one and twenty years old, and being anxious to sow his 'wild otes,' as he wrote, had married Mademoiselle de Wertheim, daughter of Count de Wertheim, Chamberlain to the Emperor, and having a post in the Household of the Governor of the Netherlands. 'P.S.—the young gentleman wrote—' Clotilda is *older than me*, which perhaps may be objected to her: but I am so *old a ruih*, that the age makes no difference, and I am *determined* to reform. We were married at St. Gudule by Father Holt. She is heart and soul for the *good cause*. And here the cry is *Vif-le-Roy*, which my mother will *join in*, and Trix *too*. Break this news to 'em gently: and tell Mr. Finch, my agent, to press the people for their rents, and send me the *ryno* anyhow. Clotilda sings, and plays on the Spinnet *beautifully*. She is a fair beauty. And if

it's a son, you shall stand *Godfather*. I'm going to leave the army, having had *enuf of soldering*; and my Lord Duke recommends me, I shall pass the winter here; and stop at least until Clo's lying in. I call her *old Clo*, but nobody else shall. She is the cleverest woman in all Bruxelles: understanding painting, musick, poetry, and perfect *at cookery and puddens*. I borted with the Count, that's how I came to know her. There are four Counts her brothera. One an Abbey—three with the Prince's army. They have a lawsuit for an *immence fortune*: but are now in a *pore way*. Break this to mother, who'll take anything from *you*. And write, and bid Finch write *amediately*. Hostel de l'Aigle Noire, Bruxelles, Flanders."

Isabel Esmond, the Dowager Viscountess, the second wife of Harry's father, is an original—the wreck of a fine lady, and *intrigante* of the Merry Monarch's Court.

Amongst the family portraits, "specially and in the place of honour, was Sir Peter Lely's picture of the Honourable Mistress Isabella Esmond, as Diana, in yellow satin, with a bow in her hand, and a crescent in her forehead, and dogs frisking about her. 'Twas painted about the time when Royal Endymions were said to find favour with this virgin huntress; and, as goddesses have youth perpetual, this one believed to the day of her death that she never grew older, and always persisted in supposing the picture was still like her." We have seen Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the lady; we shall now glance at Thackeray's:—

"My Lady Viscountess's face was daubed with white and red up to the eyes, to which the paint gave an unearthly glare; she had a tower of lace on her head, under which was a bush of black curls—borrowed curls—so that no wonder little Harry Esmond was scared when he was first presented to her—the kind priest acting as master of the ceremonies at the solemn introduction—and he stared at her with eyes almost as great as her own, as he had stared at the player-woman who acted the wicked tragedy-queen, when the players came down to Ealing Fair. She sate in a great chair by the fire-corner; in her lap was a spaniel dog that barked furiously; on a little table by her was her ladyship's snuff-box and her sugar-plum box. She wore a dress of black velvet, and a petticoat of flame-coloured brocade. She had as many rings on her fingers as the old woman of Banbury Cross; and pretty small feet which she was fond of showing, with great gold clocks to her stockings, and white pantofles with red heels: and an odour of musk was shook out of her garments whenever she moved or quitted the room, leaning on her tortoiseshell stick, little Fury barking at her heels."

Father Holt presents no features which the reader has not been already taught by various Protestant writers to attribute

to the Jesuit of Jacobite times. He is enthusiastically attached to his order, intrigues for the restoration of James the Second, and for that of the Pretender subsequently, for the right divine of the King, and the right more divine of the Church, celebrates Mass in secret, has secret cupboards for secret correspondence, (part in cypher), secret passages, knows every one's secrets, and dons lay apparel at times, wearing plume and sword with the greatest ruffler of the town.

Viscount Castlewood, the first husband of Harry's wife, was a "fine old English gentleman." His countess had some reason to be jealous of my lord's acquaintances, male and female, of his horses, hounds, and wine-cellar, which last he loved quite as much as his lady. "She was always so," my lord said, "the very notion of a woman drives her mad. I took to liquor on that very account, by Jove, for no other reason than that; for she can't be jealous of a beer-barrel, or a bottle of rum, can she, Doctor? D——n it look at the maids—just look at the maids in the house—(my lord pronounced all these words together—just-look-at-the-maze-in-the-house-never-see-such-maze?)"*

The historical characters introduced into the book, are principally Steele,† Marlborough, the Pretender, Addison, and Swift. The two first are admirably drawn, the two last we must consider in the light of failures. He has managed to make Addison somewhat contemptible—of course without meaning to have done so, and Swift he has grossly caricatured, meaning to do so. Where did Mr. Thackeray learn that the celebrated Dean had a brogue? Of Marlborough Thackeray draws a magnificent portrait—with such broad, vigorous, masterly touches—so replete with the animation of life and the strength of repose.

"Our chief, whom all England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the god-like in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle, and the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him; he was always cold, calm, re-

*And elsewhere Thackeray makes Steele, drunk in bed, beseech Mrs. Steele, when administering him a curtain lecture, "to remember that there was a *distiwisht officer in the rex roob*, who would overhear her." These be shafts from Copperfield's quiver.

† See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. ii. p. 336.

solite, like fate. He performed a treason or a courtbow ; he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her ; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Olotho, when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle, I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury ; his eyes lighted up ; he rushed hither and thither, raging ; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon, as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret, or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable ; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a half-penny with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature. His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit ; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—(for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings ; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the god-like in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears ; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment of battle ; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack as he would flatter a minister or a monarch ; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand or stab you whenever he saw occasion) But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all ; and as he rode along the lines of battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible."

Thackeray, we think, has herein fairly forestalled Macaulay, and has left but little for the latter to say, when he comes to write the epitaph of the great commander, in some forthcoming volume of his history of England.

It is fortunate for Mr. Thackeray that there are no Jaco-

bites nowadays. His portrait of the Pretender is very unflattering. We shall see something more of the royal adventurer, before we close our notice of the work.

Having now presented our reader with an outline of Harry Esmond's career, and introduced him to the principal characters linked therewith, our duty is further to be fulfilled by adverting to some few, at least, of the more prominent scenes of the story, and quoting such extracts as we may deem advisable. And herein Lady Castlewood claims our chief attention. Attacked with small-pox, she had been disfigured so far as to alienate her unworthy husband's affections. The change in her life and feelings, when Lord Castlewood ceased to love her, is very feelingly told with impressive simplicity. It is but right to premise, before we proceed any further, that our estimate of the precise extent of her disfigurement must be realised, rather from its effects upon the conduct of those who witnessed it, than by any absolute standard. On her first convalescence, her beauty would appear to have been fatally tarnished, so far as her husband's opinion might be suffered to sway us in the consideration of the subject, and his sullen face said even more than her glass. But she would seem to have rallied considerably, after a time, and Esmond, who was himself shocked at first, by the ravages imprinted by disease on her once faultless face, finally came to think her as beautiful as her beautiful daughter, Beatrix, the rose and glory of the English court. We fear to say that Mr. Thackeray makes Lady Castlewood ugly at one period, and handsome at another, according as his purpose may require; however, this is but the plain English of it, our fears notwithstanding.

"My lady's countenance, of which Harry Esmond was accustomed to watch the changes, and with a solicitude of affection to note and interpret the signs of gladness or care, wore a sad and depressed look for many weeks after her lord's return; during which it seemed as if, by caresses and entreaties, she strove to win him back from some ill-humour he had, and which he did not choose to throw off. In her eagerness to please him she practised a hundred of those arts which had formerly charmed him, but which seemed now to have lost their potency. Her songs did not amuse him; and she hushed them and the children, when in his presence. My lord sat silent at his dinner, drinking greatly, his lady opposite to him looking furtively at his face, though also speechless. Her silence annoyed him as much as her speech; and he would peevishly and with an oath, ask her why she held her tongue and looked so glum, or he would

roughly check her when speaking, and bid her not talk nonsense. It seemed as if, since his return, nothing she could do or say could please him. * * About this time young Esmond, who had a knack of stringing verses, turned some of Ovid's Epistles into rhymes, and brought them to his lady with delectation. Those which treated of forsaken women touched her immensely, Henry remarked ; and when *Ænone* called after Paris, and Medea bade Jason come back again, the lady of Castlewood sighed and said she thought that part of the verses was the most pleasing. Indeed she would have chopped up the dean, her old father, in order to bring her husband back again. But her beautiful Jason was gone, as beautiful Jasons will go, and the poor enchantress had never a spell to keep him. * * When Lady Castlewood found that her great ship had gone down, she began as best she might, after she had rallied from the effect of the loss, to put out small ventures of happiness ; and hope for little gains and returns, as a merchant on '*Change indocilis pauperiem pati*, having lost his thousands, embarks a few guineas upon the next ship. She laid out her all upon her children, indulging them beyond all measure, as was inevitable with one of her kindness of disposition ; giving all her thoughts to their welfare, learning so that she might teach them, and improving her own many natural gifts and feminine accomplishments that she might impart them to her young ones."

Many years afterwards, at his return to England from abroad, his aunt, the Dowager, electrified him with a strange piece of intelligence, that young Lady Castlewood was about to marry Tusher, the chaplain and vicar of Castlewood. Esmond burned with rage, his heart consumed with a secret jealousy, masked under the specious guise of family pride, and flew to Walcote, a seat of the family where Lady Esmond then was.

"She gave him her hand, her little fair hand : there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison ; nor in the camp ; nor on shore before the enemy ; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight, nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn : nor even at the table where he sate carousing with friends, or at the theatre yonder where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear—no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth—goddess now no more, for, he knew of her weakness ; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she ; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it ? Where lies it ? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all ? * * She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet care-worn face. 'Do you know what day it is ?'

she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die; and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!'

But there is a rival at hand, no other than Lady Castlewood's daughter, Beatrix, the most fascinating beauty of her time. The jealousy between the mother and daughter is powerfully developed.

"All the roses of spring could not vie with her complexion;" (he speaks of Beatrix); "Esmond thought he had never seen anything like the sunny lustre of her eyes. My lady Viscountess looked fatigued, as if with watching, and her face was pale. Miss Beatrix remarked those signs of indisposition in her mother, and deplored them. 'I am an old woman,' says my lady, with a kind smile, 'I cannot hope to look as young as you do, my dear!'"

The reign of Beatrix was a troubled one. Her brother, young Lord Castlewood, was confidential over his wine with Esmond, and told him several queer stories about that young lady, which proved her to be a coquette. "Whenever she sees a man, she makes eyes at him," the too candid heir of Castlewood says of his sister. Esmond, thereupon, determines to take his leave. There is a strange parting scene between Lady C. and him, and a strange blunder by Mr. Thackeray. His hero, we are told, had once loved the Viscountess as a mother, in the stead of that mother he had never known—that *other* feeling (we can find no better phrase than just such a vague one to describe the vague) succeeded in its turn. "Twas happiness to have seen her," writes Mr. Thackeray, guiding Esmond's pen, "'twas no great pang to part; a *filial tenderness*, a love that was at once respect and protection filled his mind, as he thought of her; and near her, or far from her, and from that day *until now*, and from now till death is past, and beyond it, he prays that sacred flame may ever burn." What "sacred flame"? "Filial tenderness"? But, at the time this was written by Esmond, he was long *married*. He is the first husband we ever heard of who entertained a "*filial tenderness*" for his *wife*.

Indeed, our friend the Colonel would seem to have been one in a thousand. He is in love with both mother and daughter together. "This passion did not escape—how should it?—

the clear eyes of Esmond's mistress ;" (by this phrase is invariably meant Beatrix's mother, Lady Castlewood ; it is not used in the sense of *lover*, though one might be excused for thinking so, especially when it is encountered in a tale of the last century) " he told her all ; what will a man not do when frantic with love ? What pangs will he not make others suffer, so that he may ease his selfish heart of a part of its own pain ? She listened, smiled, consoled, with untiring pity and sweetness. Esmond was *the eldest of her children*, so she was pleased to say" (&c.) " Beatrix thought no more of him than of the lacquey that followed her chair ; she did not hate him ; she rather despised him, and just suffered him." By her last will, the Dowager Lady Castlewood left her all to Esmond. He was abroad at the time with the army, and during his illness from a wound, his old friend, Father Holt, whom he accidentally met at Brussels, won him over to the side of the Pretender, though he could make no impression on his friend's Protestant sentiments. Returning to England, he meets his " mistress" once more. " To feel that kind little hand near to his heart seemed to give him strength. With a sweet sad smile, she took his hand, and kissed it. ' How ill you have been, how weak you look, my dear Henry,' said she. ' I am come back to be nursed by my family,' says he," and nursed he was accordingly, by two women, Beatrix, and her mother.

" Beatrix, having finished her march," (one day that she had been pantomiming about the room), " put out her foot for her slipper. The Colonel knelt down : ' If you will be Pope, I will turn Papist,' says he ; and her Holiness gave him gracious leave to kiss the little stockinged foot, before he put the slipper on. Mamma's feet began to patter on the floor during this operation," (the green-eyed monster has been one of the family circle for a long time past) " and Beatrix, whose bright eyes nothing escaped, saw that little mark of impatience. She ran up, and embraced her mother," (dutiful daughter that she was !) " with her usual cry of ' oh ! you silly little mamma ; your feet are quite as pretty as mine ; they are, cousin,' (to Esmond), ' though she hides them.' ' You are taller than I am, dearest,' says her mother, blushing, ' and it is your hand, my dear, and not your foot, he wants you to give him,' and she said it with a hysteric laugh, which had more of tears than laughter in it."

Beatrix has consented to describe her own character, and we shall thereby see, if we have not long since conjectured, how far worthy she might be of a devoted affection.

" ' Yes,' says she, ' I solemnly vow, own and confess, that I want a good husband. Where's the harm of one ? Who'll come, buy,

buy, buy! I cannot toil, neither can I spin, but I can play twenty-three games on the cards. I can dance the last dance, I can hunt the stag, and I think I could shoot flying. I can talk as wicked as any woman of my years, and know enough stories to amuse a sulky husband for at least one thousand and one nights. I have a pretty taste for gambling, diamonds, and old china. I love sugar-plums, Malines lace (that you brought me, cousin, is very pretty), the opera, and everything that is good and costly. I have got a monkey and a little black boy—Pompey, sir, go and give a dish of chocolate to Colonel Graveairs,—and a parrot and a spaniel, and I must have a husband. Cupid, you hear?"

The Duke of Hamilton, soon after this frank avowal of Beatrix, proposed himself as a suitor, and was accepted by her in his quality of Duke; but his death, in that well-known duel with Lord Mohun, which makes part of the history of Queen Anne's reign, dealt a fatal blow to the hopes of the ambitious girl. There follows a splendid scene, the gem of the book, grandly pictured in a dramatic style, between Esmond and Beatrix, when he breaks to her the fatal news:—

"'Isn't this a beautiful piece?' says Beatrix, examining it, and she pointed out the arch graces of the Cupids, and the fine carving of the languid prostrate Mars. Esmond sickened as he thought of the warrior dead in his chamber, his servants and children weeping around him; and of this smiling creature attiring herself, as it were, for that nuptial deathbed. "'Tis a pretty piece of vanity,' says he, looking gloomily at the beautiful creature: there were flambeaux in the room lighting up the brilliant mistress of it. She lifted up the great gold salver with her fair arms. 'Vanity!' says she, haughtily. 'What is vanity in you, sir, is propriety in me. You ask a Jewish price for it; but have it I will, if only to spite Mr. Esmond.' 'O Beatrix, leave it down!' says Mr. Esmond. 'Herodias! you know not what you carry in the charger.' She dropped it with a clang; the eager goldsmith running to seize his fallen ware. The lady's face caught the fright from Esmond's pale countenance, and her eyes shone out like beacons of alarm:—'What is it, Henry?' said she, running to him, and seizing both his hands. 'What do you mean by your pale face and gloomy tones?' 'Come away, come away,' says Esmond, leading her: she clung frightened to him, and he supported her upon his heart, bidding the scared goldsmith leave them. The man went into the next apartment, staring with surprise, and hugging his precious charger. 'O my Beatrix, my sister,' says Esmond, still holding in his arms the pallid and affrighted creature, 'you have the greatest courage of any woman in the world; prepare to show it now, for you have a dreadful trial to bear.' She sprang away from the friend who would have protected her: 'Hath he left me?' says she. 'We had words this morning: he was very gloomy, and I angered him: but he dared not, he dared not!' As

she spoke, a burning blush flushed over her whole face and bosom. Esmond saw it reflected in the glass by which she stood, with clenched hands, pressing her swelling heart. 'He has left you,' says Esmond, wondering that rage rather than sorrow was in her looks. 'And he is alive!' cries Beatrix, 'and you bring me this commission! He has left me, and you haven't dared to avenge me. You, that pretend to be the champion of our house, have let me suffer this insult? Where is Castlewood? I will go to my brother.' 'The Duke is not alive, Beatrix,' said Esmond. She looked at her cousin wildly, and fell back to the wall, as though shot in the breast:—'And you come here, and—and—you killed him?' 'No, thank Heaven,' her kinsman said, 'the blood of that noble heart doth not stain my sword. In its last hour it was faithful to thee, Beatrix Esmond. Vain and cruel woman! kneel and thank the Awful Heaven which awards life and death, and chastises pride, that the noble Hamilton died true to you; at least that 'twas not your quarrel, or your pride, or your wicked vanity, that drove him to his fate. He died by the bloody sword which already had drank your own father's blood. O woman, O sister! to that sad field where two corpses are lying—for the murderer died too by the hand of the man he slew—can you bring no mourners but your revenge and your vanity? God help and pardon thee, Beatrix, as he brings this awful punishment to your hard and rebellious heart.' Esmond had scarce done speaking when his mistress came in; but Beatrix passed her by—nor would she have any of the medicaments of the spiritual physician. 'I am best in my own room, and by myself,' she said."

Esmond, having become an agent in a Jacobite plot, and undertaken a mission to the Pretender, induced the latter to visit England, furnished with passports in the name of young Lord Castlewood, to whom, we are informed, the heir of the Stuarts bore a strong resemblance. And Beatrix reappears in the world, and puts on, we may say, her fairest beauty, to welcome—and to fascinate—the Prince. Almost the entire of the latter half of the third volume is filled with Jacobite intrigues, and we have plenty of action to compensate for any previous deficiency of energy in the conduct of the tale. The imprudent Prince, who drinks, and makes love to every one, is speedily entangled in the meshes of Beatrix's enchantments, to the great chagrin and jealousy of our still smitten Colonel. The character of the *liaison* between the Prince and Beatrix was of that nature, that, to save the honor of the family, the latter was sent away from him to Castlewood, much against her will, and under compulsion of her relatives. The amorous Prince pursued his charmer, and her brother and Esmond speedily followed.

"A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep, dressed on the bed. He started up, seeing two men in his chamber. 'Qui est là,' says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow. 'It is the Marquis of Esmond,' says the Colonel, 'come to welcome his Majesty to his house at Castlewood. * * * Please to set a chair for his Majesty, Frank,' (to young Lord Castlewood;) then going to the crypt over the mantel-piece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there. 'Here, may it please your Majesty,' said he, 'is the patent of Marquis, sent over by your royal father at St. Germain's to Viscount Castlewood, my father; here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth, and christening. These are my titles, and this what I do with them: here goes baptism, and marriage, and here the Marquisate, and the august sign-manuel with which your predecessor was pleased to honour my race.' And as Esmond spoke, he set the papers burning in the brazier. 'You will please, Sir, to remember,' he continued, 'that our family ruined itself with fidelity to yours, * * and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes and this inestimable yard of blue ribband. I lay it at your feet, and stamp upon it, I draw this sword and break it, and deny you; and had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven, I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth.' Frank will do the same, won't you, cousin?' 'I go with my cousin,' says he, 'Marquis or not, by —! I stand with him any day: I'm for the elector of Hanover. It's all your Majesty's own fault. The Queen's dead, most likely, by this time, and you might have been king, if you hadn't come dangling after 'Trix.'"

This effective scene has been marred by Thackeray's evil genius, marred and ruined by as wretched a piece of rubbish as was ever presented in the most "stunning," of melo-dramas, on the boards of the London *Surrey*, or the Paris *Ambigu*.

"'Thus to lose a crown,' says the young Prince, starting up, 'to lose the loveliest woman in the world; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my lord, enough of humiliation? Marquis, if I go on my knees, will you pardon me? No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honour, that of gentlemen. *Favour me by crossing the sword with mine—your's is broke—see, yonder, in the armoire are two;* and the prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them towards Esmond—'Ah! you will—merci, monsieur, merci?' *Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance* for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low, as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honour, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met, than *Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, and the Colonel, falling back a step, dropped his point,*

* This, by the way, is very bad. What has Monmouth got to do with it? How can his case be held to be in point? And with relation to style as well as to fact, we may ask how a man can be pardoned after having been "run through the heart?"

with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly well satisfied. 'Eh ! bien, Vicomte,' says the young prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, 'il ne nous reste qu'une chose à faire'—he placed his sword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast. 'We have one thing more to do.—*You do not divine it ?*' He stretched out his arms, '*Embrassons nous !*' "

We can remember a Thackeray who, once upon a time, would have demanded no fitter butt for his sarcasm than *this* Thackeray of to-day. If he doubt us, let him turn to his admirable travesties of Bulwer and Disraeli, which appeared in *Punch* some years ago. The preceding extract reads exactly like a mocking passage in one of the humorous papers we have referred to, and to which our reader may refer with much profit and infinite pleasure.

Our friends returned to London, in time to witness the proclamation of the Elector of Hanover ! For James III., he left *his* crown in the lap of Beatrix Esmond. His absence from the seat of Government at the critical moment deranged the plot in his favour, and dashed his hopes, not for the first time, nor the last.* The conclusion of the story is finely written, and has in it something of the half mournful, half-glad-some, and altogether stately strain of those same bugle notes of the guards that summoned Anne to judgment, and the first George to his throne.

"There presently came, from out of the gate, Horse Guards, with their trumpets, and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald-at-arms came forward and proclaimed George, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people shouted, God save the King. * * With the sound of King George's trumpets, all the vain hopes of the young and foolish Pretender were blown away ; and with that music, too, I may say, the drama of my own life was ended. The happiness, which hath subsequently crowned it, cannot be written in words. * * Sure love *vincit omnia* ; is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. * * It was at Bruxelles, whither we retreated after the failure of our plot, that the great joy of my life was bestowed upon me, and that my dear mistress" (Lady Castlewood) "became my wife."

This is the weakest of all the weak points of the book, as before observed. The transition is altogether too abrupt, nor had we been prepared for so sudden a denouement. The writer shuffles up in a moment the results of life-long feelings

* The Pretender was not in England at the death of Queen Anne. He has been introduced into the story by Thackeray in virtue of a license permitted to writers of historical romance, and often made available by Sir Walter Scott.

and the events of a series of years, as we see one sweep the cards together in a heap, with a careless, almost unconscious hand, after the game is played.

"We had been so accustomed to an extreme intimacy and confidence, and had lived so long and tenderly together, that we might have gone on to the end without thinking of a closer tie, *but circumstances* brought about, &c."

It has been the fate of that unfortunate word *circumstances*, which once held its head high, and occupied a diplomatic station of no mean pretension, to be degraded from its honours and place, and to sneak out of elbows, in our days, through a world over which, in its season of power, it had but too much control, till the world took heart, at length, and disavowed the independent plenipotentiary. It would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Thackeray had not furnished his Excellency Baron Circumstances with credentials anew, but had rather devoted some few of the pages lavished on General Webb and his battle of Wynendael, and on the Pretender's blunders in love and politics, to a carefully composed *crescendo* which might have reconciled us to the metomorphosis of our hero's filial affection for an adopted mother, into the tender passion for a chosen wife.

Our task is now nearly concluded. We have passed in review the principal persons, who appear in the memoirs of Henry Esmond, and presented such extracts as might best disclose the general scope of the work, and exhibit in relief its merits and demerits. The comments which we have hitherto ventured to submit to the reader, have been such as arise naturally, we might say obviously, from the contemplation of the sequence of events, reclaimed into methodical order, and from the topics indicated by a general analysis of the volumes before us. And here we might rest from our labours, were it not that there remain to be considered pretensions peculiar to this work, which imperatively demand our notice. These pretensions are two-fold. First, we are led to believe, (by the author's explicit declaration) that these memoirs were intended to possess not merely an historical interest of a general character, (such as they might lay claim to, in common with the novels of Scott, of James, and of other writers of fiction,) but to present, in as great a degree as possible, a faithful record of the actual history of a century and a half

ago, through the narration of events, such as daily happened at that time in the ordinary life of common subjects—the affairs of state, and the careers of Princes having been apparently intended by this original historian to occupy a subordinate position, and to be permitted to enjoy such prominence only as might be unavoidable. “The muse of History,” says Mr. Thackeray, “hath encumbered herself with ceremony, as well as her sister of the Theatre. She, too, in our age busies herself only with the affairs of kings; waiting on them obsequiously and stately, as if she were but a mistress of court ceremonies, and had nothing to do with the registering of the affairs of the common people. I wonder shall History ever pull off her periwig, or cease to be court-ridden? Why shall History go on kneeling to the end of time? I am for having her rise up off her knees, and take a natural posture. In a word, I would have History rather familiar than heroic, and think that Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Fielding will give our children a much better idea of the manners of the present age in England, than the Court Gazette or the newspapers which we get thence.”

Now, in the first place, Mr. Thackeray has not been original in this idea on the subject of history, and, what is quite unpardonable, after all his flourish, he does not carry out the scheme he proposed. Of this latter point, more anon. Long before Mr. Thackeray became a name in the world of letters, the true knowledge of the Past was proposed to be sought out in elements disregarded amongst more ancient historians, and by none has this secret of the art of historical manipulation been more studiously proclaimed than by Guizot, Thierry, and Carlyle. Amongst these, let us hear the latter, from whose miscellanies we extract in brief. “Of the Historian himself, moreover in his own special department, new and higher things are beginning to be expected. From of old, it was too often to be reproachfully observed of him, that he dwelt with disproportionate fondness in Senate-houses, in Battle-fields, nay, even in King’s antechambers; forgetting that far away from such scenes, the mighty tide of Thought and Action was still rolling on its wondrous course in gloom and darkness; and in its thousand remote valleys, a whole world of Existence * * * was blossoming and fading, whether the ‘famous victory’ were won or lost.”

But, be the idea original, or be it not, has Mr. Thackeray

developed it in his novel? The answer is, not only has he not done so, but he has actually done the reverse! An immense portion of the work is taken up with a rather drily told narrative of Marlborough's campaigns, and the principal characters are half their time to be found either at court, or in the camp, or elsewhere, engaged in common-place political intrigues.

We said that the pretensions of this work were of a two-fold character. We have discussed one of them; the other remains to be disposed of. There were two ways to write a novel whose scene might be laid in a bygone age—to retain the style of the present age, or to adopt the style of the period wherein the *mise en scene* might be cast. The latter course Mr. Thackeray has pursued, and with considerable success, so long as he permits Henry Esmond to tell his own story, but the scheme has not been unintermittedly sustained, and Thackeray himself appears, not unfrequently, in *propria personâ*. At one moment we discern Henry Esmond's shapely limb in the breeches, and stockings, and shoe-buckles of Queen Anne's time. He moves, and in that action, exhibits to our recognition the high-lows and trowsers of Queen Victoria's time, and, wondering what Colonel Henry Esmond could have had to do with such things, we cannot but claim this other leg for Mr. Thackeray. This confusion of styles reminds us of a scene from a *bal masqué*, or a chapter from the lives of the saints. We see a character whose back is towards us, attired in a long-skirted and embroidered coat, with shoulder-knot and peruke, cocked hat and glittering rapier, a *preux chevalier* of the last century; suddenly he turns round, and faces us—who *can* that be in a Nichol's paletot, his own hair, and a nineteenth-century hat? Or, to pursue another illustration, suggested above—a beautiful young lady has endangered by her blandishments the peace of some holy hermit, the hero of a pious story, when, by some accident, the cloven foot peeps out from under her petticoat, the cheat is disclosed, and the saint is saved.

It would have been too much perhaps to expect that an obsolete style, grown *rococo* so far back as the days of Dr. Johnson, the pioneer of the established style of our time, should be sustained without intermission through three volumes of a work, whose very nature and capacity, in quality of a romance, must frequently, in the course of its composi-

tion, have so warmly enlisted the writer's imagination, and so absorbed his inventive faculties as to have distracted that minute attention which might be held to be essential to the uninterrupted employment of an unusual and unaccustomed style. The nature of this particular difficulty is akin, though in a higher degree, to that which every one has experienced, namely, writing upon a subject of interest, and at the same time attending to the legibility of the hand-writing. In this instance of Henry Esmond, the style has been to the author, what caligraphy has been frequently to you, or to us, and if pot-hooks and hangers are made to suffer, in ordinary cases, in the cause of rapid and efficient composition, we may well conceive how certain artificial forms of expression may be but imperfectly moulded, or altogether neglected, when the fate of a happy conception, or the evolution of a stirring scene, is trembling in the balance. But, though perfection throughout has not been attained in this difficult path, which Mr. Thackeray has chosen for himself, excellence of the highest order frequently claims the meed of a cordial approbation. Much of Henry Esmond has been written by Thackeray, it is true, where Thackeray should have abstained from writing; but more might be claimed by Steele or De Foe, and some portion by Addison himself. The "Paper from the Spectator," (Vol. III. p. 69) proves that the manner of that celebrated periodical is capable of a perfect imitation. The resuscitation of this style, for the purposes of general literature in our time, is happily impossible; we say, happily, inasmuch as its simplicity (often degenerating into baldness) could not possibly embrace the varied themes, and the improved methods of treatment, which the century and a half between Addison and Macaulay have introduced in the course of a constantly increasing civilization. But the literary antiquarian will cordially thank Henry Esmond for carrying him back, for a season, to the manners, the speech, the way of life, the feelings, the worth and wisdom, the vices and follies—for these last cannot be omitted, and may have their uses in the retrospect—of the men who fought under Marlborough, intrigued with Swift, went to the play with Congreve, and read the *Spectator* with the town wits and fine ladies of the Augustan age of Anne.

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ERRATA.

Page 24, line 42, for "1753," read "1757."
 Page 25, line 17, for "father," read "grand-father."
 Page 32, line 17, for "papers," read "productions."
 Page 232, line 26, for "parties," read "persons."
 Page 297, line 23, for "was," read "were."
 Page 412, line 33, for "a never," read "an ever."
 Page 420, line 5, for "their," read "there."
 Page 538, line 14, for "great," read "credit."
 Page 540, line 15, for "father-in-law," read "uncle."
 Page 561, line 37, for "goldsmith," read "gunsmith."
 Page 594, line 9, for "Philoctates," read "Philoctetes."
 Page 648, line 3, for "mountains," read "mountings."
 Page 746, line 21, for "anti-unionist," read "anti-unionists."
 Page 747, line 39, for "no," read "on."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

